

Sportsworld

SUN. GAVASKAR

AYS IT ALL

HIS FIRST

XTENSIVE

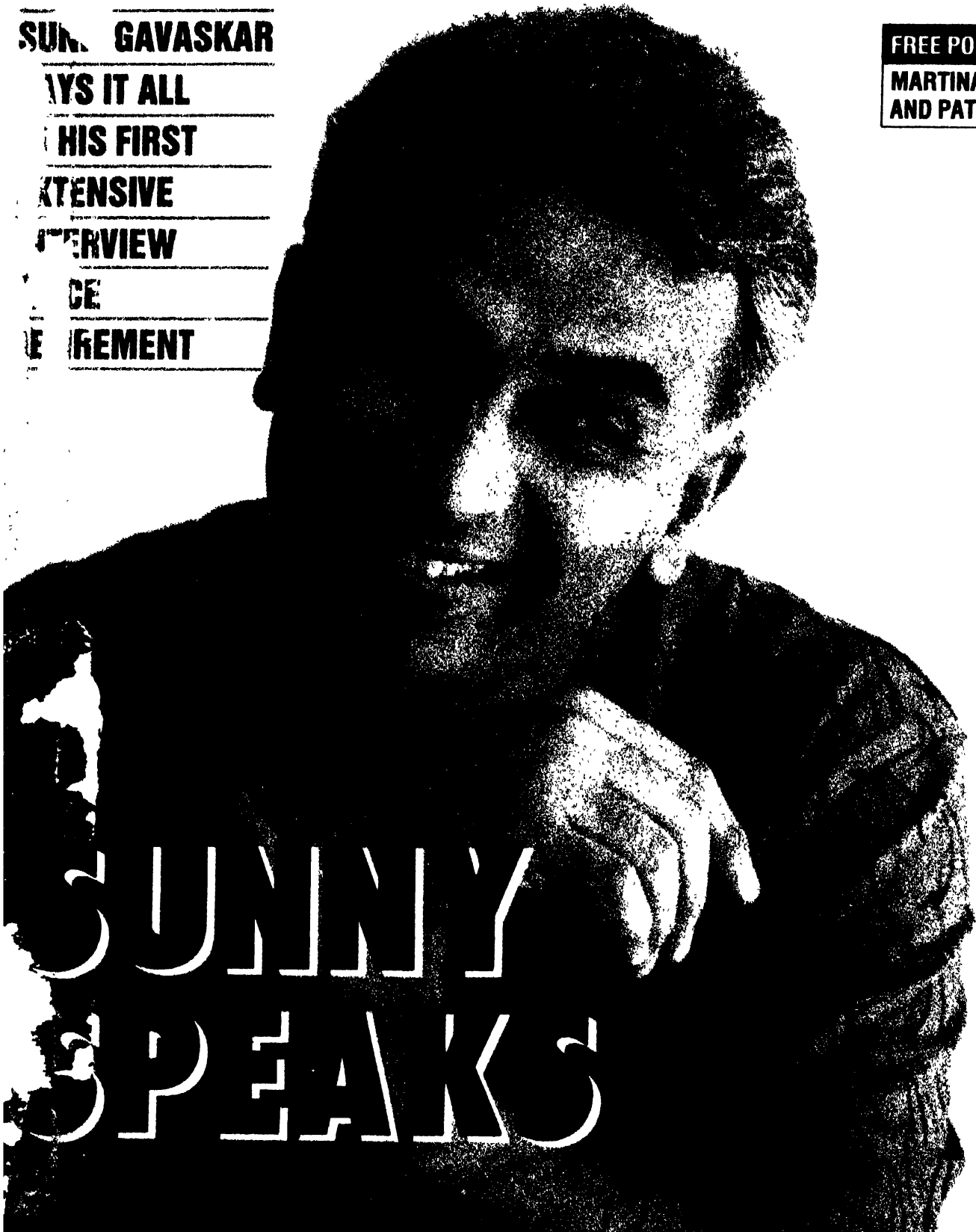
INTERVIEW

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FREE POSTER:

MARTINA
AND PAT CASH



SUNNY SPEAKS

*What did Madame Tussaud say
when she said to the Shipak Man?*

*"Your wax statue could look
splendid! But would anyone
ever recognize you in a static
posture?"*



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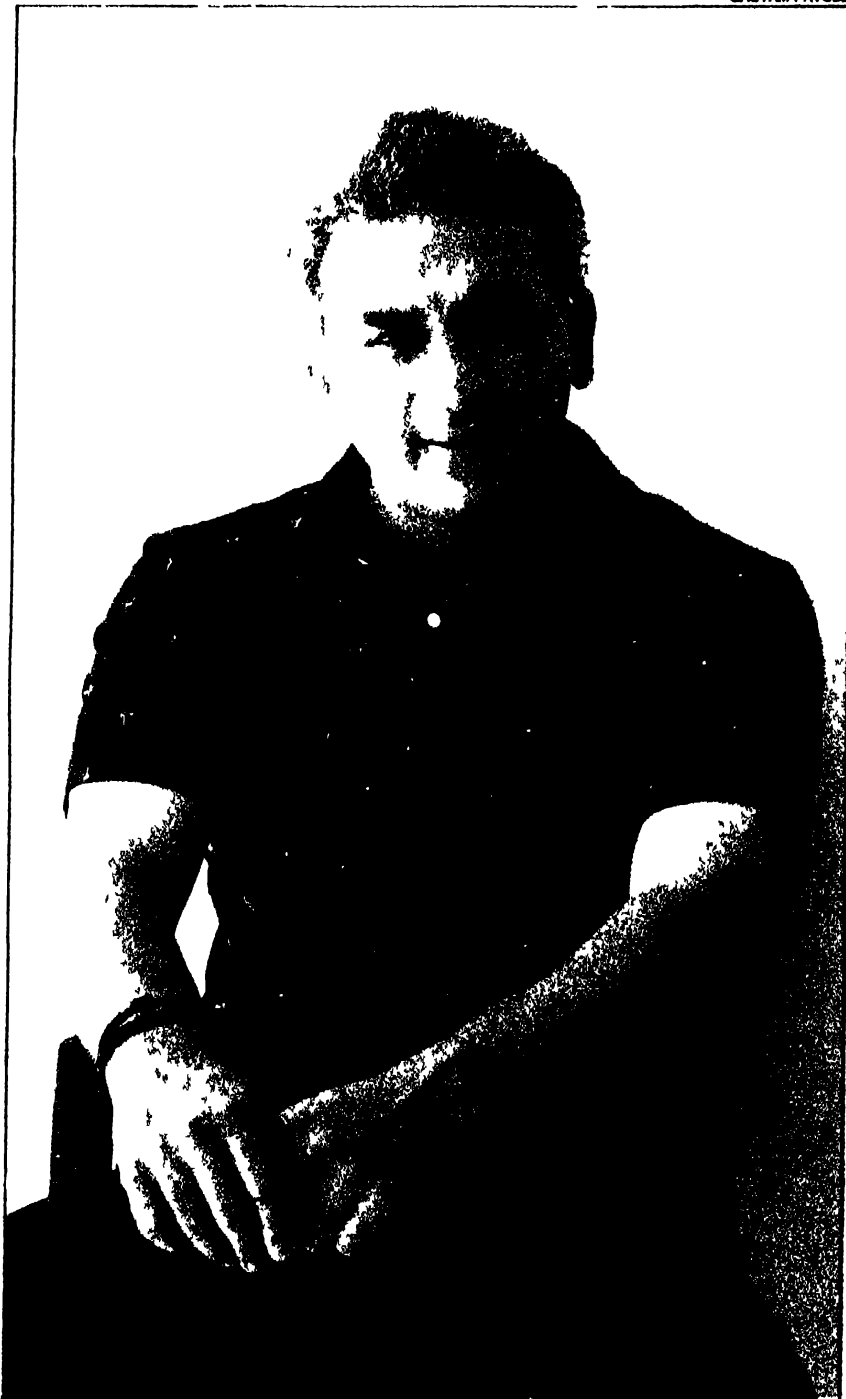
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Sportsworld

31 SUNNY SPEAKS: Sunil Gavaskar is an extraordinary man. A cricketer who has been incredibly successful, yet also, at times, controversial. In his first extensive interview after retirement, India's greatest sportsman talks extensively to *Sportsworld* about everything regarding his career, controversies and life after retirement.

GAUTAM PATOLE





ON THE RAILS FAST CAR

THE things people do!

No they didn't leave these flashy cars behind at the left luggage counter. Britain's fastest lady (no pun intended) Heather Bailly and more than a dozen speed aces took off recently from London's Victoria station in a fleet of gleaming sports cars.

Their aim: to beat the famous Oriental Express.

They hope that this head-off against the Oriental Express will become an annual event in which they will chase the train for 30 hours to Venice.

The drivers, included Sir Jack Brabham's Formula One driver son David and Le Mans winner Derek Bell's son Justin.

The reason for doing all this—just for the heck of it.

THE IRONIES OF LIFE

DUSTY DEATH

SO near and yet so far. That sounds fine. Except when the object within distance happens to be death.

That's what happened to Formula One racing driver Martin Donnelly when he met with an accident described as the worst in F1 since 1982. Attempting to improve the qualifying place of his Camel Lotus Lamborghini for the Spanish Grand Prix, he crashed nose-first into a barrier at an estimated speed of 160 mph. The impact tore the car to pieces and Donnelly, still secured to his driving seat by his safety harness, was catapulted out of the disintegrating wreckage. He

landed like a crumpled heap on his side in the middle of the track. Lucky for him no other car was close behind him at that time.

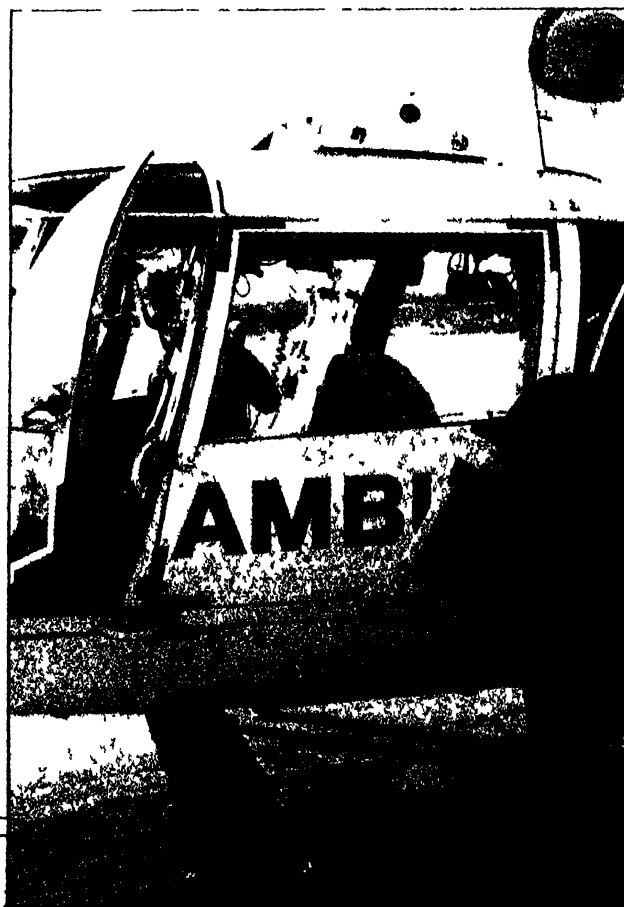
As he lay motionless on the track, officials were sure he was dead. In fact it seemed impossible that anyone could have survived such an accident.

His legs and collar bone were broken, his skull was bruised and he suffered a mass of other injuries.

The driver was flown out of the arena in a helicopter ambulance.

Doctors say that the speed with which he was taken to hospital perhaps saved his life. Speed, yes. That's what got him into that condition in the first place.

Life is sure full of ironies.





BAD CALL TIE-BREAK

PRESIDENT George Bush has tried not to let the Iraqi crisis cramp his heavy vacation sports and holiday schedule and he has taken some serious criticism for it. However, he did have to interrupt one important match at Camp David with weekend guests Chris Evert and Pam Shriver for a call from Helmut Kohl. The chancellor phoned to tell Bush that Europe had agreed to join the United States in cutting off Iraqi oil. The President quipped "I'm in a tiebreaker. Very crucial time, but let the record show I'll take the call."

PRIVATE EYE



WE LOOK
WHERE
WE'RE NOT
SUPPOSED TO!

LAME EXCUSES HORSETALK

ONCE upon a time there was a cricketer and a journalist. Now these two got it into their head that they should own a horse. And so the cricketer (Ravi Shastri) and the journalist made news when they went into partnership over some horseflesh at the Royal Calcutta Turf Club.

Now, being a race-horse owner is a mark of great social prestige even though the animals have an appetite that can eat even the fairly wealthy out of pocket.

But to cut a long story short: recently, for some reason or the other, (the reason was apparent later) our sporting duo decided to get rid of the horse in the RCTC's last auction. But surprise of surprise, when the auctioneer opened the bidding to the house there was silence from the other end. There were no takers.

As a result, the horse and its two owners will have to live together happily ever after.



AWESOME TWO SOME!



Wasim Akram and Waqar Younis are maturing into the top opening bowlers of the world. Ask the Kiwis, they'll tell you!

AT the start of the 1990 English county season few had heard of Waqar Younis, the Pakistani fast bowler. At the end of the season there were few who had not. The most crucial test a batsman faced was to square up to Younis and take a few runs off him. He was the hottest property in cricket and his services were available first to Pakistan and then to Surrey, the county who had had the foresight and the stroke of luck to sign him up in June.

Waqar Younis was an Imran Khan protégé. Imran, who had already secured Wasim Akram's place up in Lancashire, now sent out feelers to his old county, Sussex, and to Middlesex. He spoke glowingly of Younis but both counties played it cool. Having monitored Waqar's progress in Sharjah and in Australia, Imran knew that here was a star who would serve Pakistan for many years to come. But first he needed grooming and a county stint would be invaluable. At least Imran reasoned: if he started sending out feelers from now, Waqar could join up with a county by 1991. Sussex had almost promised to take him on next year. Imran told Younis to stay in England for the summer of 1990 on the per chance that something would come up—perhaps a few club games or second XI offers.

Something did. Imran had been in touch with Surrey as well. In late May the county was facing the prospect of an encounter with Akram's Lancashire and asked Imran to send his protégé down to The Foster's Oval nets for some practice sessions. Waqar Younis arrived at The Oval and bowled himself immediately into the Surrey team. The authorities there were stunned at his sheer speed and late movement. They immediately signed Waqar on, giving the excuse of Tony Gray's unfitness as a reason for needing an extra bowler and slotted him in for the May 30 Benson and Hedges quarter-finals game against Lancashire. Waqar gained clearance from the Pakistan Board just on the morning of the



Mike Selvey of *The Guardian*, has been known to tear strips off any player seen shrinking his duty. But even he, spoke ebulliently of Akram's exploits...

game at Old Trafford where he had a scintillating debut, finishing with figures of 11 0 55 2, which included the wicket of friend Wasim Akram—a feat which clearly delighted the young man who had yet to turn twenty.

Thus was Waqar Younis let loose on the county scene. Thus did the other counties let go of the chance to sign on a match-winning bowler, one who would, half way through the season, top the bowling averages in the presence of Akram, Marshall,

Bishop and Walsh

Waqar Younis, being a natural athlete, settled down well on the hard Oval wicket. Which is usually a graveyard for pace bowlers, but when exploited in the correct manner can generate an awful lot of pace as Northamptonshire found out to their dismay in early July when Waqar took the first of his many six-wicket hauls. Match winning figures of 18 2 9-36 6 in the Brittanica Assurance County Championship gave Surrey one of their first county wins of the season.

During the negotiations, Imran had told Surrey that Waqar would be willing to bowl all day for them. It spoke volumes about the keenness and determination of his young charge and Ian Greig, his county captain, was soon speaking in glowing terms of the new addition to their squad.

Having settled down at The Oval, Waqar quickly created a furore amongst the other counties when he routed Warwickshire soon after his Northamptonshire triumph ending up with figures of 21 1 2-73 7 and 14 0 55-4 in the Brittanica Assurance County Championship game which Surrey won by 168 runs. From being at the bottom of the heap, an

unfashionable county with no match winning prospects, Surrey, with Younis, was looking very dangerous indeed.

Said David Foot after his Warwickshire rout. "Younis is of no more than medium build and possesses a good natural action. He is young enough to tear in like a sprinter, he keeps the ball up to the bat and has a lethal yorker up his sleeve. Above all, he bowls straight." (*Guardian*, July 10, 1990)

That week he topped the county bowling averages— 148 3-27-428-27 at an incredible average of 15.85 runs per wicket taken. What, however, soon became apparent was that Younis was more effective with the old ball than the new and more that a large percentage of his victims were out caught behind or trapped lbw.

The fielders to be applauded though would be the ones standing at first slip where edges would fly thick and fast. Said Richard Peter after watching Waqar. "In time naughty South London children may be warned by anxious parents at if they misbehave they will field at slip to Younis." (*Guardian*, 11 July 1990)

Younis had clearly succeeded in capturing the imagination of



WAQAR YOUNIS

JUST as left handed Wasim Akram became a perfect foil to Imran Khan, Waqar Younis (b Burewala, January 16, 1971) could be on the way to complement Wasim Akram in days to come as evident from his superb performances in the on-going series against New Zealand in Pakistan. He is a muscular tearaway with a smooth rhythmic run-up. He bowls beautiful outswing which at his pace is lethal.

Though born in Pakistan, he has spent his childhood in Sharjah idolizing Imran Khan. He was to impress the Pakistan selectors in the under-19 Test series in Pakistan in early 1989 when he bagged seven wickets in the two Tests he played against the touring Indians.

Selected to tour Sharjah for the Champions trophy in October 1989, he was to contribute meaningfully (3 for 28) in Pakistan's win over West Indies playing only his second one-day match. He was ably groomed by Imran during the Nehru Cup matches, and later in World Series Cup matches.

Before his sensational Test match performance against New Zealand (17 wickets in two Tests including ten wickets in the Lahore Test).

Younis hogged the limelight in the last Austral-Asia Cup in Sharjah last April May when he took 17 wickets in four matches at just 7.41 runs apiece taking 4, 6, 5, and 2 wickets against India, Sri Lanka, New Zealand and Australia respectively.

Ravi Kant Srivastava



“Younis is of no more than medium build and possesses a good natural action. He is young enough to tear in like a sprinter; he keeps the ball up to the bat and has a lethal yorker up his sleeve. Above all, he bowls straight.”—David Foot, *The Guardian*

county cricket followers. Here was a cricketer who hardly could do anything wrong. Even when Surrey lost to Middlesex at Lord's Peter wrote, "Younis bowled ... with hostility and little luck." And luck, leaving no doubts as to where his loyalty lay, Peter ended with "In defeat, Younis had played as well as anyone."

Until now his Pakistan teammate in Lancashire, Wasim Akram had been restricted in his performances on account of his recurring groin problem. Wasim had, in fact, appeared in a few one-day games for Lancashire taking 2-58 vs Kent and 4-34 vs Derbyshire in Lancashire's march towards a one-day cup final. Last year Akram's exploits had won for them the Sunday League. This year Lancashire bagged the prestigious Benson and Hedges Cup beating Worcestershire in the Lord's final by 69 runs, and later the Nat West Trophy.

The accolades for Wasim's 28 off 21 balls and 11-0-30-3 bowling spell came thick and fast. The correspondent of the tabloid *Daily Mail* alluding to his injury said of this performance, "And he proved that while the strength of his flesh may be suspect, there is no doubting the force of his will."

"The explosive talent of Wasim Akram, which makes him, in the eyes of Pakistan captain Imran Khan, 'the greatest all-rounder in

the world, lit up the greatest stage in cricket yesterday, said Peter Hayter (*Daily Mail* July 15, 1990)

But the *Mail* is a tabloid paper, interested in creating sensation. The *Guardian* is not, and Mike Selvey their very critical correspondent has been known to tear strips off any player seen shirking his duty. But even he, in a story entitled *Wasim epitomises*

the rise of the red rose,' spoke ebulliently of Akram's exploits. For him "the two moments of genius" belonged not to Mike Watkinson, the winner of the Gold Award, nor to Mike Atherton or Phil DeFreitas or Warren Hegg. To him those moments 'came from Wasim Akram, the one player to transcend the occasion and play cricket at a level removed from anyone else. Wasim is the

business, no two ways about it: three years ago Imran Khan was saying he would be the finest all-rounder in the world, now he is just that."

But the lad who caused all this furore remains delightfully unperturbed about it all. While England gaped at his feat of claiming his 50th victim in all competitions only 47 days after joining Surrey, Waqar remained unassumingly modest though delighted with his progress. I thought I would be playing for Surrey seconds but I've never turned out for them.

But then the aggressive streak that epitomises the performances of both him and Akram, which in fact is enthusiastically and carefully nurtured by Imran and Javed surfaced, as he warned. They say I'm one of the fastest bowlers, but I can get quicker. My secret is a late swing—that's what got Ian Botham out, my happiest moment.

Waqar is the third Pakistani bowler after Imran and Wasim to win a psychological battle of wills with the great Mr Botham!

The Waqar Younis success streak blasted along: 5/26 vs Kent, 3/43 and 2/41 vs Leicester and 6/66 vs Hampshire. In their return game against county champions Essex, Waqar left his mark on Graham Gooch, the batsman of the season before limping off due to a slight hamstring pull. Without him, Surrey's attack was toothless. Said Mihir Bose: 'Waqar's absence exposed the limitations of the Surrey attack and, to an extent, Greig's tactics' (*Sunday Times* 19 August 1990).

Peter Roebuck, who first saw Waqar playing second fiddle to Akram in Australia early this year, was glowingly lowkey about the young bowler: 'Hurling in from the sight screen for his bursts of four or five overs, hurling down his outswingers, and (every) so often a cruel, late swinger which tended to land on a fellow's toe (Chris Cowdrey has already had one broken), Waqar was decidedly a handful.'

"Usually for a fast bowler, he lost no pace when pitching the ball

WASIM AKRAM

WAY back in the mid eighties Imran Khan had rated Wasim Akram (b Lahore June 3, 1966) as the future Alan Davidson when he made a grand debut for Pakistan in New Zealand (bagging ten wickets in only his second Test) and followed it up with sensational bowling (5 for 21 to upset the hosts, Australia) in the World Championship of Cricket in the spring of 1985.

A left arm paceman, his whippy action helps him generate a lot of pace off the wicket and his ability to bring the ball in to the batsman gives him the variety, skill and speed to harry the best batsmen.

Though he was not very successful (9 wickets in three Tests) against the Sri Lankans at home in the early 1985-86 season, after the Rothmans Challenge Tournament at Sharjah and a one day series at home against West Indies, he not only bloomed to his full potential in the second Asia Cup in Sri Lanka in March 1986 but was the most successful Pakistan bowler in the 1986 Austral Asia Cup, Pakistan's maiden international triumph.

When Pakistan toured India a year later, Akram had become the spearhead of the Pakistani bowling attack and finished with second most (13) wickets (behind Tauseef Ahmed's 16).

Akram was to fare extremely well in England on Pakistan's full tour of England in 1987 and finished second (with 16 wickets) to mercurial skipper Imran Khan. Contributing both with bat and ball, he was one of the big performers in Pakistan's win at Headingley. Impressed with his all round prowess, Lancashire were to offer him a lucrative contract which he is fulfilling to the best of his abilities. In 10 matches in 1988, he took 31 wickets at 21.48 runs apiece and scored 496 runs including a hundred. In 1989, playing in 13 matches, he took 63 wickets at 17.73 but was slightly less successful with the bat. A groin injury has been troubling him in 1990.

Akram was to bag the most wickets in the 4 Test series against India last year and earlier this year in Australia, he gave a succession of virtuoso performances with the bat and ball and served notice that he was ready to succeed Imran as one of the world's most influential all rounders.

In the first Test at Perth, he exhibited thrilling fast bowling to take eleven wickets and win the MOM award. In the second Test in Adelaide, he was the joint top scorer (with 52 runs) in the first innings, took five wickets in the Australian first innings and then blasted a masterful 123 (with 18 fours and one six) to claim the Man of the Series award. The third Test was a virtual washout.

In World Series Cup matches, he could not keep the tempo shown during the Tests but was still more than useful with the bat. In the first final at Melbourne, he blasted 86 runs—his highest one day score—in almost no time. In 97 one dayers to the end of Austral Asia Cup in May 1990, he had taken 130 wickets at 23.65 and scored 763 runs.

In the recent Karachi Test against the Kiwis, it was his bowling contribution which brought victory to Pakistan and by the end of the second Test in Lahore, he had taken his wicket tally to 121 wickets at 25.85 runs apiece in 34 Tests.

R.K.S



up; perhaps his low trajectory gives him fizz through the air rather than explosion off the pitch.

Roebuck's assessment is the best and most balanced on record thus far. Too much praise, such as that heaped on a player by the

tabloids is neither strictly correct nor desirable from the point of view of his progress. Bowling fast is a dangerously, unpredictable occupation. Washim Akram may be the hottest property in cricket but so frequent have been his breakdowns that at the end of the

season he doesn't even figure in the bowling averages where the qualification is mere ten championship wickets.

Wasim's glory this season lay in the one-day games. Lancashire won the Benson and Hedges Cup and the NatWest Trophy one-day competitions—an unique double in county cricket. Wasim's on-field presence was instrumental in these victories, though the fact that he couldn't bowl at all in the four-day games is a dangerously ominous sign for Pakistan this season.

Waqar Younis, however, finished seventh in the first-class bowling averages with

“Three years ago Imran Khan was saying Akram would be the finest all-rounder in the world; now he is just that.”—Mike Selvey, *The Guardian*

423-71-1357-57 at an average of 23.80. Add to that his one-day exploit and he ended his first county stint with 95 wickets. Unfortunately, in a summer dominated by batsmen, he hardly got a turn with the bat, but from all accounts it is clear that he will be a far better bowler this season.

For him the season ended as sensationally as it had begun. He bruised Mike Gatting's arm and forced the batsman out of competitive cricket for a couple of games. He then, ominously so for the West Indies, proceeded to clean bowl Des Haynes. Atta boy, Waqar!

Little wonder then that when forced to make the choice Surrey dispensed with the services of Tony Gray and signed Waqar on for a five-year contract.

By Fareshteh A. Gati

COURTESY THE PAKISTAN CRICKETER

PHOTOGRAPHS: UTPAL SORKAR

KASPAROV VS KARPOV

FIRE & ICE

World Champion Kasparov is known to turn 'ice into fire', while Karpov believes in turning 'fire into ice'. They have nothing in common and yet, they have been thrown together to decide who is the champion of the world...

CURRENTLY New York is playing host to the World Chess Championship. This is a new experience for New York but it's something like the fifth encore for the protagonists. Starting in '81 with their Moscow Marathon Gary Kasparov and Anatoly Karpov have slogged it out through 111 championship games spread over four matches. When they sat down at the board in a

downtown Manhattan hotel for their first game Kasparov held a 19-17 lifetime lead with the rest of the games ending in draws.

This time they will be contesting a 24 game match for a \$3 million purse. After 12 games the greatest chess show on earth moves to Lyon, France where the second half of the match will be played. In the event of a tie Kasparov will retain his title and it is not an unlikely prospect. That is what happened last time round in Seville (Spain) 87. Kasparov scrambled a win in the last game to tie the match 4-4. Even in '86 in the London/Leningrad chapter of the Super K's saga Kasparov won 5-4.

However most experts are backing Kasparov to win by a decisive if not large margin. Something like a three game lead is projected. There is the age factor (27 to 39) and

Soccer Gary Kasparov's favourite form of relaxation



Kasparov said in New York, "The time has come to smash Karpov". But Karpov doesn't seem particularly worried however, writing it all off as just media hype

the fact that Kasparov's recent performances have made him the highest rated player in history

The world champion has been unequivocal in his pre-match statements. He said in New York, "The time has come to smash Karpov "but Karpov doesn't seem particularly worried however writing it all off as just media hype

Overconfidence could be the world champion's biggest bugbear

Unlike other top Grandmasters Kasparov tries to win every game, even when he has just suffered one of his occasional defeats. Overpressing, as it is known technically, has been responsible for a large percentage of his losses and Karpov with his calm, nearly error-free style is just the man to exploit this failing

The other imponderable fact is Kasparov's increasing involvement with politics. Ever since the Azerbaijan Republic blew up with ethnic riots this January, he has been a bitter and outspoken critic of the Gorbachev regime. As an Armenian from Baku, he feels his community was abandoned by the Communists

Now the publisher of a right wing anti-red newspaper, Kasparov refused to play this match under the hammer and sickle. To drive the point home, he insisted on using the old Czarist tricolour

Karpov, on the other hand, is a conforming communist and dedicated party member



He is being projected as a defender of the faith by Kasparov who sees this match as something like an ideological battle

The world champion's obsession with politics may possibly affect his playing standards. On the other hand, it may just inspire him to reach new levels. At the current moment (after four games) the latter seems more likely

The two K's have almost nothing, nothing in common except in their names and chosen profession. Kasparov has always liked turning 'ice into fire' while Karpov believes in

turning 'fire into ice'

Grandmaster Michael Stean once suggested that Kasparov should pay a betting tax on his tournament earnings because he gambles so much with his style of play. Karpov never gambles, just waits for the opponent to make a mistake

However, what they like doing is rather different from what they can do. Both are technically perfect players who can play anyway the situation demands. This is where creative ability becomes important

The player who can

Tennis anyone? Anatoly Karpov's preferred physical training method

prepare his opening repertoire better is able to force the sort of game he likes. Here Kasparov has the edge because his superior opening analysis has usually helped him reach situations where he can go for all out assaults with the help of material sacrifices

Karpov has never quite exhibited the same level of brilliance. His forte is getting a small advantage in the middlegame and then nursing it. Against Kasparov this has rarely worked. So Karpov has been forced to play "against his better judgment" and handle irrational complications

He has done a good job, but he is psychologically uneasy when faced with such situations. He could crack mentally under the kind of sustained pressure Kasparov is capable of exerting, especially in the second half when he will be physically tired

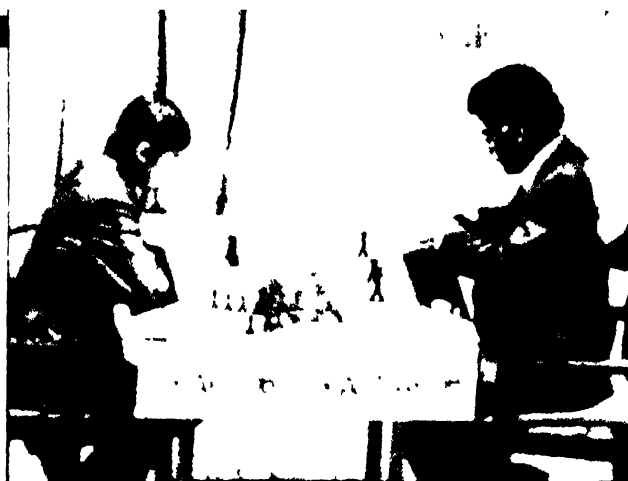
Both of them maintain strict physical regimes with no alcohol and no

Overpressing, has been responsible for a large percentage of Kasparov's losses and Karpov with his calm, nearly error-free style is just the man to exploit this failing

red meat. Kasparov plays football and swims, Karpov plays tennis and skis. However, Karpov's stamina has always been suspect and at 39, his physical resources are likely to be strained by the three-month match.

THE match started with a bang. Kasparov made his intentions clear by adopting the King's Indian Defence for the first time in a world championship. The KID is the most violent defence available against the Queen's pawn, with a very low percentage of draws recorded.

The first game was drawn after Karpov missed winning chances. The second game went to Kasparov when he came up with an excellent idea in the Spanish Opening. After



The moment of truth: Moscow, November 9, 1985. Karpov resigns and the world has a new chess champion

getting the sort of initiative he thrives on, he blasted the black defences away with a brilliant attack.

The third game was the most interesting to date. Kasparov played the KID again and prepared an exchange sacrifice that confused the situation on the

ninth move. On the 14th move he sacrificed his queen after 40 minutes thought. In a time scramble he got the queen back and achieved a winning position. He dumped the advantage by being in too much of a hurry and drew after a great defensive display by Karpov.

Kasparov overpressed again in the fourth

"People inside the

DURING my recent training for the world championship in Martha's Vineyard Island and Massachusetts I was talking to my friend, the writer Fred Waitzkin, about chess, politics, life; and it came to me in a flash that the best way to get my thoughts across would be to tape record our talks, and whenever possible to have candid conversations during critical and stimulating moments in my career.

For me, chess is connected with the broader human experience. As a player, I am continually rejuvenated and inspired by my outside interests. By demonstrating the subtle connections between chess and life the reader will learn that the game I love is far from an emotionless cerebral exercise.

Kasparov: I am an emotional player. Chess is all art, something beautiful and enduring, but only if it is infused with feeling.

Waitzkin: Garry, when I listen to you talk, I get all caught up in your passion for chess and the grandeur of your being world champion but, you know, the professional chess life isn't so rosy. Back in New York I see the sour faces of other chess players, and I know how hard they compete for cash prizes to pay for their hotel bills, how bitter they look after a bad tournament. In America, chess is not a respected profession.

Kasparov: I think you are not the only person who has this problem and particularly now, with the world championship match underway, it is very important to talk about the future of chess. I think that people don't understand that chess is not a professional sport yet. If it was, it would be self-financing. There would be commercial sponsors and no need for wealthy individuals to subsidise players, no need for players to pay entry fees in tournaments. Chess is in a pre-professional era. Even the World Championship match will be a financial loss for the sponsors, which is terrible.

Waitzkin: I wonder if you realise how bad the situation for professionals is in the United States.



Kasparov arrives at the venue

game. In another Spanish Opening he sacrificed his entire queenside to try and organise a winning kingside attack. Karpov defended and consolidated. Trying to play safe on the last move before the time control, with only seconds left on the clock he allowed a draw. So at the time of

Karpov, on the other hand, is a confirmed communist and a dedicated party member. He is being projected as a defender of the faith...

writing Karpov has a narrow one point lead. However Karpov has been very close to victory twice and has reason to feel confident. Both are playing chess of a depth and vigour never witnessed before. GMs commenting on the games say only those two know what's going on.

If they can sustain the

pace this will certainly be the most creative championship to date. Politically it is the most interesting chess match since Fischer met Spassky at Reykjavik in '72. But in the end the fire of the Armenian should melt, if not vapourise the ice cool Karpov.

By Devangshu Dutta

chess world resist change": Kasparov

Our players try to make a living by competing in Swiss tournaments where they must pay their own entry fee, hotel accommodation and food. **Kasparov:** I understand them. If they are good chess players they feel guilty that they don't spend more time trying to make chess better, that they aren't playing beautiful chess. They play in a dry, uninteresting style to make money. To play beautiful chess, you must stretch your imagination and take risks. Men who are dependent on prize money prefer not to take risks because losing means no food on the table. They feel guilty towards their art and they don't like an outsider like you indirectly accusing them of profaning the sport.

Waltzkin: I think the reluctance of American players to speak of chess as art has to do with the fact that in American society they aren't respected.

Kasparov: Obviously it is this way in the West. But now we have a chance to change the image of chess, and if we don't do it now, I fear that we may lose the chance forever. We must discover a way to give the game a wide audience.

If chess is seen as the sport of intellectuals, of those who are physically weak who find compensation for their frailty in this cerebral game, it will simply not be attractive to the general public. We must send another message altogether. The general public must come to see that chess is a violent sport, played by powerful men and women and almost always by people of strong character.

The stakes are very high for a game. When you beat your opponent in a chess game, you destroy his ego, for a time you make him lose confidence in himself as a person. If the general public understood that chess players were plotting to crush one another, don't you think they would be interested? Believe me, Fred, if you come to the Hudson Theatre in New York or to the second

half of the match in Lyon in November, you will immediately catch the tension of the games. You will feel the electricity. You cannot miss it. The two greatest intellects in chess are trying to destroy one another. People will be shivering. **Waltzkin:** You make this quiet board game sound like a blood sport. Do you really feel that Karpov wants to destroy you?

Kasparov: He hates me personally because I am the reason that he lost everything that he had. If he had beaten me 6-0 in 1984, he would have been called the greatest world champion of all time, and you remember he came very close. No doubt it frustrates him a great deal.

Waltzkin: So Garry, putting the question of carnage aside for a moment, do you think there is a future in chess for my kid and other chess talented teenagers around the world?

Kasparov: For one thing we have to think about the chess fan. We have to create tournaments where he will be comfortable. Where chess commentary is lively and modern graphics on the display board draw him into the action. We have to do away with short draws so the fan doesn't feel cheated. We need a professional speed chess circuit, with the format similar to the one held in Paris last spring, with top players and a lively atmosphere so the fan feels the same excitement that the players feel. We need to have international team tournaments so fans can relate to teams. These teams would be sponsored by banks and various industries.

Waltzkin: Do you think the match against Karpov will be a close one like all the others?

Kasparov: This time I think I'm going to crush him and afterwards I will try to bring some of these new ideas into the chess world. I will do my best. But the opposition is huge. People inside the chess world resist change. They don't seem to understand that without change the game will die.

COURTESY THE EUROPEAN

**LEANDER
PAES**

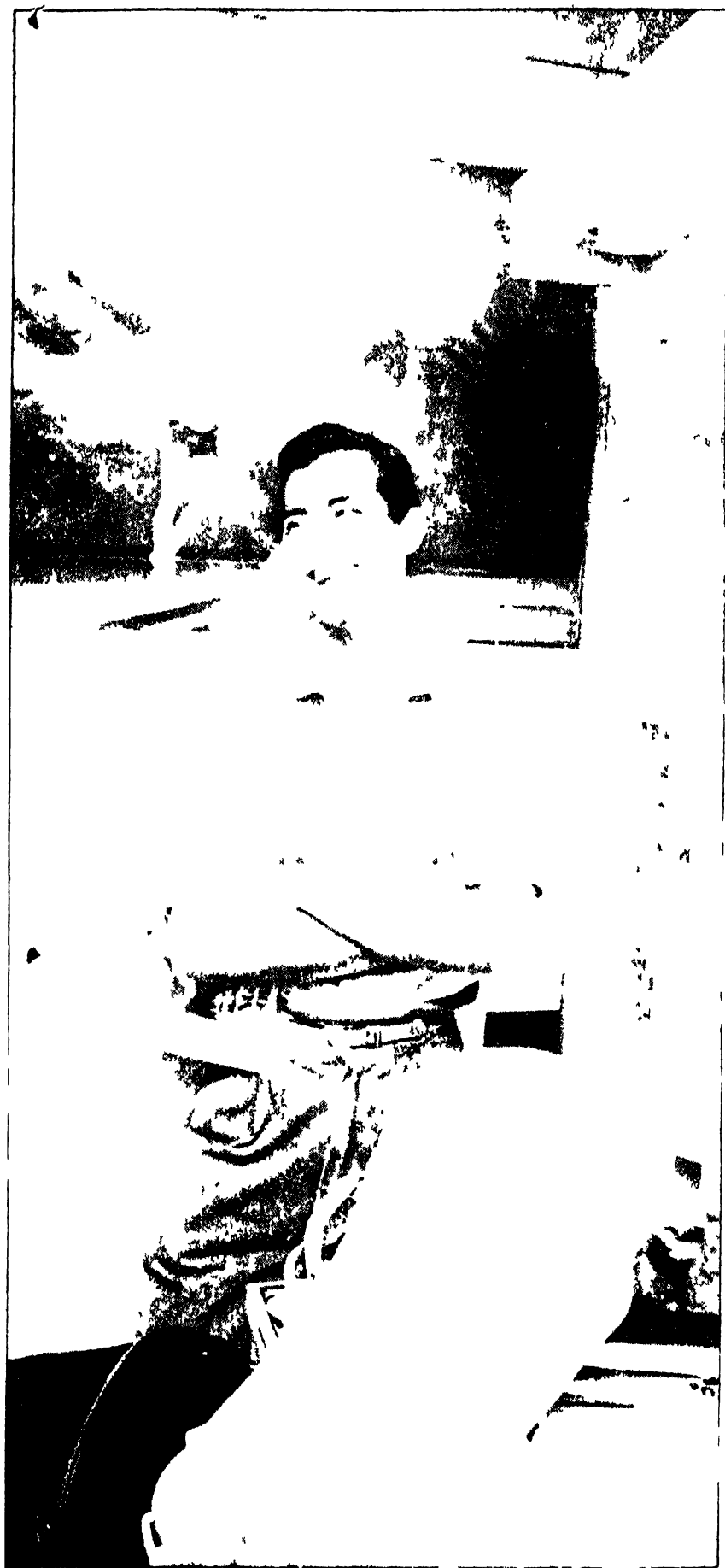
Moving On

Leander Paes' journey to be the best that he can be, which was so rudely interrupted, begins again

BY RONIT BRIJNATH

It is fortunate that 17-year-old Leander Paes possesses a fortitude and mental peace as solid as one of his thwacked forehands. It is fortunate that he is an athlete of equable temperament, more concerned with looking ahead than





dwelving in the past For were he not, he would be a rather angry young man With reason to be

This month, Paes finally shrugged off all bonds with the Britannia Tennis Academy, a parting that was creditably conducted in a civilized and quiet manner Creditably, I say, because if BAT is eager to take credit for his development then they are equally culpable for putting back Paes' career for three months— this at a time when the talented young star owned the world (even if it was a junior world)

For three months after his Wimbledon junior win Paes played absolutely nothing (till the Asian Games) It was an outrageous waste of time, of competitive time, the results of which were evident at the recent Masters tournament in Delhi, where the lack of match play had dulled the edge, the sharpness in his game

Finalist at the Australian Open, champion at Wimbledon and two other summer tourneys in England, conventional wisdom demanded that Paes continue his winning ways When a player is on a roll, on a hot streak, you don't tie him down, you pursue the obvious—more tournaments By virtue of that logic, Paes should have been in the USA in late August, playing warm-up tournaments to the US Open He had already generated considerable interest worldwide with his talent and exuberant style of play, and America which thrives on such personalities would have brought him the dollar sponsorship which he so desperately required

But it appears that BAT, or more specifically the Amritnags were probably so flummoxed by Paes' Wimbledon win—perhaps feeling as many did that it was a premature achievement that they had failed to prepare a comprehensive programme for the rest of his year By the time the dithering had finished in Madras with Paes needlessly marking time, the chance was gone And if Vijay confused by delaying his decision on Leander's future, he confounded when he announced that the 'Calcutta Kid' would only play senior tennis These two inexplicable decisions and the fact that Paes had outgrown the BAT programme, obviously meant it was time for parting

Dr Vece Paes who manages his son's career with the help of his wife, a former tennis player, and himself is sensibly not a man for extraneous accusations or grudges He has made sure that both he and his son stay

focussed on the future, and salvage a year that could have been magnificent for Leander, but now cannot be termed better than very good

One negative from the separation from BAT was the absence of coach Dave O'Meara from Leander's side—the electric young Indian and the relaxed 27-year-old American may have appeared an odd couple, but their rapport and excellent relationship spawned much success. Yet since O'Meara's contract with BAT runs till May 1991 his allegiance was with the programme

The absence of top class coaches, (in India, coaches lack the technical expertise or dedication or both) created a minor dilemma which was solved, at least temporarily, with the hiring of Enrico Piperno

Piperno, a sort of senior citizen of the Indian circuit capable enough though to win the Masters in Delhi, will play a myriad of roles as companion, confidant, occasional doubles partner, practice partner and advisor. Piperno's endearing personality is a factor, but primarily it is his astute court craft and innate intelligence that could add a cerebral touch to Leander's game

Yet the key word in this alliance must be 'temporary'—Paes' vast potential allows for him to have great ambition, and Piperno has the technical knowledge to take him only so far. Sometime next year, Paes will require an advanced American or European coach to help him make the crucial jump into senior tennis. To be the best you also require only the best

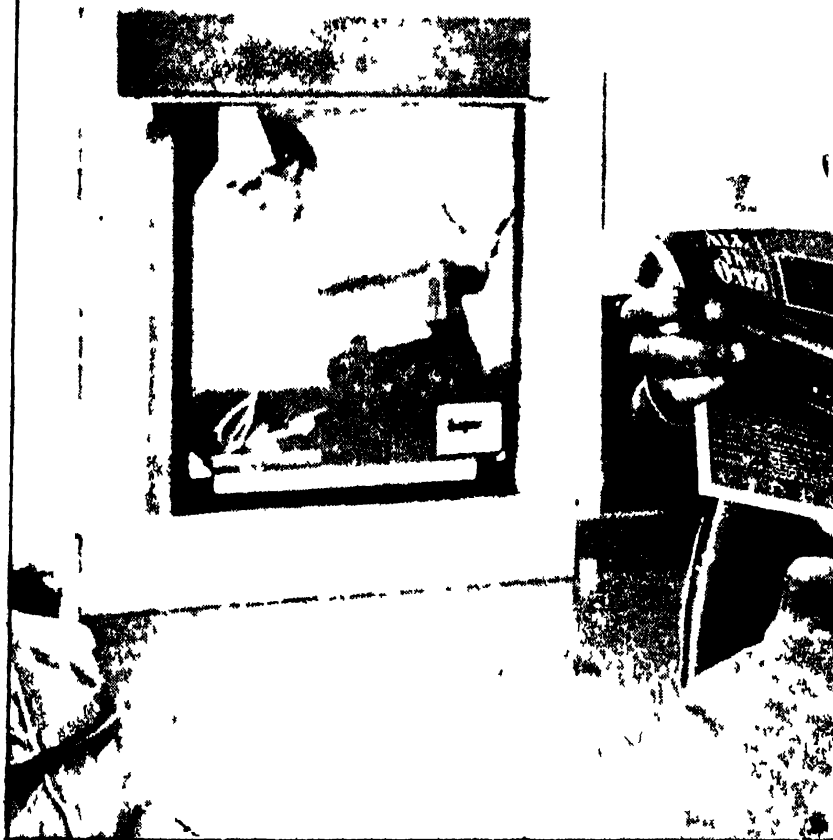
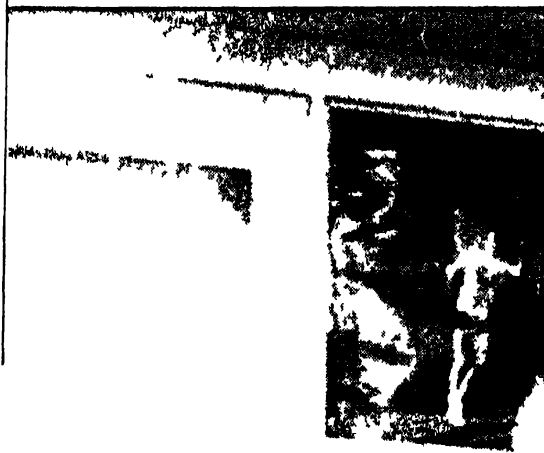
Meanwhile the search for sponsors and a more fluent game continues

Denied the American opportunity, the Paes' now look within India itself for both sponsorship and endorsements. It is a pity that sport in India is not yet professional enough to warrant a 'management group, for Paes is today one of India's few marketable products. Tennis, is an expensive business, and sponsorship provides both, an atmosphere of security for the athlete to function in, as also the means to pursue his future. Fortunately, corporate houses have begun to invest heavily in sport, acknowledging its vast appeal even in India, thus hopefully, Paes should not be left out in the cold

On the court itself Leander's diligence continues to be remarkable—based in Calcutta now, the South Club, once a haven for India's best, has now again become the training ground for a

THE THREE MONTHS OF TOURNAMENT INACTIVITY HAVE NOT BEEN TOTALLY WASTED WITH PAES MAKING SOME SENSIBLE TECHNICAL ADJUSTMENTS TO HIS GAME

possible champion. The three months of tournament inactivity have not been totally wasted, with Paes making some sensible technical adjustments to his game. His forehand backswing, once almost a golfer's delight, has been shortened, which helps both in the preparation and execution of the shot. His service action too has been remodelled slightly—his back leg is no



longer bent before and during the toss, allowing him to get to full extension during impact, instead of cramping. As Leander explained "I want to get a rhythm on my serve. A fluid motion." His earlier habit of jerking his head down on service impact is also being rectified.

Baseline play continues to be his area of weakness—or as he says "it is not as

SPEED IS NOT A PROBLEM FOR LEANDER—AS THE HARRY HOPMAN CAMP COACHES SAID: "HE HAS THE FASTEST FEET WE HAVE EVER SEEN"

developed as other facets of my game." Speed is not a problem—as the Harry Hopman camp coaches (down in Delhi recently) said, "He has the fastest feet we have ever seen."

He strokes easily and comfortably from both flanks, but again has tirelessly been working on niggling minor defects in positional play and balance. I have to react more quickly on certain balls, and get to the ball earlier to position myself properly", he says. Speed is not a problem, I just need the reaction to back it up."

This hunger to improve, so naked and conspicuous, make his practice sessions an experience to watch. Walking onto the court is for him like entering a zone of solitude. A zone where his mind and body are focussed on just those 78 feet by 36 feet which comprises a tennis court. Beyond the zone, nothing is registered. He is unsmiling. This is work, not fun. "I don't fool around", he adds. If you close your ears, you hear only the slithering of feet, the thwack of ball, the grunt, the hiss, the mutter of irritation. 100 serves, 150 volleys, 200 forehands, 300 backhands, the concentration never wavers.

All this is important and relevant, for it reveals the Kid's singular and unending pursuit of a more complete form of play. Indian sportsmen, as the Asian Games revealed, almost collectively possess a desire and dedication problem. There is negligible self evaluation and too much quick satisfaction. It is a complacency of action and thought that Vece and Leander have steered away from.

Most of Leander's competition will be limited to India this year, as it is mandatory for him to play the Nationals, satellite and challenger series and national hard court tournament, if he is to be considered for Davis Cup selection. In late December, he has been invited to Melbourne for the McDonald's Junior Tournament featuring the world's best juniors. In early November, is a possible visit to Japan for a satellite series, a visit that has a triple purpose: to be match tough for the Nationals, to garner valuable points, and primarily, to gain insight into his future opposition.

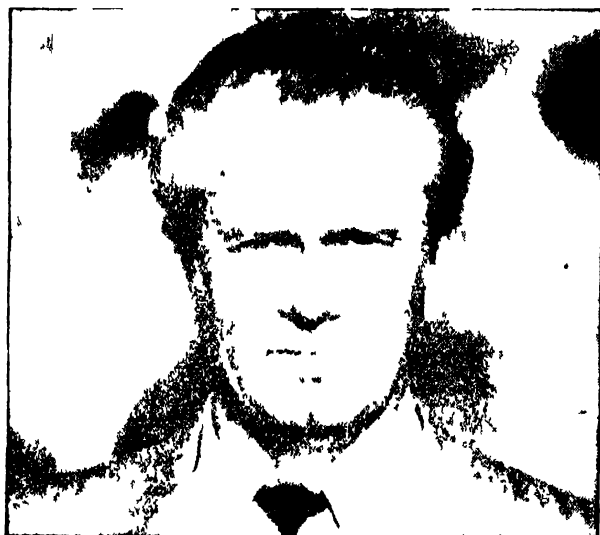
"I'm looking to get my game solid again", he says. "I'm putting those three months behind me, I'm putting them in the past. I want my game, mind and body to be in best shape for the Nationals."

And so the journey to be the best that he can be, which was so rudely interrupted, begins again. ●

PHOTOGRAPHS SANTOSH GHOSH



EXTRA-TIME



Lobanovsky Some guys have all the luck

IT would seem nothing succeeds like failure. Well, especially for Valery Lobanovsky who left the World Cup under a cloud when his Soviet team crashed out in the First Round.

When the Soviet season ends this month, manager Lobanovsky is to take up a very lucrative contract with another of the World Cup losers the United Arab Emirates.

THE players and officials of the Faroe Islands were just as stunned as the rest of the football world when they humbled World Cup finalists Austria in their first ever European Championship qualifying tie.

Only a few days before the match, the Faroes Icelandic manager Páll Guðlaugsson had said: "Our ambition is that in five to seven years we will be as good as Luxembourg, Finland or Norway."

DIEGO MARADONNA returned to Napoli from a holiday late yet again recently. But he was so delighted with the generous welcome 'home' from Napoli fans that he has promised never, ever, to miss another match. "even if I have to go on the pitch on a wheelchair."

A GENTLEMAN from Senegal was arrested in Spain recently and charged with cashing stolen travellers' cheques. He was trapped because the forged passport he tried to use to cash the cheques bore the photograph of Real Madrid's fair-skinned Emilio Butragueño, the vulture.

ROMA fans learning that their old hero Paolo Robert Falcao has been appointed manager of Brazil, are asking: can he take the pressure?

That's a bitter allusion to the 1984 European Cup Final when Roma lost on penalties, in front of their own fans to Liverpool.

Falcao, despite being the team 'leader', did not take a spot kick. Many Roma fans have never forgiven him for that.

EVERYTIME people pass St Mirren star Thomas Stickroth they give him a 'where have I seen that face before?' look. And it's no wonder because the German ace is the spitting image of pop star George Michael. Sanits, summer signing from Bayer Udingen for £400,000, has certainly become a smash hit with the club's fans, especially the girls. And the tanned, fair-haired Stickroth admits, 'I used to get the George Michael thing all the time in Germany. But I don't think I look that much like him.'

The only resemblance is when I have my designer stubble. And as manager Tony Fitzpatrick makes us shave everyday, there's not much chance of that any more. In any case I can't sing a note', he says.

A George Michael look-alike





Olaf Thon: Back from the plaster

LUCKLESS Olaf Thon is plastered again. Last October the Bayern Munich midfielder underwent surgery for a damaged right knee, in December his left knee needed surgery. In July this year it was the right knee that required opening up again. Nor has Thon enjoyed any more luck at international level. He flew home from the World Cup in Mexico four years ago after being injured in training.

NAPOLI's new striker Andrea Silenzi is having a good season in the league. Of course he started off with two goals in that now long forgotten 5-1 thrashing of Juventus in the season's opener. Silenzi cost Napoli \$6 million this summer when he moved from second division Reggiana. Yet, four years ago given an earlier chance to buy the striker, they turned him down. His price then? \$85,000.

Nevertheless, even that \$6 million is a drop in the ocean when compared to the staggering total of \$270 million spent by all Italian clubs on transfers during the close season.

And they haven't finished yet. The last week in October sees the reopening of the transfer market.

WORLD CUP winning manager Franz Beckenbauer is now earning a football fortune in his new job as technical director of French Champions Marseille. The club's millionaire president Bernard Tapie is paying him a staggering \$8,500 A DAY! And that's only his basic pay. On top of that there's a bonus of \$600,000 if Marseille retain the French Championships and an incredible \$3 million if they become the first French team to win the European Cup.

The cost of hiring Beckenbauer is being split between Marseille and the Adidas sportswear giant which Tapie now owns. Tapie no doubt hopes to make use of the Kaiser's reputation in promotional work in the United States leading up to the 1994 World Cup. And contrary to rumours, Beckenbauer insists that he has not signed any agreement to work with the Americans in the 1994 World Cup run-up.

Beckenbauer: Big money



SCOTTISH clubs are not the only ones to have spotted (and capitalised) on the cut-price potential of the Dutch transfer market. There are currently 109 Dutchmen operating in professional football in eighteen different countries. not to mention 22 coaches. ●

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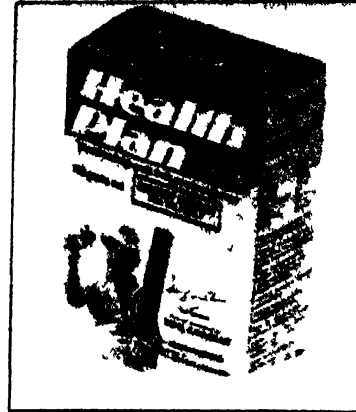
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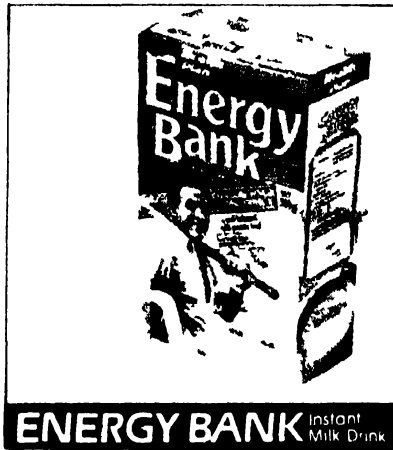
The Many, Many Magnificent Tastes



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SPORTSWORLD ASIAD QUIZ

We wish to thank all our readers for their overwhelming response to this quiz

1. Who coined the term 'Asian Games'? **Jawaharlal Nehru.**
2. Which Asian capital had the privilege of hosting the Asian Games thrice?
Bangkok.
3. Which city will host the 1994 Asian Games? **Hiroshima, Japan.**
4. How many gold, silver and bronze medals did India win at the Asian Games in Seoul? **5 gold, 9 silver and 23 bronze medals.**
5. Which Indian was the first to win the Asian Games sprint double? **Lavy Pinto.**
6. An Indian's record in an Asian Games field event has stood for the last 16 years. What record? **Yohannan's record in the long jump.**
7. What is the name of the main stadium of the Beijing Asian Games? **The Beijing Workers' Stadium.**
8. The mascot at the Seoul Olympics in 1988 was Hodori the Tiger. But what was the mascot of the Asian Games at Seoul two years earlier? **The same, i.e., Hodori the Tiger.**
9. Higher, Stronger, Faster is the motto of the Olympics. What is the motto of the Asian Games? **Ever Onwards.**
10. What is the name of the traditional Chinese sport which is a demonstration sport at the Beijing Asiad? **Wushu.**
11. When Iraq invaded Kuwait, the Olympic Council of Asia fell into a crisis. Why? **The OCA President, Kuwait's Shiekh Fahd Al-Ahmed Al-Sabah was killed.**
12. The Jantar Mantar was the symbol of the Delhi Asiad. What is the symbol of the Beijing Asiad? **The Great Wall of China.**
13. Which woman has gold medals in the 100mts at two consecutive Asian Games? **Lydia De Vega (1982, 1986).**
14. Who was the captain of the Indian hockey team when India won the Asian Games gold for the first and only time? **Shanker Laxman (1966)**
15. Predict the number of medals India is going to win in the Beijing Asian Games.
1 gold 8 silver 14 bronze.

AND

**THE WINNER OF THE
SPORTSWORLD ASIAD QUIZ IS:**

**Mr. Suranjan Roy,
26B Darga Road,
Calcutta-700017.**

Bigger Goals fo

FIFA wants more goals.
So it is planning bigger
goals—possibly to please
the Americans, who have
been allocated the 1994
World Cup...
BRIAN GLANVILLE
protests the move...

FIFA wants more goals. So it is planning bigger goals—possibly to please the Americans, who have been allocated the 1994 World Cup.

The low rate of scoring in Italy this summer seems to have alarmed the game's rulers.

But the idea that the easier you try to make it for an attacker, the more defensive strategies become, seems to have wholly eluded them.

Specious reasons are given for their proposals, which must first pass through the FIFA executive committee then go to the International Board, where Britain holds half the votes.

They have ascertained, they say, that footballers are now bigger than they have ever been. So, they reason, goals should be bigger, too.

Yet I seriously doubt whether they are right. Human beings generally do tend to be larger than at any time in history, but in soccer, there are manifest limits.

The kind of giants to be found in American basketball and gridiron football are at a serious disadvantage in soccer, where a low centre of gravity is such a help, and quick turning is of the essence. Giants don't usually fare very well.

Goalkeepers tend to be among the largest men, sometimes amazingly agile for their size. But what modern goalkeeper has been

remotely the size of Bill 'Fatty' Foulke, Chelsea's first goalkeeper in 1905 and before that a Sheffield United and England star? He weighed 21 stone!

Centre-halves are often big fellows, too, needing to reach the ball first in the air, but a 14 stone centre half is seldom quick on the turn, and tends to be vulnerable against quick moving attackers.

Full backs are, by and large, smaller than they have ever been. Once they were massive, thick-thighed fellows. Today, they are expected to overlap to supply the relative paucity of attacking players.

Many of them are small and quick, in the fashion of Tony Dorigo, of Chelsea and England.

In other positions, footballers can be tiny. Look at Diego Maradona, still surely the very best in the world when fit.

FIFA, over recent years, under the deeply controversial aegis of President Joao Havelange, has had a poor pedigree when it comes to change.

For eight years, Havelange stubbornly opposed the "professional foul" rule elaborated in the English league and quickly knocked on the head by FIFA. It seemed shamefully belated when FIFA at long last introduced it for the World Cup and thereafter



Many years ago, Walter Winterbottom, when he was manager of the English national team and director of coaching, told me that what distinguished football from other games, like basketball, was the relative difficulty of scoring goals. That surely still holds true. Cheapening goals would take something precious away from the game.

FIFA's initiative provides both incredulity and mirth. Why not go the whole hog, one wonders, and insist on dwarf goalkeepers, at least in World Cup games? Why

r More Goals



not introduce expandable goalposts whose dimensions increase so long as a goalless game continues? Or prohibit goalkeepers to use their hands.

When the offside law was abruptly changed in 1925, putting a man onside with only two rather than three opponents between himself and the goal line—which meant for the most part one man instead of two between him and the goalkeeper—there was at first a flood of goals. It didn't last very long.

Arsenal promptly developed the "third

back" game, pulling back a man to become an extra-central-defender, and counter-attacking football was born. That's what professionalism -- when there is money at stake—means. Risks aren't usually taken.

If widening the goals is meant to seduce the Americans, it's a pitiful reason. The USA is, and always will be, a country in which soccer is a minor sport, played by Amazonian girls...

Fewer than ever are taken now, 65 years on, when the rewards have soared to astronomical heights. A bigger goal would almost inevitably mean even more cautious methods than are in use today. But how cautious, really, was the World Cup of 1990? And if goals were relatively few, what was the reason?

If there was but one goal --and that a very doubtful penalty--in the Final, it surely had much to do with the fact that Maradona was painfully injured and that his chief foil, Claudio Caniggia, was suspended.

If the West German attack looked pretty sterile, that had much to do with the appallingly taxing competition into which Havelange and FIFA have turned the World Cup.

A 24-team complement is ridiculous. The very number precludes a rationally run competition, inflicts upon it a ludicrous, and essentially cautious, long first stage, at the end of which absurd and arbitrary calculations have to be made about which teams go through.

On and on its weary way, the competition goes. If Lothar Matthaus began with a burst of fine goals against Yugoslavia and ended the tournament looking jaded and ineffectual, that was surely because he had to play so many games, several of them in scorching five o'clock heat, rather than in the cooler evening.

West Germany as a whole were looking weary, well before the competition reached its climax -- or anti-climax.

If widening and raising the goals is meant to seduce the Americans, it's a pitiful reason. The USA is, and always will be, a country in which soccer is a minor sport, played for the most part by Amazonian girls and schoolboys.

It remains an essentially un-American activity, whatever the size of the goals. ●

The
autobiography of
one of the world's
greatest athletes
reveals some
surprising
secrets and
facets of his
nature



CARL LEWIS

THE MOST HATED CHAMPION IN THE WORLD?



THE GAP between public perception and private insight of sports personalities is often enormous. But that is not the case with Carl Lewis, of the United States. He seems to be universally unpopular. Booed equally at home and away—during the 1984 Olympic Games in Los Angeles, and the 1988 Games in Seoul, dislike of Lewis among his contemporaries cannot simply be ascribed, as he alleges, to jealousy of his exploits.

His autobiography, *Inside Track*, will do nothing to change that. Indeed, it will underline the fact for the evidence of the book is of a man bent on character self-assassination.

That is not the intention, of course. But it is only one of the ironies. For in beginning and ending the book with chapters on Ben Johnson, of Canada—presently training in Arizona for his January comeback in Hamilton, Ontario—Lewis invites more comparison than he can withstand. Until the advent of Johnson as a worldclass sprinter in 1984, Lewis's only peers were historical. Indeed, in one of the few real insights in the book, Lewis justifiably complains that commentators were incapable



of going beyond comparing him with Jesse Owens, the only man before him to win four Olympic gold medals in one Games.

It is amusing and informative to learn that Lewis was the "runt" of his high-achieving family, a fact that must have had influence on his later transformation into one of the great athletes of the century, with his six Olympic golds, six world championship golds and many other meritorious awards.

Lewis addresses, however obliquely, some of his own and his sport's major problems. But there is a lot left unsaid. And what should have been a celebration of one of the most exciting careers in international athletics, ends up like a long revenge letter.

Anyone perceived to have slighted Lewis in any way during his ten years at the top is remorselessly demeaned and criticised to an extent which is obscene. Larry Myricks, for example, the last person to beat Lewis in a long jump competition nine years ago, is repeatedly referred to as a "choker" (he fails in big contests). When Myricks fails again in the

His autobiography will do nothing to change that (he is unpopular). Indeed, it will underline the fact, for the evidence of the book is a man bent on character self-assassination

After his
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World Championships, he is called a "world champion choker".

It is petty and mean and does no credit to Lewis, like much of the rest of the book. Intelligent though he undoubtedly is, Lewis does not have a strong line in irony.

He proclaims to be his own man, misunderstood by the crowd when he takes only two of his six long jumps at Los Angeles in 1984. Yet, by the 1988 Olympics, he says he took all six jumps just to please the South Korean crowd, and still it was not appreciated. But it is the 100 metres in Seoul which provides the focus. And the substantial spectre of Johnson haunts the book. For the Canadian's arrival on the international scene better defined Lewis for his fans and critics. Lewis was the artist, Johnson the blunt instrument. Lewis was the thoroughbred racehorse, Johnson the raging bull. Lewis was intelligent, articulate, handsome, Johnson was bestial, virtually illiterate, suffered from a stammer, which increased the impression of stupidity.

It was a match made, if not in heaven, then in that particular hell which is modern athletics—a sport which has bent all the way with the marketing wind, with its pacemakers paid to lose races, its unending drug problem and its relentless hype.

Indeed, the long promised re-match of Lewis and Johnson outside of next summer's World Championships in Tokyo, is now due to happen either in Netherlands or Spain.

A previous meeting in Seville in 1987—not mentioned in the book, which is severely short on the sort of anecdote to interest readers—was salutary.

Johnson won the race, but Lewis, having dipped his head through the line just in front of Johnson's torso—it is the torso which counts—argued long and hard to be given the victory.

Marian Woronin, of Poland, who was European 100 metres record holder at the time, volunteered the opinion "He [Lewis] is just not part of the crowd. The rest of us are all friends, including Johnson. We all stay together, while he's off somewhere else. It's all he can do to say hello. And then there's this posing around, he looks like a marionette." That was a reference to a frontpage photograph of Lewis dressed as a Toreador. There could barely have been a better comparison, with Johnson as the bull.

Sure enough, it was Johnson's charge which won the world title later that year. And even despite the already overwhelming certainty that Johnson was on drugs, by the time the Olympics rolled round the following year, it was not just Canadians, close friends and admirers who wanted Johnson to win in Seoul. Apart from the odd, unreconstructed American, it was everybody.

On Johnson's banishment from Seoul, there is the extraordinary revelation that a personal friend of Lewis's, Andre Jackson, who was not even an athlete, spent one hour in the drug-testing room in Seoul talking to Johnson. And Lewis leaves little doubt as to his beliefs about Florence Griffith-Joyner (Flo-Jo) and Bobby Kersee, her former coach.

Lewis admits his own lack of marketing endorsements, blaming a bad press. But the ambivalence about his alleged homosexuality, which he touches upon but never properly addresses, is undoubtedly one of the principal causes for his unpopularity in a country whose sporting image, born of the cowboy, is of the ultimate macho man. In his own inimitably tasteless way, Daley Thompson once highlighted rumours about Lewis by going to a post-Olympic press conference in Los Angeles wearing a T-shirt emblazoned "Is the World's Second Best Athlete Gay?" But Thompson makes an interesting contrast to Lewis in the arena of public perception. Despite his own nasty streak, to which many can privately testify, Thompson's flip attitude makes him everyone's surrogate hero, while Lewis tries so earnestly to do the "right thing".

But there has been much to admire in Lewis's career. He does not live on talent alone, no athlete does, or can, in this professional age for the sport. He is one of the best competitors ever seen. And he has had a certain respect for the sport, despite admitting that he once faked an injury, when he was homesick as a young man in Europe. Until this year, he has never



LEWIS does not live on talent alone; no athlete does, or can, in this professional age for the sport. He is one of the best competitors ever seen

COLLINS SPORT



sought to compete at altitude, where the reduced air resistance helps "explosive" events like sprinting and jumping, in order to chase a world record—his 100 metres in 9.92sec was recognised only after Johnson's 9.79sec in Seoul and 9.83sec in Rome, were expunged. Ironically, when he did contract to go to Sestriers, in Italy, he was injured.

There are long tracts which will be of little interest to the European reader, dealing as they do with the internecine world of college recruitment, the arguments over the composition of the US relay team and the split with his shoe manufacturing company.

But they are interesting in that since the book was published in the United States four months ago, there has been opportunity to get some reaction from protagonists.

Don Coleman, an executive with the Nike sportswear company, and a practising Christian, was mortified to read himself quoted as having described Lewis with an obscenity. According to Coleman, Cleve Lewis, Carl's elder brother, excused the quote "as a way of helping sell the book". Tom Sturak, now an athletes' agent, was Coleman's boss at the time. Sturak would have had to have been involved in the transactions Lewis alleges, yet he is not even mentioned in the book. But Sturak, while strongly doubting some of Lewis's accounts of colleges' recruiting methods, said of Coleman: "Don wasn't in any position in the company to make promises like Carl says. You know, Carl was very close to Don. This whole thing reads like the reaction of a spurned friend."

If sources in the US book trade are correct, *Inside Track* is destined to go the same way as a post-1984 Olympic book on Lewis, which was remaindered almost as quickly as Lewis can sprint. Quite why Jeffrey Marx, his collaborator and a Pulitzer Prize winner, could not persuade Lewis to temper his negativity, or did not ultimately take his own name off the book, is a mystery as unfathomable as Lewis's reservoir of resentment.

Inside Track, My Professional Life in Amateur Track and Field, is published by Pelham Books, price £12.99 (\$25.50).

Pat Butcher
THE EUROPEAN

SUNNY SPEAKS

In an exclusive interview to *Sportsworld*, SUNIL GAVASKAR talks to ROHIT BRIJNATH on a variety of issues including his decline and decision to retire, why he was such a controversial figure, his life after retirement and Gavaskar the man



SPORTSWORLD: What is your average day like now?

SUNIL GAVASKAR: I don't think it is different from my non-playing days. Almost the same. By non-playing cricket days I mean, when I was playing but no matches were on. Then I would go for cricket practice in the afternoon, now I go to Bombay Gymkhana and play badminton. In the mornings I go to work, which is the same—I'm still with Nirlon's—in the evenings, earlier I would have returned home late after cricket

practice, maybe sitting down and having a yarn with the boys I practised with. Now, after badminton I go to PMG (the Professional Management Group office). Later, I spend at home reading or watching the video.

Are you a very private man? Not really.

Easy with people.

I think so.

You give the impression of being a very organised person, a very routine-oriented person. Would that be a correct assumption?

Absolutely correct. I think I've got everything organised...my day is organised. This is something I've imbibed from my father, he's a very organised man. Even today he looks after all my accounts. He's got everything pat—insurance premiums have to be paid, car licences have to be renewed, he's there, he's spot-on and I think I've taken it up from him.

Is that why you were so organised in your cricket career. I think people were jealous that you were so organised—that you saw ahead, that cricket was not going to be enough, financially, to get by. So you modelled—you got organised—was that a lot to do with it?

I think anybody who has got a little bit of intelligence, will have seen from the previous generations' experience, previous cricketers' experience, that cricket is

only up to a certain age. After that people just stagnate into a particular job. Sometimes a lot of people struggle to make ends meet. ...So while I was playing cricket I was conscious of the fact that I wouldn't just want to be sitting and doing a job. I would like to do something else. Which is exactly what is happening at the moment.

Do you find any difference in (public) recognition now. When you were a cricketer of course it was there—but now is it any different? Is it less?

As a matter of fact it is a little more. In a sense that I think a lot more people come up and talk. I think previously they just left you alone, maybe they thought you were too involved in your game, and they didn't want to disturb you. But now a lot of people...you stop a car at the signal and people who are crossing might just sort of...

Say hello or something?

Yeah, they come around and shake hands. And probably in the old days you know they'd give you a second glance at the most. But now they would want to stop and shake hands.

How do you feel about it?

I feel very good about it. I feel that if a stranger in the street can come up and say look I want to shake hands with you, I think it is a fantastic feeling.

Do you feel anything, even a tinge, when there is some problem in a Test match and people say "Oh, but if only Gavaskar was there". How do you feel? I'm sure you hear it.

Yes I have heard some people come up and say those kind of things. But as far as the playing part was concerned, it just went out of my system. I don't feel like picking up a bat now. It's crazy, a lot of people take up some other game, people become you know golfers, golf



THE BADMINTON ADDICT

Sometimes a lot of people struggle to make ends meet. So while I was playing I was conscious of the fact that I wouldn't just want to be sitting and doing a job. I would like to do something else which is exactly what is happening at the moment. Playing, just went out of my system. I don't feel like picking up a bat now....I've become a badminton addict

addicts—I've become a badminton addict. But as far as cricket is concerned, no I just...I follow the game, sure I follow the game, I read about it, you know, keep in touch through the Press whatever. But as far as playing aspect is concerned, it's just gone.

When people meet you on the road, I'm talking about strangers, not people you know what is the standard comment to you? Is there a common thing that people say to you?

Yeah, I think it's "Oh Mr Gavaskar I've always wanted to meet you and shake your hand." That's the standard thing and then if you are there for a little longer then they want to talk to you about the current team, the usual thing about why you quit the game

Do you have a different view of fatherhood now? I mean as a father, in the sense, that you have more time with your son now than perhaps you had before. Is it fascinating, is it exciting? It is, but you know the thing is it's so ironic. I mean when I was playing and travelling around a lot, I didn't have that much time for Rohan.

Rohan's now grown. He's got his own circle of friends. Now that time free he doesn't have much time for me, (laughing) so it's ironic. But it's great fun. I think it's great fun when he brings his friends over and they sit in his room and listen to music. He's got a record collection in music.

But do you miss anything? Are you sad a little bit, that you missed watching him grow up from closer?

Yes, I wasn't there when he was born. I saw him after he was 2½ months old, I was away in the West Indies, New Zealand...West Indies. So I didn't really see him for 2½ months. So in that sense, yes, I have missed that part of, you know, when he took his first steps etc. When he started, when he uttered his first word, I've missed them. There is one thing, one of the things that Michael Faraday for instance has done, which he may not admit. I've it fact spoken to him sometimes about it, is that being a champion himself he's tried to relieve some of

When I was playing and travelling, I didn't have that much time for Rohan. Rohan's now grown he's got his own circle of friends. Now that I'm free he doesn't have time for me. So it's crazy

THE FAMILY WAS LEFT ALONE



that through his son, and I think that's one of the problem that Mark has had as a player. You don't have anything like that with Rohan? Oh he's only 14 and I don't know what he is going to do, so I really have.. maybe if he takes up sport as a career then I guess, I guess I might just get involved or whatever. I suppose every father would get involved in his own son. Do you know where that active involvement should end?

Besides don't forget that he is going to live up to a lot of pressure, the pressure of being Sunil Gavaskar's son. He plays a bit of club cricket now, and he plays in the lower division and I keep talking to him the odd occasion you know he comes and tells me. I tell him to go out and enjoy his game, try and improve, learn from every game, to try and get better. So that really is it.

Talking about young people you have a reputation now, perhaps even before, of being promotive. A most recent example is Tendulkar and you gave him your pads. Why did you do that? Simple. He, I think, was the only other cricketer that I know in

India who uses the same kind of leg guards, the super light weight leg guards. Earlier on, he had one pair which my cousin had given him. I had given it to my cousin, and he in turn had given it to him and just before the Pakistan tour I noticed that those pads were in absolute tatters. So I had a pair which I barely used for the Reliance Cup, and so there wasn't any problem giving it to him because it was brand new. But you see the idea behind the whole thing is quite funny; I used those leg guards because I believed I was mainly a singles man, I believe singles and twos were the life blood of my batting and so I needed to conserve my energy, make sure my legs weren't very tired so I had these superlight weight leg guards. Well, this young bloke is smashing them all over the park, so he doesn't really need those light weight leg guards. He doesn't do any running.

Maybe there's some symbolism in giving them to him, as if asking him to cool down a little bit.

No, it's just because he's been using them right through his school career, since he was 12 or 13 or something he's been using both leg guards, and these leg guards were not being manufactured maybe a year ago. Now again they have started to manufacture them, because the guy who makes them, he's a very good friend of mine. He's an Indian who lives in England and I think he might have given Sachin an extra pair of leg guards because he said they are going to start manufacturing from September or something.

How, why do you do this with a lot of young people. Is it that you're very interested. Did anything ever happen with you when you were very young?

I was very fortunate in the sense when I came into the Bombay squad, for the Ranji Trophy, I was in the reserves, and I had blokes like Ramakant Desai, Baloo Gupte and the late Vijay Manjrekar there. They took a great deal of interest in making me feel at home. A lot of times, you know, you heard about these cricketers. Ramakant Desai was, in his time, I'm talking

about the early 60's—was like a Pied Piper. I mean there were kids who would just literally follow him, he was just unbelievable, and somebody of that popularity making me feel as if he had been playing cricket with me all this life, instead of treating me as a newcomer in the side, was fantastic. They made me feel a part of the team. Didn't make me feel like a newcomer. And I said well, if cricketers like that can do that, then, if I get down to being a Test player then I would try and do that.

I know you have a reputation with young people like this, very involved, and I also know that you were helped to a certain extent, but I was going

Singles and two's were the lifeline of my batting. And so I needed to conserve my energy and make sure my legs weren't very tired, so I had these super lightweight leg guards (which he gave to Sachin). But this young bloke is smashing them all over the park. He doesn't do any running...

TENDULKAR WITH GAVASKAR'S PADS



book the other day, "Cricket my style," and one of the things he said, was that when you were captain you were very, the words he words were "You used to keep your own counsel." That means you used to stay always on your own. Is that true? You said you were involved with the young people in your team.

I think that's an untrue statement, because I don't think there was any occasion when I didn't encourage young players. I think you know youngsters are....

Sorry, let me interrupt. I don't know whether he said anything about encouraging youngsters. When I'm saying is, he said that you would not indulge in, you know, if the team was having a good time off the field or something like that. You would not get involved in it. That you would like to keep your own space.

No?

No?

In fact, I think I enjoyed all my years with Indian cricket from '71 to '87, and you know this mateship business was the thing that gave me the greatest thrill, sitting around with the blokes and pulling each others' legs or finding some scapegoats for mischief. I loved practical jokes and pranks. I don't think a lot of people seem to think that...but then you

must not forget that when you're the captain you have a room to yourself whereas everybody else has a room partner. So a lot of plans can be made with room partners only, with players tending to leave the captain alone because of matches not going well etc. So they say "Look, the captain has got enough problems, why not you know..." so that might be one of the reasons why that kind of thought might have occurred. But by and large, no. Definitely no. No way was I keeping my own counsel.

you

may be through your career also, were you mediocrity?

Not really. I never really thought about something like that at all. Because when I started playing school cricket, it was only the inter-collegiate cricket... school cricket wasn't really a big experience at all. I had done very well at the schools level, but at the inter-collegiate level the earlier rounds would be good, the semi-finals against our arch rival Siddharth College would always be a bit of a hassle. I would never score runs in those games, and so I was always a little worried about that particular aspect. That I'm not good for a big match and only scoring runs in the *altu faltu* games. But no, I don't think so because I never really thought of it in those kind of terms. When you're starting your career at 16, 17 let's say when you were in your.....

When I first went to the West Indies in '71 I did so with a lot of doubts. Self doubts, because till then, as you said earlier on, everything had been orderly. Like I played for St. Xavier's High School, went on to play for Bombay Schools and then played for West Zone Schools, then India Schools. Similarly for college—College, University, West Zone University, All-India Universities. When it came to the India Cap, there was a gap because I played for Bombay, but I didn't play for West Zone. From Bombay, I was just straight away taken, because they dropped me from the West Zone game because they probably wanted to try two other guys or whatever. I don't know. But, I just made the jump and that's why I went with self-doubts because till then everything was in order. I mean, I had done well so I had the confidence. I'm good enough, maybe, for this level, so I could possibly try for the next higher grade, kind of thing.

Were there any players of your team that were doing

and 1974 when I didn't even get runs in the Ranji Trophy matches. What happens to a batsman at the time—what happened to you at that time?

I think you start to wonder what's going wrong—whether your grip is wrong, whether your bat's coming this way. I think cricket is a game which is so much in the mind, so you start saying to yourself the bat's coming down wrong or maybe my feet are not moving. Sometimes it's a very minor thing that might have crept into your game unknowingly.

Did you do anything specific during that period?

I used to talk to a lot of cricketers, a lot of former cricketers to find out what used to go wrong. At the end of the

day, invariably it used to be my father who would tell me, generally the right thing. Simply because he had seen me play since I was a school kid. So he knew exactly what I was doing wrong. I mean I would go and talk to some of the seniormost cricketers, but they saw me only after a certain level. So they wouldn't understand. But my father, having played a bit of cricket himself, he would be the first one to say, 'You're doing this, and you're doing that wrong'.

What was wrong?

Basically technical—my grip would have turned a little bit...

Leander Paes, agreed he's only a kid and not a champion yet, was asked at Wimbledon this year, what he found exciting about tennis. He said, 'the pressure, the tension'. What excited you most about the game? What challenged you?

I think to a great extent Leander is right, because I think you



IN HIS BLACK AND WHITE SITTING ROOM

Public adulation feeds your stamina...And I think that's one reason why a lot of people carry on just that little bit more than they should. It gets a little too addictive



thrive on the pressure and the tension. You also crumble under the pressure and tension. But to try and get past that, that's a little, a sort of little thin line between crumbling and thriving under pressure. And sometimes, I think you thrive under pressure basically when you know you're in good nick and you're hitting the ball well in tennis or you know you're really moving well. Generally, you know mentally you're completely at peace etc.

So I think it's a very thin line between thriving—and sometimes when you're doing badly, I mean you could be playing well but getting a bad decision from the umpire, or getting run-out or an absolutely out-of-the-world catch by somebody to a full-blooded shot. When these kinds of things happen, then the pressure starts to get on top of you.

What excited you—what in cricket was exciting to you?

Well the fact that there were— it's really very simple—the fact that other countries' bowlers were trying to get you out, and you were not going to get out very easily. You were going to try your damndest and hang around there. This thing about being challenged—like say, Imran from one side and Akram from another, sending down everything they can and you saying 'hey buddy, you're not going to get me out', was that a high?

Oh yes, I think so. I think when you play bowlers of that calibre and score against them, certainly, it's a high. Is that about the best 'high' you can get?

I think so. I think you get in front of a crowd that appreciates the game, a big crowd, that stands up when you get to a mark, a 50, a 100 whatever it's a great feeling.

Before becoming captain, when did individual achievement separate itself from team achievement?

I think no even before you are captain, I think always as an opening batsman, the first fear is always the thought of survival. You're facing the quickest bowlers

in the world, 99% of the time, so it's a question of survival. So obviously the first thoughts are of self-preservation—you go past it, past the first half hour, one hour, at lunchtime you've survived. You know you're past the fiercest part of the attack and you might come across a little more guile because the spinners might be coming on. Having survived for the first couple of hours, where it is purely self-preservation, then I think the team sort of comes through. Right, I've been there for two hours, the team needs me till 5.30 in the evening. So you have to hang on and score as many runs as you can. Often it's just the fact that you got to hang on—sometimes the bowlers can come back, you might have survived till lunch but you might have had five wickets down at the other end. So again it's a matter of your surviving and getting your team to a respectable score.

Did you find it difficult to understand, that sometimes during your career you were called a 'selfish batsman', because you would bat for so long. They would say you were a 'run accumulator'. Did that upset you, especially when you were young?

No, I don't think so. I made it a point after a few years of having observed what was being written about matches, not generally about me, but coverage of matches, that it was better not to read the newspaper reports. So I would not read the reports—sure I would open the sports page, see the photographs that would have appeared. And there is a lot of other sports news. You don't have to be reading your own cricket thing. So I don't think that kind of thing upset me. Maybe after the season was over and people would keep clippings for you, and then maybe you read about it and said, 'Oh my God, why has this thing been written....'

If not upset, perhaps you were angry sometimes? Later on, by which time it made no difference because it happened 3 months ago or 6 weeks



IN 1983-84 I realised I was on the way down. I began to feel the pressure of being an opening batsman. I realised...I've got to be a lot more careful about a lot of things...One about fitness. Two about practice. So I made sure that the decline would be gradual

In 1983-84 I realised I was on the way down. I began to feel the pressure of being an opening batsman. I realised...I've got to be a lot more careful about a lot of things...One about fitness. Two about practice. So I made sure that the decline would be gradual

after the tour was over. When you played, at the height of your concentration, what were you focussing on?

I was focussing on the ball.

Always on the ball

Always on the ball.

Obviously when the guy is running up, initially you can't see it....

Yeah, you just concentrate on the wrist holding onto the ball. A lot of bowlers kind of hide the ball, but you still sort of know where it is. Even while the bowler is running in, you're trying to see how he's holding the ball, trying to locate the seam, so you know from that whether he's trying to bowl you an inswinger or outswinger. It doesn't always work, but if you can get a quick look before he comes into bowl.... I think the focus was completely on the ball—you sort of go back, the ball goes past you and you still watch it right up to the wicketkeeper. I would never take my eyes off the ball even if I played it and missed it or even if I left it alone. (I would watch) the ball being collected by the wicketkeeper, thrown to first slip. I would still watch it, first slip to gully, gully I would watch it, gully to point I would watch the ball, point back to the bowler I would watch the ball. The focus was just there. In a sense it

didn't allow you to think of anything else, because often between deliveries you can be distracted by a lot of things; noise, applause, whatever. So you just concentrate.

Was it very tiring?

It is tiring. The worst part if you have played the whole day, is next morning, the early part of next morning. However much you try and loosen out the previous evening, a shower, a sauna, a massage, your wrist becomes stiff, your palms become stiff because you're holding onto the bat with concentration. And your hamstrings get

Towards the last year or so of my cricket, I began to keep looking at the clock or even if it was a limited overs game I would look at the number of overs left and I would say 'Oh, my God, bloody hell, still 30 overs left.' Or 'Oh God another 1 1/2 hours to tea.' And when it got to that, it was clearly a signal, ki Sunny boy I think that's it...

I'M NOT PULLING YOUR LEG



tight. So those are the things that can cause you problems in the morning, but once you loosen out and get back into the groove you forget all those things. When you scored a century, which you seemed to do quite often, how did it feel? at that particular moment and then later in the evening.

At that particular moment it used to be an absolutely fantastic feeling because the crowd was responding, the crowd would be happy, more than happy. They would be delighted at your achievement and that happens anywhere anyone scores a hundred. Everybody gets a feeling of achievement. Whether he's someone you support or an opposition player, you still get up and applaud. So I think that feeling is fantastic. And then you come back home in the evenings or to the hotel room, and that's when you're alone and then it sort of strikes you that you have scored a hundred. Because till then you're in a crowd, you're with your teammates—when you come back to your room and you're alone and maybe trying to get ready for a shower.

Did you get excited. If your wife wasn't around would you feel like calling her up? Oh yes.

That sort of thing?

Yeah, but she was on tour with me most of the time.

You always gave the impression, and perhaps you were, of a man always under control. Absolute control. Yet the times you snapped and I'll give you just two instances; the one with Chetan Chauhan in Australia and once in Ahmedabad when you scored a 90 something against the West Indies but were distracted by a Thums Up man moving near the sight screen and you lost your temper—was this anything to do with the fact that if you were looking for perfection, you got upset if there wasn't any from the other side?

No, I don't think so. Look, I don't set around to look for perfection. I try to do my best and if I found someone was coming in the way of my efforts to do my best, then yes I would lose my head. This used to happen very often when the guy used to move behind the bowler's arm. And I would say 'look, why don't these guys understand that I've got enough problems as it is facing the quick bowlers etc and I could do without that distraction of the movement up there'. I mean for them, it's just a Test they're coming to watch, it's just a tamasha or whatever, to kill time. But I'm the one whose probably going to get criticised if I don't do well, so why don't they understand and let me do my own thing. Why don't they sit down. How do you look back to that incident with Chetan in Australia?

Well, I think I've made it very clear that the decision itself was bad. Okay, I think that upset me. I think if you review the video again, you will find that I've actually started to walk off after Dennis (Lillee) said to me 'That look it hit your pad' and I said, 'No, it touched my bat first'. Then I started to (walk), because the umpire had given me out and there was no option I had to go. And if you see the film, you'll see that I've already gone past Chetan Chauhan, and at that point, when I'm almost on my way to the pavilion, that's the time when the Australian said something to me.

Which Australians?

Well, I mean Dennis did. Dennis still laughs about it.

What did he say?

He called me a part of the female anatomy. Anyway he said it, he and somebody else, I'm

My ambitions were centred on the cricket field. Off the field, in business, I'm not ambitious at all. I keep telling my business partners that they have to be ambitious if they have to make progress in business



not quite sure who it was.

Did he use the word 'cheat' anywhere in that sentence? No, no cheat at all. So I said, God, I mean there I've got a bad decision and these fellows are calling me all...and so I turned back.

If you see that (video), I've turned back at that stage and gone to Chetan and said, 'C'mon, let's go'. That was the thing that really...that particular thing was the one that got me mad. I was mad as it is, so it was like adding fuel to the fire. And at the most if that hadn't been said, I would have gone into the dressing room, broken a bat or thrown my bat around or maybe raved and ranted. And it would have all cooled down.

Did you ever think about the fact that being a sportsman of the level you were, of the highest class, is very unforgiving in the sense that you can't really show too many emotions or a reaction?

There's only one kind of emotion that you cannot show—and that's an angry emotion. And that's the only time when people are unforgiving. That you are supposed to be in tight control of yourself—but if you show you've enjoyed something or are happy about it I don't think people object to it. But often at the highest international level, the joy that you feel

is sometimes very difficult to come out with. Because you're so fraught with tension. So it's very difficult for the joy to come out. Maybe later in the dressing room when things have gone well and you're relaxing, but on the field...I found it difficult to go and wave my hands around.

You're not a very demonstrative man?

Not really.

But how important, for a sportsman like you, is public

adulation?

I think it's very important because that's the kind of thing that keeps you going. That's the thing that feeds your stamina.

Your ego.

Ego of course. And it helps you to keep going. And I think that's one of the reasons why a lot of people carry on just that little bit more than they should. People don't sort of quit because of that adulation, the glamour, everything attached to being a sports personality. It gets just a little too addictive.

But at the same time you want adulation and it's vital, but at the same time people get upset because there's a tremendous lack of privacy. A loss of privacy. Wherever you go there are people jumping on you etc.

I think people would object to a lack of privacy if the problem emerges to them in the actual performance of their duty. Somebody jumping onto the field?

Somebody jumping onto the field, somebody popping into the dressing room trying to engage you in conversation. Those kind of things. I don't think by and large that there is that much invasion of your privacy. In fact there are a lot of plus points in being a public figure—you can get seats in an aircraft, hotels...

What about motivation...drive...was there anything specific?

I think the biggest single motivation was playing for India. I don't think there's anything more than that really. When you've played for India...I think India was the biggest one. I mean I had motivation even when I played for my club. I was so proud of it that I (badly) wanted my club to win. So there was motivation playing for Dadar Union and playing for Bombay and Nirlon. I think the motivation was always there, but I don't think

there's a greater motivation than playing for your country.

You know Bob Willis used to listen to cassettes, a sort of hypnotherapy. Hadlee had his own list, a motivation list. Did you have anything of the sort?

No.

Hadlee again, when he was in trouble, when nothing was going right, he said he used to think of Lillee—what would Lillee do in a position like this. Did you ever think of anyone while in trouble?

I tell you what, if I was in trouble I was back in the pavilion, (laughs).



THE URGANCKO HINKER

In our country the popular conception of a sportsman is that he should only be playing the game and at the end of it, he should be the kind of figure whom you should be able to take pity on...But if a sportsman becomes, not necessarily successful, but content, being able to do what he wants, then he's out of the mould

But if you were hitting or missing for 4-5 balls.

No, I think you just hung around and said you can't give up. The fact that you're there means you've survived. It's not like bowling...bowling, you've always got the next delivery.

What for you constituted 'success'?

To do well as a batsman...

Let me put it more specifically: was there a precise moment, a period of time in life when you thought, yes, I've made comprehensive use of my talents. I'm almost as good as I can be. No, I don't think I've thought of it in that way. Because I think you are so busy playing cricket—from 1978 after the World Series, India played so many matches—that really there was no time for thinking, looking back. You were always sort of looking forward, to the next series etcetera. You never really had time to think, 'ah, now I don't need to do anything more.' Those kinds of thoughts never really came to me because I was always thinking, what's coming up in the next series—we've got the West Indies or the Pakistanis. So one tried to get a lot more information on those guys. Basically, like get a video, watch a bowler who you've heard of but

haven't seen in action, to see what his action is, see what his run-up is....even on television, try and make out, 'ah he's running in a little different for the inswinger'. Maybe you're wrong, but you were trying to get yourself prepared for slight changes in the bowling. He may be bowling close to the stumps or away from the stumps. So you look forward. I still don't look back.

Success is different in team games in a way. In individual games it is very cut and dried. But for you, was it breaking a record or winning a Test match or...

I think winning the Test match. And having contributed something to it. There are occasions when I didn't contribute anything—didn't take a catch, didn't score a run, didn't even cause anybody to get run-out in the opposition...but I think that satisfaction is greater than any personal-achievement-satisfaction.

What about things like breaking Bradman's record

(of centuries) and scoring 10,000 runs.

I think 10,000 runs was special. I felt very good about that. Bradman's record was just a statistical achievement because, I've said this over and over again, the man scored it in 52 matches and I scored it in 95. So there's absolutely no comparison with that. But 10,000 was special because it was the first time someone had done that. And I think that's the time I let my feelings show.

Running with the bat over your head for the run and punching the air?

Yeah, it was really something special.

Perhaps the best...

No, I think the very best has been when we won against England in 1971. I can't ever get over that. The biggest high in my life...and I scored what, 5 or 2 or 0 in that game. But you know it was unbelievable, the 'high' I mean.

1985 Benson & Hedges in Australia?

Yes, that was good. But I think the team played so well. It was a totally different team from what had happened earlier on. It was a rejuvenated team, so to speak.

You spoke of retirement a little while back and why

I don't understand the money aspect, because I mean what are people supposed to do, sportsmen or whatever. Everyone is trying to better their standard of living

THE ANTI-MARRIED TEAMS



people go on. When did you realise you were in decline and how did you accept and work with decline?

Let's look at it this way—in 1983-84 I realised I was on the way down. I began to feel the pressure of being an opening batsman, 1984 to be precise. When you start to feel the pressure of being an opening batsman, which I didn't feel until then, I realised, now okay, I'm on my way down. And I've got to be a lot more careful about a lot of things. One, about fitness, two about practice. So I made sure that the decline would be gradual. It shouldn't be that you're at a certain 'high' and then you just crash down. I didn't want that to happen. I wanted it to be gradual—maybe comedown halfway and then okay, quit.

But you never had any problem accepting it for yourself?

Absolutely no. I think every sportsman gets to a situation where he knows that somebody else is going to be

that little bit better.

Why I ask, is because a lot of people seem to have a problem with it (accepting decline that is). McEnroe for example, there is no way he can play like he did 10 years ago. But he still believes he can win a Grand Slam title—he can't. Realistically no. So there is this thing about being unrealistic and not being able to accept decline.

I think cricket is slightly different. Tennis being an individual sport, you know one to one, and you get to a certain age and you know you're not really going to last a five-setter. But in cricket you can always pace yourself as a batsman. Maybe not as a bowler, but as a batsman surely you can pace yourself. Like the ball's going towards the boundary and you pace yourself. In the old days you would have taken three runs. Here you take your runs in such a way that the third run is impossible.

So it doesn't look like you're not taking the third run, but I think you're taking your first and second run in such a way. You conserve your energy. It's a matter of just one run being left, but you're not so tired that your feet don't move

for the next few days!

Is there a sadness when your talent is fraying. That it's not going to be like it was before. Is there a sadness?

Not unless somebody has totally humiliated me. You know your opponent has been so bloody good that he's made a complete fool of you. Then there is sadness. But if that hasn't happened, I suppose not. Then I suppose you still go around feeling that okay it's been a good innings. In tennis if you are beaten 6-0, 6-0, now that's humiliation.

When you think back, what did you feel that now okay I've been doing this thing all my life and now I've got to give it up or, I'm choosing to give it up

No, those kinds of thought never came somehow, funnily enough.

No, don't say funnily enough, I'm just asking. I don't know whether people feel those things.

No, I sort of knew in my mind...it used to get to a situation...I never was a brilliant fielder but I enjoyed fielding. I enjoyed being on the field. I enjoyed the aspect of being over there and thinking to myself, if I was the captain what I would do. Would I move this fielder here, would I make this bowling change, would I ask him to do this. And so even if you're not getting any success, even if you were chasing 400 or 500 or 600 you still enjoy being on the field. Towards the last year or so of my cricket, I began to keep looking at the clock or even if it was a limited-overs game I would look at the number of overs left and I would say, 'Oh, my God, bloody hell, still 30 overs left'. Or I would say 'Oh God, another 1½ hours to tea'. And when it got to that, it was clearly a signal, ki Sunny boy I think that's it, you're not enjoying the game anymore, so give it up.

That realization was coming—that you're not enjoying the game so much. And during the off-season, you're into a situation where, if the

season finished on April 30, if I didn't pick up a bat by 10 May I would be feeling stupid. After 10 days rest I would have a bat at home and play imaginary shots. The last three years, say 1985-86-87 I just didn't think of picking up a bat. I mean if the season finished April 30 I picked up a bat in September. I didn't pick up the bat in between unless it was some friendly match

There is a great dilemma about retirement. Sportsmen only know usually how to do their particular thing, and unlike a doctor or a writer or in other fields, sportsmen have a short time span—by 30 you're finished usually. And then people like Borg, for example, have problems. Adjustment is difficult. Yet your post-cricket adjustment has been magnificent. You've just cruised from one thing to another...



GAVASKAR AND SHASTRI

I think there are a lot more cricketers who made more money through Indian sport than I have...Like Kapil...And Ravi Shastri's no way behind.

(laughs loudly) No, I think.

Do you plan a lot?

No. I think it just happened because I was aware that I was going to get out of the game. So I was aware that since I was not enjoying the game I better look at something else. Fortunately, even while I was 'heavily' into cricket I had a couple of outside interests. So that used to keep me occupied during the off-seasons or even in the evenings, sometimes. Therefore the transition was fairly easy. I didn't look over my shoulder, look back again and again.

The tempo of life must have changed—are you happy? Absolutely.

Totally content?

Totally content for the simple reason that my ambitions were centered on the cricket field. Off-the-field, in business, I'm not ambitious at all. I'm just quite happy to be...

You aren't ambitious?

Not at all.

Really?

Really. And I keep on telling, my business partners that they have to be ambitious if they have to make progress in business.

You say you're not ambitious, yet people say that 'man, this guy makes

so much money'. Is that because you're a success and other Indian sportsman have not been a success?

I think the popular idea in our country, the popular conception of a sportsman, is that he should be only playing the game, and at the end of it he should be the kind of figure whom you should be able to take pity on. 'Aare he was such a great player, *abhi dekho* he's just working here and there'—that seems the popular conception. If a sportsman fits that conception, yes, he is right on the ball. But if a sportsman becomes, not necessarily successful, but content, being able to do what he wants, then he's out of the mould. So people start talking about, 'You know he's making money' or 'He's this, that or the other'. I don't understand the money aspect, because I mean what are people supposed to do, sportsman or whatever. Everyone's trying to better their standard of living.

I agree.

And I've never understood this particular fascination about whether a player makes money or not. It's quite crazy.

Do you feel unique. And you are. I'll tell you why—apart from other things—today you are the most successful Indian sportsman ever. And b) no Indian sportsman has made as much money, and I'm being positive here not negative, through and from Indian sport. Vijay Amritraj, remember, made most of his fortune abroad. How do you react to that?

Aaah, I don't think that's quite right actually.

No?

I don't think that part's quite right.

What part?

Well, I think as far as being the most successful sportsman is concerned is always open to debate. Some might say yes or no. It's your point of view—my point of view might be different. I'll agree with you on that. (laughs) I don't want any arguments on that! That's something which you've spoken and which will be accepted by a lot of people in a very positive way. As far as the second thing is concerned, I think there are

a lot more cricketers who made more money through Indian sport than I have.

Like who?

Like Kapil, Kapil made a lot of money. And Ravi Shastri's no way behind. So, I think it's sort of subjective. But I think because I maybe was the first...not the first, because there were people like Col. C.K. Nayudu who made money...I don't know whether he ever 'made' money, but who showed us the way, in the sense that he did endorsements etc, and when you talk about having made money through sports it is basically through endorsements. It's not because of actual playing (fees) which is very little. It's the other endorsement, opportunities you get by being a sportsman that one has to capitalise on. And because I was the one who, I think perhaps did a lot more—C.K. Nayudu did one or two maybe, I maybe had done 6 or 8 in a particular season—so maybe I caught the eye.

I read a piece in *Gentleman* magazine which said that your wife was the tough businesswoman—does she handle the business part?

You mean as far as my own personal endorsements are concerned?

Yes.

Yes, she does it. I'm bloody embarrassed to talk about anything like that. You come to me with a proposal—if I say okay, fine—I look at the proposal for example what he's asking me to endorse. If I agree with that okay, then I say right as far as the financial terms, the legal aspects etc, go and talk to my wife.

But you don't have a reputation of being naive at all—you have a reputation of being intelligent in business deals.

But I never get into this. Never.

Never

They say that 'when Gavaskar sees a good business opportunity, then he'll take it'.

It's like if you get a loose delivery, you hit it, maan. It's not always that you hit it for a boundary, sometimes you hit it straight to a fielder!

Do you ever have an identity problem? Because according to my list you're a for-



TRYING TO RAISE ONE'S STANDARD OF LIVING

It's (business opportunities) like if you get a loose delivery, you hit it maan. It's not always that you hit it for a boundary, sometime you hit it straight to a fielder

mer cricketer, I've even got genius, writer, businessman, model and a celebrity. What identity do you choose?

Me, I prefer the identity of a man who goes and works, plays his badminton in the afternoons goes and watches...

You've become a celebrity in fact after you've stopped playing cricket?

That's what I was telling you about when I said people now stop the car and come and shake hands, which wasn't the case earlier on

In the framework of cricketing history how would you like to be remembered?

Basically as a cricketer who showed Indian cricketers to stand up for what is right, and to the cricketers that you don't have to be big and strong to play the quickest bowlers in the world. What about as a batsman? No I don't think so No?

Really So many batsmen maybe I was a little more determined about hanging around there—not as much as Geoffrey (Boycott) of course!

While I was doing some reading on you, I came across an old article which said that when you were young and very successful as a cricketer, you were a little naive because you were surprised that people could be critical of you even if you were a great success. Was that true?

(A long silence)

Should I say it again?

I understand but ah...

Were you surprised that you were so good and yet people were critical of you?

Ah, sure—I think you wonder why the criticism was coming. You would expect criticism when you have done badly, but when you've not done badly you're surprised why there should be some criticism. So I guess...

Did it change your attitude towards the press at all? I think 1978-79, when this Packer business came up and when we had discussion with the World Series authorities, that was the time. It

Basically (I want to be remembered as) a cricketer who showed Indian cricketers to stand up for what is right, and to the cricketers that you don't have to be big and strong to play the quickest bowlers in the world

A CRICKETER EVEN AFTER RETIREMENT



was very open, nothing was done behind closed doors. People knew the Packer guys were around and that we were talking to them. I went and talked to the Bombay Cricket Association (BCA) and told them exactly what the proposal was. And the BCA being part of the Board would take it back to the Board. So everything was above board. At that particular stage a lot of newspapers called me in particular, not the others so much, a 'traitor'. And that really made me feel very upset. I was then facing quick bowlers and I always used that example simply because as an opening batsman I can't use any other example. That here I'm trying to put my life out there, no helmet, 90 mph quick bowling and it just needed a split second miscalculation for you to have a serious injury. And you're doing that playing for your country and yet these guys started calling me a traitor when there was never any question during that Packer situation that I was not going to play for India.

So were you wary of the Press from then onwards?

So I said, 'look why is this happening to me?'

Sure I was wary of the Press...and no, I was not wary of the Press, I was careful. Cynical?

No, I was careful. Careful about who I spoke to or whatever.

Did your wicket symbolise anything to you while batting?

No. (silence). But being bowled was the supreme insult I think. Like if you straight drive a fast bowler it's a supreme insult to him.

You know you're a man who sparks off all sorts of contradictions (he laughs). Do you ever wonder why? I'll give you an example if you want.

Sure.

In the last series that you played, the Reliance Cup, when you were bowled by DeFreitas in the semi finals, there was a rumour, people thought you had sold your

wicket. Did you know that? On the other hand, I think it was Robin Marlar or someone who said it was the best ball of the entire tournament...

Well this is it. This is the price one has to pay. Is that fame, or being a champion?

Whatever, I think that's the price one has to pay. I know there were these kind of ugly things being talked about. And then I said to myself, well that's it, because nobody's saying a word about the way Srikanth got out. Nobody said a word about, okay not nobody said, there was a lot of comment about Kapil. But nobody said a damn word about Srikanth getting out. But then, this has been the major problem again as far as our cricketing public and cricket writers are concerned. It's that there's such a thin line between carefree batting and careless batting. It's really a very thin line and if I, for example, played carefree cricket

meaning playing shots, I would always be dubbed as having played careless cricket. While those who were shot-makers, if they played carelessly, they were always dubbed as being carefree cricketers.

Well, this is what I was going to ask you. During the 1983-84 West Indies tour to India, you suddenly started playing a different style of cricket. You were hitting the ball about much more. A lot of people said the same sort of thing then. Why did you change, why did you become so extravagant?

I think, because now I had played against the West Indies in 1983 (in the West Indies the previous winter) and I knew what their tactics were. The tactics were to try and get you fending off your face and get you caught bat-and-pad or behind the wicket. And there really wasn't going to be anything that was pitched up to you. Now the tactics were very, very clear. In the olden days, you maybe had only 2 bouncers an over, now you were going to have more than that,

I said, "Why is this happening to me?. Sure I was wary of the press...and no I was not wary of the press. I was careful...Careful about who I spoke to or whatever

FRECKLED AND AFRO



maybe 4 bouncers.

I had gone to the West Indies in 1983 and I used to hang around there for 90 minutes, two hours and score 19 runs or 25 runs, something like that. I would see the best part of their bowling away and then it would be just one damn delivery which would get me out. So I said, look I'm doing all this hard work, still the result is very little, there's nothing on the scoreboard to show. I might have made things easier for the lower order batsman because that's what an opening batsman's role is.

Having seen what was happening in 1983, I said 'look this is no way I'm going to get runs. I've got to play some shots and the only way to play shots is to try and hook the ball'. Because when you're defending the ball, a short ball, there is that one fraction of a second when your eye is not on the ball. When your arm or glove comes in front and you've lost sight of the ball for a fraction of a second. But if you decide to hook you're seeing it all the way. That's an aggressive situation, but you are also in a position to leave the ball, if it is too

high or too wide. Because you've kept your eye on it all the way through. Did you say at that time it was because you wanted to enjoy your cricket?

1983-84, because I decided on these tactics I said to myself I'm going to enjoy my cricket and again it was misunderstood. In my case a lot of things get misunderstood very easily. So that's all right. What I meant by that was, that while earlier on there were deliveries in the first few overs that I would let go—scoreable deliveries—now I'm going to play them because I know I'm going to get runs off them and I'm going to enjoy my cricket. What people didn't try and understand, was earlier on we had a situation where—with due respect to them—Bishen, Chandra and Pras-

sle were 9, 10 and 11 and they were not really going to add anything much to the scoreboard. So you had to be very careful, you had to be defensive, you had to build an innings from scratch and take it up.

Then in 1983 we had a situation where someone like Maninder Singh would hang around and you knew the bopper could hang around. The

No. 11 was no rabbit. So the responsibility of batting was that much lesser. So you sort of said 'Okay, why not get down to a situation where you play your shots and enjoy your cricket? But that was again misunderstood, that I decided to play shots instead of grinding. See, when I grind a bowling attack I become selfish. When I play my shots I'm careless. So either way there was a body of opinion which was always going to be anti-me. I was never going to be a winner with them—so that's fine, no problem.

Apparently before you went out to bat, you took 10 minutes off. People didn't talk to you for 10 minutes, is that true?

Not about ten, it used to be less than that. I didn't speak rather than others not speaking to me. I didn't respond.....Once I put my box in, that was the time, I switched off. And the box was put in normally 6-7 minutes before

What did you think about. Anything particular?

Yes, I would say, look I'm going to play these kind of bowlers, the wicket is like this, basically trying to put myself into a situation where I was going to play straight.

That's it?

That's it.

The same thing.

Absolutely, every time. Were you upset then when you wanted to drop yourself lower in the order and again

there was all that controversy?

Yah. I think here the thing was again that I don't think I made myself very clear on that and I can understand the controversy that came up. Look, I had been an opening batsman for such a long time and suddenly I'm asking to be dropped down the order. It probably didn't make sense to a lot of people and I can understand that now, because

I didn't make myself very clear then. What used to happen was, while I used to open the batting in spite of being the captain and the responsibility etc., I was never standing in the slips. Visvy used to be standing in slips all the time and I would be standing outside. Now standing in slips requires great concentration, because you could be standing there from 10 o'clock till 5.30 pm. At 5.25 the bloody catch might come to you and you could drop it. All your concentration could go down the drain. So it was very important that you concentrated very hard. Now with Visvy having gone out of the Indian team I was the slipper. And because I was the lone slipper, most of the time I would be concentrating very hard like any slipper would. That used to take a very heavy toll of my concentration and energy and that's why I used to ask that let me have just 10 minutes to put my feet up. If I bat No. 4 or No. 3 it gives me 10 minutes. That's what happened at Madras—I just had barely time to get wrapped in a towel and the guys had gone out to bat and they were out. That's what I meant. But I don't think I made myself clear then, so I'm to blame. Some questions on captaincy. In Dom Moraes' book on you, he says, that after the 1978 Pakistan trip you said, 'Captaincy is some-



HITTING THE LOOSE BALL

If I played carefree cricket meaning playing shots, I would always be dubbed as having played careless cricket. While those who were shotmakers, if they played carelessly they were always dubbed as being carefree cricketers

thing I never wanted'. Did you say that flippantly or what?

I think I said it very seriously. Because what happens is, as vice-captain you can be contributing a great deal to the team's tactics without having the responsibility of having taken the decision. Now you could get a lot of joy seeing that, what you told the captain—move a fielder here, bring this bowler on—work. And you know, right, Oh God, I've done that. That kind of situation. But as captain again there were things that didn't work, like they didn't when I was vice-captain as well. But as captain you were actually responsible for that. So the responsibility of having taken a decision, which then eventually backfired, would always be there. So as a vice captain you enjoy most of it—a single room.

So, you were scared of responsibility as captain?

Sure I was. At that stage, yes. And I think it went against me for the captaincy in 1979 to England.

Going back to Kapil—he writes in his book that you were a 'negative thinker'. Now you have a reputation for being a defensive captain, that's a common opinion. Was there some fear of losing?

No.

Then what?

I think it was a very realistic appreciation of what my team's strengths were. And my team's strengths were such that I was not going to be able to win a match, because I didn't have the bowling. You need to take 20 wickets, nobody's going to declare both the innings for you to score runs. That's it. I think there was the appreciation of my team's strength, that I didn't have the bowling to get the opposition out—so the obvious factor therefore was to make sure we didn't lose. Because if you lose, you lose. Nobody's going to say you didn't have the bowlers.

Because I had decided on these tactics, I said to myself, I'm going to enjoy my cricket and again it was misunderstood. In my case a lot of things get misunderstood very easily, so that's all right

WITH THE NEW MASTER



Do you ever think you judged your team wrongly? I think the odd occasion, yes, the odd wicket I might have misread. Sure. But by and large it was also well known to Indian cricket lovers, if they were honest enough to themselves, that apart from Kapil who was the only match-winning bowler who could run through a side. We had others who would maybe capture the odd wicket and you can't have Kapil bowling from one end all the time. So I think I knew it would be very difficult to win matches. And therefore you made sure you were not in a position to lose. But even then, I don't think I went into a match saying 'Ah, draw!'

But you think the word 'risk' would be in your vocabulary as a captain?

Yeah, sure.

You were willing to take risks?

Sure. In fact what I say about a lot of people who pass comments on my captaincy, that if I as a captain made moves which were obvious to people sitting 75 or 100 yards away, then where's the subtlety in captaincy? But when I made moves—and I tell you those were the only days when I used to read the papers the next morning—and those moves worked, to get a

wicket, I never ever saw that in the papers. You never got credit for that...

Never. Because those moves were made very subtly. You know you don't look at a wicket or make a move to get a wicket that particular delivery. You're planning a wicket maybe over a period of two overs, or four overs. Those kind of things were never written about. Point is, if captaincy was as easy as to be judged by people watching in the stands or sitting in the press box, from 100 yards, then no big deal, everyone could be captain.

Do you think you were a good captain? How would you

rate yourself.

I think I was a very responsible captain. Good Word. You're writing—you write very neat, clean, prose, not like some other people who write for your company...

...Who used to write for me! (laughs)

Have you ever written before...what do you read?

Fiction. I used to read a lot of biographies on political personalities, but I think that was just a phase. Now, I'm really into fiction. Big print to

make sure my eyes don't get affected. I'm still careful about my eyes. And good paper.

Your writing's like your batting—safe, not flamboyant.

Oh, I'm not too sure.

You're the only person I know whose saying it's safe. A lot of people...

No, it's good. I think you know your limitations...

To be honest, I enjoy writing. I love writing. And I try to have a conversation...I try and imagine a reader, and I imagine a very common person whose getting up in the morning and reading, and I try and speak to him through my column and have a conversation with him. I'd like to be in touch with my readers that way, rather than be telling a person, 'This is it, this is it'. I would rather think I'm talking to him and maybe he'll get back to me and say look, 'No, no Sunil, you were wrong about this or whatever'.

What is your problem with Bedi? Or what is his problem with you? Is there some deep-rooted resentment somewhere? What happened in England was ridiculous. In your columns you're usually a very cool person. You say things but you don't shout them. The only time you've lost control is the time you and Bedi had that little war in your respective columns. Everybody found it very weird—why are these grown up guys going for each other in this way?

To be honest, Bishen and I got on very well. Okay, the last couple of months have been tough but before that, there really was no problem. I've always said that he's the best left-hand bowler and I've seen pace and spin, he was simply poetry in motion. No question about that. And I have a great deal of admiration for him as a cricketer, even as a person, till things started to happen last year. Things had happened a long time before, but I had ignored them and...



A RESPONSIBLE CAPTAIN

What I say about a lot of people who pass comments on my captaincy, is that if I as a captain made moves which were obvious to people sitting 75 or 100 yards away, then where's the subtlety in captaincy?...If captaincy was as easy as to be judged by people watching in the stands or sitting in the press box...then no big deal, everyone could be captain

Is this about that you were responsible for knocking him out of the team?

No, no, that came a little later. But before that there were things that happened, ah which, well I wouldn't like to speak over here. But I think I took a lot of things from him since the time he quit, 1980-81 whatever, and he had a column, or he used to write, not a column, but in the papers. I took a lot of 'things' from him. Till last year, when this 'player banning' business took place. And the reaction of the players immediately after the ban was: 'you know, the Board is our father, our parents', or what, I don't know what word they used, I don't quite remember it now. 'And we are the children, we are like a family, they shouldn't you know...' And that was a very contrite stand taken the day after the ban. I was not in India, I returned the next day.

Anyway, I think we then decided to go to Madras and have a meeting to think about forming a Cricketers' Association or whatever. I think Kapil and Arun Lal had gone there maybe 24 hours earlier or whatever it is, because they had been told by *The Hindu* lawyers or advocates that they had a case going. That the Board could not ban them because of this, this, this. Now when we were all

gathered over there...and there the lawyer's opinion was, that the Board could not ban us and that if they did, there was a good chance of us winning. At that particular situation the decision was that there would not be a letter asking for the Board's pardon. My only contribution to that particular discussion, as far as I recall now, is that I said: 'Look, do they still give you the same kind of letter that they gave towards the end of my career?' The Board used to give a covering letter, that enclosed herewith is the contract for the series. Kindly note that any deletion, subtraction, addition will be treated as your refusal to play for India and your refusal to play for India means, you know, you will be banned. Which in fact meant that you just signed the contract...

So I said that is where you can always argue that what option did you have, that you were going to play a match because this contract you couldn't delete. So I said you just argue on this aspect, but they in fact decided that along with this aspect that they would go with the lawyer's opinion.

Now when that particular thing happened, Bishen (who was, supporting the ban) wrote that the players met under the 'villainous guidance' of the chief co-ordinator SMG. That was when I said: 'That's it, I'm not going to take anymore from this man now'. I knew Bishen's duplicity, double standards, because I had experienced it over a period of time. What he said and what he did were totally different things. And I said, now I cannot take it when the guy is actually accusing me of making the players change their minds, (when in fact it was *The Hindu* opinion which had done it). You know I had nothing to do with their changing their minds, changing their stance from this to that. It was *The Hindu* opinion that had done it, but yet this man without even making any inquiries, chose to accuse me. And that's when I

I love writing. And I try to have a conversation...I try and imagine a reader and I imagine a very common person whose getting up in the morning and reading and I try and speak to him through my column and have a conversation with him

MAKING A POINT



said, 'Well this is it, I'm not going to take anymore from this guy.' That's why I started to point out to the readers through my columns that what Bishen does, what Bishen writes are totally different things. Totally contrary things. From there it escalated. It escalated to the point, that each time I asked him questions in my column, he would not answer the questions if you notice. He would make further allegations against me. Which was being stupid, because any intelligent reader would make out that he's not answering questions, but he's only trying to...ah, it's a situation, like you know, *chor machaaye shor*. And so I stopped. I said look this is ridiculous. I can't possibly go on...and in any case he's been a great cricketer, he's been a colleague of mine, I don't want to get into this slanging match. So I stopped. That was it.

He said a lot of things in New Zealand as well and although I'm out of the game, I meet a lot of players, (not necessarily Bombay players) and they kept on telling me: 'Paaje aisa aisa kar rahe hai,' 'Paaji ye

kar rahe hai'—I used to hear all this and I used to say: 'Look, why don't you tell him instead of telling me?' Okay, they had their fears.

And then again this particular thing in England, when that particular business took place. The disassociation (from the captain's decision) was bad enough, but he made another statement (which obviously is a private statement because it was made within four walls). About what he wanted to do with the Indian team after the decision had backfired on the first day.

This is the decision to bat you're talking about...

That he had disassociated himself in the evening anyway, in a press conference. But before that he made a statement which was a private statement. About what

About the Indian team. Or what he would like to

do with the Indian team. Which really set me off. Why did he say?

I can't tell you because it was a private statement. When that occurred (the disassociation from the decision) did you write something in The Daily Telegraph? I'm not quite sure what I wrote, but I said, look he should have done a bit of damage-limitation instead of adding to the damage. That's what I wrote about. But I think the criticism was really a cricketing one.

A lot of people thought it was personal criticism and Tiger (Pataudi) thought, for example, that I'd lost my objectivity, or he questioned my objectivity as a journalist, or a writer, just because I had written that piece. But then, do I become an objective writer only if I had said, 'Bishen Bedi is very nice'. Does that make me an objective writer? Or because we've had a

scrap in the past, am I not supposed to criticise if I think it is wrong. But I think there were these kinds of thoughts. A lot of people mixed the two—there was no need to mix. My criticism about him as a manager was there. That he didn't do...that he wasn't there to put any tactical input into the team, he was only a trainer. And all these things. I made my points that even as a captain he was in my opinion—okay a lot of people say I was not a good captain—not a good captain. So there is no connection between the two. But a lot of people tried to justify Bishen's writing to me in that manner.

Were you shocked when you got that letter?

No, because I was forewarned by an Englishman saying, look, I believe Bishen is going to call a Press conference; or give a letter, or some such thing and half an hour later I got this epistle—is that the word?—or whatever.

Now I find that he has again, you know, gone on to do, what I've been saying about him—by saying that he did not write it (the letter) as the manager of the

Indian team, but that he wrote it in his personal capacity. I've got a copy of that letter—if the Board wants it, they could see he's written over there, India Cricket Team Manager. So I mean it just goes to prove what he is. And I feel a little sad at the turn of events. Should really never have happened. But there are only so many times you can turn the other cheek. And really, if for example he had not used that term 'villainous guidance' I probably would have taken a lot of crap from him again for another ten years. I would not have written a word about him. But the fact that he tried to implicate me in things which I had nothing to do with, that made me say....

Indian sport doesn't have too many personalities. Big people. Big names. You're one and you've got a column. Bedi's another, he's also got a column. Kapil's

another, also with a column—and all you guys have problems (with each other). Now what about Kapil, you had problems with him as well. Was it only then? Was it overblown?

No, I think it was overblown. Frankly, Kapil and I, people would be surprised, they wrote a lot of stuff, and we never really had a problem. I think we get on very well. Bishen and I got on very well during our playing days. Kapil and I get on very, very well. I think it surprised a lot of people, a lot of people think it's an act. It's not an act. Again, there is genuine admiration for each other's cricket. And we're very comfortable in each other's company. Romi and Pammi get along very well and that's been an added plus. They are a riot actually—when Romi, Pammi and Jimmy Amarnath's wife Bhiku get together, it's a riot act. I think it came to a situation where the captaincy changed hands. ...Went once to him and once to me...

I think you guys also said a couple of things about each other also...perhaps May be...

Once when Kapil scored 2-3 fifties, you said he'll nev-



BISHEN BEDI

I know Bishen's duplicity, double standards, because I had experienced that over a period of time. What he said and what he did were totally different things. Contrary things.

or score another fifty That was in 1979. That was long, long way before he became captain, or before he was in running for the captaincy. He said in his book, that it

upset him a lot Sure it did. But it was meant to upset him, it was meant to provoke him into action. He said you should have told him, not written it.



ONE OF THE MAIN THINGS

They (Ramakant Desai, Baloo Gupte, Vijay Manjrekar) were fantastic. They made me feel a part of the team...and not a newcomer. And I said well, if cricketers like that can do that, then, if I get down to being a Test player I would try and do that

Kapil and I, people will be surprised, they wrote a lot of stuff, and we never really had a problem...A lot of people think it's an act. It's not an act. Again there is genuine admiration for each other's cricket

ALUMNI FILE



Oh my God, I did. I used to tell him all the time. I used to tell him you're wasting your wicket away, why do you do that. I used to tell him that at team meetings. I

used to tell him privately, but it never seemed to work. He would get an easy 20-30. The only other person who would make batting look (as) easy was Vicky. And

Kapil would get 20-30 easily, and then you sat back and said, 'Right, now he'll get a very big score'. And he would get out. And so it was frustrating to you, to watch so much brilliance, so much natural ability being wasted away in careless, impetuous play. So it got to a stage and I wrote about that in a column, I think for *Sportsworld*. And I said I don't think Kapil will get another 50. And it was meant only to provoke him to get a 50 and come and tell me 'Skipper, I got a 50'. And he did that. He got a 50 in the next Test on a *beast* of a wicket. Absolutely unbelievable track it was. And he got a 50 as if he was having net practice. 59 or 69 or something and he came inside and said, 'Skip, I got a 50' and I said 'That's it. That's what I wanted to hear from you'. But again I suppose maybe you could say a lot of things in nicer ways and without upsetting people. Maybe my manner of saying that was not correct and which upset him. So I accept—could have been a mistake. But it was meant to provoke.

But coming back to our relationship, I think it's been very good. I don't ever recall having an argument with him. I think the only argument I ever had with him was when I finished playing Test cricket and that's it. Again, it was for barely 2-3 minutes. But in those days a lot of things were written. And again, it did make a little sense to people who followed the game. Because when I was the captain, when I was reappointed captain, Kapil's per-

formance was not exactly top drawer. And when I had been dropped as captain and he had been made captain, my per-

formance wasn't anything to set the stands on fire. So I think there was the feeling that, okay maybe, we were



THE ART OF CONCENTRATION

Nobody in his right mind would deliberately play badly to let down a captain or a team. Because at the end of the day, you're only cutting your own feet off. If you play badly you get dropped. It's as simple as that.

not trying our best. Which is ridiculous, because you know the one thing people seem to forget is that you have a personal reputation to maintain as a cricketer. If you've achieved something, that is there to maintain. Nobody in his right mind would deliberately play badly to let down a captain or a team. Because at the end of the day you're only cutting your own feet off. If you play badly you get dropped. It's as simple as that.

And similar is the case when you're captain and you make selections that you're accused of. You know, you picked 'A' because he was from Bombay or from North Zone or South Zone or whatever. I mean, no captain does those kind of things, just because he's from a zone. Because again it's like cutting your own feet. If you're going to pick a third rate player instead of a top class player, then you're only damaging your own chances of being captain again... because that third rate player is obviously not going to perform, you get dropped as captain. You might make a mistake as captain or as a selector in understanding the potential or ability of a player. That mistake anybody can make. You might see in a person a certain spark which might have been there for a particular match but which might be absent most of the time. So that is a mistake any selection committee can make or any captain, when he is joining a committee. But again I think it suited a lot of people to say a lot of things. ●

SUNIL GAVASKAR

THE MISUNDERSTOOD MASTER

If his mother hadn't made it a habit of bowling to him in their drawing room and perfecting his straight drive, Sunil Gavaskar may have been just another teller at the Bank of Maharashtra, Prabhadevi branch, Bombay, taking the morning train to work, occasionally asking for his manager's permission to go and watch a certain S Tendulkar at the Wankhede Stadium on easy afternoons. Who knows?

But there are bigger rewards in this world if your left elbow is pointing to mid off after you have finished your cover drive, for Gavaskar, the transition was that a would-be autograph collector is now one of the most sought-after dispensers of the scrawl *Kismet*?

Accessible Witty Down to earth Intelligent Somewhere along the line, he is also one of the more human superstars. It is possibly one of the few things for which he has never been credited, it is something one begins to appreciate when one turns to the glamour boys of abroad. Botham is a very visible example: he has assaulted people, smoked pot, been accused of having broken a bed with a former Miss Barbados *et al*. Boycott refused to play for his country for three years. Dennis Lillee kicked a Pakistan captain during a Test match, bet against his own side and used a

non-willow bat during an Ashes Test.

Gavaskar, in comparison, pales. Generally he has been a restrained sort of person. Among the very few instances he flew off the handle was at Melbourne, 1981, when he walked off, almost conceding the Test. A more

passive reaction was his decision to skip the Calcutta Test in 1987 against Imran's Pakistan and his refusal to declare against Gower's England in 1984-85.

Here too, in retrospect, he deserves a second thought. The hot seat of a captain, who is also one of the best batsmen ever, is unlikely to be a comfortable one, you have the Press running after you for your reading of the match/the pitch/the opponent's bowling/your personal life/your little finger/the umpiring/everything under the sun, you have an uninvited visitor at the hotel room with his son and niece asking if they can be photographed with you, you have a member of your team wanting advice on a technical problem he has with his batting, you have to call your wife in Bombay who hasn't been well for the last two days, you have to go and see the team doctor over the pain in your right hand, the official reception by the local association is half-an-hour away and all the members of the team have to be in the hotel lobby in 20 minutes flat; then there are a whole lot of schoolchildren at the end of the corridor waiting for your autograph.

On top of that, you can't take a quiet walk outside the hotel; if you need a private moment with

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GAUTAM PATOLE

Recent photographs with wife Pammie

yourself you have to hole up in somebody's else's room and ask the telephone operator not to put through any calls. It's easy to blow a fuse in these circumstances, often understandably so. And it just takes that one instance to snap and you have the country's Press and Janata saying that SMG is an ill-mannered slob, a big-headed bum and an insensitive nut. There you are. What is worse, is that often the image stays.

And for cricketers like SMG, the harder they tried and the more they achieved, the increasingly difficult it became to all-please. If he scored it was 'selfishly,' if he didn't it was 'deliberate.' When he was out first ball in the 1983 Calcutta Test against the West Indies, Eden Gardens swore that he had accepted money for it. The laugh is that nobody could prove it and it takes some skill to be able to deflect Marshall down the leg

side and get caught by the wicket keeper.

The fact that he made more money than most sportsmen in the country during his career was passively resented by the Janata as well. This is surprising; he wasn't cutting into their income; all that the income may have meant to SMG was that he now need not sweat in the summer nights but be able to reach out and flick an a/c switch; he need not run after sponsors to organise a benefit; he need not be a senior officer in some bank on 'playing leave,' but a partner in his own business.

But somehow it made people uncomfortable that a cricketer, a species that is traditionally high on the popularity ratings but low on the numbers, was tops in both. So surely, according to them, his batting had to suffer. I have heard

some ex-Test cricketers insist that SMG was no longer a great batsman once he developed an eye for the ledger. I find the theory laughable; would anyone dare tell Franz Beckenbauer that his skills as a manager or player declined once he replaced his Lada with a Mercedes? And in SMG's case, some of his greater achievements came in the second half of his career when one presumes he made more money than before—his 221 at The Oval in 1979 (rated alongside Stan McCabe's 232); his 96 at Bangalore against Pakistan, 1987; his 236 not out against the West Indies, 1983; his 90 against the West Indies, 1983; his 187 in the Bicentenary Test, 1987.

And interestingly, trade unionists have always been telling us that productivity goes up with wages. Are critics trying to insist that as long as SMG's disposable income was 'X' his ability to

negotiate the rising ball was excellent and once his income bloated to 'X plus', the bat started coming down from third slip and he started leaving a bigger gap between his bat and pad?"

Ridiculous

There is an endearing side to the man and you don't have to scratch far below the surface to notice. The way he talks with youngsters, the manner in which he will put the nervous at ease, how his letters are invariably hand-written with a laugh slipped in somewhere, and occasionally his honesty (a couple of former Indian left-armers may not agree) as well. The interview in this issue highlights this last quality in a couple of places—he accepts that he possibly erred in not responding to Kapil the right way when the all-rounder was just starting out, and not getting himself understood when he went 'bang, bang' in the series against the West Indies in 1983-84 and was accused of not trying.

Gavaskar says his statement ('I want to enjoy myself') was misunderstood in that case. What else could the public have done? On the one hand the side was tottering, and on the other you had the team's best batsman saying that he wanted to enjoy himself. Besides, with Kapil as captain, the inference was that SMG was less bothered about how the team fared than he should have been. He became an immediate culprit.

The interesting thing is that it wasn't the first time he was having a slog. During the Jubilee Test at Bombay in 1980 he started hitting from the word 'go', tonked John Lever for a six and after he was out for 40 odd, returned to say that 'I wanted to entertain some of the old timers in the pavilion'. Surprisingly, no cricket writer crucified him then for his rashness, neither was he accused of having sabotaged the side under Vishwanath's leadership. India was thrashed by Botham in the Test, but SMG escaped without criticism. Three-and-a-half years later, when the captain was Kapil Dev and SMG played no differently, he was hauled up on



In with the times

the racks and had coal heaped on his head.

The interview in this issue exposes an interesting SMG. He is mellow (admits that he may have made some errors with self-projection during his career) and on the other hand, explosive (on Bedi). He is technical (why he decided to hook in the 1983-84 series against the West Indies), he is analytical (why he went with self-doubts to West Indies in 1971) and the fact that he is not ambitious as a businessman (surprise!).

One last comment. It's amazing that it was only 10 years ago that we made his life hell because he was honest enough to tell the BCCI that he was offered a contract to play for Packer. The combined myopia of the BCCI and the misplaced loyalty to the establishment by the Press and public, deprived SMG of facing the likes of Lillee, Roberts and the world's fastest in possibly the

most competitive cricket circuit in the modern era.

How will SMG want us to remember him? As a cricketer who wanted his colleagues to fight for their rights?

And how will we actually remember him? As a familiar face peddling a particular brand of textiles, the '100' on the scoreboard, and hundred rupee bills (lots of them)?

Twenty five years from now when he is possibly wearing bi-focals and using the hair-dye every now and then, it might be nostalgic to think that decades ago we bunked school to watch him on the telly and an entire generation of schoolboy maiden amateurs grew up feeling that 29 Test centuries couldn't be that impossible.

Unknown to SMG, that has been his biggest contribution to Indian cricket. ●

MUDAR PATHERYA

NATIONAL EVENTS:

Boxing: World Cup at Bombay, from November 10 to 17.

Cricket: Irani Trophy, Rest of India vs Ranji Trophy champions Bengal at Bangalore, from Nov. 2 to 7.

East Zone Ranji trophy, Bengal vs Bihar at Calcutta from Nov. 30 to Dec. 3.

Hockey: 7th All India Surjit Singh memorial prize money tournament on the newly laid synthetic turf at the Burton Park, Jalandhar from Nov. 10 onwards. Four foreign teams, Ideal Club of Lahore, Bhawalpur XI, Malaysia XI and Yugoslavia XI to participate.

Sub-Junior Nehru tournament at Delhi from Oct. 26 to Nov. 14. Junior Nehru tournament at Delhi from Nov. 13 to 19. Senior Nehru prize money tournament at Delhi, from November 14 to December 9.

Football: Federation Cup zonal rounds from Nov 25 onwards DCM final on Nov 8 at Delhi Rovers Cup at Bombay, from Nov. 4 to 20

Equestrian events: Classic Asian Show Jumping and Horse Trials, at the Harbaksh Singh stadium, Delhi on Nov. 10 and 11.

Swimming. Senior national championships at the Andheri Pool, Bombay from Nov. 13-18

Table Tennis: East Zone championships at Aizwal, from Nov. 14 to 19. West Zone championships at Pune, from Nov. 23 to 27. Surjit Kaur memorial Open championships at Delhi from Nov. 1 to 5.

Volleyball: Bawa Mohinder Singh championships at Delhi from Nov. 14 to 16.

Rallying: 11th Himalayan Car Rally, flagged off from Delhi on Nov. 4

Polo: Field Marshal Cariappa Cup at Delhi from Nov. 10 to 17. Cavalry Polo match at Jaipur Polo

PREVIEW

grounds on Nov. 18. Tiger Mountain, Prithi Singh Cup at Delhi from Nov. 19 to 25. Classic Cup at Delhi from Nov. 26 to Dec. 1.

Wrestling: Mahan Bharat Kesri Dangal at Delhi from Nov. 22 to 25.

SAF championships at Lucknow, from Nov. 21 to 23. National junior and sub-junior championships, Indian style at Delhi from Nov. 22 to 25.

INTERNATIONAL EVENTS:

Cricket: New Zealand's tour of Pakistan Detailed itinerary: Nov. 2 vs Pakistan, first one day international at Quetta. Nov. 4: vs Pakistan, second one day international at Lahore. Nov. 6: vs Pakistan, third one day international at Peshawar. West Indies tour of Pakistan. Detailed itinerary: Nov. 9: vs Pakistan, first one day international at Karachi. Nov. 11: vs Pakistan, second one day international at Lahore. Nov. 13: vs Pakistan, third one day international at Gujranwala. Nov. 16-21: vs Pakistan, first Test match at Sialkot. Nov. 24-29: vs Pakistan, second Test match at Lahore. World Series Cup at Australia. Nov. 29: Australia vs New Zealand, day-night fixture at Sydney. Nov. 23-27: England vs Australia Test Match at Brisbane.

Hockey: Champions Trophy for men at Melbourne from Nov. 17 to 25. Holland, Britain, Germany, Pakistan, Australia (holders) and USSR to participate.

Athletics: New York marathon on Nov. 4.

Golf: Four tours World championship at Tokyo, from November 1 to 4. Kapalua International at

Maui, Hawai, from Nov. 7 to 10. RMCC Invitationl, Thousand Oaks, at California USA, from Nov. 15 to 18.

World Cup, grand Cypress at Orlando, USA from Nov. 23 to 26. Skins game, La Quinta, California on Nov. 24 and 25. Largo Classic at Florida from Nov. 29 to Dec. 2.

Motor Racing: Australian Grand Prix at Adelaide on Nov. 4.

Motor Rallying: Lombard RAC Rally of Great Britain, world championship final round, start and finish at Harrogate, England from Nov. 25 to 29.

Rowing: World championships at Tasmania from Oct. 26 to Nov. 4.

Squash: Dutch Open at The Hague from Nov. 1 to 5. World Open at France from Nov. 7 to 11. Canadian Women's Open at Ontario from Nov. 15 to 18. Stuttgart Open from Nov. 20 to 25.

Horse Racing: Melbourne Cup at Melbourne. Australia on Nov. 6.

Equestrianism: Nations Cup show jumping at Toronto from Nov. 7 to 18. Nations Cup show jumping at London, from Nov. 12 to 18.

Swimming: Elektroimpex Meet, at Budapest Hungary on Nov. 9. Seven Hills meet at Rome, from Nov. 15 to 18.

Judo: European Junior championships, Under 19 years for women and Under 21 years for men, at Ankara, Turkey from Nov. 15 to 18.

Karate: WUKO World championships at Mexico, from Nov. 20 to 29.

Tennis: ATP finals at Frankfurt, Germany, from Nov. 12

to 18. Silk Cup championships at London, from Nov. 6 to 11. USA vs Australia, Davis Cup final at St. Petersburg, Florida from Nov. 30 to Dec. 2.

Weightlifting: World championships at Budapest, from Nov. 10 to 18.

Football: European Championship, qualifying rounds, Group matches: Nov. 3: Italy vs USSR (Group 3) Nov. 14: Czechoslovakia vs Spain (Group 1)

Bulgaria vs Scotland (Group 2)

San Marino vs Switzerland (Group 2)

Cyprus vs Norway (Group 3)

Denmark vs Yugoslavia (Group 4)

Austria vs Northern Ireland (Group 4)

Luxembourg vs Wales (Group 5)

Republic of Ireland vs England (Group 7)

Turkey vs Poland (Group 7)

Nov. 17: Albania vs France (Group 1)

Nov. 21: Holland vs Greece (Group 6)

Nov. 25: Malta vs Finland (Group 6)

TELEVISION: Life telecast of finals of DCM tournament on Nov. 8 and Rovers Cup on Nov. 20.

Live telecast of Asian Show Jumping and Horse Trials on Nov. 10 and 11. Daily capsule of World Cup, Boxing Supermen of Soccer series every thursday, Nov. 1, 8, 15, 22 and 29.

RADIO: Running commentary on Irani Trophy, from Nov. 2 to 7. Running commentary in both Hindi and English on semi finals and final of DCM tournament and Rovers Cup, finals of sub-junior Nehru hockey and finals of junior Nehru hockey tournament.

Compiled by NOVY KAPADIA

SECOND TEST, LAHORE

KIWIS IN QUICK SAND

A disheartened New Zealand team once again succumbed to the deadly deliveries unleashed by the Pakistani pace quartet, who wrapped up the Test and the series with relative ease....

HAVING won the first Test by a convincing margin of an innings and 13 runs, cricket lovers in Pakistan and the Pakistan team in particular expected Martin Crowe to infuse some fighting spirit in the New Zealand team. But came the first day of the second Test at Lahore and it was the same story. The Kiwis crumbled again and that too in a very docile fashion.

Having won the toss and electing to bat, New Zealand lost their first wicket with only seven runs on the board when White went back thanks to a superb delivery by Wasim Akram in the fifth over. Twenty three runs later, Younis struck, yorking Greatbatch who had made only 11 runs. The score then read 2-20. Franklin almost immediately followed suit and half an hour before lunch the Kiwis had a mere 39 runs to their credit.

Martin Crowe came in looking composed but

did not stick long enough and was out to a brilliant catch taken by Salim Malik at second slip off Aaqib Javed. He and Rutherford till then had managed to compile 40 runs for the team and his personal score read 20.

Rutherford was the highest scorer of the day having scored 23 runs before he fell prey to an inswinger from Akram. The last three wickets fell for just 38 runs and at the end of it, Pakistan had a paltry 160 to chase. Akram and Younis once again lived up to expectations taking 2 for 43 and 3 for 20 respectively. Qadir pulled out some surprises from his vast arsenal and claimed 2 wickets for just 5 runs in 3 overs.

Rameez Raja and Shoaib Mohammed whiled away their time and when stumps were drawn on the first day they had 43 on the board. On Day Two, Shoaib Mohammed who started the day on 17 put in a sterling 105 (his fourth consecutive

century against the Kiwis) before he was bowled by Danny Morrison but that was in the last hour of play. During the course of play, Watson struck twice claiming the

wickets of Rameez Raja and Salim Malik for 18 and 6 respectively. Bradburn was the other successful bowler and he claimed the important wicket of Miandad for 43 runs. End of play saw

SCORE BOARD

NEW ZEALAND (first innings) Second Innings

T. Franklin c Akram b Jaffer	11	c Yousuf b Jaffer	25
D. White c Yousuf b Akram	3	b Younis	1
M. Greatbatch b Younis	11	b Younis	6
M. Crowe c Malik b Aaqib	20	not out	102
K. Rutherford lbw Akram	23	lbw Younis	60
D. Patel b Younis	4	c Yousuf b Jaffer	7
G. Bradburn lbw b Jaffer	8	c sub b Younis	14
I. Smith c Younis b Qadir	33	c Jaffer b Qadir	8
C. Pringle c Raja b Younis	9	b Younis	7
D. Morrison c Yousuf b Qadir	0	b Younis	7
W. Watson not out	0	lbw b Younis	0
Extra (b 5, lb 13, nb 15, w 5)	38	Extras (b 17, lb 10, nb 17)	44

TOTAL 160

Fall of wickets: 1-7, 2-30, 3-39, 4-79, 5-99, 6-103, 7-143, 8-147, 9-154

Bowling: Akram 16-3-43-2, Younis 15-6-20-3, Jaffer 12-2-37-2, Aaqib 13-2-37-1, Qadir 3-1-5-2

TOTAL 287

Fall of wickets: 1-10, 2-18, 3-57, 4-74, 5-206, 6-228, 7-264, 8-277, 9-287

Bowling: Akram 9-4-15-0, Younis 37-5-11-86-7, Aaqib 21-9-40-0, Jaffer 25-8-62-2, Qadir 19-4-43-1, Shoaib 2-0-8-0, Ijaz 2-0-6-0

✦ Pakistan with an impressive score of 252 for 4

But the real drama of the day took place outside the ground when the New Zealand manager Ian Taylor asked the Pakistan authorities to chastise Imran Khan saying 'It is a situation we will not tolerate in New Zealand. The real concern is that it (the statement) is made by a current player. Some disciplinary action could be taken. He was retaliating to Imran's statement. I felt no motivation playing against a team minus six of their top players. Test cricket is going to be discarded by New Zealand's decision not to call off the present tour.'

The third day saw the Pakistani juggernaut

roll on declaring their
innings at 373 for nine,
shortly after lunch
Watson once again was
in impressive form
taking four wickets for
just 38 runs (claiming
the vital wickets of Ijaz
Ahmed Akram Younus
and Aaqib Javed

Going in to bat after lunch the Kiwis were immediately in dire straits losing three wickets in the day for only 69 runs. Amazing but then the Pak quartet of Akram, Younus, Jaffar and Aaqub Javed bowled magnificently. Younus struck twice claiming White and Greatbatch. Jaffar drove in the last nail for the day when he dismissed Franklin for 25 runs. The day saw some shoddy fielding by the hosts otherwise the visitors would have been

**PAKISTAN (first innings)**

Rameez Raja c Greatbatch b Watson	48	c Crowe b Morrison	11
Shoaib Mohammad b Morrison	105	not out	42
Salim Malik lbw Watson	6	not out	19
Javed Miandad c Smith b Bradburn	43	Extras (lb-1, nb-3, w 1)	5
Ijaz Ahmed c Greatbatch b Watson	86		
Salim Yousuf c Rutherford b Pringle	33		
Wasim Akram c Bradburn b Watson	1		
Waqar Younus b Watson	17		
Salim Jaffer not out	10		
Aaqib Javed c Crowe b Watson	7		
Extras (b-4, nb-12, lb-1)	17		
TOTAL (for 9 wkts decl)	373	TOTAL (for one	77

Fall of wickets: 1-98, 2-117, 3-192, 4-246, 5-317, 6-337, 7-342, 8-363, 9-373 **Fall of wickets:** 1 27

Bowling: Morrison 29-9-103-1, Pringle 31-6-112-1, Watson 36-10-78-6, Pate, 16-5-43-0; Bradburn 13-4-32-1

Second innings

c Crowe b Morrison	11
not out	42
not out	19
Extras (lb-1, nb-3, w 1)	5
TOTAL (for one wicket)	77

Fall of wickets: 1 27

Bowling: Morrison 8-2-36-1, Pringle 7-4-10-0, Pavel 3-0-13-0, Watson 2-0-12-0, White 0 3-0-5-0

in even greater trouble

The fourth day saw a rejuvenated Martin Crowe refusing to throw in the towel fighting a lone battle in the centre all day long batting with immense grit and at the draw of stumps he was batting on 100 The score read 253 for six and at least on paper the Test could still be saved The partnership of Crowe and Rutherford was the other highlight of the day they put in 132 invaluable runs The Kiwis thanked their stars when Akram was declared unfit with a groin strain

But any hopes of a Kiwi fightback was squashed early on the final day when the hosts wrapped up the Test and the series, winning by a

**Shoalb Mohammed
just sliced through the
Kiwi bowling attack
and went on to score a
magnificent century**

convincing margin of 9 wickets. Martin Crowe stood like a tower but the players at the other end just could not hang in. Younus once again was devastating taking 3 wickets for 24 runs. Pakistan coming in to bat 20 minutes before lunch required only 75 runs to win. Except for a minor hiccup when Rameez Raja was out Pakistan cruised through the deficit.

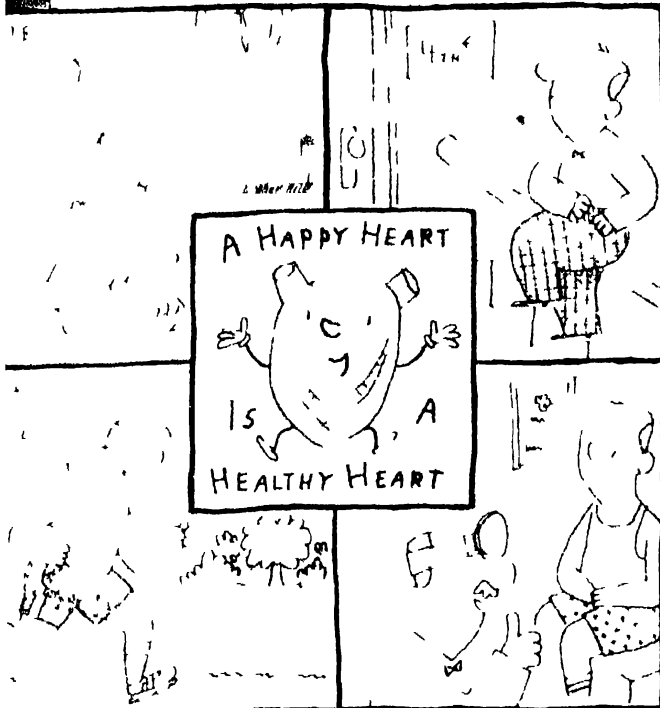
Perhaps Imran Khan
was right after all
Maybe the Kiwis have
stretched their luck too
far

A Correspondent

THE HEALTH

Continuing from where we left off last week, in this column we will deal with the last part of 'Are you getting enough?' We will briefly go over three topics: relaxation, play and nutrition

RELAXATION MANY hard driving men and women in all walks of life have got this idea that if they don't feel tense all the time, they're not doing the job right. Under these conditions says biopsychologist Robert Thayer, their bodies are going to adapt to that feeling to



Good eating and good habits equal to good health

feel it as normal and it will become increasingly harder for them to relax when they want to

I don't assume stress is necessary for optimal functioning says Thayer, a professor of psychology at the University of California. Optimal functioning should occur with as little stress as possible

"It is possible, and certainly desirable," Thayer says, to conduct your day's business in what he calls a calm energetic state

There are different ways to become calm. A beer may create a transitory impression of relaxation, but probably won't do much to raise your energy level. Nothing, Thayer says, creates a mind more

favourably disposed to peace than the following: regular sleep, a balanced diet and vigorous exercise

PLAY ONE of the most obvious ways to relax is to play but some of us seem to have forgotten how. In fact, a study published recently in the *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology* suggests that some of us feel happier at work than we do during free time. The reason, according to the authors, is that we make better use of our time and talents at work. We're in a groove. But when the recess bell rings, too many of us think of nothing better to do than fall asleep in front of the idiot box.

Your leisure should be active. More than 12,000 men participated in a long term heart study and the results suggested a relationship between leisure activity and heart-attack risk. The men were all at risk for heart disease, owing to diet, family history and the like. But the ones who engaged in the most leisure activity—home repairs, walking, dancing, conditioning exercises or golf—ultimately had low rates of heart attack and sudden death than their do nothing counterparts. Such activity seems to promote a longer life, probably as a result of improved cardiovascular fitness and lower cholesterol and blood pressure.

So grandma was right when she said, all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

NUTRITION WOMEN are generally more careful about their diet than men, and so are generally better off in this area of health. Jack Cooperman, director of the nutrition programme at New York Medical College, does not believe that a man's diet must be bland to be nutritious.

"Certain foods are considered feminine, others masculine. Men eat steak. Women eat chicken salad. Men have to get over that", he says.

Cooperman does not advise a red-meat boycott but he does suggest limiting its intake. For more complete protein, bring in chicken two or three times weekly and fish once or twice. You should also broaden your repertoire, he says, to include daily servings of salad, one green or yellow vegetable and one type of whole grain in the form of cereal or bread.

For example, if you've cut down on dairy products and meat in your diet, you may be lacking riboflavin, a vitamin B-complex nutrient that

COLUMN

helps the body break down carbohydrates and fats and convert vitamins to their active forms. Consequently, if your riboflavin meter is hovering near empty, Cooperman says, you may lack energy, and your body may be vulnerable to colds and other ailments.

Riboflavin is found in dairy products, meat and leafy vegetables. People who eschew milk, perhaps because of lactose intolerance, are especially vulnerable, since 60 to 70 per cent of riboflavin needs usually are met by dairy foods. If your problem is lactose intolerance, you may need to take riboflavin supplements. The recommended dietary allowance (RDA) is 1.4 milligrams. But if you just don't like the taste of milk or have problems digesting it, try other dairy products, such as yogurt or cheese, suggests Cooperman.

Another essential nutrient that's sometimes in short supply is zinc, which plays a role in male sexuality and the immune system. You can get zinc from shellfish or from beef, says Cooperman. It's also found in nuts, seeds, poultry, and yeast.

Other nutrients that may play a special role in health:

MAGNESIUM Recent studies suggest that most people, especially men, don't get enough of this nutrient, which may guard against heart attack by keeping the heart pumping rhythmically and blood platelets from clumping together to form artery-blocking clots. The RDA of magnesium for men is 350 milligrams, easily met by regularly eating nuts (cashews and almonds are good choices), seeds (sunflower and Pumpkin are high on the list), and spinach.

CALCIUM Older men get the brittle-bones condition known as osteoporosis just as often as women, according to the National Osteoporosis Foundation. A thousand milligrams of calcium

TIP OF THE WEEK

GRANDMA GOT IT WRONG

Antibiotic ointments can knock four days off the healing time of minor cuts and scrapes. But using grandma's favourite antiseptics—Mercurchrome, hydrogen peroxide and iodine—may be worse than using nothing at all. In a recent study, minor wounds that were infected but untreated healed in an average of 13 days. Treated with various antibiotic creams, they healed 25 per cent faster. But Mercurchrome and the other old-fashioned antiseptics didn't speed healing and in some cases slowed it down by a few days.



You have to find time for rest, exercise and good nutrition

daily, along with weight-bearing exercises like walking and stair-climbing, may keep your bones strong.

IRON The more athletic you are, the more iron you may need, according to a study in the *Journal of the American College of Nutrition*. Perhaps because they want to cut down on fats and cholesterol, the study suggests, many physically active men don't eat enough iron-rich foods, specifically, meat. Although iron is available in many other foods—dried fruit, rice, sweet potatoes, molasses, and green, leafy vegetables, for example—the iron in meat protein is better absorbed.

If you don't eat meat, try a tablespoon of molasses, which contains 3.2 milligrams of iron, or some spinach, which provides 4.9 milligrams. Studies also show that vitamin C helps your body absorb iron, according to the Institute of Human Nutrition at Columbia University, so a glass of orange juice might make a nice iron chaser.

THE NUMBERS GAME

Statistical highlights of the Irani Trophy

BY virtue of being the previous year's Ranji Trophy winner, Bengal is set to make its debut in the annual Irani Cup cricket tie to be played against the Rest of India in Bangalore from November 2 to 7, 1990. This match was instituted in March 1960 to honour one of the finest Indian cricket administrators Mr Zafar Iqbal, a former president of the Board of Control for Cricket in India (BCCI). This year's tie, the 29th such fixture, is as usual yet again a selection trial, this time for the ensuing sterner battles in the season against touring teams from Sri Lanka, West Indies and hopefully Pakistan.

After the inaugural 1959-60 match, this particular fixture was not held in the following two years nor in 1964-65 when it was decided that henceforth it would be contested at the start of the following season instead of playing it at the fag end of the exhaustive season.

In previous 28 matches, only five State teams have figured as Ranji Trophy winners against Rest of India

Bombay have a remarkable achievement in appearing on 18 occasions while Delhi, 5

times and Karnataka thrice, followed by Hyderabad and Tamil Nadu once each. Bombay have also won

the trophy on 12 occasions, followed by Rest of India nine times, Karnataka and Delhi twice each and Hyderabad and Tamil Nadu once each. In 1965-66, Bombay and the Rest shared the trophy after a rain-runned tie when a decision even on a first innings could not be reached whilst in

1979-80, Delhi and the Rest became joint winners without a single ball being bowled in the match. On the other hand, only thirteen matches have fetched a decisive result with the Rest of India winning outright eight times (including five against Bombay twice against Delhi and once against Karnataka). In



drawn matches, the Cup winners were decided on the basis of first innings lead

Rest of India's mammoth 637 (against Delhi in Jodhpur in 1986-87)— the highest total of the competition was built around Dilip Vengsarkar's and Srikanth Kalyan's century knocks while for the opponents Delhi's huge total of 628 for 8 declared (against the Rest in Delhi in 1980-81) was centred around Sunder Amarnath's unbeaten 235—the highest

individual score in any Indian tie. Just for the record, Bombay's highest total has been 566 for 5 declared against the Rest in Bombay in 1962-63

Apart from Sunder's 235, there are only two other double hundreds: Parthasarthy Sharma's 206 for the Rest against Bombay in Bombay in 1977-78 and Gundappa Vishwanath's unbeaten 200 for Karnataka in Ahmedabad in 1971-75

Ramnath Parkar's 195 against the Rest in Pune in 1972-73 is the best by

a Bombay batsman

In all 47 centuries have been scored in this competition—13 for Bombay, 6 for Karnataka, 5 for Delhi, one each for Hyderabad and Tamil Nadu and 21 for the Rest (11 against Bombay, 7 against Delhi and 3 against Karnataka)

Vishwanath and Vengsarkar, playing for their respective states Karnataka and Bombay as well as Rest of India have both scored four individual hundreds in this competition

The lowest completed innings total has been 83 by the Rest against Bombay in Anantpur in 1963-64 whilst the lowest for the other side is Bombay's 99 in Calcutta in 1966-67

The 250-run second wicket partnership between Ashok Mankad and Ajit Wadekar for Bombay in Calcutta in 1970-71 is the highest amongst 55 hundred partnerships so far recorded in the competition

While Ravi Shastri has recorded the best bowling, one innings, figures—9 for 101 in 45 overs for Bombay in Indore in 1981-82—there have been at least six bowlers to take ten or more wickets in this tie including the best effort of Gopal Sharma who took 12 for 202 for the Rest against Tamil Nadu in Madras in 1988-89

Perhaps the most memorable of the past 28 ties has been the 1982-83 encounter in New Delhi in which the Rest snatched an amazing win by 5 wickets in an almost unbelievable finish

Delhi batting first, compiled 429 with

Mohinder Amarnath scoring 127 (14 fours and 2 sixes), Gursharan Singh 94 and Raman Lamba 93 being the mainstays. Balwinder Sandhu took 5 for 110 and Dilip Doshi 4 for 66 for the Rest. In reply, Rest of India could make only 267, the showpiece being a spectacular 83 by Krishnamachari Srikanth off only 79 balls with 13 fours and 2 sixes. Maninder Singh captured 6 wickets for 66 runs including Sandeep Patil and Sunil Gavaskar both for 'ducks'. Delhi, enjoying a first innings lead of 162, made 258 the second time round. Mohinder Amarnath inevitably top scoring with 52 (3 fours and a six) and thereby setting the Rest of India a towering target of 421 runs to win in 255 minutes plus the 20 mandatory overs in the final hour

A rousing start by K Srikanth's 110 (in 99 minutes off 90 balls with 6 sixes and 14 fours) in an opening stand of 143 with Sunil Gavaskar whose contribution was 28, Sandeep Patil's blazing 41 in a third wicket stand of 48 with Ashok Malhotra—all kept the spirited bid for an incredible win. At tea, despite all the challenging batting, 220 runs were still required. Arun Lal's 82 (off 132 balls and 8 fours) and Ashok Malhotra's 116 off 155 balls with 12 fours and a six) and their blood rousing 166-run fourth wicket stand were mainly responsible for carrying the Rest to a superb win with just four balls to spare in the final over

Ravi Kant Srivastava

Will the Bengal team be able to retain the match winning form that they showed during the Ranji Trophy final ...



READERS' QUIZ

QUESTIONS

1. Although the Asian Games were started in 1951, an Indian woman won a gold medal after 19 years at the 1970 Asiad at Bangkok for the first time. Who is she?

2. Name the athlete who has the distinction of winning an Asian Games event five times in a row?

3. 'Fosbury Flop', was introduced by the American Dick Fosbury in the Mexico Olympics, 1968. Name the first woman who used this style to clinch an Olympic gold.

4. In Japan the song 'He is a star' featured in the Top Ten Hits of 1985. Name the singer?

5. Which cricketer said 'Never refuse an autograph to any kid, he might have an elder sister'?

6. On Channel Nine a duck is seen whenever a batsman goes out for O. What is the name of this duck?

7. Brazilian footballer Waldier Pereira was better known as...

8. Who is the only footballer to have scored the last goal of one World Cup and the first goal of the next?

9. The 1990 World Cup soccer tournament saw a lot of red and yellow cards being shown to

the players. In which World Cup was this system introduced?

10. Nadia Comaneci was the first gymnast to score a perfect 10 in the Olympics. Who equalled her performance in the Asian Games?

11. In which event did Sachin Nag win a gold medal for India at the inaugural Asian Games?

12. Who were known as 'ABC of tennis'?

13. Name the only husband and wife combination to win the mixed doubles title at Wimbledon?

14. Who is the only person to have the unique distinction of playing a match in both men's and women's singles at the US Open Tennis Championship?

15. Which pop star performed during the closing ceremony of the Los Angeles Olympics in 1984?

16. He was probably the only player in football history never to have been warned by a referee in his career spanning over 33 years. Who is this footballer?

RATING TEST:

Above 13. Wish you were part of our quiz team.

Between 10 and 13. You are not too bad.
Below 10: Sportsworld reading recommended.

All answers are sent in by contributor.

ANSWERS

1. Kamaljit Sandhu won the 400 metres gold with a time of 57.35 secs.

2. Shigenobu Murofushi of Japan won the Hammer throw gold in 1970, 1974, 1978, 1982 and 1986.

3. Ulrike Meyfarth (FRG), equalled the world record at Munich, becoming the first woman to use the 'Fosbury Flop' to win a gold.

4. Carl Lewis.

5. Jeff Thomson of Australia.

6. Daddles.

7. Didi.

8. Alessandro Altobelli of Italy, scored the last goal of the 1982 World Cup against West Germany and the first goal in 1986 World Cup against Bulgaria.

9. 1970, the Mexico World Cup.

10. Wu Jiani of China achieved this feat on the balance beam at the 1982 Delhi Asiad.

11. 100 metres, Freestyle.

12. Amritraj (Vijay), Borg (Bjorn) and Connors (Jimmy).

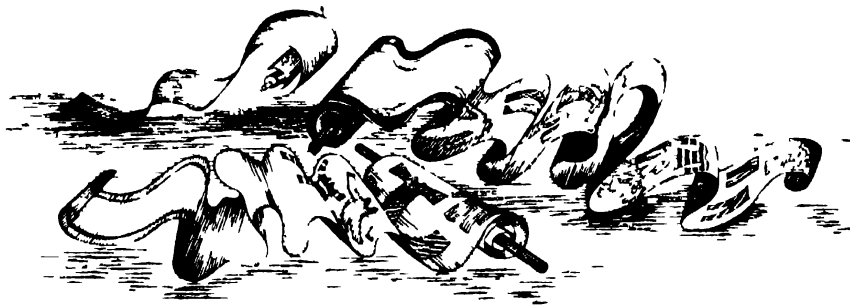
13. Kitty and Leslie Godfrey, 1926.

14. Richard Raskind first played in the men's singles in 1960. Had a sex change operation in 1977 and then played as Dr (Miss) Renee Richards in the women's singles in 1979.

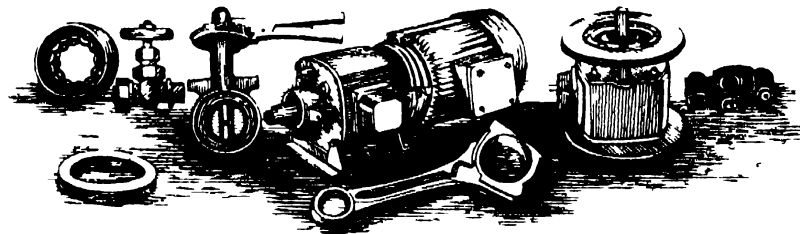
15. Lionel Ritchie.

16. Sir Stanley Matthews.

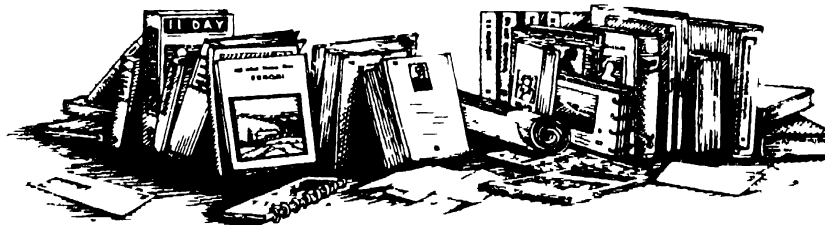
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Kuljit Singh receives the trophy from vice president Shankar Dayal Sharma: finest moment of his life

Kuljit Singh will fondly cherish his 1990 Durand Cup memories...He emerged the top scorer with five goals in five matches. All his five goals were a source of wonder and delight...






DURAND CUP SOCCER

Kuljit Fashions East Bengal's Glory

**Novy Kapadia
from New Delhi**



FOURTEEN times champions Mohun Bagan not winning a single match in the Durand football tournament is like Brazil not winning a match in the World Cup. But the unthinkable happened in the 1990 Durand Cup. Factionalism, lack of team spirit and the absence of striker Sisir Ghosh led to Bagan giving a pusillanimous display in their three Group B Durand

quarter final league matches.

Mohun Bagan drew goalless with Army XI and lost 2-4 to Mahindras and 0-1 to Border Security Force (BSF). Never in the history of the Durand Cup have Mohun Bagan given such a pathetic display as in the second half against Mahindras. Santosh Kashyap missed a penalty kick in the 71st min and the Mahindras forwards Godfrey Pereira and Mushtaq Ali in a prodigal mood squandered numerous

**Kuljit Singh scoring
against BSF**

Sea Rock On The Rocks

For the first time in the history of the Durand tournament, one semi final was an all Bombay affair, Mahindras vs Sea Rock. Mahindras, well coached by ex-international Derek D'Souza, scored eleven goals in five matches and were crowd favourites with exciting, attacking football

Potential star players of the coming decade represented Mahindras in the 1990 Durand Cup Left back Francis Baruah (1984 sub-junior international), schemer Shanta Kumar (1984 sub-junior captain) and the attacking trio of Mushtaq Ali, Godfrey Pereira and P J Jose, hard tackling and tall stopper back Milton Fernando and midfielder Manoj Kumar Bhatt are the players to watch out for

Most of the Mahindra players are on contract Only veteran stopper back Farooque Ahmed, international custodian Henry Menezes and international midfielder Santosh Kashyap have regular jobs The others have lucrative contracts For example Godfrey Pereira and Francis Baruah get Rs 5,000 per month plus kit

and expenses They also get a share of the prize money The system has worked better than the office professionalism of other private sector teams in India where players get complacent once they get a permanent job Coach Derek D'Souza explained, 'by the contract system we create the ethos of a club, as the players must do well for their contract to be renewed or to get extra allowances Jobs will be given to those who desire it after service of three to five years

By their giant killing performances, Sea Rock revealed that 1990 is still the year of the sporting underdog In the quarter final league they upset Federation Cup champions Kerala Police and former champions JCT by 1-0 NIS coach, Mohinder Kumar Verma made them a tactically astute team They played in a 1-3-3-3 formation with a compact midfield Mariano Dias played as a sweeper back and the other three defenders adopted a man to man marking game At the Ambedkar stadium, they were called lucky Sea Rock as most of their goals were scored in sudden breakaway moves But as coach Verma says,

"Breakaway goals and sudden acceleration in attack was our tactical plan " Arsenal in the 1930s adopted similar tactics They became known as "lucky Arsenal" Sea Rock showed they are a thinking team Tribal striker Arjun Tudu showed promise as did 18-year old defender Mohammed Asim, a Sports Hostel, Lucknow, product

Sadly ten Sea Rock players who are on contract, have not been paid since March 1990 According to coach M K Verma, the general manager of Sea Rock hotel, Mr Dhawan said, "I don't want to waste my money on football The team approached Mr Verghese, the personnel manager of the hotel But the reply was also in the negative Verghese said, "I don't want to discuss football " After their heroic displays in the Durand Cup, coach M K Verma has sent letters to ITC Chairman Jagdish Sapru and Welcome Group Hotels Chairman, Y C Diveshwar seeking financial support for their team Annual expenditure on the team is just about Rs 5 lakhs, the cost of a couple of chandeliers in the lobby of Sea Rock Is ITC listening?

Novy Kapadia from New Delhi



sitters Otherwise, as a dejected Prasun Banerjee, the coach, remarked, "the score could well have been 8-2"

The last time Bagan did not reach the semi finals of the Durand Cup was in 1981 Their second stringers played that year, as the main players were in the Indian training camp for the Delhi Asiad Since the quarter final league stage was introduced in 1973, only in 1981 and 1976 have Bagan not progressed to the last four stage

In 1976 JCT and Leaders Club played a fixed match to eliminate Bagan on goal difference Bagan had beaten Leaders Club 3 1 and Dempo SC 1 0 but lost to JCT 0 2 They were unfairly eliminated in 1976 and extraneous factors led to their exit in 1976 So 1990 is the first time, that Bagan with a near full squad neither won a match nor progressed in the Durand Cup

Prasun Banerjee deputising for P K (unable to get leave) could not inspire his

For East Bengal, the 1990 Durand Cup was like a sweet dream. They won Asia's oldest football tournament for the second successive year and prize money of Rs 1.50 lakhs donated by Indian Petro Chemicals Ltd...

Mahindra's Striker Mushtaq Ali makes his way through two Sea Rock defenders Daniel Fernandez and Prem Singh Randhawa





"Nayeem deserves credit for making East Bengal play modern football. No Indian team has displayed such fitness as East Bengal did in the semis against BSF"...Chandan Singh, ex-Olympian

against Army XI and BSF Replacement Achintya Beel was off colour. So, for Mohun Bagan it was a case of it never rains but pours. For the famed green and maroon shirted team from Calcutta, the 1990 Durand Cup was like a dreaded nightmare.

For rivals East Bengal, the 1990 Durand Cup was like a sweet dream. They won Asia's oldest football tournament for the second successive year and the prize money of Rs 1.50 lakhs donated by Indian Petro Chemicals Ltd (IPCL). East Bengal have now lodged eight points from two tournaments (winning the IFA Shield and Durand Cup). As per the new AIFF regulations, the team with the maximum points in four major tournaments will be considered as India's champion team. So with the DCM and Rovers Cup yet to come, East Bengal are well in the lead and should be India's representative in the newly-introduced Asian

players to perform adequately. The will to play and fight was missing. Prasun tried a 4-4-2 formation with Krishnendu Roy as snatcher in the vital match against BSF. Against Army XI and Mahindras, Subrata moved up as striker. Subrata was successful with his Roger Milla act

in the Calcutta league, but in the two matches at Delhi, Subrata as a striker was a flop. So all Prasun's permutations and combinations were of no avail.

To add to Bagan's woes, Subrata fell heavily in the second half against Mahindras and limped off in agony with a minor shoulder

Mohun Bagan's Sudip Chatterjee heads the ball to safety foiling a Kerala Police attack

dislocation. Their in-form and quickest defender, Bengal's 1990 Santosh trophy skipper, Swarup Das was injured for most of the tournament and could only play till half time



Tarun Dey of East Bengal heading the ball away from BSF's Avtar Singh

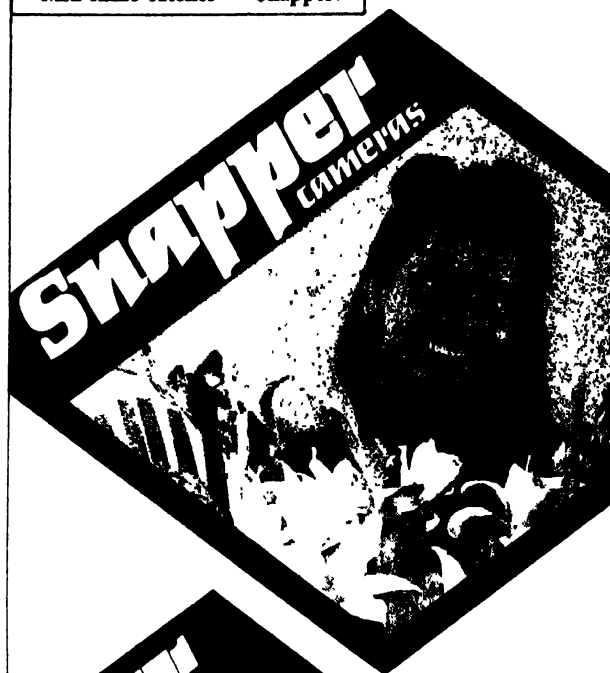
▲ Cup Winners Cup Kuljit Singh will fondly cherish his 1990 Durand Cup memories. He

emerged as the top scorer with five goals in five matches. All his five goals were a source of wonder and delight. He scored a memorable extra time hat-trick against BSF in the semis, a last minute match-winner in the finals vs Mahindras and the quickest goal in first class football in India, in ten seconds vs Kerala Police. Sweet dreams are made of these.

East Bengal's coach Nayeem did a Beckenbauer at the Durand Cup. He is the

only man to have won the Durand Cup as a player and as a coach with one team. In 1967 and 1970 he won the Durand Cup as a defender with East Bengal and in 1990 as a coach. Earlier, in 1961 as a teenager he won the Durand Cup with Andhra Police. Nayeem was befittingly chosen by the three-man committee of ex-Olympians Chandan Singh, Peter Thangaraj and ex-services player P N John as the best coach in the tournament. Chandan Singh said, "Nayeem deserves credit for making East Bengal play modern football. No Indian team has displayed such fitness as East Bengal did in the semis against BSF." ●

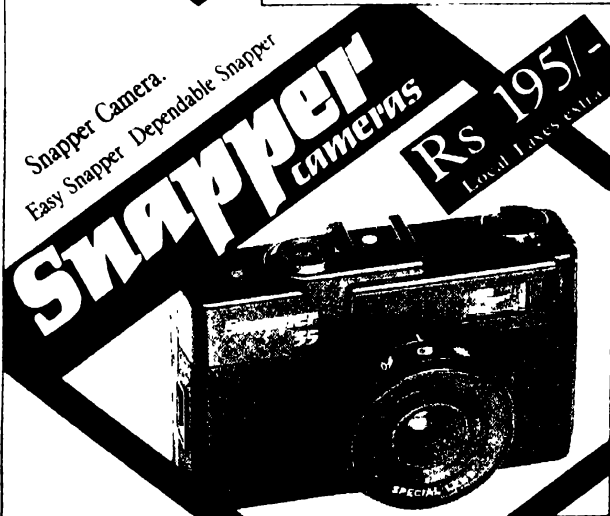
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Still Winning After All These Years



In one sense, it was a perfect story for a soap opera. You know when the relative underdog, bereft of hype, is eventually triumphant. That sort of thing.

The setting was the Four Square Masters tournament. With Rs 20,000 for the singles winner it was India's biggest prize money tennis event.

Then you had the players—Mark Ferreira, Gaurav Natekar, Leander Paes, Asif Jemal—all India's rising stars. Young, feisty.

And then there was Enrico Piperno. Close to thirty. They tell you he's no athlete. Not a Davis Cup prospect. Over the hill. On the way down.

Some of it is true. Some is not.

What they forgot to tell you is that Enrico Piperno has a brain, a cunning, a tennis sense in greater proportion than most of his tribe.

And so he wins.

He may not be India's best player. He may not be a rising son. But he hasn't dropped over the horizon. Yet.

Wanted: Exposure

THE disastrous performance of our athletes at the Asiad can be attributed to the virtual absence of any competitive meets prior to the Games. We must revert to the European method of training through the year. For the last two Asiards our athletes competed for only about three months in a year and that too amongst themselves. As a result of this they peaked too early or too late.

Competitive meets with other Asian countries should also be organised more frequently giving our athletes more international exposure. We must act immediately or else we will return empty handed in 1994 also.
AMIT KUMAR DAS,
Calcutta

National Disgrace

We had gone to Beijing, knowing fully well that only a miracle could save us. With an ignominious overall tally of 23 medals, Indians gave their worst ever performance since the inception of the Games in 1951. It was in short a 'national disgrace'.

But there is no reason for us to lose heart and adopt a negative attitude in regard to the future. In future our players should be selected purely on the basis of their showings and governmental interferences and bureaucratic bunglings should not be tolerated. To top it all our policies should be made more stringent.

SHASHNAK SHEKAR,
Meerut Cantt

Welcome Decision

WE welcome Leander Paes' decision to leave the BAT scheme, for his own good. The decision of BAT to refuse young Paes entry in the US Open backfired. Paes' father made a bold and purposeful decision to free his son from the BAT scheme.

The whims and fancies of the BAT scheme is taking toll of the latent talent available in the country. It is worth playing for the main draw of the US Open



rather than playing in the local tournaments. Even if Paes bowed out of the first round of the US Open he could have got rich experience at the international level. Instead, BAT came in the way of Paes' progress. The Amritraj's wanted unnecessary control over the players for no purpose. The decision of Paes will prove to be an eye-opener for upcoming players in BAT. BAT wanted to bask in the glory of Paes' Wimbledon junior win for years. Paes certainly taught them a lesson or two.

C K SUBRAMANIAM
Madras

Sunny days

AS ardent followers of Indian cricket, we let out a sigh of relief when Naren Tamhane took over the reins from Raj Singh Dungarpur as the chairman of selectors. We hope the new chairman will do the needful through some meaningful and logical selection policies which our country has not seen in the recent past.

Considering the fact that Tamhane has a good deal of Test experience we hope that Indian cricket will soon, see some better days.

SRINIVAS NYAPATHY,
Rajahmundry

Great

MOHAMMED AZHARUDDIN was very frank and forthright in his interview and Pradeep Paul certainly deserves a ton of praise. His queries were ingenuous, appropriate and penetrating with the result that Azhar has spoken his heart out in the long interview. Azhar, both as player and captain had the rare sense of deliberating the game properly. All in all, it is clear from the interview that Azhar's desire is to play cricket in the spirit of the game, to help to bring glory to his country.

Congratulations for printing such a rare poster of Gabriela Sabatini. The Asian Games special collector's issue is simply superb.
S HUSSAIN,
Dibrugarh

Unimaginative

IN the interview, 'Look Back in Anger' Azharuddin gave lame excuses for all the lapses on the part of his team. From the start, we lacked imagination. By putting England to bat on a placid wicket, India lost the golden opportunity of going one up in the series. Azhar took the cue from his vice-captain to take the fatal decision. Kiran More failed as a stumper and ever a half century by Eddie Hemmings was more useful than the centuries of our super stars. For all the unimaginative captaincy during the series the only saving grace was the wins in one day matches. Azhar certainly does not know the importance of a cricketing manager.

TANMOY KUNDU,
Calcutta

A farce

THE IFA should have been more harsh on Mohamedan Sporting. A two month ban on a club which has in the past often staged walk outs is just not enough to teach them a lesson. Mohd Sporting had no reason to protest what seemed (at least on the TV) a legitimate goal.
PRABHAS DHANUKA
Calcutta

CLACUTTA

Inter-Varsity Aquatics

THE North East Zone inter-varsity aquatic championships which concluded at the Subhas Sarobar pool in east Calcutta recently will be remembered not just for aquatics only. Students especially from up-country, found the meet a convenient place to air their displeasure at the Mandal Commission report.

Students from Delhi and Haryana raised anti reservation slogans and hosts Calcutta University just about managed to keep the championships rolling.

The anti-quota stir was just not the end of all the problems for the organisers. A lot of heat was generated during a waterpolo match between Chandigarh and Benaras Hindu University when the former's captain was sent off for abusing one of the referees. A scuffle was just about averted.

Pandemonium ruled at the Azad Hind Bag pool where the diving events were scheduled to be held. UP and Delhi divers pulled out of the competition complaining that the water was dirty and the level was not enough. Many felt that the complaints were dubious since only about four dives were left to complete the events. More so because Azad Hind Bag is a training ground for Bengal's national level divers.

Coming to the meet proper, Delhi won the team championship aggregating a good 68 points. Calcutta finished runners-up with 38 points ahead of Kurukshetra with 25 points.

Although the meet did not produce any noteworthy performance, Delhi's Vijaya Choudhury and Sandeep Kedar reigned supreme in the swimming pool. Vijaya logged 32 points and Kedar 23 to wrap the individual honours in the women's and men's sections, respectively.

The most noteworthy performance from the hosts came from diver Madhura Biswas who

FASHBEHARI DAS



Vijaya Chowdhury: women's champion in the inter-varsity aquatics

finished as the best woman diver of the meet. Madhura won both the platform and springboard golds, but her showing in the platform event was more creditable considering the fact that Madhura stopped Lucknow's Pushpa Mishra, a top notch national level diver, from landing the gold medal. Madhura finished with 235.50 points in the platform event while Pushpa mustered 230.10 points.

Calcutta University also wrapped up the men's waterpolo gold whipping Guru Nanak Dev University 18-4 in the final. Partha Pratim Basak was the architect of Calcutta's triumph, scoring eight goals, including a hat-trick.

The hosts' only gold medal from the swimming pool came from Sanjoy Das in the 100m butterfly event. Das clocked 1:08.65 seconds to complete the race ahead of Sandeep Kader of Delhi who timed 1:09.99 seconds.

Soumitra Bose

JAMNAGAR

Inter-college wrestling

SHRI D K V Arts & Science College, Jamnagar, came to the fore in the recently-concluded Saurashtra University Inter-College Wrestling Competition 1990-91. Trained so well under the watchful eye of their coach and physical training instructor (PTI), Mr. Ansari and Mr. V R Buntariya respectively, the college wrestlers gave a virtuoso performance and created the biggest upset of the championship. And to think they were the underdogs of the competition! The victorious wrestlers secured as many as 19 points—six points more than the runners-up.

Rupen Tanna was the star performer. He held the first place in the 90 kilogram light heavyweight category and stunned everyone. The young man is not so well-built, he will not remind you of a wrestler at first sight. However, sheer hard work and constant practice coupled with fine technique paid handsome dividends.

In the 68 kilogram middleweight category, Vejabhai Odedra occupied the first position. He was followed by Bharatsinh Mori of Parmar Arts & Commerce College, Kodinar.

DKV's Tapubhai Songara secured the first rank in the 52 kilogram flyweight category. The second position went to Nilesh Sojitra of Shah Municipal Arts & Commerce College, Dhoraji.

DKV's Vejanand Gojya and Nitinkumar Mehta held third and second places in the 62 kilogram featherweight category and 57 kilogram bantamweight category respectively and added substantially to their college's kitty of points.

Ninety-five wrestlers in various categories made the competition a huge success. They were representing eighteen colleges affiliated to the Saurashtra



SHARAD JOSHI

The victorious D.K.V. Arts and Science College which won the inter-college wrestling

University DKV's Rupen Tanna's famous triumph in 90 kilogram light heavyweight category was hailed as the *tour de force* by many a discerning critic.

The wrestlers were felicitated by Mr. Kishorbhai Dave, principal, Shri D K V Arts & Science College, Jamnagar.

Hareskumar Pandya

TRIVANDRUM

State Open Tennis

K•SANKAR of State Electricity Board rallied to beat favourite Ajayakumar to lift the prestigious K M Menon Memorial Cup in the 35th State Open Tennis Tournament.

Ajayakumar, with his strong serve, took the first set 7-6 (7-1) in the tie-breaker. But his inconsistent performance let him

K. Shankar: winner of the Kerala State open tennis championship



down and he went down 5-7 in the second set. With increasing confidence Sankar won the third set (6-2).

Earlier in the semis, Sankar beat Vijayakumar N B 6-3, 6-4 and Ajayakumar routed Vijayakumar 6-3, 6-0.

In the women's singles final, Arathi Sasidharan defeated Divya Mathew 6-4, 6-2. Arathi also won the Girls (under 18) final. In the boys (under 18) final, Balakrishnan drubbed Hemanth Santhosh 6-1, 6-2.

Some other results (final), Boys (under 16) Hemanth Santhosh bt Unnikrishnan 3-6, 6-1, 6-4.

Boys (under 14) G Sivan bt K Jayakumar.

Men's doubles-Vijayakumar K and K Sankar bt N B Vijayakumar and Ramesh 6-4, 6-1.

Boy's doubles (under 16) B Unnikrishnan and R Nandagopalan bt John George and Hemanth Santhosh.

Boy's Doubles (under 16) Amith Kumar and Visak Madhusothan. About 85 players took part in the tournament which lasted a week.

Sajeev Kumar T.K.

CLACUTTA International School Soccer

THE city has a soccer tradition that dates back to the very history of the city itself. City soccer or football as it is called here is vividly followed by all ages just as the "para" football has its following and heroes.

One such football game took place last fortnight on the grounds of the Armenian College between the Armenian School team and the Calcutta International School XI.

The Armenians, known for

their rough, tough, fast, no-nonsense rugby exploits went into the game as hot favourites. Predictably, they send their fans into raptures as Edwin blasted home the first goal in the very first minute. Close man to man marking was the rule of the game and in the excitement and pressure, the Armenian defence brought down Imtiaz (CIS) in the dreaded area, the penalty was duly converted by Imtiaz and the half time score read 1-1.

The second half saw the Armenians virtually bomb the CIS defence and to their mortification saw at least three goal scoring opportunities being squandered. As the crowd was settling for a draw a good throw-in was well connected, placed and CIS captain Paul made no mistake. The unbelievable had taken place—rank under-dogs had upped the Armenian apple-cart in the last game of the season.

Shush Kocher

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR / A PERMANENT EXPOSURE / IN SPORTS

and if you are in the following field, profession or business

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& Counsellors	Electrical Contractors	Name Plates
Advertising Outdoor	Electrical Fans Exhausts	Neck Ties
& Display Designers	& Ventilations	Office Equipment
Aerobic Classes	Electronic Score Board	& Automation
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Distributors	& Repair Experts	Equipment
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Carpenters Stadia	Consultants	Sports Goods
Sports Fields	& Landscape	Manufacturers
& Sports Equipment	Designers	Sports Goods
Carpets & Rugs	Garden & Horticultural	Distributors
Carrom Boards & Coins	Machinery	Sports Goods Dealers
	Garment	

Catering Equipment	Manufacturers	Sports Libraries
Catering Contractors	Sportswear	Sports Medicines
Cement Manufacturers	Gymnasium & Body	Sports Novelties
Certificate of Merit	building	Gift Items
Designing & Printers	Equipment	& Miniatures
Children Park Equipment	Gymnasium	Television
Civil Contractors	Gymnastic	Time Recorders
& Builders	Equipment	& Controllers
Clock Manufacturers	Health Care	Track & Field
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Syed Fazaluddin: the pick of the lot in the tennis camp conducted in New Delhi

NEW DELHI

Tennis Camp

THE All India Tennis Association organised a fortnight long camp for the second successive year at the DLTA courts in New Delhi in the second week of October to provide foreign coaching to 40 promising junior (Under-18) boys and girls selected from different states through various state associations. Prominent coaches such as Mr Brooke and Mr Crocket from Harry Hopman's camp U.S.A. supervised the camp along with Naresh Kumar, Akhtar Ali and few local coaches.

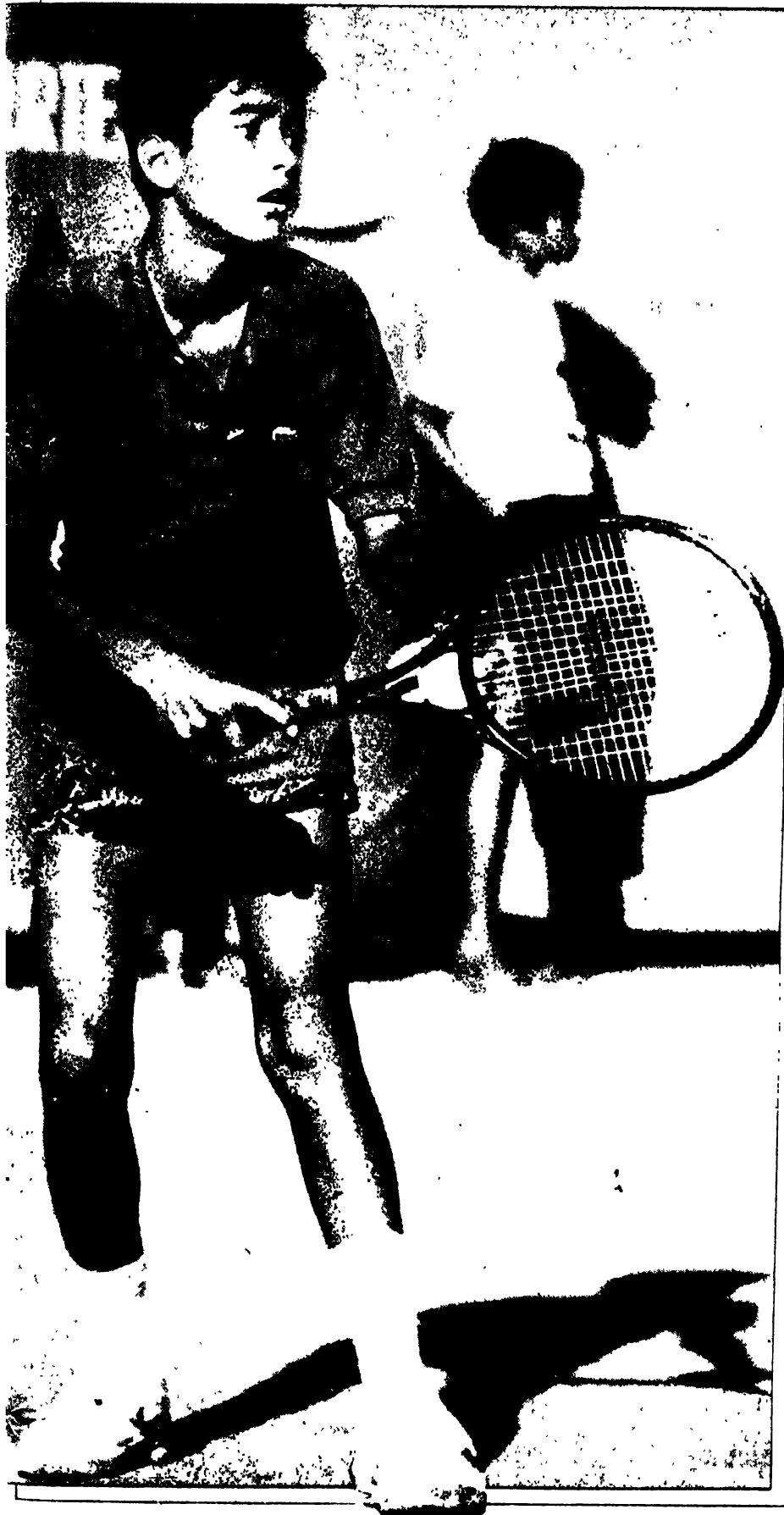
According to AITA sources, the main purpose of this camp was to provide an opportunity to our youngsters to keep up with the latest in international tennis.

"As we lack very good coaches in India, we have to invite expensive coaches from abroad every year", says Mr Prem Kishore, Secretary DLTA.

A number of youngsters exhibited good skills, especially Syed Fazaluddin, son of Mr Syed Naimuddin, the veteran soccer International. His strong forehand and timely top-spins impressed the two foreign coaches.

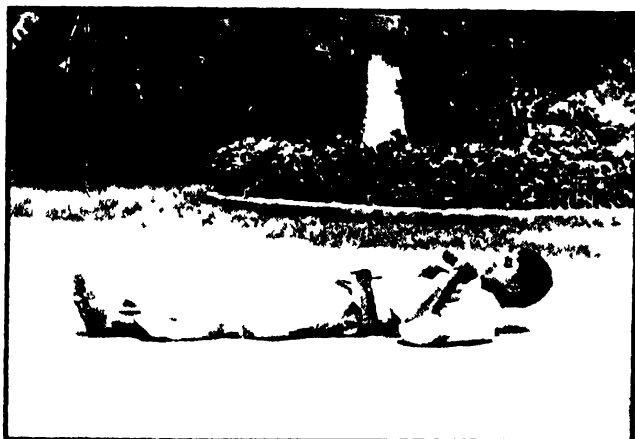
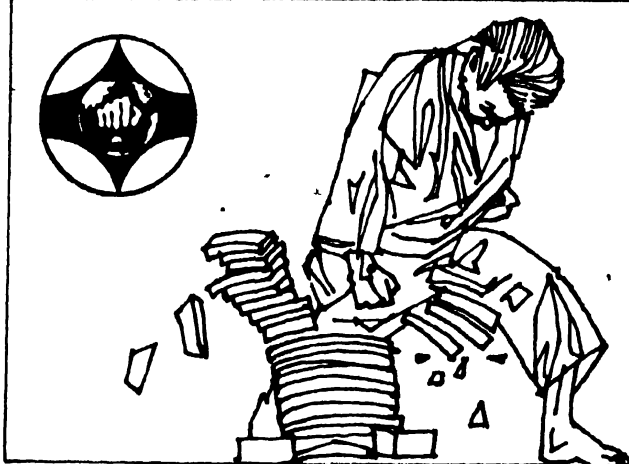
According to Mr Brooke, India has a number of promising youngsters who if given proper care and attention could improve considerably but petty things like the poor quality of balls, limited number of good courts, expensive equipment, poor management in the tennis associations etc., are the main obstacles in their progress. They praised the boys and girls for their punctuality, determination and the willingness to learn. However, the coaches were critical that the camp was organised just for a fortnight which was too short a period to produce any meaningful results.

Rasheed Kidwai



KARATE

THE POWER OF THE EMPTY HAND



From the prone position



Shift body-weight to left hip and leg, lift right leg and bend it

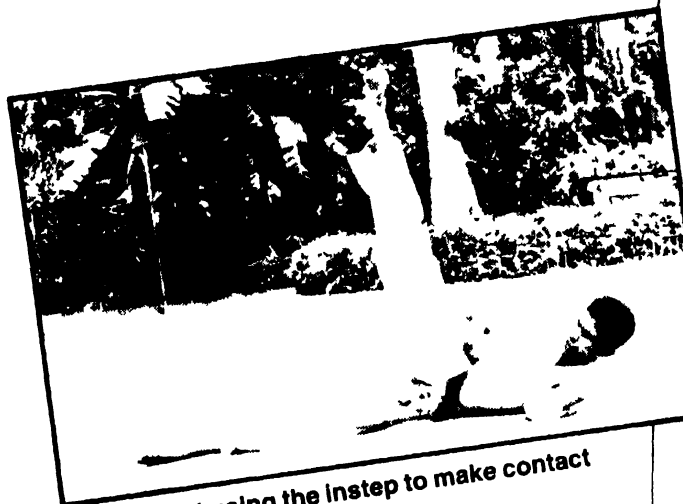
FROM *maigiri* we move onto *Mawashigiri*. From the prone position shift your body-weight onto the left hip and leg which results in the right shoulder leaving the ground, bend your right leg at the knee and then kick out with your instep aimed at the temple, ear or the jaw. You can also use your shin if your opponent is very close to you.

Practise the same motion with your left leg shifting your

body-weight onto the right hip and leg. Use your left leg to kick out. The advantage of this kick over *maigiri* is that it causes more damage to your opponent.

By Shivali Ganguly
Kyokushinkai karate
PHOTOGRAPHS RAMAN BHALLA

If you are interested in Karate and would like to sign up, get in touch with Shivali Ganguly (4th degree Black Belt, Branch Chief), 136, Harish Mukherjee Road, Calcutta-700025.



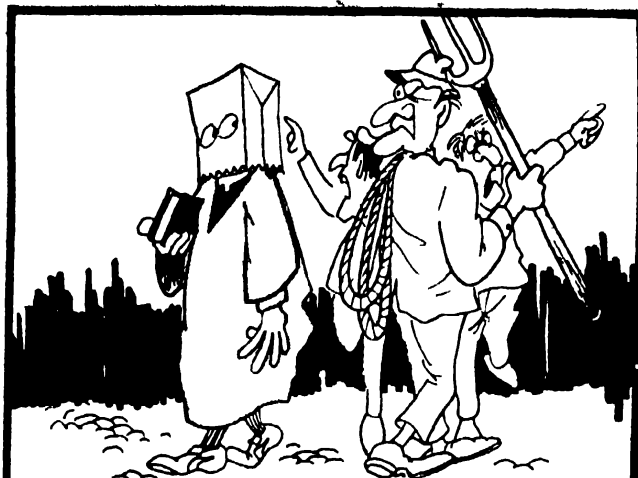
Kick out using the instep to make contact



The kick should be aimed at the temple, ear and the jaw



JANICE IRBY PROVIDED A BIRTHDAY BLAST FOR HER GOLF-FANATIC HUSBAND, JOHN, BY SLIPPING SEVERAL GOLF BALLS INTO HIS CAKE BEFORE PUTTING IT INTO THE OVEN. JOHN WILL NEVER FORGET THE DAY IN 1987 WHEN HE TURNED 30 — BECAUSE THE HEATED BALLS EXPLODED, SHOOTING CAKE ALL OVER THE OVEN AND SENDING THE SMELL OF BURNING RUBBER THROUGHOUT THE IRBY'S HOME IN CASSELTON, NORTH DAKOTA.



IT TOOK A BIT OF 'DIVINE INTERVENTION' TO HELP A VISITING SOCCER REFEREE ESCAPE A LYNCHING FOLLOWING A HEATED MATCH IN 1965. GREEK OFFICIAL **CONSTANTINE FATOUROS** WAS FORCED TO DON A PRIEST'S OUTFIT COMPLETE WITH CASSOCK TO SLIP AWAY FROM THE ISLAND OF CHIOS WHEN ANGRY FANS SOUGHT HIS HEAD AFTER THE HOME TEAM LOST.

THE FUNNY SIDE OF GOLF

SECTION II DEFINITIONS MOVE OR MOVED
A BALL IS DEEMED TO HAVE 'MOVED' IF IT LEAVES ITS POSITION AND COMES TO REST IN ANY OTHER PLACE



RULE 4-1 FORM AND MAKE OF CLUBS
a. GENERAL
THE CLUB SHALL BE COMPOSED OF A SHAFT AND A HEAD



QUIZ

QUESTIONS

- 1 Who wrote *The First Four Minutes*?
- 2 When and where was the first Women's Chess Olympiad held?
- 3 With which sport is the term 'jab step' associated?
- 4 What does 'stag' mean in gymnastics?
- 5 Who was the first to break the 80 metre barrier in hammer throw?
- 6 In the early 80s an Anglo-Australian partnership won the mixed doubles title in the French Open tennis, but failed to repeat their feat in the Wimbledon final. Which partnership?
- 7 Who was the vice-captain to Douglas Jardine on England's so-called 'Bodyline' tour of Australia in 1932-33?

ANSWERS

- 1 Roger Bannister (who ran the first under 4 minute mile) himself
- 2 1957 Emmen, Holland
- 3 Basketball
- 4 A leap or pose with one leg bent and the other held straight back
- 5 Yuri Sedykh who threw 80.38 m on May 16, 1980
- 6 John Lloyd and Wendy Turnbull
- 7 Bob Wyatt

CHESS

Anand's qualification for the candidates makes him the hottest property in Asian chess. He did it comfortably, securing third place despite two early losses. This was probably his best game.

White: Anand Vs Black: Rogers, Manila Interzonal '90

1 e4 e6 2 d4 d5 3 e5 b6 4 Bb5+ Bd7 5 Bd3 c5. This is rare sub-variant of the Advance Variation of the French Defence. Black wants to exchange his bad bishop with Ba6. White is prepared to expend a tempo to prevent that.

6 c3 Nc6 7 Nf3 f6 8 0-0 f6 9 d5 Qc7 10 Re1 Nb6 11 c4! d4. Both sides have done their utmost to control the e5

point and white has won that battle. Now he forces Black to stabilise the centre with his 11th move.

12 Na3 a6 13 Be4 0-0-0 14 Nc2 Nf7 15 Bf4 Be7 16 b4! g5. White starts a pawn storm against the Q-side and black reacts in the K-side. White's attack is bound to come quicker for he has more targets.

17 Bg3 g4 18 Nfd2 Nxe5? Taking the king pawn this way is very risky. Should black open lines for the white bishops? 18...cb4 may have offered better defensive chances. After this a classic pawn storm occurs.

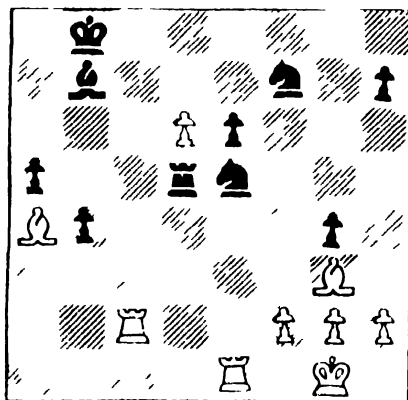
19 a4 cb4 20 a5! ba5 21 Nxd4 Bc5 22 N4 b3 a4 23 Nxc5 Qxc5 24 Bc2 a5. Having sacrificed his entire queenside white starts recovering his investment with control of all the open lines into the bargain.

25 Ne4 Qc7 26 Bxa4 Bc6 27 Qc2 Bb7 28 c5! Now the threat of Nd6 will win material.

28—Rd5 29 Bb3 Rhd8. Black must give at least the exchange to maintain his hanging knight on e5. White is in no hurry to take it yet. 30 Rac1 Qc6 31 Ba4 Qc7 32 Nd6+ R8xd6 33 cd6 Qxc2 34 Rxc2+ Kb8. See Diagram.

Even though white is winning he has to find an exact sequence. The obvious 35 d7 Ka7! would complicate matters because of the back rank threat.

35 Bb3 Rxd6 36 Rxe5! (1-0)
36—Rd1 + 37 Re1 + is a neat trick.
Devangshu Dutta



BRIDGE

On the very first board of the World Mixed Pairs at Geneva, I

was in a contract of five clubs doubled which would be a great save against the opponents' cold heart game if I could, with AQJ986 in hand opposite dummy's K75 in clubs, manage seven trump tricks with the aid of a ruff. As I cashed the ace, LHO showed out and after ruffing with the king to avoid an over-ruff, I led a club to the nine, not noticing that (it was too early in the day for a late-riser like me) my RHO had craftily inserted the ten! My partner didn't say anything but her grimace clearly showed that she wasn't amused. Now imagine the feelings of Swedish star P O Sundelin, dummy on this hand from the richest-ever bridge tournament, the \$2,00,000 Omar Sharif Individual in USA earlier this year -

Dealer East		F W vul	
		NORTH (dummy)	
		♠ A K 5 4	
		♥ 8 4 3 2	
		♦ K Q 4	
		♣ 9 5	
WEST		EAST	
♠ J 7 2		♠ 9 8	
♥ Q 6		♥ K 4 7 5	
♦ 10 7 6 5		♦ A 3 2	
♣ J 8 4 3		♣ A Q 10 2	
		SOUTH	
		♠ Q 10 6 3	
		♥ A J 10	
		♦ J 9 8	
		♣ K 7 6	
WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
	Sundelin	Zia	Pender
Pass	Dble	1♣	Pass
Dble	Pass	Pass	2♣
Pass	3♣	Pass	4♣ (end)

The contract, though somewhat optimistic, is clearly makeable and West's low club lead could only help reduce declarer's worries. Zia Mohmood, East, played the queen, trying to preserve an entry to partner's king or jack. Now past world champion Peter Pender of USA found a play that scuttled his contract and dropped Sundelin, dummy, from the \$40,000 first spot to the \$12,000 third place. Expecting the ace to be put up by East, Pender, who was not in good health, lapsed uncharacteristically, following low. Who won the event? Why, Zia, of course! Does that remind you of Chetan Sharma's costliest ball?

Shantanu Ghose

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK



Now that Usha has retired, Mr. Nambiar is praying again! Yes, hoping that he will spot another schoolgirl in Payolli with the talent of Usha.

P.T. Usha will now have the time and the chance to display her talent in another field: sartorial elegance. Here she is, looking utterly relaxed and casual in her home in Payolli, where she waits for a Prince Charming to come and sweep her off her feet.

Powerwalking: The

PICKING up from where we'd left off last week, we're in the process of finding out why powerwalking is a better bet than running. Having already worked out the high risk of injury that we gamble with when running, we had also touched upon the superior cardiovascular and weight-reducing effect of powerwalking. For those who've joined us late, powerwalking is just walking...but with a purpose. Where you walk with determination and concentration. Where you're giving it all you've got...as opposed to the stroll you might take through a park.

As briefly discussed last week, there are three basic reasons for choosing walking to running. The first is that more of the body's muscles are brought into play when you powerwalk. When you run, the body is airborne quite often, giving the muscles a chance to relax momentarily. But this is not the case with powerwalking where the body is in contact with terra firma all the time. Not only do the muscles get no time off, more of them are involved, especially the upperbody, buttocks and groin.

The second reason stems from the fact that walking requires more steps to cover a distance than running. Therefore

walking requires more muscular activity than running. And the net effect of this higher involvement of the muscles is a higher level of calorie burnoff. Research has shown that jogging a mile (1.6 kms) in 12 minutes burns 480 calories...provided you keep it up for an hour. Powerwalking, on the other hand, burns off 535 calories at the same speed over the same distance.

And thirdly, it is also a proven fact that powerwalking gets the blood to flow away from the digestive tract, effectively reducing appetite. And as even you will agree, that's one of the most effective methods of controlling bodyweight. Of course, claims that walking causes the body to burn blood fat instead of blood sugar--leading to fat disappearing while lean muscle tissue stays on--can only make things much better for walking. After all, one of the main problems of long distance running is the high demand of blood sugar, thereby exhausting and inhibiting muscle mass. Think about it, have you ever seen a bursting-with-energy and muscular marathoner?

That's the physical part. Now there's some more good news for walkers...in the head. Just as philosophers of old recommended walking while discussing the

brainy stuff, studies have shown that walking actually encourages the production of endorphins and norepinephrines in the brain. Both these contribute to the feeling of well being and assist in stress reduction.

Similarly, the increased supply of oxygen to the brain while walking improves memory, heightens powers of concentration and



Safe Way To Fitness

stimulates clarity of thought. All things which go a long way in today's high-tech corporate battlefield.

Before we rest our case, there's one more point to be made: walk-

ing is an activity you can do even when your dentures have long stopped coming to bed with you. While running damages the body, walking is good for growing children and elderly fitness maniacs. And if you can stick with it, the basic concept of agility will almost assure you an arthritis-free retired life.

That's it. We've told you all about it, now it's up to you to decide. Sure, running's very macho and hep. But if you're looking to the best interests of your body in the long run (pardon the pun), then slow down and walk.

As a boy, I did not fill scrapbooks with his pictures. I had no poster of him on my wall. He did not invade my dreams or dominate my conversations. I had different heroes then.

As a young man, things were scarcely different. He remained on the periphery of my sporting interests. His centuries, his runs, his unquestionable genius were not of any particular fascination to me.

Yet he would not leave you alone. Somehow his presence, his existence had to be acknowledged. He could not be separated from Indian cricket, from Indian sport. He was a figure impossible to ignore. So even in a household like mine, my mother knew him, my grandmother knew him. And these were people, who did not know how many players comprised a cricket side.

He was omniscient (almost).

And he was not a flamboyant man. He possessed no great exuberant personality. Neither was he demonstrative in manner or playing style on the field. Yet with Amitabh Bachchan he must be the supreme Indian phenomenon. Was there an Indian who could not recognise him walking down a street? Never.

And so as a sportswriter he entranced me. Of what substance was this man made? Who was he? Was there a magic going on in his mind? What was a genius like? What made him what he is?

He was after all in the Indian sporting context almost unique: an unqualified success.

All of which made him

freewheeling

prime interview material.

Yet he appeared to develop an aversion to interviews after his retirement. Why, indeed, he

was a sportswriter in his own right. Requests were gently, politely turned down over the years till, it seems, my turn came.

He is tired of journalists who adopt a stance towards him before even a word is spoken



"Why do you want to interview me? Why do you want to interview me now?" came his cultured voice over the phone. I answered as best I could. He remained unconvinced: "Call me in a week's time, I'm going out of town. And think of some better reasons to convince me". I must have, although he never told me, because the following week he acquiesced. "Come to Bombay, we'll talk".

Ah, got him.

He met me at Bombay Gym, fresh after an hour of badminton, and need one say, looking good. That's part of him today, looking good. He speaks well, quickly, but always articulate. And he wastes no time, he is you know, the thorough professional. He asks me whether I want a drink. I decline. He then explains the noise level in the verandah will distort my tape recording, so would I prefer a quiet spot? I accept.

Then he asks, "Have you come here with an open mind?". And this interests me. He is tired, apparently, and quite rightly so, of journalists who adopt a stance towards him before even a word is spoken. I have no stance, I am merely a tennis writer, a feature writer, I assure him. What I know of him, is seven days of reading in the library. Certainly not enough for an opinion. He is relieved.

Ah, but I know one thing. He is a most extraordinary man. Two hours of conversation later, I am sure.

Sunil Manohar Gavaskar is a most extraordinary man.

By N. Srinivasan



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VOICES

"They claim football players are bigger now. But the same applies to tennis, basketball, or even golf. They should raise the nets, enlarge the baskets and widen the holes too. To shift goalposts would change nothing. Teams would just be more defensive."

MICHEL PLATINI, on FIFA's new concept of widening the goal so that more goals would be scored.

It's always very sad when you see a sportsman get old. We have seen recently in America, people writing off those two great tennis players Becker and Lendl, because they have lost to younger men. We have a saying in France that it's time for the older men to have their heads placed under water—kill them off if you like."

ALAIN PROST, now well into his thirties is finding it all the more difficult to chase Ayrton Senna around the tracks, is thinking of retirement in serious terms.

"It's definite that I won't go. We have a holiday from the ATP tour and I prefer to be on the beach then. I have enough money."

BORIS BECKER, has decided that he won't be playing in the Grand Slam Cup later this year, the tournament with the highest prize money.



"When I retired, I was not really putting 100 per cent in every match. Now mentally, I feel strong for tennis and I want to put my mind back to it."

BORG, now on the cross-roads once again, plans to come back to tennis and this time it's to earn a living.

"The last time I saw him, he was in an office designing clothes. If he hasn't played regular tennis, I don't see how he can come back."

VITAS GERULAITIS, long time friend of Borg is not too confident about Borg's comeback bid.

"I will wait until two weeks before the French Open to decide whether I'll play there or not. I don't feel that at my age I went to hussle with those 18-years old South Americans for three hours to win in straight sets, then I'm going to England to play Beckenham, Queen's and Wimbledon."

Though Wimbledon is still a good 8 months away, IVAN LENDL has already started planning his itinerary accordingly.

"Many of my matches were nightmares and I often wondered how I got through them, but I never thought about quitting tennis. I want to forget this year."

For STEFFI GRAF, 1990 has been a very bad experience both on and off court.



CONFESSIONS OF A TENNIS WIDOW

BY JENNIFER K. LITVACK
 A former tennis pro, the author
 confesses to her obsession with
 the sport and her husband's
 growing frustration with her
 obsession.

STORIES IN INDIAN BY RICHARD L. HAYES

Richard L. Hayes, a former
 editor of *Indian Country*, has
 collected and translated
 stories from the oral tradition
 of the Five Civilized Tribes
 and the Chickasaw and
 Choctaw nations.

Stressworld

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CONFESSIONS OF A TENNIS 'WIDOW'

They appeared to have everything—fame, glamour and two gorgeous children...but the love match turned sour when the pressure of tennis stardom took its toll.

The stunning former lover of tennis champ Pat Cash has revealed how she still loves him—a year after they split. Norwegian ex-model Anne Britt Kristiansen, the mother of their two young children, has talked for the first time of the anguish and loneliness of being a "tennis widow."

She now lives alone in Oslo, Norway, with Daniel, 4, and Mia, 18 months, while former Wimbledon champion Pat, 24, continues his career with his new love, American nightclub hostess Emily Bendit, 26, by his side.

And Anne Britt, 27, says: "I love Pat but I lost him to tennis, to his friends and to the public and I couldn't stand it any more."

She reveals how she...

WEPT when Pat left her for days in lonely hotel rooms with their two children.

HATED screaming girl tennis fans who mobbed her lover.

PANICKED when she discovered she was pregnant four months after they met in 1984.

LOVES Pat even though he has found happiness with another woman.

But Anne Britt says she could never go back to living life in the shadow of a tennis star.

"The world saw us as the perfect couple with two gorgeous children. But the image was far from the truth. I was lonely and scared most of the time, sobbing

in hotel rooms. I've put my kids' future ahead of my own happiness but I couldn't be happy unless they were.

"I was proud of Pat and

Cash and Anne Britt
admire the Wimbledon
trophy at the Champions
Ball, 1987



Anne Britt's story is an example of what tennis players' wives/girlfriends go through while their men climb the ladder of success

everything he achieved. But money and tennis are not enough. Things came to a head when I had Mia. I just knew that my jet-set days were over. Pat was well aware of my needs and he felt guilty. That's why he found us a new home in Oslo so we could be close to my family."

The couple previously lived in Fulham, West London, but within three months of moving into the magnificent \$700,000 Oslo house, Pat walked out.

The memory haunts Anne Britt. She recalls: "I just cried and cried. We had talked for 12 hours about the past, the present and the future. But there was no solution. We both knew that in our hearts. 'We were kissing and hugging

***"The world saw us
as a perfect
couple with two
gorgeous children.
But the image was
far from the truth. I
was lonely and
scared most of the
time, sobbing in
hotel rooms"***

but he had to walk out that door. If you love someone you do anything—even let them go."

For the couple, who met five years ago at a party hosted by American tennis ace Vitas

Gerulaitis in Houston, Texas, it was love at first sight.

Anne Britt says: "I saw this gorgeous man with dark hair, a suntan, lovely body and twinkling eyes. I fell for him and I think he did with me, too. It was more than just looks and sex and lust. He made me feel secure. Within two weeks we moved in together. It was a passionate, whirlwind romance.

"Pat took me to Australia to introduce me to his family in Melbourne and it was the high spot of our relationship. It was so romantic—just us in a cabin on the shore, going for walks on deserted white beaches."

But within four months of their first date, the couple were



horrified to learn Anne Britt was pregnant. She says. "Pat's doctor confirmed my fears. I said to him, 'It can't be true, I'm on the pill' The doctor just said, 'Well, you are.'"

When I told Pat, he put his arms around me and said although it was something we didn't need in our lives, he would stand by me. His parents were great. They said they would take care of me.

"I took Patrick home to meet my family and I can remember him joking to my dad, 'I'm glad you don't have a shotgun.'"

Then the real travelling started for Anne Britt and Pat on the

"If Pat had quit tennis, I wouldn't have cared. I knew tennis made him happy but I would have loved him if he had been a dustbin man."

Some days she hardly saw Pat at all.

Anne Britt says: "Patrick was ambitious. His tennis was taking off and his aim was Wimbledon. 'He would leave early in the morning and come back late at night. We had little time together and it would irritate me that after a match Pat spent time with his adoring girl fans instead of me. I couldn't help being jealous but I was never worried about him straying. When Pat is in love, he's totally faithful."

"But we had screaming matches about him not being there. He would just yell back that he had to do it, it was his job."

She says it got so bad that they even clashed over where they would spend holidays—in Norway or Australia.

Anne Britt, who presently runs a successful baby clothes boutique in Oslo, says: "I couldn't see the problems we had then, but now we realise our relationship was doomed. Something had to give. I couldn't cope with the children and his unstable life any more. 'If Pat had quit tennis, I wouldn't have cared. I knew tennis made him happy but I would have loved him if he had been a dustbin man.'"

Anne Britt says she's delighted

"He would leave early in the morning and come back late at night. We had little time together and it would irritate me that after a match Pat spent time with his adoring girl fans instead of me"

gruelling tennis circuit, from hotel room to hotel room.

She says: "I had to live the way Patrick lived but I missed having a home. I needed security for myself and baby Dan and all we got was a different hotel room every week."

1987: Son Daniel gets into the act with the trophy after his father won Wimbledon. Anne Britt is all smiles



Pat has found happiness with his new lover, Emily Bendit.

The tennis champ fell for olive-skinned Emily last year after meeting her at a London nightspot.

Anne Britt says: "I'm happy for

"I'm not living the life of a nun either. When you have been with one man for so long, it's great to have your freedom again"

comes here in the future. It doesn't upset me to see them together.

"I'm not living the life of a nun, either. When you have been with one man so long, it's great to have your freedom again. This summer



Daniel gets deeply involved after Australia won the Davis Cup in 1986

Pat. He's talked to me on the phone about Emily and he sounds

very happy.

"He says she is a very sweet and kind lady. And if she's good enough for Pat, she's good enough for me. I'm sure we'll get on. If they're serious about each other, it won't be a problem if she

I fell in love with a hunky Norwegian footballer and now I'm seeing a boxer.

"But men aren't the most important thing in my life at the moment. I want to love myself first." ●

THE HEALTH COLUMN

The main emphasis this week is not so much on exercise as eating. Before we deal with what you should eat, let's just try and deal with how much you should eat.

Let's face facts, if you want to lose weight, you have to manipulate two variables: activity (output) and eating (input). This is an and/or situation where if you increase your activity and/or decrease the amount you eat, you will lose weight. Combine more activity with less eating and you will lose weight in a healthier way. (Always consult a physician before you start a diet or exercise programme).

Appetite suppression techniques are used to help you normalise your appetite by helping you to satisfy or control your hunger drive. The goal for you if you are an over-eater, is to change your 'out-of-control' eating habits and to normalise your hunger drive. Here is a list of suggestions to help you control your diet:
1. 20-30 minutes of aerobic exercises daily:
Regular physical exertion or exercise has been cited to help

regulate the appetite centre in the brain. The body is designed to be active in order to operate normally. Exercise tends to reduce your appetite and get your body physically fit at the same time. Get moving!

2. Eat three meals a day on a regular schedule:

This one is important. You must eat your breakfast, lunch and dinner every day on a regular schedule. The body is designed to eat regularly. If you miss a meal, excessive hunger builds. To make matters worse, meal skippers never miss dinner and they will over-eat for the most inactive part of the day. For a weight loss perspective, it is better to eat a bigger breakfast and lunch and a smaller dinner. This way you will be able to burn your calories during your active hours. Oh yes and never, never eat and go straight to bed.

3. Drink a glass of lemon water, grape juice, or some other juice twenty minutes before eating. The fluid makes you feel full and the glucose is registered by the hypothalamus in the brain which makes you feel satisfied. The result is decreased appetite.

4. Drink lemon water throughout the day:

Sip this appetite suppressant throughout the day. Just two glasses is all you need to control your appetite each day. This technique also works with the hypothalamus to make you feel satisfied.

5. Drink 6-8 eight ounce cups of fluid a day.

Water is the preferred liquid. Many people confuse hunger with thirst, so drink up. Drink water between meals. Keep track of your total fluid intake. If you are more active or if the weather is warmer, you'll need more fluids.

6. Eat meals alone:

It has been found that people eat less when they eat alone. The more people at the table the more food consumed by each individual. Explanations cited: groups may increase appetite arousal and increase competition for available food. This technique works and has helped all will give it a try and you are under control.



7. Eat slowly:

Most overweight people tend to eat so fast, they shovel too much food before the hypothalamus in the brain makes you feel satisfied. So by taking it easy, you will be setting up rest periods to give your brain time to be satisfied.

8. Get busy:

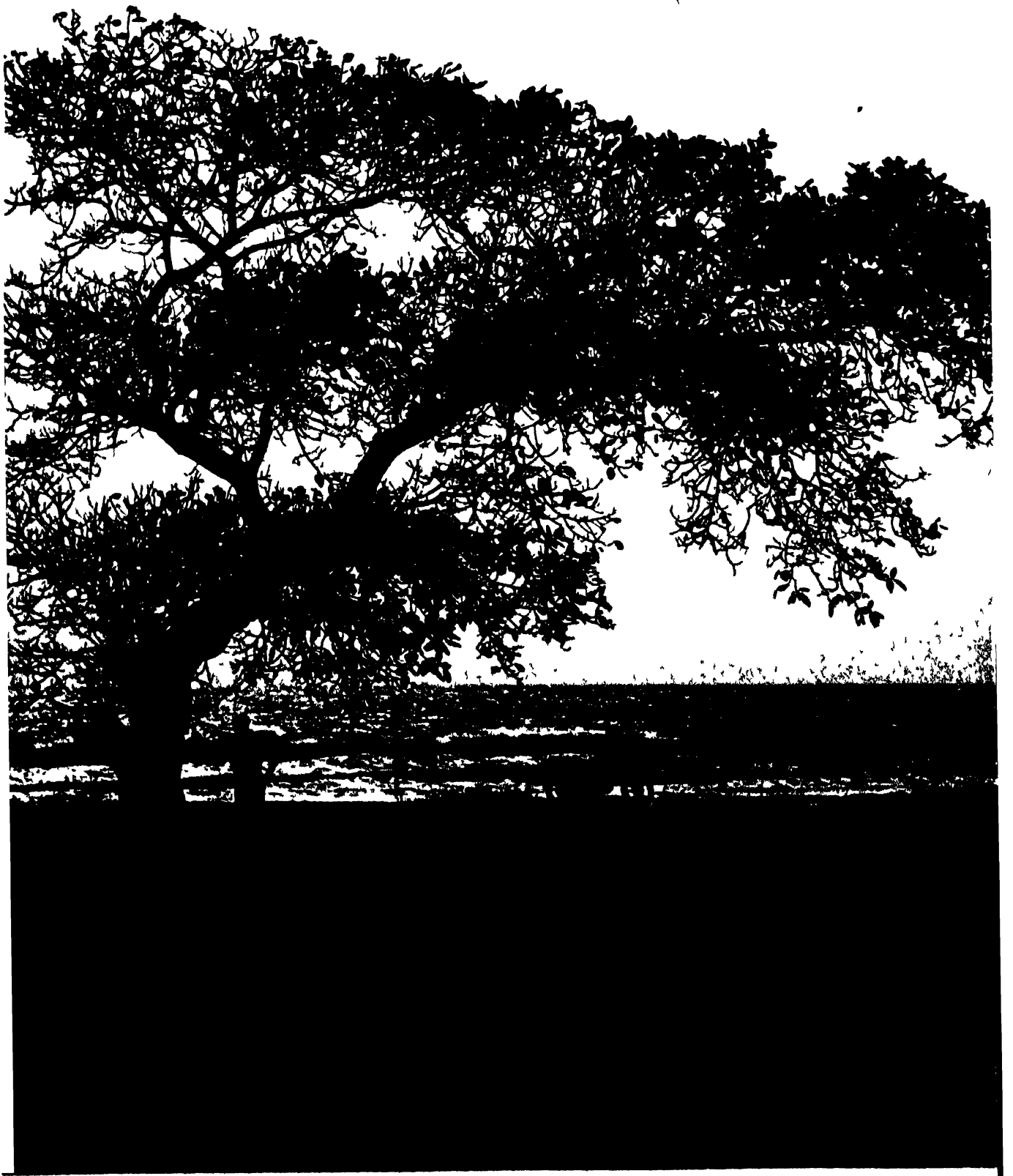
By doing a host of enjoyable activities, you will naturally be focused away from food. So get motivated and involved.

9. Relaxation techniques:

Many people eat in response to stresses in their lives and become obese in the process. By meditation, doing yoga and a variety of relaxation techniques, you will be reducing your stress and anxiety. Relaxation is an appetite suppressant.

10. Look at yourself in a mirror:

This is an appetite suppressant that may not be easy. You will have to be honest with yourself and to begin to get your body under control. ●



"From the top of the ghats I can see the lone

ZEN AND

tree on the beach below I can also

THE ART OF

see the guy on the black Yamaha

MOTORCYCLE

sneer at me I can never resist a

MADNESS

race I pop the clutch My front

wheel paws the grey morning air Our bikes

scream down from mountain to sea Then

suddenly I am alone Who won? Who lost?

Who cares?



Some people would never dream of buying a motorcycle engine oil like Castrol Super TT. It's so difficult to find, they argue. It's also more expensive than any other engine oil. But as the Zen Master and the motorcycle lover say, some things in life shouldn't be explained. Merely experienced.

CASTROL SUPER TT

TWO-STROKE OIL FOR UNCOMPROMISERS



COVER STORY

**M.A.K. PATAUDI
LOOKS AT THE
PRESENT SITUATION
IN INDIAN CRICKET
AND AT WHAT'S IN
STORE FOR THE BUSY
SEASON AHEAD**

**WINTER
OF HOPE**

UNTIL a few weeks back we had a silly cricket season on our hands for the winter of 1990-91 with no international team, no Tests, no thrills. Now we have four!

Beginning with the tour by the Sri Lankan cricket team which plays one Test match and three limited-overs games, the season meanders past a limited-overs series against the West Indies, the Asia Cup at home and a full five Tests and five one-day games against Imran Khan's Pakistan from January onwards.

Before this international starts, it is time to put the past, present and immediate future of Indian cricket into a clearer perspective. Much as we have gone into ecstasies over Tendulkar's cover drive, or extol the patience of a Manjrekar, or remark just how well Shastri has fit into Gavaskar's footwear let us not forget one thing: that most of our joys in the last season and a half have come from the batting side of the Indian team. Seldom has the cheer gone up for our bowlers—Kapil Dev, Prabhakar, Wasson, Kumble, V. Raju and the like.

Why is this happening? One of the important reasons is that it has always suited the BCCI to prepare wickets that will suit the country's bowlers. In our case this has always meant that we should prepare pitches to aid the spin bowlers because, now that Kapil is no longer the bowler he was, our fast bowling strength is negligible.

Besides, once you leave grass on a wicket the chances are that the fast bowlers from the opposing side will exploit it better than your own lot will. And you eventually have a scenario in which not the bowlers but the batsmen in your side are lobbying strongly that either a batting track is laid or spinners be permitted to have a field day. This theory was relevant in the Seventies when our strength was in our slow bowling and it suited us to prepare pitches where the ball kept low and turned and proving the undoing of many a aggressive batsman. For the record, we beat Tony Lewis' MCC in 1972-73 at home, got the better of the New Zealand team in 1975-76, beat Kalicharan's side in 1978-79, confused the hell out of Kim Hughes' Australia in 1979-80 and upset Asif Iqbal's Pakistan in that same season. We lost only two series in the Seventies at home—against Lloyd's West Indies, which was one of the strongest sides to have toured India and even the stingiest of critics will concede that the Indian side gave the West Indians a very good run for its money. We lost the first two Test matches, squared the next two and lost the fifth! But yet, we were badly done out against Tony Greig's side in the 1976-77 series, losing 1-3. Sadly we don't have the same kind of spinners but interestingly, the formula persists. They still prepare turning tracks and if the last series against New Zealand in India is any indication, the chances are that against Sri Lanka

The fear is that if one-day internationals in their present form with a traditional backdrop result in fewer spectators attending—we might just be killing the golden goose by expecting it to lay eggs overtime.

in November we might as well see a pitch turning from the first afternoon and our young spinners running riot.

The one-day internationals intervene immediately after. We play five matches against the West Indies and go bang into the Asia Cup. The Cricketers' Association may have an interesting comment to make about this spate of internationals because many a current cricketer has publicly complained about the exacting nature of such matches.

This is an important point because theoretically when one would expect that all our players would be dogtired and worn out, they go into the series against Pakistan, currently touted as the world champions. Will our players be in the best of physical health to stand up to the five-Test series? Or is our ability going to be largely decided by the outcome of the Asia Cup i.e. if we win we go in with an advantage and vice versa.

The interesting highlight is the Board's preference for one-day games over Test matches. One assumes that there is primarily a financial motive behind it. If this is so, it is a sign of changed times. There are days when a one-day international revolves like a satellite around the central body of a Test match. These days it is the other way around, the proportion rising to 1:3 for the series against Sri Lanka. For the short West Indies trip, the ratio is 0.5:1.

The worry is not whether we should promote one-day internationals at the expense of Test matches or vice versa; the fear is that if one-day internationals in their present form with a traditional backdrop result in fewer spectators attending—it happened during the Nehru Cup, for instance—we might just be killing the golden goose by expecting it to lay eggs overtime.

The solution could be to go in for a flashier, Channel-9 get-up with changed appearances, changed timings and changed everything. Perhaps then, there could be a revival of cricketing interest in this country, who knows? As told to Mudar Pathan



PERESTROIKA

THE BCCI

Will Shastri bowl,
bat or get booed?



A

l last it seems that the BCCI has found its Gorbachev!

If you take the invitation by the Board to Kapil Dev and Azharuddin to attend one of its recent technical committee meetings to represent the players' collective opinion as a sign of

changing attitudes then *perestroika* has finally hit the most abused sports organisation in the country

About time too. The BCCI, the richest sports organisation in the country, has somehow never been high on the popularity ratings. If

the *janata* is dissatisfied with a particular exclusion of a player, the BCCI gets criticised. If Sunil Gavaskar finds a loophole in the Board's contract with the players, the BCCI gets column raped. If institution bashing is the right word, then the BCCI has been seen to

have fumbled all the way Its selectors were as the public saw it nincompoops its office bearers on a

overlooked I know it is a little too early to shoot one's mouth off but be prepared for a surprise

easy communication between the two Both of us are working towards the same goal In pursuit of it I would like

to receive proposals and suggestions from a wider section of people My attempt will be to consult as many people

Madhav Rao Scindia and Jagmohan Dalmiya have given the BCCI a slick new image with their professional attitude, but there is still much work to be done



perpetual expense account roll its secretary or president invariably a political *muga* and every official statement of the BCCI a 180 degree reversal of a previously stated intention or fact And yes whatever good that it did was conveniently

in the coming year This masochistic image of the BCCI is going in for a renovation Player complaints will taper off the BCCI may finally begin to get smoothly professional clowns masquerading as board officials may not be seen or heard of again and the crisis of communication between the players and the administration may be a thing of history

Why am I a committed pessimist going bullishly berserk?

Just as the stockmarket man looks for early signs of whether the market is going down or up this writer has fished around for the morning smoke signals that this BCCI has been sending out As if two senior cricketers attending the BCCI meeting was not enough the Board president Madhav Rao Scindia's interview in *The Times of India* recently revealed some interesting comments

The Board and the players he said must realise that they are two arms of the same body There should be clear



Madhav Rao a new image for the BCCI

THE BCCI may finally begin to get smoothly professional; clowns masquerading as board officials may not be seen or heard of again; the crisis of communication between players and administration may be over

as possible Even somebody who is an ardent enthusiast

One wonders then whether there is any need for a Players Association when you have a Board president who says the players can walk in and discuss anything under the sun with him (compare this with the previous Board president who consistently sent out inconsistent signals so much so that the players never knew whether he wanted to talk but the Board wouldn't let him or whether he didn't want to at all)

If the brains in the BCCI want to phase this Cricketers Association out then all it has to do is grant almost every possible demand (not



Azhar cannot, and does not, duck responsibility

the right word, Arun Lal would say), so that eventually a much-fired and inspired association has really nothing to fight about. Once appeased, there is the danger that the Cricketers' Association will have lost much of its motivation and sting. Until, of course, Scindia and Dalmia are voted out of the BCCI next year, the players develop a certain insecurity complex and whoa, someone wakes up and realises that there is need for reviving this Cricketers' Association.

One of the more embarrassing aspects of Indian cricket is how the Indian team plays like tigers at home but packs up once it sets foot abroad. The linked debate whether we should change the nature of our wickets with the help of specialised groundsmen is not a contemporary subject, it was raised as early as the Fifties by a variety of cricket persons, including

Richie Benaud in a book on the state of international cricket.

The Nineties have begun and we are still beating around the bush. Inevitably, batsmen who score 200s in first-class matches on our domestic circuit will get selected for the Tests and one-dayers and do little else besides fielding at third man and making the long walk between the middle and the pavilion.

There is this disparity in playing ability in India and overseas that has prompted the theory that our cricketers are excessively molycoddled at home. If Pakistan can produce an Akram, a Waqar Younis and Aqib Javed almost overnight and turn them into champions (Younis was 'sighted' only last October and has since gone on to play in his first county season!) then there must be something radically wrong this side of the border. So it's not just money and accounts and ticket sales and ad revenue that our newly-ushered committee will have to handle; their headaches

will have to include preparation of pitches, umpires, team payments, team performances and ... (the list is endless).

If there is one BCCI batch that can breathe glasnost into the country's cricket it is this Scindia may turn out to be just the

Too many batsmen, too

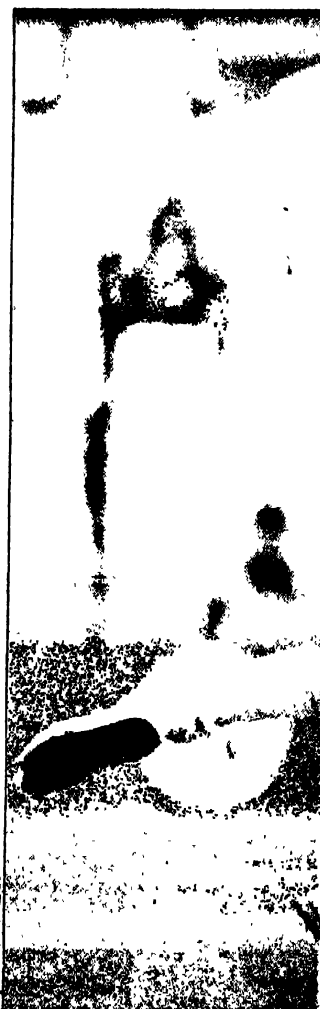
FROM the Seventies when the Indian team had veered around to the extreme-too many class bowlers and too few class batsmen-we are finally teetering on the brink of another. Too many class batsmen and too few class bowlers.

Bishen Bedi said a couple of years ago: "How could we afford to be attacking in those days? Half the time the Indian bowlers would be begging their batsmen to give them a decent total to bowl for."

Sunil Gavaskar in his recent interview to this magazine summed up how things changed only a few years later. "My team's strengths were such that I was not going to be able to win a match, because I didn't have the bowling...it was well known to Indian cricket lovers, if they were honest enough to themselves, that apart from Kapil who was the only matchwinning bowler who could run through a side (there was no one else)."

The scenario is unchanged today except for one addition-the batting has become stronger

than ever. You have to choose a side from Sidhu, Shastri, Vengsarkar, Azharuddin, Manjrekar, Tendulkar, and Raman. And then you have to drop someone like Arun Lal, who has probably had a better domestic season than any cricketer in the country. You have to



PATRICK FAGAR

smooth-taking liberal that we require, and secretary Dalmia the most slickly efficient board official after Anthony D'Mello.

If these two cannot move mountains, we might as well give up hope. The only possible blot on their report card in this long season of

1990-91 may come from the Pakistan tour of India; Imran's mat (c) h-yatra does not look like getting too far with the likes of L.K. Advani,

Vijayeraje Scindia (irony!) and Bal Thackeray waiting to convert any straw into political capital. But that is another story

few bowlers

phase out Srikanth and actually not be affected. Not surprisingly, experts rated the Indian team that went to England this year as the best-ever batting line-up to have gone abroad. No exaggeration.

The bowling meanwhile embarrasses. Kapil

Dev struggles to take wickets. Prabhakar may keep confusing all the batsmen in the world but surprisingly cannot hit the stumps often. Kumble is yet to hit the big time. Hirwani says he is trying better than ever but sadly... Venkatramana has made two tours abroad without making a dent.

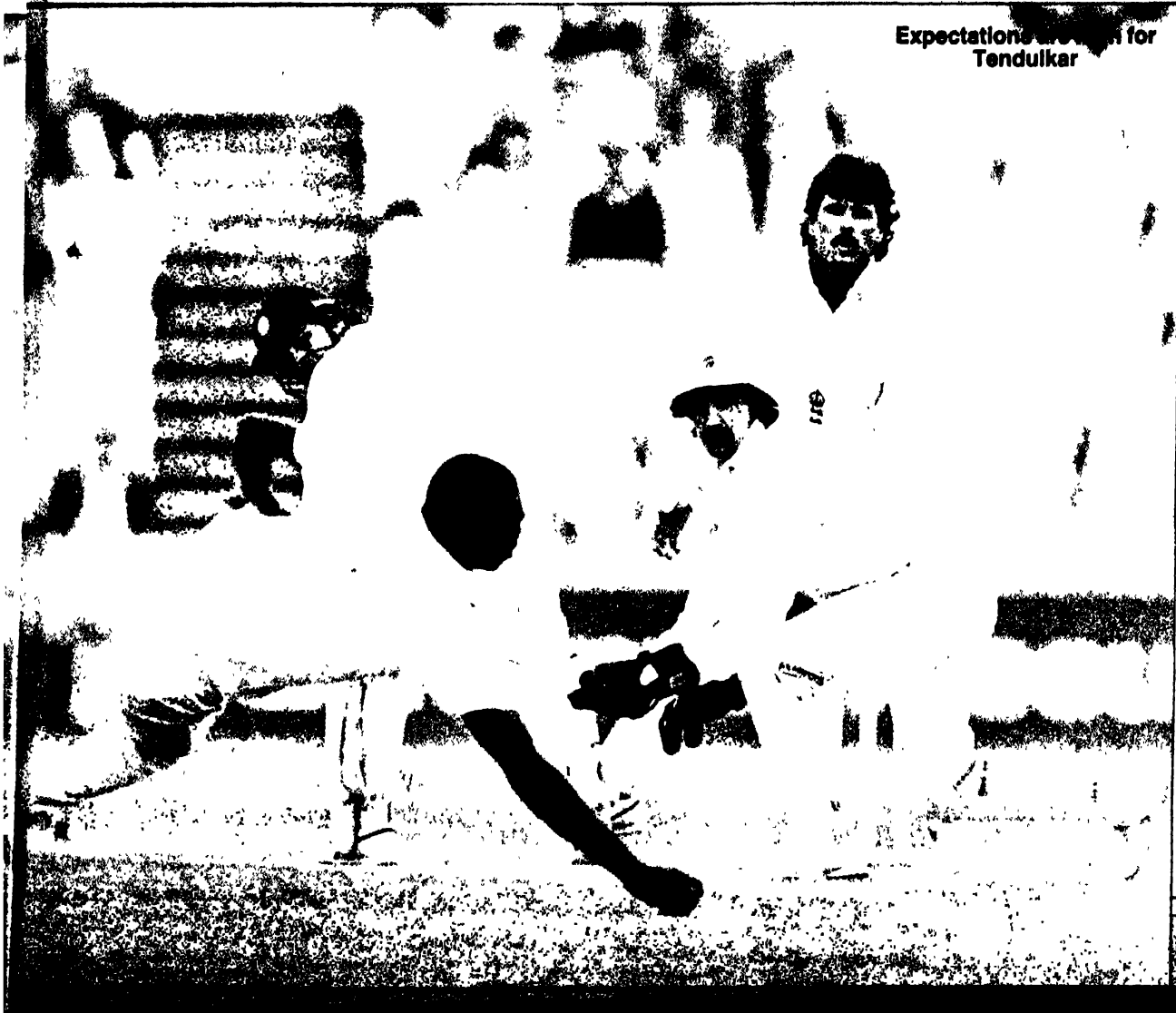
Wassan is rated highly but is yet to fire any hope among his countrymen. Ayub is a game battler but out of the side. Razdan took 5 prized wickets in the Sialkot Test last year but has not played again.

What does one make of this? One, that if India and the

opposing sides this winter play to the best of their potential, we have nothing but drawn Tests in store for us. Unless, of course, if there is an upset, a team collapsing unexpectedly, that is.

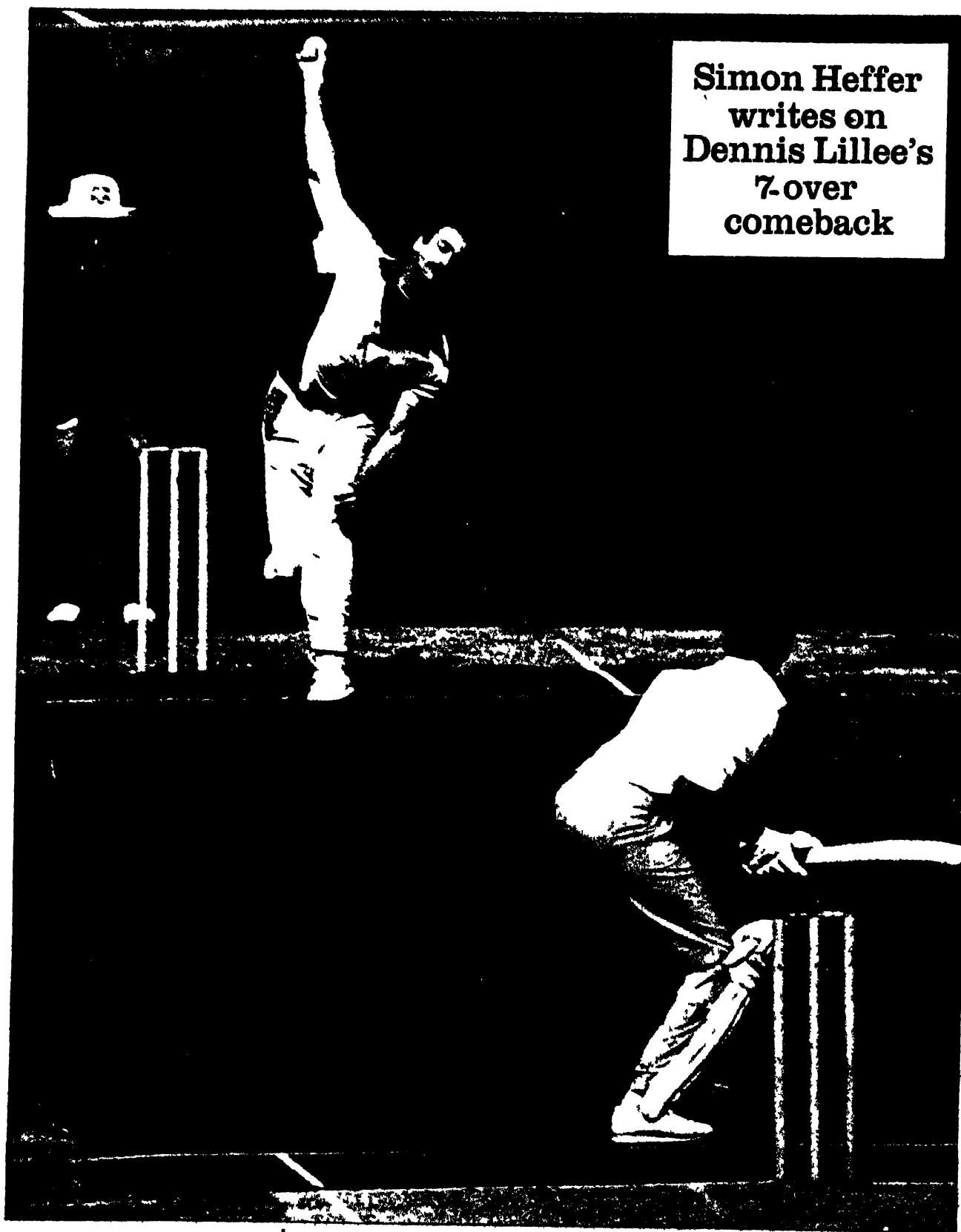
On such scraps of fortune must depend the fate of Indian cricket in 1990-91.
Mudat Patherya

Expectations are high for Tendulkar



'A real champion

**Simon Heffer
writes on
Dennis Lillee's
7-over
comeback**



flexes his nostrils

T

HE souvenir programme for England's first match of their Australian tour abandoned all restraint when it came to describing Dennis Lillee.

"A real champion," it said of the greatest living Western Australian,

who came out of retirement to play for the WA President's XI against the tourists at the picturesque Lilac hill ground.

Lillee himself is somewhat picturesque these days. He is sparse on top and greying at the edges, though at 41 is still lean and fit. The scowls of old, when he used to chuck his aluminium bat and talk about the joy of hurting batsmen, have been erased by the genial charm of a comfortable early middle age. Where he once was the exemplar of the demon bowler, now he looks like one of those grizzled stockmen familiar from the films of the late Chips Rafferty.

Lilac Hill hopes to become the Arundel of Australia, with all touring sides opening their schedule there. The danger is that the sides will enjoy themselves so much they will be reluctant to leave.

More than 9,000 packed the ground causing a six-mile traffic jam back into Perth along a freeway dotted with pleasing late Victorian colonial buildings. Half the ground was taken up by gaily-coloured sponsors' tents, the other half by a boisterous crowd full, no doubt, of fans attending spurious grandmothers' funerals, and they had all come to see Lillee

They had quite a wait. Once the Presbyterian Ladies College Pipe Band had performed the deluxe version of "The Rowan Tree," and a breathtakingly hideous arrangement of "Waltzing Matilda," the England side took the field

They had an early triumph when Fraser had Wood caught behind by Stewart. The public address man, whose comments after almost every ball will have surprised those with more traditional expectations, came on enthusiastically to congratulate Jack Russel, the regular wicket-keeper, who was rested from this game.

This would have been easier to understand had Stewart not wintered with the Midland Guildford club (whose home ground Lilac Hill is) for eight seasons.

This was not the last example of the PA man's tact. Andrews, the next man in, snicked a ball from Fraser high and wide of second slip, where Atherton made a strenuous effort to catch it. Most men would not have got close. Atherton touched it. "That's Wayne Andrews dropped at second slip by Mike Atherton," barked the PA

man, making no allowances.

Thanks to a curate's egg of a hundred by Moody (reached off the last ball of the innings), the home side reached their respectable total of 205 for seven.

After lunch the time at last came to see the great man bowl. However, a tyro called Chris Mack upstaged him in the first over, bowling Atherton second ball.

Lillee came on from the other end to huge cheers. He looked tame to begin with, and the umpire was booed savagely for calling his second ball wide. Gower, who had come in at the fall of the first wicket, then hit him for four, which almost certainly caused Lillee to bowl another wide next ball.

In his second over (by which time Mack had also removed the hapless Larkins) Lillee took off his sweater, started to flare his nostrils in the appropriate manner, and looked more his old

**IN THE SECOND OVER LILLEE
TOOK OFF HIS SWEATER,
STARTED TO FLARE HIS
NOSTRILS IN THE
APPROPRIATE MANNER AND
LOOKED MORE HIS OLD SELF**

self. He soon made one rear up nastily at Lamb—perhaps the nastiest ball of the day—but the crowd's pleasure was diluted by Lamb hitting his next ball through the covers for four.

The indignities became worse. Gower hit Lillee for six immediately after surviving a high-decibel lbw appeal. After seven overs Lillee took his sweater, finding himself in just the right place on the boundary to goad Lamb as he returned to the pavilion after being caught off Moody for 22.

The crowd, who had smelt a possible victory at 63 for four, became less cheerful as England's two inexperienced batsmen, Stewart and Morris, put on 142 to secure victory, each batting with great ease by the end.

The first chorus of "All Poms are bastards" was heard at 171 for four. As the score approached 200 the noun changed to one unrepeatable in a family newspaper.

Lillee bowled the last over, and had the winning run hit off him. Grinning in the pavilion afterwards, he said none of us would catch him doing this sort of thing again.

The Indians, though, are apparently due at Lilac Hill about this time next year, so we shall see. ●

INDIAN HOCKEY



Goalmouth excitement during the India vs Pakistan match at the Beijing Asiad

LESS TALK, MOR

T

HE Indian hockey team's performance during the Beijing Asiad could hardly be termed brilliant. However its display in the final against Pakistan was more than satisfactory in the sense that no hockey pundit had given India more than 15-20% chance of an

The spate of recent allegations are doing nothing but hurting Indian hockey



At least there was a honest attempt to make a match of it

That the Asiad hockey gold continues to elude us is obviously hurtful, but realistically, I do not think we had much of a chance against the much-improved Pakistan side

What is important is that we have shown a definite improvement in the last 6-8 months. After a dismal World Cup in Lahore, we did reasonably well in the BMW tournament and then at the Asiad.

In fact, we should have immediately concentrated on preparing our team for the

That the Asiad hockey gold continues to elude us is obviously hurtful, but realistically, I do not think we had much of a chance against the much improved Pakistan side...

qualifying rounds for the next Olympics. Instead, the whole country has been shocked by the distressing allegations and counter-allegations by the players, captain and worst of all by the manager himself.

Only this year we had seen the unseemly fight between the players and the captain on one

had revolted against the appointment of M P Singh as captain.

Then, with the formation of the Indian Hockey Players Association, I for one thought old scores would be forgotten and a new beginning made, with more attention being paid to the game itself.

Yet immediately after the Asiad, the first salvo was fired by Thoiba Singh. He not only stated that he was deprived of his legitimate claim to captaincy, but also accused his captain Pargat Singh for letting down the team by playing in the final. He then added that if he was captain, he would not have played Pargat Singh in the final, as Pargat was unfit. And that further more as captain, he would have brought glory to India by winning the Asian final against Pakistan. He also accused Jagbir of playing selfishly for personal glory.

Perhaps Thoiba did not realise that nowadays the whole country can see matches live on television, enabling us to judge the performance of the team and the individuals ourselves. We do not have to depend on the sole reporting of an individual pressman or the opinions of the manager and coach.

Thoiba has seen better days as a player and his ultimatum to the Indian Hockey Federation (IHF) was in bad taste. He should concentrate on keeping his place in the team before making any bids for captaincy. But the worst has been his needless criticism of his captain and his teammates.

The rejoinder from the IHF president, rejecting Thoiba's ultimatum, was sensible and the matter should have ended there.

But the worst was yet to come—and that too from Gulfrane Azam, the IHF vice president, chairman of selection committee and Beijing team manager.

He publicly held Pargat responsible for India's defeat, stating that Pargat failed to play according to the plan devised by

E ACTION

upset victory. Whereas Pakistan's passage to the final was full of emphatic and confident team work, the Indian team struggled simply because there was no cohesion between the struggling half-line and the disjointed forwards.

But in the final, India's shock 1-0 lead and courageous efforts when down 2-3 in the end, gladdened many hearts in India.

side and the IHF management on the other side. The players had refused to attend the IHF camp, and the IHF then introduced the novel and ridiculous idea of "open trials." The so called "present Indian established players"

refused to attend these trials and ultimately the IHF had to give in, on the intervention of former Sports Minister Bhakta Charan Das. Prior to this Pargat Singh

him and coach Jhamanlal Sharma. Hence, India lost a golden chance of winning the Asiad hockey title. The team management apparently decided that the penalty corners were to be taken by Jagdev and Mohd. Arif and not by Pargat. But Pargat, instead of giving the specialist job to Jagdev and Arif, took the last four penalty corners himself, failing to convert any. The manager also accused Jagbir of not doing his job properly. He was to mark Pakistan's quicksilver and scheming inside left Shahbaz Ahmed closely, and his failure to do that cost India the gold. The manager also alleged that he knew of Pargat's injury and unfitness only after the match. This appears strange if you consider that the whole country knew prior to the final that Pargat was not fully fit, as he has not completely recovered from the injury sustained in the semi final. This was time and again announced by both the television and the radio commentators before, during and after the match. How then was the manager unaware of the injury or fitness status of his captain? Even if true, I believe all these accusations and faults of the team and individuals, should have been dealt with by the manager in his official report to the IHF executive. He had no business to air his views in public and restart a controversy once again.

No sooner had it appeared in print, than a rejoinder and rebuttal came from Pargat Singh the very next day. He not only denied his manager's accusations but also questioned his technical capability and knowledge.

Pargat explained that he only resorted to indirect taking of the penalty corners himself when the regular pusher of the ball was taken off the field, and Jagbir began pushing the ball too slowly for Jagdev to take a proper hit. Pargat further explained that both the manager and the coach knew of his injury, and that the team doctor was giving him injections for it.

The final statement then came from Jagbir.

Pargat, even today, though slow, is the best full back in India—and the only world class player we have

He flayed the manager for going to the press and blaming Pargat and Jagbir for the defeat against Pakistan. Jagbir clarified that he essentially being a centre forward, could not have been expected to play a partly defensive role of marking Shahbaz. He said that after R. P. Singh's

What is important though, and relevant, is that India has shown a definite improvement in the last 6-8 months. After a dismal World Cup in Lahore we did reasonably well in the BMW tournament and at the Asiad

replacement, he had to play all out in the attack and that in fact, Jude Felix should have been in the starting line up to begin with. All these statements from the manager, captain, Thoiba and Jagbir, have obviously not been of any help to Indian hockey. It has only left a bad taste in the mouth.

For me, the redeeming feature is that my good friend, coach Jhamanlal Sharma, has not opened his mouth so far and gone to the press. Being a former Olympian he knows that he has the responsibility of building this side, and as I said earlier the team has definitely shown improvement in the last few months.

I tend to agree that Jude Felix should have started the match and that Jagbir should have played as centre forward. In fact I had written exactly this prior to the final, and there is no question that Jude would have been the right person to mark Shahbaz, as he was already being thought of, and played, as a half back. We wasted





Tholba Singh

Jagbir as an inside right, as he is neither a distributor or schemer of any use as a marking defender. He is best suited as an attacking centre forward, simply and there he is the best we have in that position.

Pargat, even today, though slow, is the best full back in India—and the only world class player we have. My advise to him is to concentrate on his game for a few more years and to avoid further controversies.

The most vital issue in my opinion, which needs to be addressed very quickly, is whether Indian hockey is willing to take a realistic look at itself. To label themselves as 'world champion class' or 'Asia's No. 1' as some dreamers are wont to do, is both counter-productive and dangerous. We must realistically review our strengths and weaknesses and once having identified them, must proceed from there.

For instance, we have only one competent full back, a lack of

Tholba Singh not only stated that he was deprived of his legitimate claim to captaincy, but also accused his captain Pargat Singh of letting down the team in the final

talent on the left wing, and a mediocre half-line. These are areas where we must focus on, and if need be, make some changes.

We must accept that Pakistan, at present, are a more complete side than us, and that we are also not one of the world's best 6

teams. That, to begin with, should be our target—qualification for the Champions Trophy, where only the world's six best teams participate.

It is also imperative that technical matters are handled by people who are aware and educated about hockey rather than by laymen.

We perhaps are the only team in the world where except for the selection committee/coach, no other post in the Federation is held by a former hockey player.

In addition, the Federation requires a think tank (Pakistan has had this for 15-20 years) who can oversee the working and progress of the team.

So, if we can do all this and refrain from ugly slanging matches and work step by step, there is no reason why India cannot once again be a force to reckon with.

But let's not be in an unnecessary hurry.

Gurbux Singh is a former Indian hockey captain, Olympic gold medalist and selector.

At the Eye Of A Hurricane

BAHADUR PRASAD is the most villified athlete in India today. Coaches, journalists, officials have mocked him ceaselessly. Often, it seems without reason. They say that our national 1500m champion was irresponsible and immature in his attitude and performance in the Asian Games. They say that he was more interested in an off-the-field romance with 800m runner Sunita Kumari from Haryana. They said that he was uninterested in personal performance. And all the extreme reactions was because Bahadur Prasad was considered a strong bet for a gold medal in Beijing. Prasad spoke to Asim Handa in Delhi recently.



On his being villified by everyone

No longer does anyone care or remember that I broke a 20 year national record in the 1500m last year. No one even bothered to remember that the Beijing Games was my first taste of such a big event. No one cared to know why I had not run any international races in the six week period between the domestic season and the Permit Meet (just before the Asiad). All that people and officials were bothered about was that I had failed to win a gold in China. So I was branded a failure on account of one race.

On his being among the favourites to win the 1500m gold

Who says, I was the best in the field? I had the third best timing in the field. The Japanese Arata, had the fastest time of 3:38 and Mohammed Sulaiman, who had run more than 25 races in Europe this year, had a best of 3:40. My own best was 3:41.98 run in Belfast.

Of the problems he encountered in Beijing

I was never made to feel that I was cared for. Even the coaches, with the exception of Mr. Saini, stayed aloof as far as I was concerned. My race plan was discussed just once. And frankly, I did everything that I was asked to do. In the race, the coaches expected the first 800m to be run in 1:59.

Sunita Kumari (638) with whom Prasad was supposed to have had an affair in Beijing



NIKHIL BHATTACHARYA

Bahadur Prasad taking an early lead during the 1500m in Beijing, where he came a disappointing fifth

Prasad in happier times



and I was told to stay right behind the leaders. But the first 800m was so slow, 2:05 that I had no alternative but to go up and try to force the pace. I again stuck to my plan of running 59 seconds for the third lap and giving my best in the last three hundred metres. But the four who went ahead of me had a better basic speed. So my final time of 3:46 gave me the fifth place.

About the statements of Tiger Joginder Singh to the press that 'Bahadur was a terrorist and a sex maniac', because he was having an affair with a female athlete. No one said anything about all this to me before or after the race. The coaches, I would have thought, were there to provide support to the athletes. Instead they were hurting us by saying such things. Can I not talk or be friendly with a teammate of mine? Just because she happens to be a girl, you cannot call us names. I think all this has come up because I lost. If they seriously thought that this was the reason for my losing, then as coaches, it was their duty to advise me so. If I had won the gold, even in a slow time of 3:50, then they would have claimed, that they chalked out everything for me and I had won because of them. Since I lost, it is my fault.

On the conditions in Beijing itself

I had some problems with food. I do not eat beef or pork, which is what most of the dishes had. We were taken to the place where the Indian Embassy had arranged for Indian food for the members of the contingent and there was chaos there. Many of us, including myself, were left without food as many members from other

disciplines literally pounced on the available food and finished it off. Surely, there should have been better arrangements and we deserved to be treated in a more respectable fashion. After all, we were representing the country.

On the lack of international competition before the Asian Games

Most of the other runners, especially those athletes from Qatar, Japan, China and even Pakistan had run international races before going to Beijing. And as for me, I was totally out of racing from August 10th to September 18th. And really, I don't get any competition here as I am always so far ahead by the time we approach the finish.

On his pulling out of the 5000m half way through the race

I was spiked in the third lap and I continued as best as I could. Finally, with blood coming out, I decided to pull out instead of injuring myself further. Anyway, I had not been told that I was to run the 5000m till we reached China.

On the fact that no matter the excuses, he was beaten by better runners on that day

No man is a machine. The Japanese runner, Arata, had the best time in the field yet he came sixth. And what about said Aouita. He said that he would win three golds [in the Seoul Olympics, but just managed a bronze]. I am not saying I am as good as Aouita, but I am just saying that any athlete can run one bad race and mine, unfortunately, came in the Asian Games. I hope I will be able to rectify it in the next few seasons.

Sports Management Group

Seems Like Old Times

In 1966, at the four Grand Slam tournaments, the singles titles were won by eight different people. In 1990 it has happened again. Who were these players and did they, 24 years apart, have something in common?



Edberg and Santana, good guys both

K OY

Emerson, Margaret Smith Court, Tony Roche, Ann Haydon Jones, Manuel Santana, Billie Jean King, Fred Stolle, Maria Bueno

Ivan Lendl, Steffi Graf, Andres Gomez, Monica Seles, Stefan Edberg, Martina Navratilova, Pete Sampras, Gabriela Sabatini

Two lists, eight names in each. What possibly could they have in common?

Well, what about coincidence? Or history? Or uniqueness? Or all three?

In 1966, as the first list reveals, at the four Grand Slam tournaments, the singles titles were won by eight different people

In 1990, 24 years later, it has happened again. Now isn't that strange?

Perhaps there is a link, perhaps there is not

In 1966, I was four years old, and as all my faculties were not suitably developed by then, my memory, let alone serve me correctly, does not serve me at all. So musty history books become a crutch

AUSTRALIAN OPEN: Emerson & Lendl; Court & Graf

Emerson, and not too many people know this, won more Grand Slam titles (singles & doubles) than any other wielder of the wooden (or any other) racket. In total, 28. Like an unleashed greyhound, there was a ferocity of speed in Emmo's movement, with his



Graf and Court, the power brokers

unusually strong wrists, they say, being the result of milking cows at his father's farm in Queensland. He won the Australian Open five times in sequence from 1963-67 and once in 1961. Ivan Lendl, shared with Emerson, a fanaticism for fitness, the Czech not a natural athlete perhaps like the Aussie, but 'lean, keen and trained to the last ounce' a phrase once used to describe Emerson.

If Lendl won his Australian Open with Edberg's default, Margaret Court, way back then, had a similar experience when



Sabatini and Bueno, sensuous and graceful

American Nancy Richey was similarly indisposed. Court, like Emerson, collected Grand Slam titles as people do postcards, her final count being a staggering 67. Her similarity with Graf was that both relied on power to dominate, Court with the volley, Graf, with her forehand. Yet unlike Graf, Court's terrifying anxiety attacks, which lost her the first 'battle of the sexes' to

The US Open ladies shared a common bond—both Maria Bueno and Gabriela Sabatini torched the court first, not with their play but with their sensuality



Bobby Riggs in May 1973 effectively denied her the status of the greatest that she so desired

FRENCH OPEN: Roche & Gomez; Jones & Seles

French Open champions Tony Roche (1966) and Andres Gomez (1990) share much in common, including colorful places of birth—Roche from Wagga Wagga, Gomez from Guayaquil. Both were striding, sizzling left handers, highly competent doubles players, and won only one Grand Slam singles title in their careers. And both, I hear, enjoy their native beer(s). If Gomez had a weight problem, which he rectified perhaps by working at his Ecuadorian shrimp farm, Roche's tennis elbow was a more chronic complaint, forcing him once to seek relief from a Philippines faith healer.

The ladies, Ann Haydon Jones and Monica Seles, have scarce similarities, except that is, (and this is a trait shared by all four French champions) both were left-handers too. Jones, one of Britain's few female tennis heroines was diligent, but less gifted than Seles. Although an instinctive baseliner like the giggling

Yugoslav, Jones manufactured a tough enough volley to win Wimbledon three years later, a move that Seles would do well to copy

WIMBLEDON: Santana & Edberg; King & Navratilova

Manuel Santana, Spanish and emotional, left behind for the world to cherish one of tennis' most memorable moments so overcome was Santana on winning his first French title in 1961, he burst into tears only for his defeated rival Nicola Pietrangeli to come over the net and console him, like a father would an upset son

Coincidentally if there has been a similar visual this year, it was the quasi-embrace between Edberg and Becker after their Wimbledon final Edberg, like Santana, has a wonderfully amiable personality, but unlike the Spaniard's heavy topspin from either side prefers to serve and volley If Santana's clay court style appeared unsuited to grass, he compensated for it with consistent passing shots from the most improbable positions

Wimbledon champion only once, Santana had the misfortune of losing in the first round the following year, something Edberg will surely not want to emulate

The ladies in question, winning 24 years apart were first rivals, then doubles partners and friends and now one coaches the other Billie Jean and Martina, rulers of tennis in every way,



TOMMY HINDLEY



Martina and Billie Jean, friends

dominated tennis from the 60's through the 80's Each had a well developed ego, a doubles sense and precise and aggressive serve-volley games Not surprisingly both were most successful at Wimbledon, Billie Jean winning a record 20 titles



TOMMY HINDLEY

Ivan Lendl shared with Emerson, a fanaticism for fitness, the Czech not a natural athlete like the Aussie, but 'lean, keen and trained to the last ounce', a phrase once used to describe Emerson



Lendl and Emerson took Australia

(combined), Martina close with 17 If Billie Jean's tireless efforts gave women's tennis a much deserved fillip, Martina too has been a great champion and fine role model off the court

US OPEN: Stolle & Sampras; Bueno & Sabatini

Fred Stolle, once a bank clerk, was never a legend although a Davis Cup hero—Pete Sampras, coached by a paediatrician, not yet a Davis Cup hero, has barely begun his search for greatness. If both men are in direct contrast to one another, at least their backhands, fluid and tough, allow for some resemblance.

The ladies though have a common bond—both Maria Bueno and Gabriela Sabatini torched the courts first, not with their play, but their sensuality. Bueno, balletic and graceful; Sabatini, stylish and artistic.

Bueno from Sao Paulo, Brazil and Sabatini from Buenos Aires, Argentina were singularly responsible for popularising the game in their native countries, (each a revered, shy celebrity) while adding a touch of South America to the world game (Chile's Anita Lizana who won the US Open in 1937 was also a contributor).

If Bueno's 'shocking pink' panties designed by the late Ted Tinling caused much outrage, Sabatini has stirred controversy too with her masculine shoulders and over-developed upper body. Although Bueno's deeds are more prominent, she shared with Sabatini not only a glamorous visage but also a nagging tendency to be erratic. Both, when flowing are accepted as unbeatable, yet equally capable on off days of losing to virtual non-entities.

CONCLUSION

There is one last aspect, geography, that demands a review.

The 1966 group featured four Australians, one Briton, one Spaniard, one American and one Brazilian.

The 1990 group comprises two Americans and one from Czechoslovakia, Argentina, Sweden, Yugoslavia, Ecuador, Germany.

A further analysis reveals four Australians in 1966 and none in 1990, and four Europeans in 1990 and one in 1966. Further indication of the game's shift to Europe.

Although it has taken 24 years for this pattern to be repeated, perhaps we will not have to wait that long for it to happen again. The women's game today (Graf, Seles, Capriati, Navratilova, Garrison, Sabatini) is highly competitive, and if



Graf does not pull her pretty socks up the championships could well be shared again. In the men's section, in contrast, the absence of high class talent and all court players could result in different champions again. Lendl is waning, as is McEnroe; Becker, Edberg and Sampras are fast court boys while Chang, Agassi and Muster prefer slower surfaces.

So hold onto your seats—1991 could be a helluva ride again.



Sampras and Stolle,
hot backhands

Build 'em up... Kn

THE MAN in Bedford market flour had a copy of *The Sun* in the face of his lady companion and muttered: Bloody Gazza! It's Gazza! Gazza! and more Gazza! Can't they find anything else to fill the back page with? I'm sick and tired of Gazza! He then proceeded to read every word about the mighty man of Spurs.

Meanwhile cricket ought to be grateful. The arrival of Mr Gascoigne means that those reporters who used to spend most of their lives on the trail of Ian Botham and—latterly at any rate—of Viv Richards, have had another target for the good old British newspaper custom of build 'em up

Ted Corbett analyses how Paul Gascoigne has replaced Ian

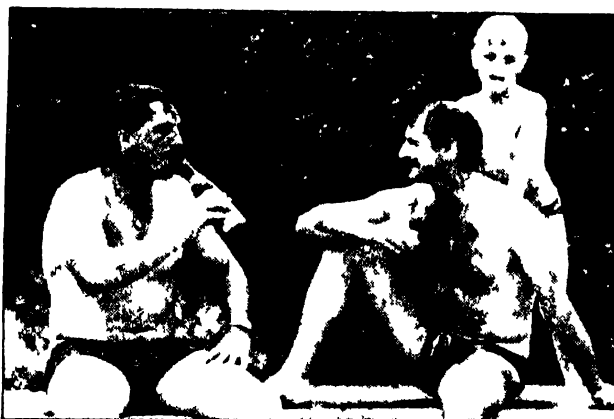
Botham as the favourite of the English Press

attention of the gentlemen in 50 bob suits as he used to call the less favoured members of my profession: he is now full of smiles and good wishes as he prepares

performance? How often have you heard praise for a professional footballer for going to a small club—as Richards has now done three times at Somerset, Rishton and Glamorgan—and giving 100 per cent? Name the last tennis player, snooker star or golfer who subjected a bad back, gammy knees and the aches and pains of a season to raising money for charity by walking 700 miles.

Yet for five years the tabloid Press of this country openly attacked Botham and Richards for moments of folly that John McEnroe, a whole raft of soccer players and several packs of rugby forwards have made seem pretty small beer. One newspaper

milked Botham of his thoughts and attacked him indiscriminately. Another chose him as the main weapon in its circulation war. The rest, without Botham's words, followed him around in the hope that he would stray. I believe there were people



Now that the British news hounds are off their backs, Ian Botham and Viv Richards can afford to take off their shirts and relax....

knock 'em down and then tramp all over 'em. I'm being sporting: heroes.

I have seen Botham and Richards in the last few days and both looked remarkably relaxed, which is a contrast worth noting. The last time I saw Viv, he looked about as relaxed as a crocodile's dinner, for he had just had his famous exchange with Jim Lawton.

'Both' is a charming companion when the moment is right and after a summer without the

for yet another walk for charity this time from Aberdeen to Ipswich.

Watching a drunken George Best on TV, mouthing thoughts that had no place in the lounge of any ordinary family—by ordinary family I mean those without the strength of mind or body to hit the off button—I realised not for the first time that Botham and Richards have been badly abused.

When did they ever go on TV and give less than a thoroughly sound, decent and sober

out to bait him—not a task to call for a mastermind—and then to earn from the resulting mayhem. From 1982 to 1988 it was a major industry until his back operation made the sob story more saleable.

When he also stopped hitting sixes and wickets and, almost at the same moment, Gazza made his appearance, the newshounds were called off and the headlines that began 'Botham bust-up' disappeared.

The image remained, of course. I had a conversation with the

ock 'em down



IAN BOTHAM'S latest charity walk, a trek of more than 500 miles from Aberdeen to Ipswich, started on October 1. Like his previous escapades, notably his epic walk from John O'Groats to Land's End, this venture is aiming to raise funds for leukaemia research.

great Scottish inside forward Denis Law in which he told me he had never met Botham, but that he would not enjoy the experience if he did. I said I had not met Best for years and from what I heard

I never finished the sentence because Law leapt to his old Manchester United teammates defence with words that Mr Ordinary Family Man, seeing only the sad sight on the Wogan show, would not believe 'Bestie's lovely bloke. The nicest guy around. Don't compare him with Botham. Anybody who has met Best will tell you.' And more in the same vein.

So, if I tell you that Botham and



Botham and Richards being out of contention, it's Gazza's turn to lap up the publicity blitz

PATRICK EDGAR

Richards are, by comparison, a credit to their profession: that in my experience they have always been helpful, mindful of their Ps and Qs, respectful to the wise men

The arrival of Mr Gascoigne means that those reporters who used to spend most of their lives on the trail of Ian Botham and, latterly, at any rate of Viv Richards, have had another target for the good old British newspaper custom of build 'em up, knock 'em down and tramp all over 'em. 'Em being 'sporting heroes.

of my calling (of which there are many) and that if their self-confidence borders on arrogance it is not a crime provided that it stays out on the field. Will you believe me?

If you do, you might cross your fingers for the health of Viv as he goes into hospital for his long overdue operation and for the success of Botham's walk.

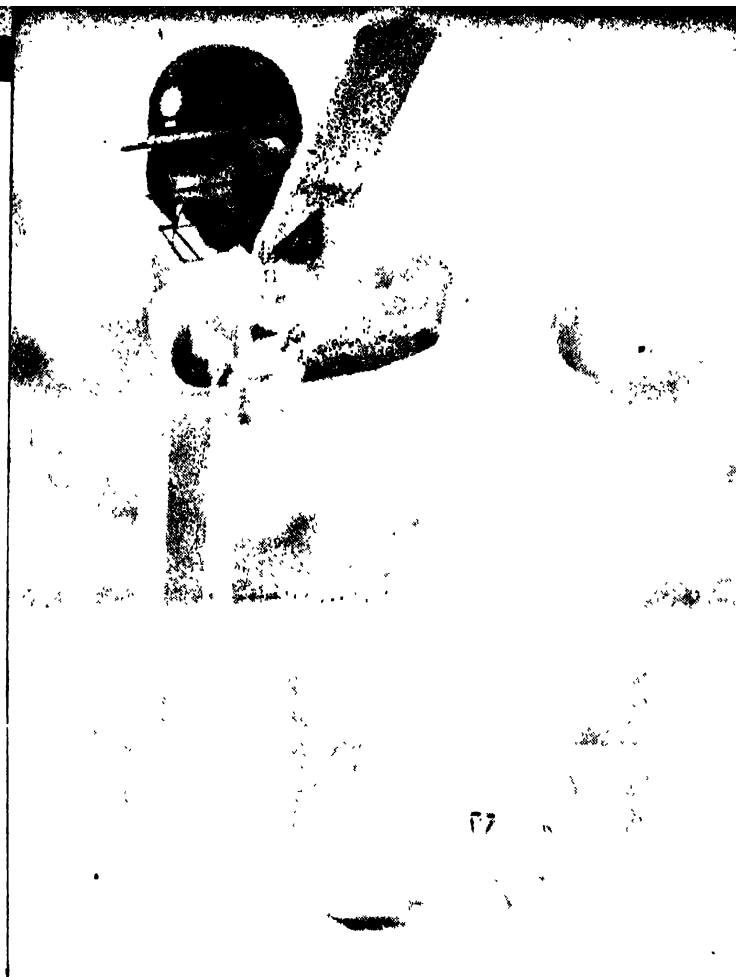
I'll be curious to see just how much publicity that walk has now that the newspapers have found a new toy to twist to their own shape and that Botham is no longer a true British hero.

Well, not to everyone that is.

WIDEN CRICKET 1 MONTHLY

CAPITAL NOTES

Journey to Jodhpur



PATRIC FAGAN

PALAM, 4.30 in the morning. Even as bleary-eyed passengers rush to get the early morning flights, a bunch of cricketers huddle outside the departure lounge closely scanning every arriving car. The search is for Madan Lal (Maddipa) who is holding tickets for the haul to Jodhpur for the Sharad Joshi (former Rajasthan Ranji player) benefit game. "Look at only white cars", suggests a player helpfully, because Maddipa always comes to the airport in a white car.

Time passes

It's about 5.00, the flight is at 5.15. Almost everyone is here. Maninder, Kirti, Ajay Sharma, Sanjeev Sharma, Atul Wassan, Ashok

SHASTRI, FRONT FOOT DOWN

THE WICKET HEAVES OVER

MID-WICKET, A HUNDRED WITH

MORE SIXES THAN SINGLES

Malhotra, Arun Lal, Yashpal, Bhaskar, Arshad, Venkatapathy Raju too, but he's off to Hyderabad. The anxious wait continues. Several white cars arrive, disgorge departing passengers. But no Madan Lal. No Kapil Dev.

Ultimately they arrive. Yes, in a white ambassador. Boarding has been announced but Kapil Dev is totally nonchalant. "Chalo bhai, sab aa gaye," he says mov-

ing briskly towards the check-in counter. Wait Kaps, someone calls out, after a swift headcount. Problem. There is an extra passenger. Consequently the group is one ticket short.

Slight panic. The flight leaves in about 5 minutes. The wait list is 100 strong. People are already boarding the aircraft. Zara roko says Kaps, purposefully striding towards the Duty Manager's desk.

Others resume their anxious wait, now inside the departure lounge.

Moments later Kaps emerges from the confab, usual wide grin on face. Matter's sorted out. An extra ticket obtained. Coolly he hands out boarding cards.

How did you do it? queries an inexperienced player. Kaps is dismissive ("Poocho Mat") but an old pro is more helpful. "Yaar yeh Kapil Dev hai. He can fix anything."

Flight time to Jodhpur is two hours. Most players doze off. Some struggle with newspapers and Indian Airlines' packed breakfast. On landing the players are met by Sharad Joshi and quickly bundled into a waiting bus. The driver, thrilled to bits on seeing the stars, puts on the latest 'Aashiqui' cassette.

te raises volume to ear-splitting level and steps firmly on the accelerator

The bus is headed for the Umaid Bhavan Palace, a five-star hotel constructed in the 1920s by the Maharaja to provide employment to people of his *riyasat* stricken by a severe drought. Made with Jodhpuri stone, Burma teak, Makrana marble the Umaid Bhavan is majestic, elegant, charming yet unopulent.

The view from the hotel built atop a hill is breathtaking—imposing fort on one side, flat rocky terrain on the other. For a city on the very edge of the Thar, there is surprisingly plenty of greenery. A local official explains Jodhpur had the century's highest rainfall this year. Once in a period of two days, the heavens opened and released an unprecedented 21 inches of rainfall.

After a quick check-in, change, breakfast, the players get back into the bus. Now joined by Sunil Gavaskar, Azharuddin, Vengsarkar, Shastri, Manjrekar, Tendulkar, all of whom had arrived the previous evening. As the players trickle in, a beige Mercedes speeds out of the hotel. "That's Gaj Singh, Maharaja Jodhpur," says one observant occupant by the bus. He is the Chief Guest at the match.

The Barkatullah stadium is half-packed with cheering fans. The scene in the dressing room is equally frenzied with autograph seekers, photographers, policemen all trying to get in. The chaos is trying (at

one stage SMG did snap angrily at a video cameraman) but does point to the fact that the cricketers in India are treated as direct descendants of the Gods. Once only the Maharajas claimed this distinction.

Shortly the players are divided into 2 teams (Azhar XI and SMG XI) and introduced to the waiting Maharaja. Gavaskar fields (because his team consists of

several players wanting to leave by the afternoon, flight to be with their respective wives on Karva Chauth). He announces his eleven, specifically indicating each member's place in the field. The allocation of field placings is well reasoned: seniors close in, juniors in the deep.

On occasions like this cricket can only be festive. The basic idea of a benefit game is that

batsmen swing their polyarmoured weapons, the bowlers get smashed, the spectators have a jolly time. But when play commenced on a slightly uneven pitch the start was quiet. No fireworks. On the contrary, there was a trace of competitiveness in the proceedings. Kaps was sharp—bowled 6 overs at a stretch, keeping the batsmen in check. Sachin Tendulkar dashed around the outfield energetically.

Shastri, a regular opener after England, initially bided his time. Later unleashed a string of aggressive shots. All pure Ravi Shastri blows front foot down the wicket, massive heave through over mid wicket. Scored a hundred with more sixes than singles.

Vengsarkar as usual was elegant and stately, his class very apparent. Example: ball on leg stump. Vengsarkar leans forward, strikes ball disdainfully through mid wicket. Ajay Sharma swatted Kirti for 6. Azad promptly lowered trajectory and started bowling flat and fast. Maninder's response on being lashed was somewhat different: he bowled from a few steps back. Prank or ploy? No idea. Could be both.

Though the cricket was largely forgettable, there were moments of interest. It was a pleasure for instance to watch SMG operate. Popular with boys, in the dressing room he back-slapped others, laughed and joked. As captain he behaved like an elder statesman, stood at first slip, applauding good shots and

WE ARE A TICKET SHORT BUT

KAPIL ORGANISES IT.

HOW? "POOCHO MAT" HE SAYS





good balls

More remarkable was the way he approached his innings. While Kapil, his opening partner, alternately swished and smashed, SMG (wearing Sachin Tendulkar's pads) was cool, composed and correct. Didn't score too many, didn't bludgeon the bowling but the purists could not have but marvelled at the man's supreme technical artistry.

Don't the muscles ache? I asked Sunil after he got out. "No they don't," he said returning borrowed pads, loosening his (Sunny) shoes, wiping sweat on his Somerset county shirt. "I play badminton regularly and that keeps me fit."

Like SMG it was interesting to watch

*SUNNY DIDN'T SCORE TOO MANY
BUT THE PURISTS WOULD HAVE
MARVELLED AT HIS
SUPREME TECHNICAL ARTISTRY*

Tendulkar. In the bus he appeared a schoolboy on a study tour. Didn't talk too much. Couldn't have because of a Sony walkman placed firmly on head. In the dressing room, despite the mayhem, he sat serenely, feet on his coffin-like kit bag, looking cool to the point of being detached. Signed a million autographs. By the way did

you know that the sensational Sachin writes with his left hand?

According to current rules a player is eligible to organise a benefit provided he has played a certain number of games. He has to fend for himself—usually the Board and state association do nothing. Consequently, players without

contacts—though needy and eligible—are unable to hold their matches.

In a way Sharad Joshi was fortunate. His bank, specially Shri Purohit, assisted him, and the Players Association organised top players. "I'm grateful," Sharad told me. "I will make some money but more importantly it is a matter of pride that all the players came here and played for me."

One has heard of gushing fans but the enthusiasm of a sponsor in Jodhpur put everything in the shade. Momentos (an eagle perched on a globe) were given to the players with the intriguing inscription "Presented with throbbing feminine love." How's that?



Bobby Charlton

MARADONA LOST TOO MUCH WEIGHT...

And that drained off his strength, says one of soccer's all time heroes, Bobby Charlton, explaining his view of Italia '90 and the changing nature of soccer as a world game, in an exclusive interview with Gautam Bhattacharya in London...

SPORTSWORLD: *These days we get to see the dominance of system over the players. A system which permits less freedom to the players. Had a George Best or a Pele played today, do you think the trend would've been different?*

BOBBY CHARLTON: Good players are good players in any system. You need good players to make the system work and not the other way round. If you had a Pele or a Best playing today I think they would've been as outstanding as they were.

But would the coaches have allowed them so much freedom as they enjoyed in their times?

I am not prepared to believe that coaches are fools. I think, they would've allowed them

to play their own game. I shall give you the example of Ruud Gullit. Don't you think if he had played in the sixties he would've adapted himself well. But in the late eighties and nineties since the accent is more on team-play, Gullit the individual performer has

Good players are good players in any system. You need good players to make the system work and not the other way a round. If you had a Pele or a Best playing today I think they would've been as outstanding as they were...

been turned into a team player...

Maybe that's the case with him because he plays in Italy where they attach more importance to defence. But then, Gullit is a fine player. And as I told you, a good player is a good player in any era. The game hasn't changed much. Good players make the game not the system. But hasn't the game changed in certain respects?

It is a little less adventurous now. Coaches are not prepared to lose. You don't get scores like we used to get in the past 5-2, 4-1... you know, in our time when people got tired they made mistakes. They gave goals away. But these days no one gets tired. Now it's defence at all

costs

One of the big changes since I started playing has been the ball. The ball is softer. It's plastic. The pitches are better.

You don't get muddy pitches anymore. We used to play under all sorts of conditions. So that way it's a lot easier physically. You no longer need to be big or strong and muscular something that was a must in the fifties or sixties. Approachwise, I would say the coaches have become very defensive. It has made the players less adventurous. The players don't take the responsibility now to do something that they want to do. They are always thinking as to what the coach would think. I mean, there are few good, skilful players who, no matter what the coach says, will express themselves. Gascoigne for instance. He played reasonably well in this system. But he is a free spirit, he likes to go all over the place. And that's exciting to watch. Unfortunately, there are less people like him today. So the game is suffering. The game has become very predictable.

If you see a Maradona or a Gascoigne doing something extraordinary, expressing himself, you really get up and admire that. But unfortunately, there are not too many of them, nowadays.

So as a spectator do you find the game very boring to watch?

I enjoy it still. It's still a fast game and easily the best game. It's the most satisfying game. The pitches have improved. I don't know about Calcutta but mostly in the football playing world you get lovely grass pitches.

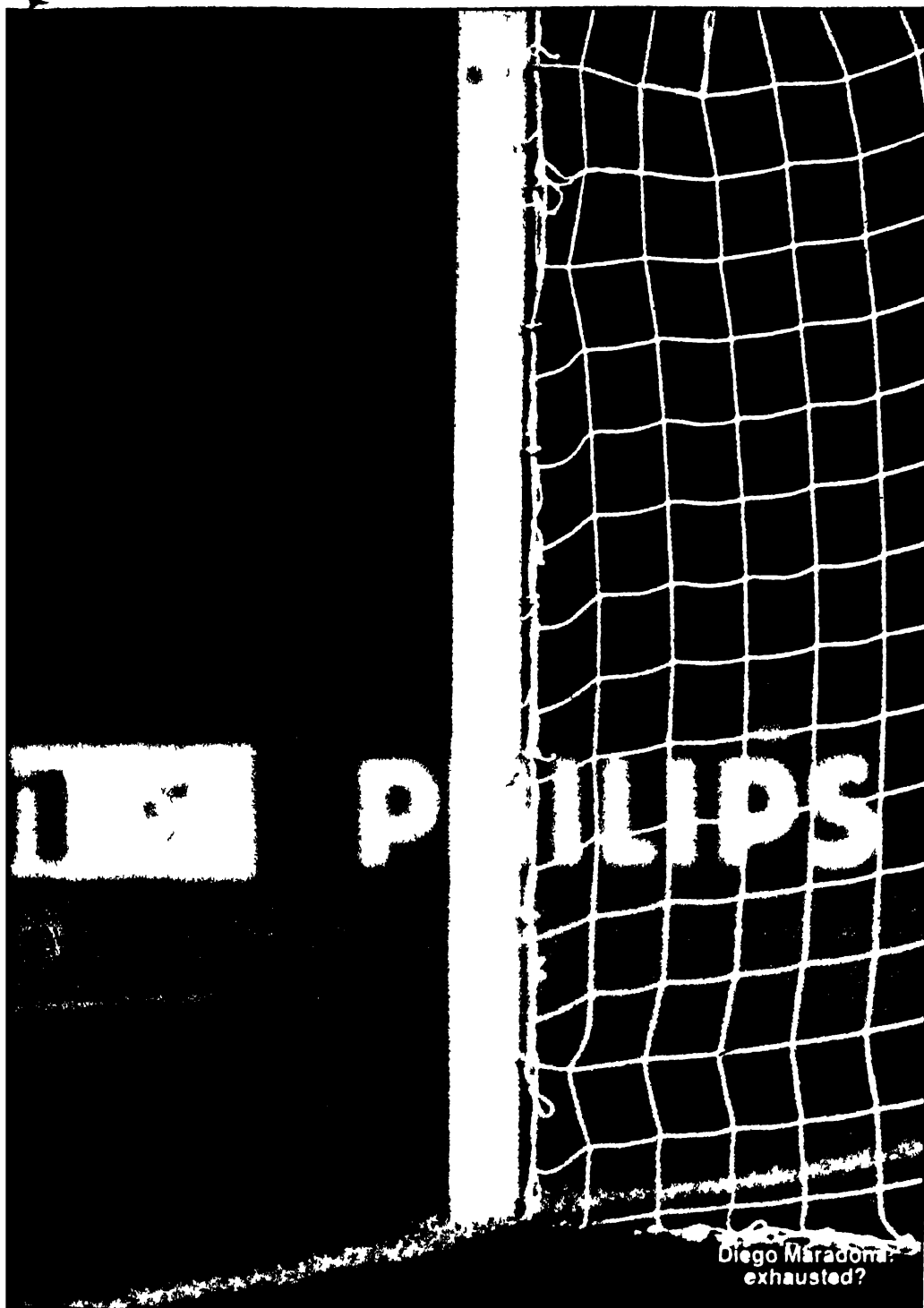
So if it goes on like this, twenty years from now could you visualise a situation where football will find it difficult to survive?

No, I don't worry too much about football. Because the coaches are very adaptable. I don't think the game will undergo a sea-change. The basic principles of soccer are so simple that even if you try to put a lot of mathematics into it you won't succeed. I personally think, it would all depend on the demands of the public. If the gates drop the coaches will have no other option but to



Bobby Charlton giving soccer coaching to a group of boys in London

change their philosophies. A lot of people were disappointed with the 1990 World Cup final. They felt if this was modern football then it's better not to watch the game altogether... That had a lot to do with the refereeing and FIFA's directives. That



Diego Maradona:
exhausted?

was certainly not the players' fault. The decision to award that penalty in favour of the West Germans in the final drew a lot of criticism. Was the criticism valid?

I don't know. I thought the decision was dubious, it mightn't have been a penalty

kick. But I also thought the spectators were happy. It was a relief for them. Whether it was right or wrong I don't know. It was a close decision.

You mean to say they wanted the better team to win? They wanted to see the team which wants to win

emerge victorious. On that particular day there was only one team which wanted to win. That they eventually did so with the help of a penalty was immaterial. What is the key word in modern football? Is it speed or strength?

It's not strength, it's a

little above. You need stamina, but that is not the most important thing. See here (in England) we play a different game altogether. Until this World Cup people thought that we were negative, unimaginative and yet we could've won the World Cup but for the penalty shootout. In Manchester United we don't play the typical English football. We take chances, we play the most adventurous football in the country because of public demand. I think our game is most attractive to watch. I think, our performance in the World Cup had come as a pleasant surprise to many. If you ask me, I think the Europeans and the rest of the world, apart from the Africans have not progressed at all. If the last World Cup was any indication, the others are falling behind. Can you foresee what kind of system are we going to see in the '94 World Cup?

It will not change very much. Practically, it would remain more or less the same. Teams will pick themselves around the players they've got. England won't change very much. We may play with a sweeper. That was very successful this time. I don't think the techniques will change very much.

But did Argentina look like Argentina in the 90' World Cup?

Well, perhaps (you're right) but then they didn't have enough good players. That was it.

Why did Maradona disappoint so much?

I thought he lost too much weight and that drained off his strength.

DIFFERENT STROKES

MONEY BUYS PATRIOTISM

WHAT a shame that playing for your country, which is supposed to be all about patriotism and true sportsman spirit, seems to have become a part of the ever increasing trend towards financial greed. In order to lure top players like Steffi Graf, Martina Navratilova and Monica Seles for next year's Federation Cup, the women's equivalent of the Davis Cup, organisers are paying \$500,000 in appearance money, based on the world ranking of the players after the 1991 Wimbledon Championship.

These bonuses will be



It looks like Graf's patriotism is up for sale

in addition to a minimum of \$253,000 in prize money for the event to be held in Nottingham, England. Graf, if she is still No. 1 at that time and decides to play—she decided to miss this year's loss making competition in Atlanta, Georgia—would receive more than \$110,000.

Ironically, players wanting to compete in the 1992 Olympics (and Graf is the defending champion) must play in next year's Federation Cup to qualify.

WHAT A BLAST!

GUYS have tried some wild stuff with cars but this one is really mind boggling. David Bray, an ex-racing car driver, is planning to break the world land-speed record for steam

powered cars.

His attempt comes with a warning. "Nobody should get close to the car when it is on the move. On full boost, it will release a jet of steam that will crumble a hu-

man body to dust 30 feet away." So stay away!

The secret of the rocket car, called the Rickman Matisse, lies in a cylinder mounted at the back of the car. When the time comes for the

supercar to blast off, a generator will heat steam to 500 degrees Centigrade and pump it into the car's cylinder. Once the tank is full the plug will come off and away the car goes.

Bray and Malcolm Pittwood, his partner in the attempt, say, "Richard Noble's (who hold the current British record) average speed was 93.94 mph. We are hoping to do 150 mph in which case we'll also break the world record for steam powered vehicles."

And if their attempt is a success, then they plan to build a car which, according to Bray, "will make the Rickman Matisse seem like a scooter."



Brady with the rocket, which he calls a car, ready for blast off

DID you know, that Australian quarantine rules are so strict that the equestrian events for the 1956 Melbourne Olympics were held miles away in Stockholm, Sweden.

And 1992 may see a re-occurrence of that incredible happening. Britain is ready to host the 1992 Olympic equestrian event, if equine flu makes it too dangerous

Face in the mud. Will this be the state of the equestrian event in the 1992 Olympics at Barcelona?



to hold the competition in Spain. The British Equestrian Federation says it hopes that the equestrian medals will be contested with the rest of the Olympics, in Barcelona, but if that is not possible they are ready to hold the events at Birmingham.

The other countries who are expected to bid include, France, Germany and The Netherlands. Officials in Spain recently confirmed reports of a fourth outbreak of equine flu 700 kms from Barcelona, jeopardising their chances

ARMS RACE

FORMULA ONE racing car driver Alessandro Nannini was having the best season of his career. An offer from Ferrari, which he turned down and seventh in the drivers championships...finally his future looked secure.

But it was just when every thing seemed to be on an even keel, disaster struck. Nannini who drives for Benetton Ford, was in a helicopter heading for his family villa at Belriguardo, on the outskirts of Tuslana city. Coming in to land, the helicopter suddenly plunged from a height of 80 feet to the ground. Nannini was found lying on the ground with his right forearm severed.

After a nine hour operation to attach his arm back the team of doctors said his condition was satisfactory but it was

still too early to say whether his arm would have to be amputated or whether he would be able to continue driving. Carlo Bufalini, one of the

micro-surgeons said, "He is awake and talking to his family and staff but there is still a risk of infection in the arm "

Alessandro Nannini of Benetton Ford, survived a helicopter accident but might never drive a F-1 car



The False

Pallab Muhury says that despite great hurdles—economical, political and environmental—Africa is already en route to a great soccer future..

“U

PSTARTS ““Outsiders with a chance” “Dark horses”

That was the general media description of Africa in the World Cup. But now they're much more than just that. They're potential champions. But that's where they'll remain in the quadrennial championship, if present problems, some insurmountable, continue to plague the continent.

Morocco (twice), Algeria (twice) and Tunisia (once), have put up splendid performances, making the World sit up and take notice. So did the indomitable lions of Cameroon (twice), and Egypt with the Hassan twins in 1990.

Let's also recall Sir Walter Winterbottom in 1962 saying, “Watch Africa. That continent will produce champions before the end of the century.” Eric G. Batty seconding this with, “Africa will leave the U.S.A. flat in the football race,” in 1974. In 1978 David Brenner supported their views by saying, “It seems reasonably certain that at some time during the eighties an African side will make a real impact at world level...”

Much of their observation has come true at the junior level. The Green Eagles, as the Nigerian



Cameroonians exult in Italy: towards newer horizons
squad is known, have been under-14 world champs nearly winning the Under-20 championships too! The fact is that the South Americans and the Europeans have been outgunned by the Africans, and the Arab states of Asia in these two competitions.

The gradually growing Africans have shown their ability at the highest levels of pro soccer in Europe and the World Cups. If only Cameroon had closed up after leading England 2-1 in Italy. If only Egypt had played their natural game against Ireland and England in their first-round games... how different the 14th World Cup would have been. And

on Flies



if only Algeria had not relaxed against Chile in 1982 after leading 3-0 at half-time, they would not have left for home after the first round (helped on the way by an allegedly 'fixed' game between West Germany and Austria)...!

It is a fact that Africans seem to perform better individually, than as teams. From the exciting Larbi

***"Watch Africa.
That continent
will produce
champions
before the end of
the century"...
Sir Walter
Winterbottom***



ben Barek of Morocco, once nicknamed as the "black pearl" and Salif Keita of Mali Republic, through Coluna and Eusebio of Mozambique and Jean Tigana of Mali and France, to Roger Milla of Cameroon, Yousef Fofana of Morocco and the fantastic Georges Weah of Liberia, now playing for Monaco of France, experts have raved over individual Africans for a few decades.


On the other hand, Zaire and Tunisia provide the counterpoint Zaire, "The Leopards" as we know them, were outclassed in West Germany, 1974. The Yugoslavs also humiliated them with a 9-0 score line at the end of their first round fixture. Brazil added three, and Scotland, two. The leopards lost their bearings after that, and never qualified after that.

In 1978, Argentina, Tunisia from north Africa made the world sit up and take notice. Playing excellent soccer, they nearly made it to round two. There was a great chance, when they beat Mexico 3-1, and drew with West Germany 1-1. An unlucky loss to the Poles, however, prevented them from becoming the first African squad to reach the second round.

But that was that. Tunisia failed to qualify after that. Those who talked of an African improvement had to swallow their words.

Realistically, Africa will find it very hard to provide a world champion. They may produce flashes of brilliance. May also produce superb individuals, but other factors will inhibit their prowess in becoming world champions in the FIFA World Cup.

**Cameroon's goalkeeper N'Kono
best in Africa**



Cameroon's Andre Blyk heads away the ball during their crucial World Cup game against Argentina.

Poverty, civil wars, politics, diseases, superstitions have retarded most of the soccer potential in almost three fourths of the huge continent..

Poverty, civil wars, politics, diseases, enervating climates, superstitions and psychological factors have retarded most of the soccer potential in almost three-fourths of the huge continent, where international and club soccer has always been dominated by the western and northern countries.

The problem with African football is that intense nationalism has usually led to unhealthy rivalries and violence in major tournaments. A World Youth Cup qualifying game between Nigeria and Ethiopia exploded in 1985. In fact, violence and rioting have become commonplace in African soccer. On top of that the (CAF) The African football Confederation is plagued by internal politics, with the black south accusing the Arab and Berber north of partiality and racism in the National Cup (held once in two years). The CAF headquarters are in Cairo, which

is resented by the black south.

Sometimes climate has been a major hazard. Malaria once knocked out the Tunisian team from the final game of the Nations Cup in 1962. Senor Barinaga, a Spaniard who once coached the Green Eagles Nigeria's squad, once became so frustrated by climactic obstacles, that he bitterly complained that within two days of choosing his eleven players, half the squad could be down with fever.

In certain parts of central and west Africa, killer diseases wipe out human and cattle populations, soccer players included! In their strange ways, superstition and witchcraft have also impeded soccer's growth. Luckily, European coaches have learned to live with this phenomenon, if not ignore it altogether.

Many clubs have their own witch doctors, who are Godfathers to players and managers alike. They too are law unto themselves.

The late Sir Stanley Rous became an eye-witness to their power in one of his visits to Kenya in 1968. A match was organised in his honour just before his departure. But it never took place! The reason? The Abaluhya club's witch doctor predicted many injuries for them if they played. The club decided not to risk their players' limbs!

On other occasions, witch-doctors are known to have conjured up visions of naked women in the opposing teams' dressing rooms to make them lose their concentration, and lose the match! A Zairean ju-ju man once put a jinx on Zambia's goal. And recent reports have it that Cameroonian witch doctors cast a spell on their group and second-round opponents in Italy. And we know the results...

Sir Stanley Matthews once coached there, and with his wife, formed the "Sir Stan's Men", a group of coloured soccer players, in whom he pinned his future African hope.

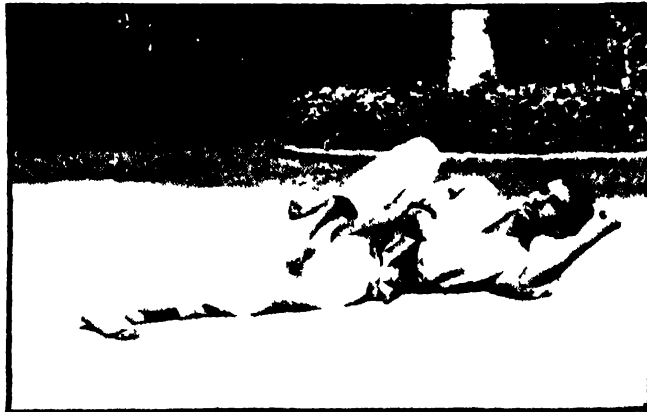
In a few days time he was writing: "Those kids were great little footballers, but they weren't a football team. That was my biggest problem. Take defence for example. None of them wanted to know about defending. To defend was somehow unmanly in their book. Black teams did not defend, black teams attacked." He added: "Somehow I had to blend my knowledge of tactical play to their native flair. If only I could do that, I told myself, I would have a team of world beaters." So that's the tragedy of South African soccer. Potential world champions. But that's where they'll remain till human rights and justice returns to that country. ●

PHOTOGRAPH BY COLORSPORT

THE POWER OF THE EMPTY HAND



From the prone position



Shift body-weight to left side using your left hand to guard your face

THIS week we are going to discuss the *Yoko giri*, i.e., the side kick. From the prone position shift your weight onto the left side with your left hand guarding your face. Then bend your right leg at the knee, with the outer edge of the foot forming a knife-edge, then kick out, upwards using the knife edge to make contact.

The kick should be aimed at the lower rib cage region. If your opponent leans over a little further then aim the edge of your foot below the chin, concentrating on the neck.

By Shivaji Ganguly
Kyokushinkaikan Karate
PHOTOGRAPHS: HAMAN BHALLA



Kick upwards using the outer edge of your foot formed in a knife edge



If you are interested in Karate and would like to sign up, get in touch with: **Shivaji Ganguly (4th degree Black Belt, Brown Chief), Harish Mukherjee Road, Calcutta-700025.**

The kick should be aimed at the lower rib cage region or the neck area

TENNIS TRIVIA

ONLY ONE AMONG THE THREE AMERICAN SEMIFINALISTS AT THE 1990 US OPEN—ANDRE AGASSI, JOHN MCENROE AND PETE SAMPRAS—THAT PRESIDENT GEORGE BUSH PHONED IN THE EVENING BEFORE THE SEMIFINALS: AGASSI.

USUAL RATIO OF ENDORSEMENT EARNINGS TO TOURNAMENT PRIZE MONEY EARNINGS FOR THE TOP TENNIS PROS: ACCORDING TO JERRY SOLOMON, THE PRESIDENT OF PROPERTY, THE SPORTS MANAGEMENT FIRM: 3 to 1.

FASTEST SERVE EVER RECORDED ON THE TOURNAMENT RARAR RAN OPERATED BY LEO LEVIN, DIRECTOR OF COMPUTER AND STATISTICAL SERVICES FOR INFORMATION AND DISPLAY SYSTEMS: 148 MILES PER HOUR BY DAVID PATE.

WHO WORE LINGERIE FROM HIS BLANKET HE CAN PLAY WITHOUT GETTING TENSE: VERDUSE OF THE AUSTRALIAN BAT WITH A TIE IN THE BACK THAT HE WEARS IN HOT WEATHER: 30% TO 35%.

WHAT VICTORIAN PAUL HARRIS CONSUMED DURING HIS 6-4, 7-5, 6-7, 6-7, 7-5 MARATHON, SECOND-ROUND VICTORY OVER AMERICAN JIM PUGH AT THE 1990 FRENCH OPEN: FIVE LITRES OF WATER, THREE SOFT DRINKS, SIX BANANAS AND A LOAF OF BREAD.

NUMBER OF GAMBLERS THAT THE 34 MILLION FOUR-LEVEL RIVERBOAT THAT JIMMY CONNORS AND HIS BROTHER JOHN PLAN TO BUILD WILL ACCOMMODATE: 2,500.

HOW NINE-TIME CHAMPION MARTINA NAVRATILOVA DESCRIBES HER DRIVE FOR WIMBLEDON TITLES: "LIKE A DRUG."



AMOUNT OF MONEY THAT US OPEN CHAMPION PETE SAMPRAS IS CAN EARN IN EXCESSIVE WAGE BY BEING IN A POSITION TO WIN WIMBLEDON: \$1,000,000.

NUMBER OF TIMES THAT PETE SAMPRAS HAS WON THE US OPEN: 1.

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WHAT IVAN LENDL CALLED AUSTRIA'S HORST SKOFF IN 1988: "THE BIGGEST JERK IN TENNIS."

AUSTRIAN STAR THOMAS MISTER'S DAVIS CUP RECORD ON CLAY: 24-0.

WIT A LOCAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT IN THE AFRICAN COUNTRY OF JIBRA VOLTA WAS CANCELLED IN 1979: THERE WAS A PLAGUE OF TOADS.



THE ONLY TENNIS EVENT IT WASN'T AUSTRIAN IN A COUNTRY: IN THE 1970S.

THE ONLY TENNIS EVENT IT WASN'T AUSTRIAN IN A COUNTRY: IN THE 1970S.

PERCENT OF VICTORIES BETWEEN SISTERS ON THE OPEN TOUR—EVENTS, INCLUDING THE OLDER SISTER WAS WON DURING THE OPEN ERA (1968-1990): 70.

WHAT MARTINA NAVRATILOVA CALLS THE BEST OF A TIME CHAMPION: "TO BEAT ME."

WHAT WAS COURT BEAR MARTINA NAVRATILOVA'S FIRST BLUNDER WHEN A WIT WON THE DAVIS CUP: 1978.

THE ONLY TENNIS EVENT IT WASN'T AUSTRIAN IN A COUNTRY: IN THE 1970S.

THE ONLY TENNIS EVENT IT WASN'T AUSTRIAN IN A COUNTRY: IN THE 1970S.

Compiled by Paul Fein



PIGGOTT RID



THE tale of a half-starved 55-year-old millionaire has suddenly become the strange, compelling story in English sport. Lester Piggott rides again—from the shadows of retirement, scandal and prison. An entire nation is agog as “the Long Fellow” returns to race riding five years

The man exists on nibbled celery, tomatoes, black coffee and cigars. To kill the pangs of hunger, he smoked cigars while his wife and daughters ate breakfast.

after unsaddling the last of 4,349 winners in Britain.

Coverage of horse racing, apart from the Derby and Grand National, tends to be relegated to the small print in the United Kingdom, with the bulk of the readership found in bookmakers' shops.

But yet Piggott's comeback drove the reporting of the Conservative Party

ES AGAIN

conference right off the front pages. Crowds at unfashionable tracks have trebled and the British public is spending millions of pounds in bets on the skills of this galloping grandfather.

Already their faith has been rewarded with dashing victories as Piggott powered first past the post. It led to a mock serious heartcry from Britain's bookies expressed in a telegram to the jockey: "Kindly reconsider your decision to come out of retirement."

Piggott's darkest days came in 1987 when he was convicted of tax fraud and sentenced to three years in jail, with the additional, hidden penalty of the sacrifice of an almost certain knighthood. After one year and a day, the prison doors opened for the jockey who had never lost public approval.

Piggott, handicapped by speech and hearing defects, has been notoriously sparing with words since he rode his first winner at the age of 12. Typically, he offers no explanation for this totally unexpected second career in the saddle.

There are theories that indifferent results as a trainer have led to a cash-flow problem. They are hard to credit, given Piggott's estimated £20 million (\$38 million) earnings from the sport. The likeliest reason is

sheer boredom because, unlike his peers, Willie Carson and Steve Cauthen, Piggott has shunned a celebrity lifestyle.

The hero of 29 Classic triumphs paid a hard price to become the punters' darling. For nearly four decades this abnormally tall jockey punished his body by

breakfast. The drastic regime shows in a face that is drawn, deeply furrowed and generally unsmiling. Piggott clearly stuck to his self-imposed fasting in retirement. He weighed in for his first race at Leicester on Monday at 8st 5lb (53kg), conceding briefly "I had to miss Sunday lunch."

way to ride to match Wille Shoemaker, of the United States, who urged home winners well into his 59th year. But the tiny Texan had the advantage of being able to live a normal life.

At a little less than 5ft (1.51m) tall and considerably less than 7st (44.5kg) in weight, the legendary "Shoe" never set eyes on a diet sheet. "I am thankful I was destined to be so small," he said. "I don't know what else a little guy like me would have done outside racing. If I



remorseless fasting. Lester's riding weight—a little more than 8st (50kg)—was always at least 14lb (6.3kg) less than Nature intended.

The man existed on nibbled celery, tomatoes and black coffee. To kill the pangs of hunger, he smoked cigars while his wife and daughters ate

Five years' absence seem to have changed the man not at all. He still handles half a ton of thoroughbred animal with consummate ease. Michael Allen, the Jockey Club's medical officer, had no hesitation passing the old champion as perfectly fit to ride.

Piggott has a long

had been bigger I might be picking cotton.

Today Shoemaker trains horses in California and cheers Piggott's return. "I take off my hat to Lester," he said. "He is a credit to racing and there is no reason why he can't ride as long as I did."

Bill Lawton
Courtesy The European

PRESS CLIPPINGS

KABBADI DROPPED

"KABBADI-kabbadi-kabbadi," try

chanting that non-stop and tagging several burly, barefoot opponents without being mauled in

could become a kabbadi power China's participation in this event was all the more remarkable because they had formed their team merely nine months before the Asiad, on orders from the State Sports Commission, and learnt from watching videotapes

The Chinese coach Zhao Xuguang, had boasted that his 12 member team were



return This rough game, with its origins in India, made its debut at the 11th Asian Games at Beijing

And even in this obscure event, China made its presence felt Some observers have grumbled that in the next four years China

Believe it or not: The Chinese kabbadi team picked up the sport in only nine months that too from watching videotapes

chosen specially for their size, strength and endurance. But even China had to bow to kabbadi

powerhouse, India

But for all the lyricism, kabbadi's appearance at the Games may be a brief one The sport, which provided Asia's second most populous country with its only gold of the Games, is threatened with being dropped at Hiroshima to make way for a hometown favourite—karate

A PRINCIPLE OF ROTATION

THE International Cricket Conference at its full meeting at London failed to decide on the venue for the 6th World Cup The BCCI secretary, Jagmohan Dalmiya while speaking to the press said that India and Pakistan had strongly opposed the idea that it should be held in England on a principle of rotation

The ICC had also opposed the proposal of increasing the number of associate members participating in the future World Cups

The venue of the 6th World Cup will only be decided at the ICC meeting to be held in July, next year

'OFF KART TENNIS'

EVER dreamt of practising your tennis in your garden, in your office or your

garage? Well there is good news for all you dreamers Now you can play indoors and outdoors thanks to Off Kart Tennis, a new



Jagmohan Dalmiya opposed the principle of rotation for the sixth World Cup

patented portable training device that has just gone on sale in Germany and will be available in the rest of Europe within five months

Priced at around \$800 Off Kart Tennis can be fitted in a space as small as 10 ft by 10 ft This device comes with a ball machine and target area to develop the strokes of beginners weekend players or even pros It not only shoots out 900 balls in an hour but also feeds them automatically back into the machine so you don't have to pick them up

"Every ball you hit has a specific place to go" says a distributor of the plastic and weatherproof device "It also gives you the mental training that is

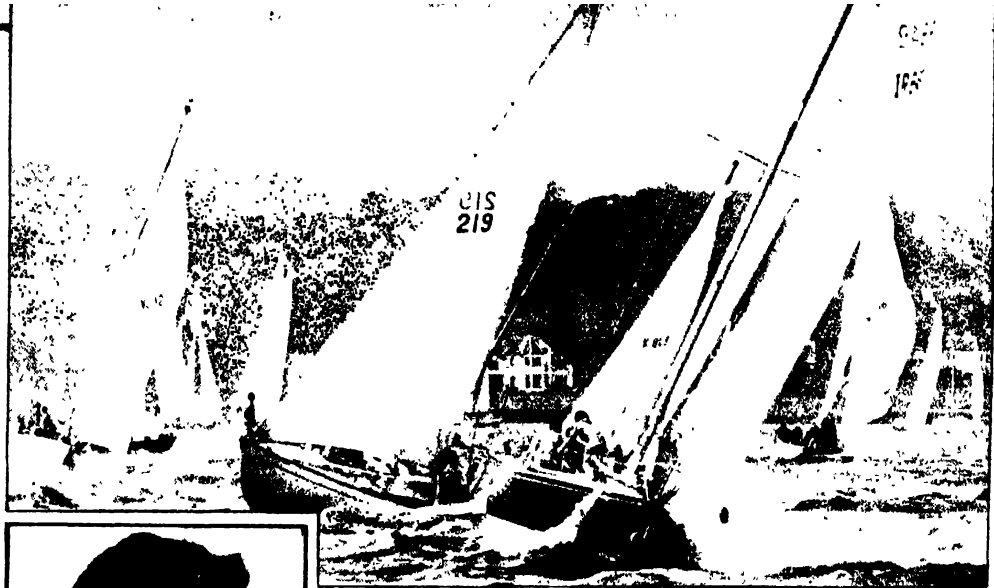
so often missing in tennis coaching," he adds.

THE PRICE OF A MEDAL

INDIANS firmly believe that studies come before sports, even if you are representing the country. Bronze medalist Cyrus Cama, is a victim of this belief. In his singular effort to win glory for the country the 18-year-old has had to pay the price.

What price? Cama has had to lose a year of his studies because of the daily training programme he has had to undertake to represent the country in yachting.

Requests by the SAI to the Maharashtra



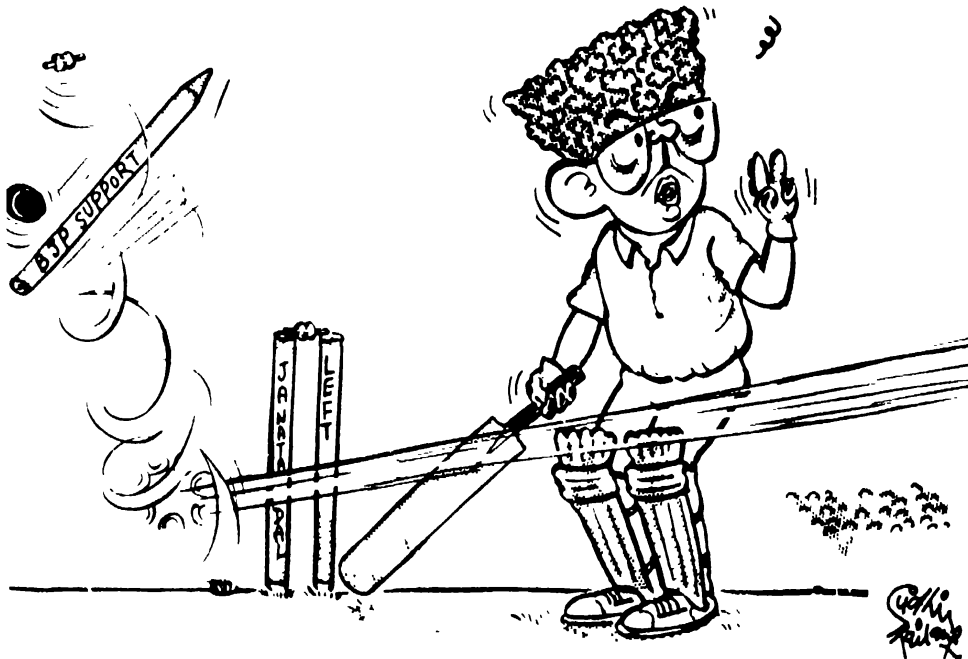
Cyrus Cama sacrificed his academic career for the honour of the country

government to exempt Cama from appearing for the Class XI exams so that "he could devote his time and energy towards a national objective," had fallen on deaf ears.

Cama is not unduly upset by this drawback in his academic career. He said, "The experience I gained while training for and participating in the Asian Games is far greater than what I would have learnt in the one year I lost in the classroom."

THE SPORTING SIDE OF POLITICS

HOWZZAT? CAN'T YOU SEE -
TWO WICKETS ARE STILL INTACT!



OLYMPICS UP FOR AUCTION

SPORTS authorities in Unified Germany have wasted no time in putting together a bid for the 2000 Olympic Games. The city of Berlin has launched a \$one billion plan, with all events taking place within a 6 mile radius of the Brandenburg Gate.

The bid has to be accepted by the German National Olympic Committee, but that is expected to be a formality. Meanwhile, the organisers of the 1992 Olympics in Barcelona have announced a programme to suit both competitors and spectators—unlike in Seoul, where the athletes were inconvenienced for the sake of US television timings.

The qualities modern international team-managers need

The Diaries Say

M It All

MANAGERS Bobby Robson and Jack Charlton are both from the North east of England, both have managed national sides and both have published their World Cup diaries but that's where the similarity ends. For Robson's account tends to be one long sustained whine, while Charlton's is more robust.

The diaries, such as they are, move you to speculate on what qualities the modern international team manager requires, and the final impression is that Charlton seems to have more of them than Bobby Robson.

For the international manager's job is essentially a lonely and a sporadic one. He can, of course, conform with Parkinson's Law, that work expands to fill the time allotted to it, inventing all sorts of trivial and ultimately secondary tasks, just to make himself feel he is genuinely busy and to keep at bay the miseries of solitude. Robson did that-or at first seemed to.

When he moved into Lancaster Gate as England's team

manager in 1982-not 1983 as he seems to think, judging by his book-he boldly announced that he would also be looking after the Football Association's coaching scheme.

PATRIC EAGAN



So, for a time, he did. As did Walter Winterbottom, England's first full-time team manager, who reigned from 1946 to 1962 and used to say that he considered his task as director of

coaching the more important of the two.

The trouble was that coaching under Winterbottom, admirably influential though it was at first, turned into a kind of new orthodoxy, impregnated with jargon.

By the time Robson came to power, 20 years later, it was a kind of crusade, under the deputy director of coaching, Charles Hughes, in favour of the long ball game.

Robson at first quite failed to disassociate himself from this orthodoxy but in time he seemed to take less and less interest in the coaching side until ultimately, towards the end of his reign, Hughes took over the title of director of coaching. Though, somewhat bewilderingly, the Football Association did not publicly announce the fact.

It was hard to resist the impression that Robson by and large was lonely and unhappy in his job, and much missed the day-to-day contact with a League team, such as he had

Bobby Robson: long sustained whine



Jack Charlton: not a man to repine or to brood

had at Ipswich Town

For Jackie Charlton England's centre half when they won the World Cup in 1966 it was a very different matter. He admits that club management he had charge of Middlesbrough Sheffield Wednesday and Newcastle

▲ Inted was never truly to his taste. It was a seven day a week job which excluded him from all other pleasures of life. From that point of view and given his stalwart character managing the Republic of Ireland was perfect answer

Charlton is not a man to repine or to brood. He enjoys life when time allows him to. How well I remember his final press conference in Rome when Ireland had just been knocked out by Italy

After dealing somewhat impatiently with questions which he clearly for the most part found irrelevant or boring he announced

that he was off now to have a few beers and a sing song with the lads and that on Monday he hoped to go off fishing in England

Charlton does not whine away interminably about the people who have done him wrong but he cannot resist a tilt at one of his most persistent journalistic critics the former Irish international inside forward Eamon Dunphy

Dunphy is the leader of those who deplore Charlton's very basic long ball tactics which tend to cut out the midfield players however gifted and go counter to the Irish tradition of skilled imaginative play

Charlton accused Dunphy of not being a journalist which was palpably untrue and walked out of a press conference in protest at his presence

Robson complains endlessly about those who have supposedly

done him wrong Sir Alf Ramsey 1966 World Cup winning manager Kevin Keegan whom he dropped (quite properly in my view) Terry Fenwick a former centre half Emlyn Hughes an ex England captain

Dignity and prudence should surely have suggested Robson ignore such slings and arrows however much they may have hurt at the time

He and Ramsey clearly never hit it off even though both were managers of Ipswich and lived near each other Ramsey a proud and solitary man who in his own dour and different way was perfectly fitted for the solitude of international team management complained that Robson never came to him for advice

Robson now responds that Ramsey never approached him and would snub him when they met in public. All too petty for words you might say Jackie Charlton though never as genial to the Press as the fundamentally forgiving Robson at least cannot be accused of that

Still World Cup managers do come under terrible pressure and even when the tournament was over Italy's Azeglio Vicini to the displeasure of his own federation was repeating what Charlton objected to at that post Italy Ireland Press conference that Italy had not had protection

Read that how you like though not I suggest in a Mafia context

Robson complains endlessly about those who have supposedly done him wrong: Sir Alf Ramsey, 1966 World Cup manager, Kevin Keegan, whom he dropped (quite properly in my view), Terry Fenwick, a former centre-half, Emlyn Hughes, an ex-England captain.

By Brian Glanville

NEW DELHI

All-India Escorts

THE All-India Escorts Trophy tournament took place in New Delhi recently. About eight top teams like Tata Sports Club, Bombay, M R F Madras, Indian Railways, SAIL, Escorts XI, Mohan Meakins and Indian Airlines took part.

The tournament was played on a league basis and in the final, Chemplast met Escorts.

Put into bat first, Chemplast started off disastrously when they lost their first three wickets for only 84 runs. But it was Azharuddin who stemmed the rot with a superb 84. However, after Azhar's departure, Chemplast collapsed and they managed a total of 250 for 9.

In reply, Escorts lost an early wicket in Ajay Jadeja when the score was 17 but thereafter Raman Lamba and Manoj Prabhakar took control of the game and thrashed the Chemplast bowlers all over the field. Raman Lamba scored a scintillating 120 while Prabhakar notched up 81. With ease, they overwhelmed the Chemplast total and were easy winners. Lamba expectedly, won the Man of the Match award.

Chetan Sharma was adjudged the best bowler of the tournament while the best batsman award went to Dhruv Pandey of SAIL. Prabhakar was adjudged the man of the series and the prizes were distributed by Madhav Rao Soin, the president of the BCCI.

Rasheed Kidwai

RANCHI

CISF Athletics

SOUTH ZONE won double crown in the 11th All India CISF Inter Zone athletic meet. They won the men's and women's team championships.

In the men's group South Zone earned 64 points to secure first place. West Zone the runner of the



Raman Lamba: a fine 120 in the final for Escorts

team championships, got 27 points

South Zone was the winner of the women's group.

R.N. Swain of R.S.P. Rourkela was adjudged the fastest man winning the 100 metres race in 11 seconds, while Meena Jain of North Zone won the women's 100 metres race in 13.0 seconds

Anil Kumar Singh

TRIVANDRUM

Inter-Bank Badminton

RAKESH SEKHAR representing Reserve Bank put up a superb display in the men's singles final when he defeated the top seed, John of Matha (Food Corporation of India) in the all Kerala Inter Bank-Institution-College Men's Shuttle Badminton Tournament

The second seeded Rakesh took an early lead (6-0) in the first game. But John, a two-time State champion, bounced back to level the score at 7-All and he led 11-7 at one stage. Some unforced errors at this stage let him down and he lost 11-15. Rakesh, who mixed his smashes and drop shots intelligently, took the second game easily (15-3)

Earlier in the semis, the eventual champion defeated former State champion S. Joy (Kerala State Road Transport Corporation) 15-9, 15-3 and John of Matha (FCI) beat his colleague P. Suresh Kumar 15-4, 15-3

In the men's doubles final, John of Matha and Suresh Kumar (FCI) beat Rakesh Sekhar and Sreenath (RBI) 14-18, 15-12, 15-12

Ramachandran (Vikram Sarabai Space Centre) won the veteran singles title defeating Manikantan Nair of Account General's Office (AG's) 15-2, 15-2. In the doubles final the Manikantan Nair — Joseph (AG's) pair overcame the Ramachandran — Kuttan duo 15-2, 13-15, 15-4

Reserve Bank of India won the team championship. The tournament which was conducted by State Bank of Travancore (SBT) Recreation Club saw a high standard of play. More than

hundred players took part in the competition

Vilma Soars, wife of SBT Managing Director, distributed the prizes

Sajeov Kumar T.K.

RAJKOT

State Swimming

THE Ahmedabad schoolboys dominated the Gujarat State Autumn Swimming Competition and made a clean sweep of almost all the events in various categories in the process. Held at the

M. BALAN



Malaviya College swimming pool, the competition was a great attraction for the swimming-crazy people of the city

Chintan Patel and Atap Oza demonstrated their class in a superb manner in the junior boys' section. The former claimed the first position in the 400 metres freestyle when he surged ahead from the very start with a time of 5.16.40. Much was expected from Nishit Bagda of Rajkot. But the local lad was too far behind with a time of 6.01.07. Nishit had to content himself with the second spot

Atap Oza and his city-mate Ankur Shah made it clear that

Ahmedabad would reign supreme by holding first and second slots respectively in the 100 metres butterfly event. Their timings in the pool were 1.26.14 and 1.34.46 respectively. At the third place was Ashish Nangia of Bular with a time of 1.35.57

In the 200 metres backstroke, Nishit Kapadia of Surat was a star performer. He occupied the first spot with a fine time of 3.12.48. He was closely followed by Hardik

The RBI team receiving the team trophy in the Inter-Bank tournament by Mrs Vilma Soares, wife of the MD of the State Bank of Travancore

Shah of Ahmedabad and Chirag Cheba of Gandhinagar. The former had a time of 3.36.91 while the latter was way behind with a time of 3.43.79

Bhagwan Milan Yadav of SAI was a hot favourite to win the first position in the 200 metres individual medley. With a time of 2.52.51, he did so and was far too ahead of Ahmedabad's Atap Oza and Surat's Nishit Kapadia

In the senior boys' section, Vishal Mehta of Ahmedabad was simply outstanding. He held the first slot both in the 200 metres breaststroke and 400 metres individual medley respectively. In the 400 metres individual medley, Vishal Mehta performed like a

man possessed, to say the least. He also anchored the 4×400 medley relay team of Ahmedabad to a first position later in the competition.

Surat's Bakul Sarang was another swimmer who impressed one and all by his excellence in the water game at such a tender age.

Some winners in the girls' section were as follows: Radhika Sheth of Ahmedabad in the 50 metres freestyle; Ruji Doshi of Ahmedabad in the 100 metres freestyle and 100 metres breast-stroke respectively; Mansi Rao of Kheda in the 100 metres backstroke.

In the 400 metres freestyle, Hetal Mer and Hani Jobanputra won the first and the second positions. Alpa Nagicha of Valsad took the first slot in the 100 metres butterfly stroke. In the 200 metres medley relay, Radhika Sheth of Ahmedabad was the victor. Ruji Doshi of Ahmedabad was the winner in the 4×100 metre freestyle.

The best performer in the girls' section was undoubtedly Amrapali Makwana of Gandhinagar. The lass is so promising, she pocketed the 100 metres freestyle, the 100 metres breast-stroke and the 200 metres breast-stroke in the senior girls' section. Amrapali was the cynosure of all eyes throughout the girls' swimming events.

Hareshkumar Pandya

JAMADOBA

Invitation Cricket

THE invitation cricket tournament for the Tata Collieries Sports Association Trophy concluded recently at Jamadoba in Bihar. The winner was Banks Sports Board (Eastern Region) who defeated defending champions CAB XI in the final.

When insufficient light interrupted the nerve pulsating final, the Banks Sports Board batsmen were placed favourably on the basis of a higher run



The Bank Sports Board team with the TCSA Trophy

quotient as they were in total command with 232 runs for 5 wickets off 10.2 overs in reply to CAB XI's impressive score of 268 runs for 7 wickets off 16 overs.

Former Bengal opener Probal

Ghosh (77), Ajay Verma (58) and skipper Pradip Pandey (44) were the prominent performers for the Bank team. Earlier in the day CAB XI rallied around Srikant Kalvani (56) and Sachin Singh Ganguly (68).

Raju Mukherji



CALICUT

Cycle Polo

THE fancied Kerala State Road Transport Corporation (KSRTC) retained the Kerala Kaumudi Trophy in the men's section of the 20th Kerala State Cycle Polo Championship held at Manachira Maidan.

KSRTC comprising mostly state players remained unchallenged throughout the championship. In the finals, the KSRTC team got the better of Keltron 8-4 after leading 4-1 at half time. Nizar (3 Goals), Suresh Kumar (2) and Praveen (2) shone for the winners. Sivakumar scored two goals for Keltron.

Earlier in the semis, KSRTC drubbed Trichur 13-5 and Keltron beat Trivandrum District 8-4.

In a one sided affair, Ernakulam defeated Calicut 3-0 to annex the women's title.

In all 15 teams took part in the championship. Javarajan, Mayor, Calicut Corporation, presented the awards.

Sajeev Kumar T.K.



BANGALORE

Chandra Leaves for Australia



Former Test cricketer B.S. Chandrashekhkar left for Australia to play and coach the Teatreegully Cricket Club in Adelaide in South Australia for the season 1990-91. Here he is, being bid farewell by Mr. U.N. Padiyar, Dy. General Manager, at a function held in Bangalore recently.

BOMBAY

Kanga League Champions



Sunder Cricket Club were the 'A' Division champions of the Kanga Cricket League.

QUIZ

QUESTIONS

- 1 Which international body has more affiliated members—the U N or the I O C ?
- 2 Which is the first country to simultaneously win both the Thomas Cup and Uber Cup three times in a row?

ANSWERS

- 1 The I O C (which has 167 members as against the U N s 160)
- 2 China

CHESS

Vassily Ivanchuk has stormed his way up the chess ladder very quickly. He is now ranked joint third in the world. At Linares in the Super Tournament he was the defending champion. When the Ukrainian met Kasparov an interesting struggle was expected. No one was disappointed.

White Ivanchuk Vs Black Kasparov Linares 90, Sicilian Defence

1 e4 c5 2 Nf3 d6 3 d4 cd4 4 N×d4 Nf6 5 Nc3 a6 6 Bg5 e6 7 f4 Qb6. The notorious Poisoned Pawn Variation has resulted. White can refuse to take risks with 8 Nb3 Qc3+ etc.

8 Qd2 Q×b2 9 Rb1 Qa3 10 f5 Nc6 11 fe6 fe6 12 N×c6 bc6 13 Be2 Be7 14 0 0 0 0 15 Rb3 Qc5+ White may improve with 15 Kh1.

16 Be3 Qe5 17 Bf4 Qc5+ 18 Kh1. White is definitely playing to win, as he avoids the repetition 18 Be3.

18—Ng4! This is the only way to free the position because white has uncomfortable pressure for the pawn. Now 19 B×g4 is met by 19—e5 when black should not have further problems.

19 b3 e5! Black is also playing to win, for he avoids 19—Ne5 20 Na4 Qa7 21 Nb6 Rb8 22 Rfb1 Kh8 23 B×e5 de5 24 N×c8 Rf×8 with exchanges.

20 Na4 Qa7 21 Bc4 Kh8 22 hg4 ef4 23 Nb6. Till here, there have been no real surprises, and white probably expected 23—Rb8 24 R×f4 Bd7 25 N×d7 Q×d7 26 Rf5 as in Sokolov Vs Spraggett Candidates '88. Possibly he was intending to

improve on this variation, but the world champion produced a novelty after 45 minutes thought

23—d5! 24 ed5 cd5 25 B×d5 Rb8 26 N×c8 Rb×c8 27 Rh3. White has problems on the black squares after 27 R×f4 R×f4 28 Q×f4 Rf8 29 Rb7 Qc5 30 Rb8 Bd8.

27—Qb6 28 Re1 Bg5 29 Re6! Qd8! 30 e4! This is a very brave move for white had seen the draw after 30 Rd6! Q×d6 31 R×h7+ K×h7 32 Be4+ Qg6 33 B×g6+ K×g6 34 Qd3+ He should really have taken the draw now for the position turns in black's favour.

30—Rb8 31 Qd3 Bh4! 32 Be4 Qg5! It becomes clear that white's king is more exposed.

33 B×h7 Rfd8 34 Qc2 F3! 35 R×f3 Rd2 36 Qe4 (Seediagram) Black to play and win.

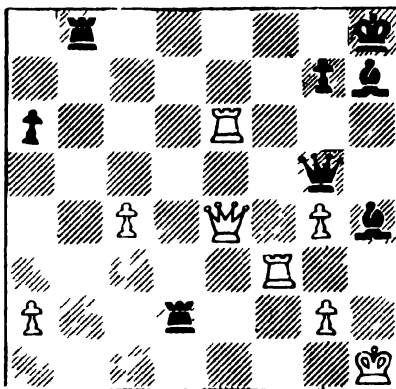
36—Rd1+ 37 Kh2 Re1? Correct was 37—Qc1! 38 Re8+ R×e8 39 Q×e8+ K×h7 40 Qh5+ Qh6 41 Qf5+ g6 42 Qf7+ Qg7 43 Qe6 Qc7+ and black consolidates with a piece up. The line Kasparov chooses allows more play.

38 Qf5 R×e6 39 Q×e6 K×h7 40 Qe4+ g6 41 Rh3? Returning the

favour—White would draw after 41 Rf7+! Kg8 42 Qe6 Kh8 43 g3 Qh6 44 Kg2 Bg5 45 Qe5+ Kg8 46 Qe6 Rf8 47 Rf6+! or after 41 Rf7+! Kh8 42 Qd4 Rg8 43 g3!

41—Kg7 42 Qd4+ Kg8 43 Qe4 Qf6. (0-1) Black is just a piece up.

Devangshu Datta



BRIDGE

The Russians who made their debut in World Bridge at Geneva this year soon learnt that despite perestroika and whatever, the Americans are as unfriendly as ever, at least at the bridge table.

This was a hand from a match in the Rosenblum Teams —

Dealer South

N W val

NORTH (dummy)

♠ A 9
♥ A K Q 4
♦ A 10 8 5
♣ A J 2

WEST

♠ 8 6 3
♥ J 9 7 6 3
♦ K J 3 2
♣ 3

EAST

♠ Q 7 2
♥ 10 8 2
♦ 6
♣ K Q 10 9 7 6

SOUTH

♠ K J 10 5 4
♥ 5
♦ Q 9 7 4
♣ 8 5 4

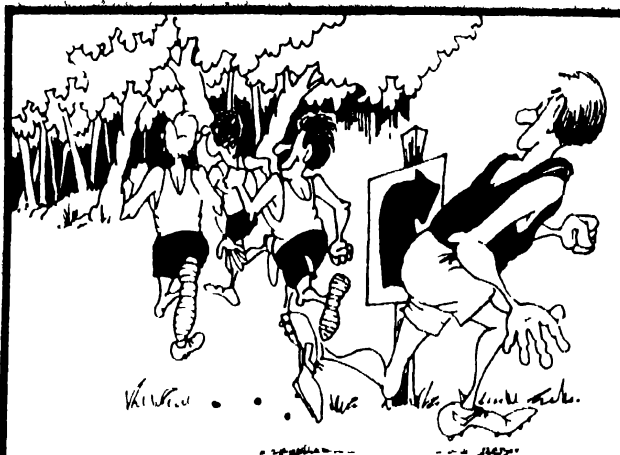
West, Ralph Katz of USA who went on to win the silver medal in the World Open Pairs later in the championships, led his singleton club against South's highly-optimistic diamond slam. The Russian declarer went up with dummy's ace, cashed the top hearts to discard his losing clubs and pulled a low diamond to his seven.

Can the contract be now beaten? It does not seem so for if West, on winning his jack, punches declarer with a heart, he ruffs, finesses and draws trumps and then runs the spades with the aid of a finesse. A spade return by West is better for if South is lured into accepting the free finesse, he would have no entry left to cash the spades after drawing trumps. However, he can survive by winning dummy's ace (West surely wouldn't switch to spades if he had the queen), taking a spade finesse and passing the trump queen, taking care to play on spades thereafter (till West ruffs) if West refuses to cover the trump queen.

Katz, however, found a defence that, as a practical matter, gave declarer no chance. He won the first diamond with the king over the seven and switched to a spade, carefully avoiding punching declarer (this should have alerted declarer). Declarer won the spade in hand and, as East was known to have the diamond jack, crossed over to dummy's trump ace oops! Shantanu Ghose



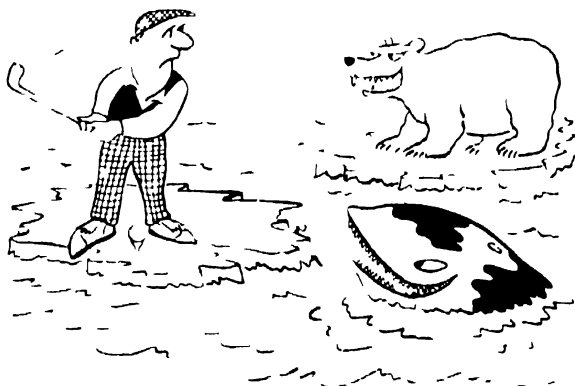
DICK TOMEY, COACH OF THE UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII FOOTBALL TEAM, IGNITED HIS PLAYERS WITH A BURNING DESIRE TO WIN — HE HAD THEM WALK BAREFOOT OVER A 12-FOOT-LONG BED OF RED-HOT COALS. ABOUT 90 MEN ON TOMEY'S 120-MAN SQUAD TOOK THE FIRE WALK IN 1985 AS PART OF A SEMINAR ON MOTIVATION. BUT THEY DIDN'T GET FIRED UP ENOUGH. THE TEAM FINISHED WITH A 4-6-2 RECORD.



AT THE 1980 BOISE STATE INVITATIONAL CROSS-COUNTRY MEET, THREE MEN FROM DEFENDING NCAA CHAMPION UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS — EL PASO WERE RUNNING ONE, TWO, THREE. THEY WOULD'VE FINISHED THAT WAY — BUT THE TRIO TOOK A WRONG TURN. WEBER STATE (UTAH) COLLEGE'S DOUG FRIEDLI CAME FROM 200 YARDS BEHIND TO WIN BECAUSE HE FOLLOWED THE ARROW-MARKED COURSE. SAID DOUG OF HIS LOST RIVALS, "MAYBE WHEN YOU'RE RUNNING THAT FAST, YOU CAN'T SEE THE ARROWS."

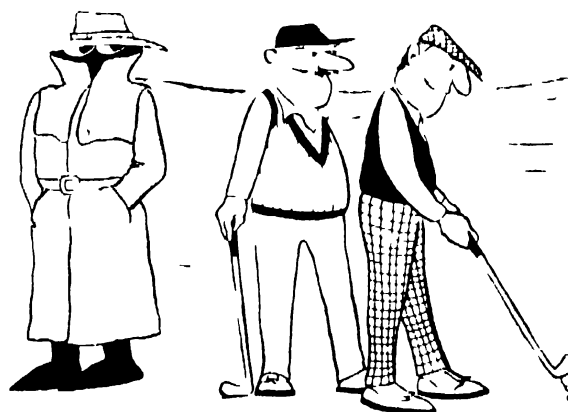
THE FUNNY SIDE OF GOLF

SECTION II DEFINITIONS CASUAL WATER
SNOW AND ICE ARE EITHER CASUAL WATER OR LIQUID
IMPAIRMENTS AT THE OPTION OF THE PLAYER



LEASOP

SECTION II DEFINITIONS OUTSIDE AGENCY
AN OUTSIDE AGENCY IS ANY AGENCY NOT PART
OF THE MATCH



LEASOP

Bolt from the blue

The news of Imran Khan taking drugs came as a bolt from the blue. Imran's prompt action to refute the allegations, has proved his strong moral courage. It is evident that Younis Ahmed is envious of Imran's popularity and his image. Pakistan is indebted to Imran, because it is Imran who has taken Pakistan to the pinnacle of success.

S. HUSSIAN,
Dibrugarh

Anything Left?

While P.T. Usha saved India from disgrace in the last Asiad, this year we did not have anyone to take her place and so we saw abysmal depths that we had never seen before. Indian wrestlers and boxers also fell short of the silver medals we believed was ours. The tennis scene also does not look too good. Dreams of Limba Ram and the archery team winning a gold also faded away. If the present conditions prevail and if the attitude of the players and officials remain the same, then Indian sport does not have a very great future.

PANKAJ KUMAR DEBNATH,
24, Parganas.

Champion Stuff

LOOKING at the stupendous performance of young Sachin Tendulkar in the Pepsi Cup, one wonders as to why India is not able to do well at international tournaments. Even foreign players like Abdul Qadir, and Kim Barnett, have predicted that he will be the player to watch out for, in the 90's. Sachin gave credence to their prediction when he and Kapil Dev tore apart the bowling, in the two day tournament. His 59 in 5 overs was indeed a treat to watch. If Indian sport has a few more sports person like Tendulkar, then Indian sport is in



Sachin Tendulkar; The new champ in town

for a good future. At least in Sachin we have a champion, a real rare commodity in Indian sport
SATYANARAYAN MISHRA,
Sambalpur.

Unfair

IT was unfair to blame Mohameddan Sporting for discontinuing the match against East Bengal in 1985 at the Salt Lake stadium. Mohd. Sporting were in fact leading by a Cheema Okerie goal when spectators started pelting stones at Atanu Bhattacharya. The goal-keeper then requested the referee to discontinue the match but the referee did nothing. But I fully agree that this year they carried things a bit too far when they stopped the match against East Bengal in the IFA Shield final. But we should stop making Mohammedan Sporting the scapegoat every time.

RUDOLPH VANCE,
New Delhi.

SAI Unmasked

Thanks to Pradeep Paul for taking the mask off SAI officials who have been responsible for the pathetic showing of the Indian contingent at Beijing. The Asiad has conclusively proved that SAI is more a liability to Indian sport. It is a national tragedy that even after spending crores of rupees and holding training camps by the dozen, we were not able to produce anything worthwhile. No less shameful is the fact that our sports persons consider international meets as pleasure trips. People usually get wise after the event but our sports persons are exceptions. All we learn from our mistakes is how to repeat them. That there will be a change in the state of affairs after this debacle, seems to be wishful thinking.

SUPRATIM SARKAR,
Calcutta.

READERS' QUIZ

QUESTIONS

1 Who is referred to, in USA, as 'Monday morning quarter-back'?

2 In boxing jargon, what is a Postman's Knock?

3 What is the bounce-hit technique in lawn tennis?

4 In football, what is described as a 'Hospital Pass'?

5 What is the US equivalent of what is known in India as the 'running commentary'?

6 What is implied on a golf course by a shout of 'Fore'?

7 In motor racing, what is a Le Mans start?

8 What is Marseillaise chess?

9 What in an equestrian event, is described as 'to cut a voluntary'?

10 In tennis, what is the umpire's call when the ball is taken after a second bounce?

11 What does 'play between the pipes' refer to in ice hockey?

12 In sports jargon what is a factory team?

13 In cricket what is a spectator catch?

14 In archery what is termed petticoat?

15 In motor racing what is drafting?

THIS QUIZ HAS BEEN COMPILED BY:

**RAMESH NATARAJAN,
A3/207, PASHIM VIHAR,
NEW DELHI-110063.**

All answers to the quiz have been sent in by the contributor

RATING TEST:

**ABOVE 13: Wish you were part of our quiz team.
BETWEEN 10 AND 13: You are not too bad.
BELOW 10: Sportsworld reading recommended.**

ANSWERS

1 A spectator of American football who on Monday explains how the game should have been played on Saturday

2 Two successive hard blows usually with the left hand it comes from the traditional double rap on the door that announces the mail

3 A method of reducing mental tension and increasing concentration the hitter says 'bounce aloud when the ball lands on his/her side of the net the hit when he/she makes contact

4 The term also used in Rugby refers to a pass so badly timed or judged that the recipient is likely to be injured as he gets the ball

5 Play by play

6 It is a warning cry to players in front that they are in danger of being hit by a ball

7 A type of start in which drivers, at the starting

signal run to their cars start engines and begin racing

8 An odd form of chess in which each player makes two moves at a time with the same piece or with different pieces (should he give a check on the first move he forfeits the second)

9 To be thrown from a horse without adequate cause

10 Not up

11 It is usually an advice to the goalkeeper to play near the goalpost which is called the pipe

12 A racing team supported by the manufacturer of the vehicles it races

13 A catch which to spectators appears to be a legitimate dismissal of the batsman but is not

14 That part of the target face which is outside the largest ring and has no scoring value

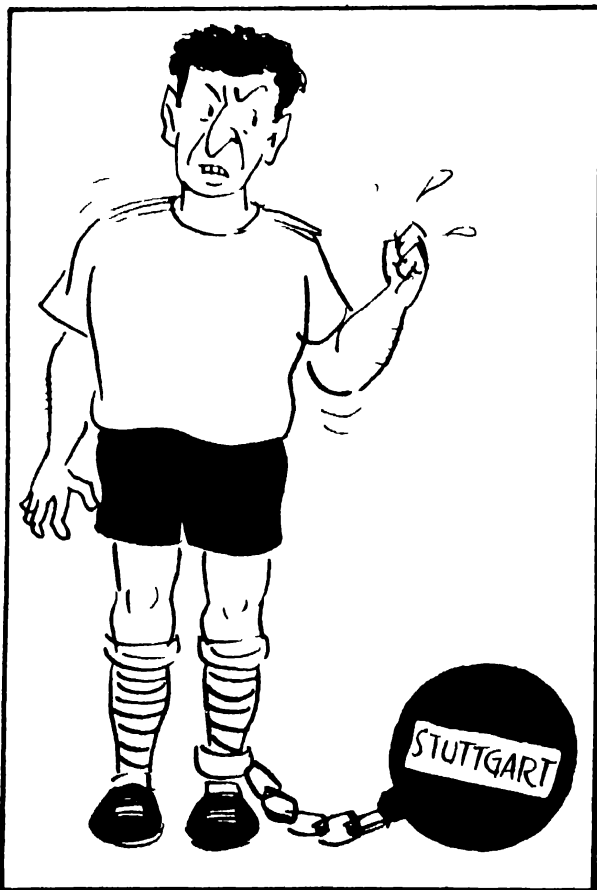
15 A technique used by drivers to tag along behind the car which is ahead of him thus taking advantage of considerable reduction of wind resistance

EXTRA-TIME

WHEN his name came up for a possible national berth, many thought the player to be unworthy of his place as a tight marking central defender

But the 6ft, 2 inches Guido Buchwald surprised everyone with his mature style, dedication, and the deep spectacular ability to launch into the attack from the deep creating confusion in the opposing ranks

With a little luck he could well have scored a few goals in Italy. His greatest strengths appeared to be his superb tackling and strength in the air. And very aptly, his coach Franz Beckenbauer lauded his ward describing him as the one of the biggest stars of the tournament. Yet, for all his success, Buchwald at this moment is a very unhappy man. And the reason, he wanted to join an Italian club and it all seemed set until Stuttgart's management stopped him, despite earlier assurances that he would be released



Since that episode, relations between the player and the club management have been strained. The fact is Buchwald did sign a contract, with his club agreeing to a clause saying, he can have leave up to 30 April each year, for £3.1 million. Otherwise, he must negotiate a special release with his club. So Buchwald is bitter. More so, because he had a dream of playing in Italy against the best in soccer.

"Jurgen Klinsmann has been telling me what a marvellous life he is enjoying there. In every match one can be measured against world class opposition. I did want to try something new in football."

Alas, for the time being at least, his ideas will have to wait.

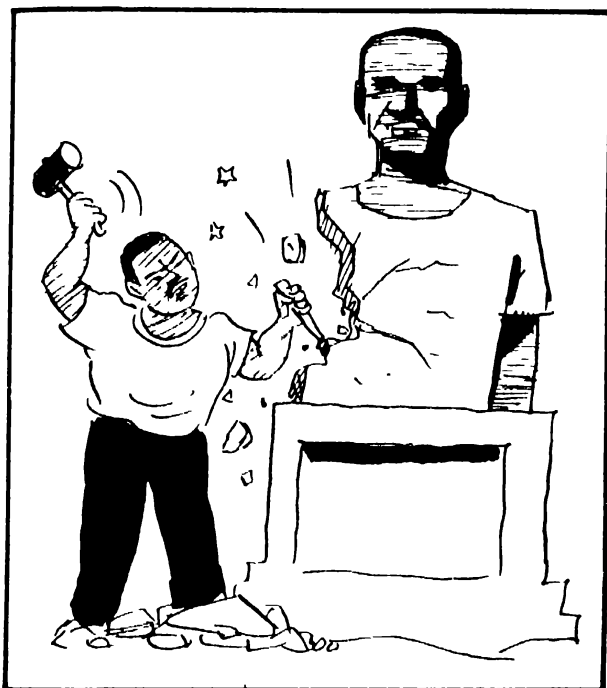
THE man who gave Argentina that critical breakthrough in the 1986 Mexico Mundial final Jose Luis Brown thinks that he's had enough of soccer. So, at 33, he has made up his mind to retire after 15 years as a professional. Always a low profile person, for all his success and contributions to his country's soccer conquests, Brown has, all his life, played the role of the utility man, whose style may have lacked flash, and glamour, but did possess that unmistakable stamp of world class skill which gave him remarkable efficacy as a near insurmountable defence barrier to all of Argentina's powerful rivals.

WHAT on earth could Francois Omam Biyik have against his country's soccer god Roger Milla. Really, however incredible it may seem, the star Cameroonian centre forward, whose header beat a dithering Nery Pumpido of Argentina and gave Cameroon the victory in the World Cup curtain-raiser in Milan has now launched a vilification campaign against his country's super hero Roger Milla. Just for what?

Nobody seems to understand.

In the recent months wherever Biyik has travelled he has been searingly critical of his country's soccer messiah and has tried to desperately play down his contribution to the sensational Cameroonian campaign in the last World Cup.

"Yes, Roger proved he was a great player, despite his age, but you must not forget how he was supported, how well-served. We did the best we could to see he was not starved of the ball," Omam Biyik went on to add something.



far more bitter and acrimonious "Some of us didn't agree that he should go to Italy. I didn't agree because we had played the eliminators without him, and we had to prepare for the future. But he was imposed on us, and we accepted him. I stick to my guns. I did not agree with it," Biyik said in a no-holds-barred interview

And even more surprisingly, even though Biyik admits that Milla did a good job for Cameroon, he refused to accept that Milla was really necessary to the team.

"He played well, saved us in difficult moments. But I didn't agree with his selection and I still don't.

FOR professional soccer coaches, the world over, Mexico seems at the moment the greenest pasture of all. Till latest reports came in, 14 of Mexico's 20 first division clubs were under foreign coaches on the eve of the new season.

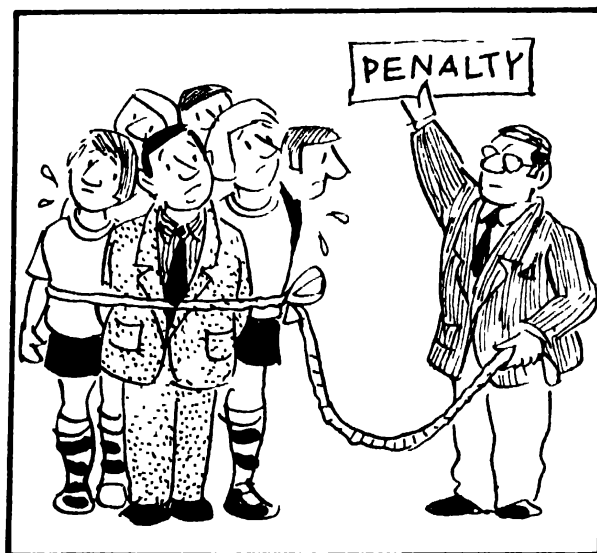
DRUNKEN brawls, especially where a leading football manager of a popular football club, is involved do not really do any good to the game followed by millions of frenzied supporters the world over. And even worse, if something like that happens in England, where football fans

have come to be regarded as untouchables in the rest of the world, special measures must have to be taken to avoid its evil fallout on the game's volatile fans.

So, Arsenal decided not to spare their manager George Graham who they thought had brought tremendous disrepute to the game, by getting involved in a mass brawl, in the recent first division match during against Manchester United. The club took the unprecedented step of fining George Graham along with five players two weeks' wages. It was the first time that a manager has been penalised for the conduct of his players, and what really prompted the club authorities to take such stern action was the memories of an earlier fight during a home match against Norwich City, which resulted in a £20,000 fine by the Football Association for Arsenal.

For Graham who managed Arsenal to the League Championship in 1988-89, the fine represents a loss of as much as £9,000, for the players involved the loss is about £5000 each.

Referring to the earlier incident and the current one club chairman Peter Hill-Wood said, "Twice in two years is too often. The name of Arsenal has been sullied, and that is why I've taken this decision. The ultimate responsibility for the conduct and behaviour of the team lies with the manager, and that is why a fine has been imposed on George Graham as well as five players. It is not the tradition of this club to have bad reputation and I hope it will not recur."



EUROPEAN FOOTBALL: TYCOONS PUMP IN HUGE CASH...

Corporate dreams fu

n Europe corporate image has suddenly got entangled with soccer prestige

Gianni Agnelli has been a fiercely ambitious man all his life. And as his ambitions climaxed with the fabulous growth of his business empire, Fiat, his intense passion for soccer came to be associated with his corporate dreams. Gianni Agnelli saw it all reflected in the shiny gleam of Juventus's trophy treasury. For him Juventus's triumph became his personal win.

And now in the shifting post-World Cup soccer equations in Europe Agnelli is out to go any length to make Juventus the very best. So, his response to different situations, even what other people took as satisfactory success became most unpredictable.

Think of this: Turin's Juventus soccer team wins the Union of European Football Association competition and finishes a respectable third in the fiercely competitive Italian league. Believe it or not, an angry Agnelli swept aside congratulatory notes from friends and employees to announce the sacking of the general manager, the coach and three star players of his club. And then he earmarked \$48 million to import fresh

talent. Juventus was third— and that was not acceptable to ambitious Agnelli.

Now listen to what happened in Marseilles: Coach Gilbert Gili managed Olympique to its second straight

Bernard Tapie wants more, and more and more. Greater and greater glories and he knows success has its price...

French soccer title and narrowly loses to Benfica of Portugal in the semi finals of the European Cup. Owner Bernard Tapie rewards him by hiring superstars Franz Beckenbauer for more than one million dollars a year to reshape the squad. Gili quit in frustration. Bernard Tapie wants more, more and more. Greater and greater glories. And he knows success has its price. True, Europe's industrial tycoons have always plunged their hands deep into their pockets to buy glory; but what is new is that now the likes of Gianni Agnelli and Gilbert Gili have pushed the race

beyond all limits.

Statistically speaking, the \$48 million that Agnelli spent was more than double the \$21 million that Berlusconi spent on players in 1987, when the combined strength of the Dutch stars, Ruud Gullit and Marco Van Basten had cost him \$19 million, the amount he

spent to buy the entire team the year before.

There is no doubt that the price line of soccer talent the world over is on the upswing, but here the case is one where buyers are pushing it up to unthinkable heights.

In fact, before the invasion of Bernard Tapie, the boss of



Franz Beckenbauer: the game's highest paid coach

el soccer ambitions

Marseille, French soccer's money power was never as great as in Italy. And when Diego Maradona turned down Tapie's offer to join his club, the French rescuer of failing companies pumped in an astounding \$27 million to buy other talent.

And thanks to Tapie, Franz Beckenbauer,

whose job now is to win the European Cup for Marseille, is today the game's highest paid coach.

But why are they doing it? The answer is the tycoons are looking upon the game as a vehicle for their corporate ambitions. For Agnelli the winning tradition of Juventus



**Diego Maradona:
turned down Tapie's
offer**

reflects his long-held title as Italy's reigning industrialist.

For Berlusconi, the owner of AC Milan brought him glamour.

And what really came as a big bonus to Marseille's chief Tapie is that it is almost at the same time as Tapie took over Germany's Adidas,

when he got Beckenbauer, who had already agreed to a hefty promotional contract with Adidas. So everything has just clicked superbly for Tapie.

And soccer perhaps entered an uncertain era of ruthless corporate competition. ●

PELE

Bobby Charlton's tribute to the King on his 50th birthday

IT was on May 30 1964 in a summer tournament in Rio de Janeiro, that I really learnt the most painful lesson about the genius of Pele who was 50 on October 23. England had been invited to a summer tournament with Argentina and Portugal. We played Brazil in the Maracana. I can remember the picture to this day.

Pele came towards me. I had the whole England defence behind me and we were 40 yards from goal. I thought it was safe to have a go.

I thought: Let's just see how great you are then. Within four seconds I had my answer. The ball was sitting in the back of our net. He weaved his way past me, went past two other tackles and then from 25 or 30 yards he was striking the ball into the net. I'm sure that I heard him say goal before he hit it.

Pele was that type of player. You could never get him in a corner; he could not get out of with his exceptional skill. He had the answer to everything. He would use either foot, or even play the ball off your foot. But he would always find a way through.

I first saw him in 1958. As a 20-year-old I had gone to the World Cup in Sweden with England. I did not play for England and Pele did not play in the Brazil match against us; we were eliminated before Pele emerged.







Like most people I was watching on television at home when this little 17 year old burst on to the screen No one had seen anything like it

Here was someone so young with such fantastic ball skills playing not only at international level but also in the World Cup finals

No-one else would send players of that age out at that level Sir Matt Busby had done it with Manchester United at Old Trafford, but no-one had dared at international level

Then there was this player with skill, bravery and great overall ability on the ball, who was good in the air and had two good feet, taking on the world

He was also physically strong He could take the clattering of those who chose to challenge his skill with aggression

Pele is revered in football as Arnold Palmer is in golf Palmer rejuvenated golf and although football was healthy in the 1950s, it did not have anyone so individually gifted

Pele was the type of player that would make you sit on the edge of your seat Stanley Matthews and Tom Finney both had that ability as well

But there was something different about this

Brazilian He had a mystique His life story was like a fairytale and he was so young

He was the answer to a generation's prayer for a hero and no-one really has threatened to rival him since—although there have been hints from Maradona

Here was a boy from a poor background in Brazil, who had overcome such hardship to take on the world in the world game and win.

When he was playing you dare not leave the ground in case you missed something—some little flash of genius that no-one else could match

His sheer ability was staggering He was exceptional It is the most difficult thing in football to beat an opponent Unless someone in your team has the power to do that then you will find it difficult to win a match

Maradona has shown that skill and so did George Best Finney and Matthews used to beat players with a change of pace and direction

Pele, though, could dribble around you, put the ball through your legs or chip it over you He could do everything and anything he wanted

When England played Brazil in the World Cup in 1970 in Mexico we probably played him as well as anyone Bobby Moore had a superb match against him

We realised that the less space that you gave him the harder it was for anyone even a genius to play That was as much as we could do

This man was a genius and no matter how hard you tried, you knew that you could never succeed in subduing him completely He thrived on the big occasion and the pressure of a game He could handle the enormity of any situation superbly It seemed to mean nothing to him

In the match in Guadalajara in the World Cup in Mexico in 1970, we gave him a couple of yards once It was no more than that but it was enough He set up the winning goal for Jairzinho

We wondered what you had to do to stop this man The South Americans had their answer It was to chop him down whenever he had the ball

They always said that even the best player in the world needed his legs If you were not prepared to resort to that and he gained the psychological advantage, he would murder you

He did have a weakness He was very much a forward or a midfield player, he was not a tackler He would rush in sometimes and even lose his head I have seen him booked and once, in Sao Paulo when Argentina beat Brazil 3-1 in that 1964 tournament, he should really have been sent off

But he had a footballing brain that was unequalled, even by some of the other great thinkers in that post-war period, such as Di Stefano, who was a brilliant talent

Pele, though has come the closest yet to achieving perfection in football He should enjoy his 50th birthday and the game should enjoy it with him ●

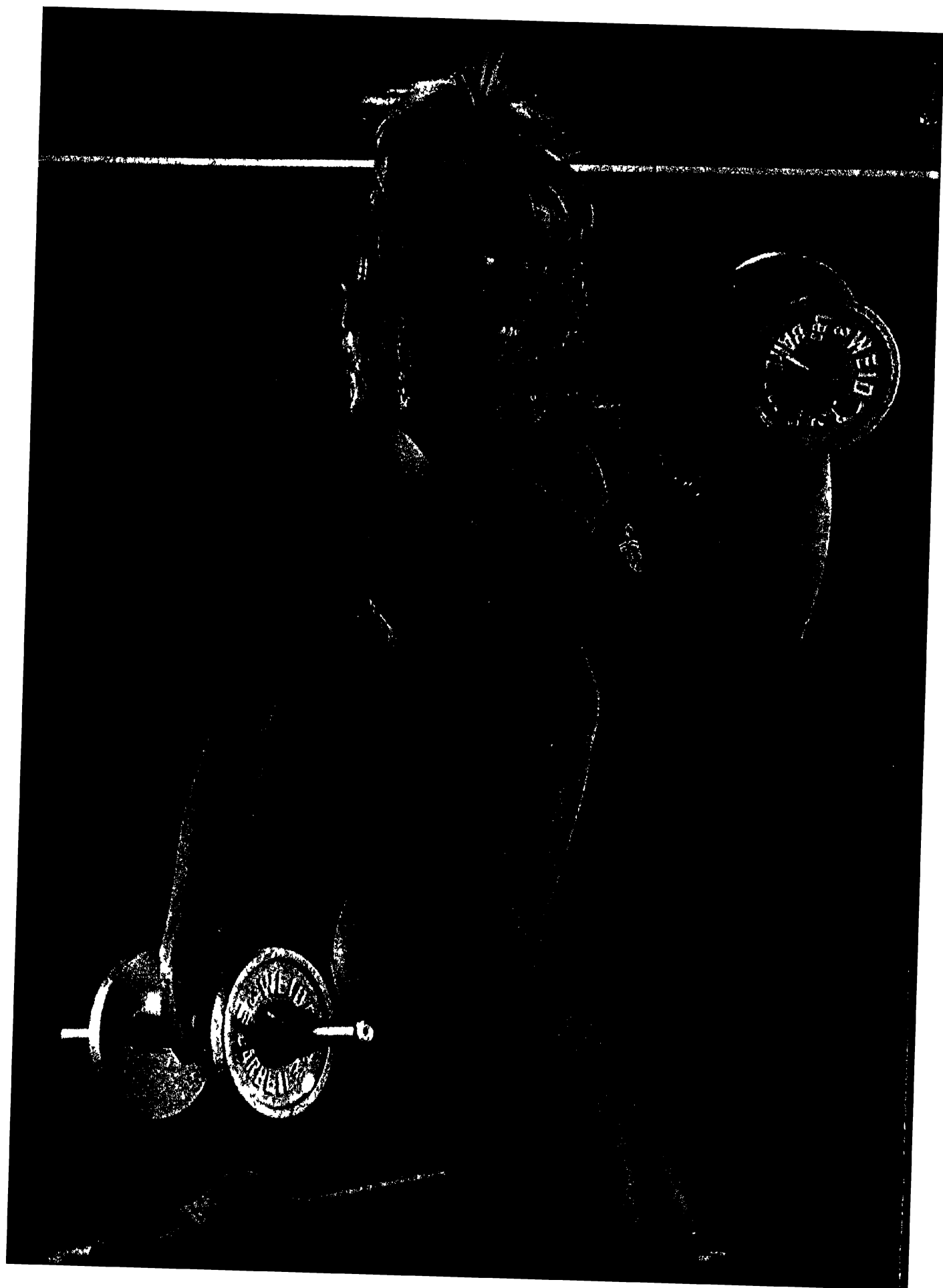
PHOTOGRAPH
OF THE WEEK

"Plant a tree"



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FITNESS



No Pain, No Gain?

NOT really. A lot of us are firm believers in the theory that a muscle's gotta be screaming in agony before it develops. All very well. But what about if it's an injured bodypart that's yelling for rest? Then you're doing more damage than good.

Muscle soreness is nothing new with sportsmen and women. If you indulge in any form of physical activity, you're no stranger to that morning-after workout hangover where a dull—but oh so satisfying—ache pervades right through your body. That's nature's way of letting the muscles tell you that you really put them through the wringer.

But if the pain is really severe, or persistent, then it's time to take it easy. Who knows? Maybe you did push yourself to the limit—and a little beyond—on that bout of physical pounding and are now carrying around mus-

cles that are not only sore but injured too.

The danger here is not realising when the soreness is actually due to injury. With our tendency to work through muscle soreness or stiffness, in the firm belief that the pain will eventually go away, we might just be placing unwanted stress on the injured bodypart. Then the pain isn't gonna end up in gain, it's going to injure you more!

Most of the post-exercise stiffness and soreness does not involve any serious damage to the muscles, tendons, joints or ligaments. All it means is that you've subjected your body to stresses it isn't ready for. Like lifting too heavy, or too long. Like playing with too much intensity. Or just not warming up properly. And even though there is damage done to the body, it isn't serious enough to call in the docs. All you've gotta do is accept that

you're doing too much too soon.

In most cases, you get over this soreness in a few days. Just ease off on the workouts, doing light work to get the blood flowing, and try and get in some massage. That'll ease the pain out and have you back to normal in a jiffy. If you have access to one, a sauna or even a jacuzzi will help speed up the recovery process.

But, what if it's more serious? What if you've actually busted something trying to go for gold? Then it's time you checked out what you've done to yourself. Provided you've just been pushing yourself too hard either in the gym, tennis court or even the cricket field, you could be suffering from one of the following injuries:

- Strains—where the muscle fibres and tendons are damaged from overstress
- Sprains—where the ligaments and joints are damaged from over-

- Tears—where the tendons, ligaments and muscles are either partially or completely torn

- Joint Subluxation or Dislocation—where the bone comes partially or completely out of its socket

- Tendinitis—where a tendon is suffering from temporary or chronic inflammation

- Bursitis—where there is either temporary or chronic inflammation of a bursa located within a joint

Once you've figured out what's wrong with you, then it's time to start working on healing the injury. And the only way to do that is give it time. No amount of light workouts or pain tolerance will help. You've gotta accept that your body is in trouble that the pain is a warning to your mind.

Next week we'll go into the methods of getting over workout-induced injury. Stay with us and stay out of trouble!

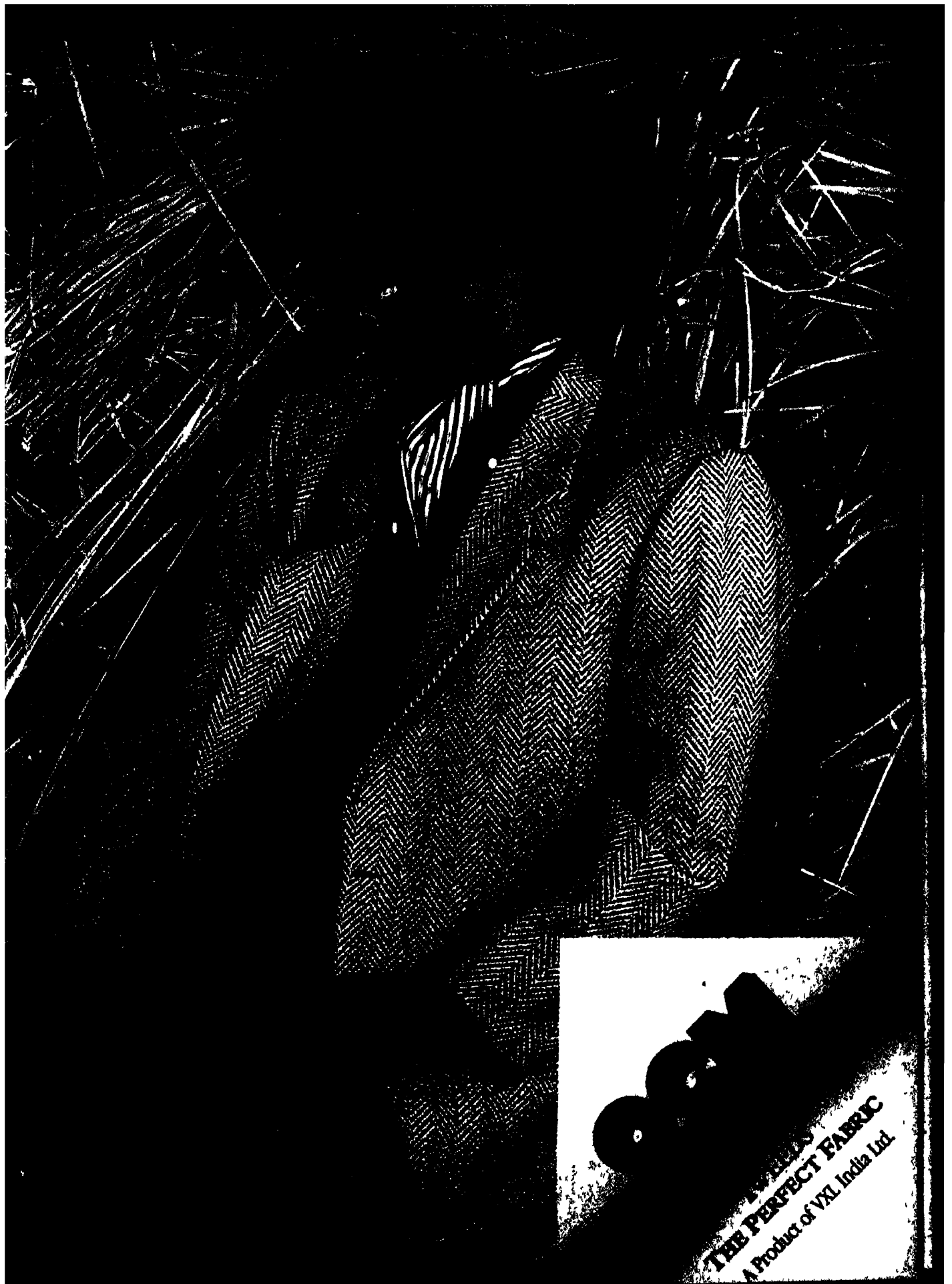
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PEOPLE

JIMMY
CONNORS

Staying Alive

Jimbo may be 38 and injured, but don't bury him yet

WIMBLEDON 1990. That man in the blue suit. I know him from somewhere. There he goes, weaving through the crowd. Red tie moving in the breeze. Face like a city boy, with the sun dancing all over it. That walk is familiar. No, not a walk, more a strut, you know like... like Jimmy Connors? Christ, it is Jimmy Connors.

All through this week, you've been thinking, something's wrong around here. Now you know. Connors in a suit. Sitting still. Microphone in hand. Talking clean. Being respected for what he says. Phew, no wonder the ivy's looking funny and the champagne tasting odd, not to mention the play being as dull as never before. With Connors not playing, Wimbledon is not the same, tennis is not the same. It's like a day without sunshine.

US OPEN 1990. He's still not playing. New Yankee boy Pete Sampras blows everybody away with his sweet smile and not-so-sweet serve, and everyone's saying the torch has been passed.

Is there some move afoot to subtly retire Connors? Heavens beware, that's just the sort of thing that would make Jimbo storm up to the attic, open a trunk and take out the elements of his old 'guts and glory' act once again.

But there has been enough reason to muse over Connors' future. He's played just three tournaments this year. First his foot/feet caused him distress—after two decades of stamping on opponents and as he would say, 'kickin' some ass' the bones below his feet cracked. Operations followed. He flirted with a semi-comeback in August 1990, but undying pride meant a refusal of an US Open invitation. The heart was intact but he lacked the stamina, and people come to see a snorting, rampant Jimbo not a heaving, puffing relic. It was a pride you do not see anymore.

Then the foot, now it's the wrist. He's cancelled tournament play for the rest of this year for yet another operation, but promises to hit the practice courts in January 1991. You get a feeling, at 38-years-old, the body is coming apart. Bit by bit. Problem is Connors always carries a tube of superglue, and we saw that at the US Open 1989. Nauseous, dizzy vomiting in the first set against Agassi in the quarter finals. Connors took out the superglue (maybe he eats it) and took the neon-kid to a outrageous fifth set, where he came back from 1-5 down to 4-5 before Agassi re-discovered his nerve.

Sixteen years ago in 1974, he cruelly killed the 39-year-old Rosewall in the Wimbledon and US Open finals. Now, history asks Jimbo, 39 next year, to run the gauntlet himself.

Ever seen Jimmy Connors run from anything? Nope. A Wimbledon final looks improbable, but if some fresh-faced kid makes the mistake of calling him 'Sir' on court, he's going to get a lesson about misplaced respect.

Don't bury Jimmy Connors. Yet.

BY ROHIT BRIJNATH



PRIVATE
EYE



NOT ALL PERFECT

NADIA'S BAD TIMES

IT seemed straight out of a Hans Christian Andersen story. A champion athlete, beautiful but unhappy, longing to get away from her oppressed country. She is helped by a man who falls in love with her and takes her, against all odds, to freedom.

At least that's what the Nadia Comaneci's story sounded like. But apparently it wasn't roses all the way. The darling of the 1976 Olympics, who fled Romania last year, revealed recently how her reputed boyfriend beat her regularly, kept her prisoner in his home and blackmailed her out of \$150,000.

Comaneci said the ordeal lasted for three months and it took her on a harrowing journey through Florida, California, New York and Canada. She disclosed, that

Nadia Life is no western with a happy ending

shortly after arriving in the US eleven months ago, she was locked in hotel rooms. "I was in a free country, but I was not free."

Comaneci, who was the first gymnast to score a perfect 10 at the Olympics, said that Constantin Panait, the Florida roofer with who she was romantically linked, had taken her earnings from interviews and photographs and returned with his wife to Romania.

She said she was disclosing all this because she wants to

clear her name following her alleged involvement with Panait who helped her flee from Romania.

"I'm not a scandal person. This is not my image. When I came to the US, this guy kept me like I was in a prison. He didn't let me call anybody. I couldn't call my family in Romania. I knew something was wrong. I couldn't go anywhere alone. I moved from one apartment to another."

Life is one long balance-beam, ain't it.



GIFTS GALORE

COKE, IS IT!

DO you know what goes on behind the scenes when a city is chosen to host an Olympic games? Well, here are some examples of the *tamasha* that went on in Tokyo when Atlanta was chosen to host the Centenary Olympics.

It is estimated that the privilege of hosting the Games cost, the city of Coca Cola, Martin Luther King and *Gone With the Wind*, an estimated \$7 million.

NO. 1 CHOICE

BECKER BREAKS WITH GIRLFRIEND

BORIS BECKER recently claimed that it was his "worst year privately, with a failed relationship."

Fact is that the German world number two has split with his steady long-time girlfriend Karen Schultz.

Becker has had his share of women. At Wimbledon this year he was apparently shackled up with ice skating heroine Katarina Witt. And he admits, "I am chased like game. If you have it all, you're no longer tempted". But in spite



Becker: Giving up his girlfriend to go after Edberg!

of all this, Karen was special to Boris. Then why the breakup?

Becker feels she was "trying to push me into marriage. She wanted security and a child, but I'm too young. Her demands would get in the way of me being the world number one tennis player"

And there is plenty of truth in that, because Becker is now breathing down Stefan Edberg's neck.

Athens, once the favourites to host the Games, accused the International Olympic Committee (IOC) of selling its soul for a buck and a proverbial case of Coca-Cola.

One African IOC delegate told a rival delegation that Delta Airways (of Atlanta) promised free tickets to all who were to attend the IOC from Africa.

Coca Cola apparently pumped in at least \$350,000 into Atlanta's effort, which does not include hosting lavish luncheons, the use of corporate aircraft and countless hours of volunteer help.

But the most astonishing sight after

Athens was rejected in favour of Atlanta, was that of members of the IOC going to the reception desk at Tokyo's luxurious Takanawa Prince Hotel to ask for empty boxes to pack all the gifts given to them by the various bidding cities.

IOC Chairman Juan Antonio Samaranch was so annoyed (or embarrassed) that he subsequently issued an edict that in future no gift must be worth more than \$200.

What is conveniently forgotten is the fact that IOC members get free trips to the bidding cities. Trips where everything is on the house.

EVERYTHING!

HOW GOOD IS BORG?

LETTING THE CAT OUT

SO Bjorn Borg is planning a comeback! Rumour is, he's training very hard but question is, how good is Borg's tennis today?

Well, here's the answer straight from the horses mouth i.e. Borg's practise partners. The Swede who retired after winning five Wimbledon titles, has been training regularly in Milan (remember his present girlfriend is Italian) for several weeks, and he may return to active tennis and play tournaments if he still can perform at the top levels.

But his two Italian sparring partners have let the cat out of the bag. Ugo Pigato and Enrico Cocchi were quoted recently in *Gazzetta dello Sport*, Italy's respected sports daily as saying

that they have been beating Borg quite easily in recent training matches. Pigato, who was a finalist in last month's Italian Tennis Championships, said: "The last time we played on clay, I gave Borg only three games in four sets. He's improving, but I hardly believe he could make a successful comeback. Right now he would not beat any top 100 world ranked player "

Cocchi, who also claims to have beaten Borg in training, noted that the old fashioned wooden racket—the same one Borg used before retirement—does not give the Swede the necessary power

But what is important at this moment is not the power of the racket but power of the mind. Good luck Mr. Ice!

Borg and his son after a work out



There are things
going on in the
cricketing world
that we don't get to
hear about.....

EXTRAS

SPORTSMANSHIP?

This letter appeared in the November issue of the Wisden Cricket Monthly
I HAVE read and listened to comments regarding the 'high standards of sportsmanship' displayed in the recent Test series between England and India. I watched nearly every ball bowled, and I think I have rarely witnessed such blatant attempts at cheating as those perpetrated by the Indian team. There were vociferous attempts to intimidate the umpires regarding alleged catches and lbws, deliberate scruffing of the pitch to assist their bowlers, and there was constant tampering with the seam which on at least one occasion resulted in the ball being changed and on the fourth day of the final Test, only ten overs were bowled in an hour.

STEVEN JUDGE, Marlow Bucks

CONCERNED at the record scoring during the 1990 season, the Cricketers' Association of England urged the TCCB to restore balance between batsman and bowler by reverting to the high-seamed Reader ball which caused controversy in 1989.

CONSTRUCTIVE talks have taken place between South African Cricket Union (SACU) and the anti-apartheid South African Cricket Board (SACB). The two bodies, previously implacable opponents, discussed the formation of a single governing body, seen as vital if international cricket is to return to the Republic.

ENGLAND'S new football captain Gary Lineker scored the winner for his country against Hungary at Wembley on Sept 12, then played for the Cross Arrows at Lord's the next day. Lineker, who has played for Leicestershire II, injured a muscle bowling in the later Cross Arrow match, but regained full fitness in time to turn out for Spurs in their first-division match two days later.

Viv Richards or Vince Robinson?



MURRAY CLOSE/HANDED

IAN BOTHAM crashed his wife's £30,000 Ferrari after skidding on a slippery wet road near the couple's North Yorkshire home. Police gave the Worcestershire and England allrounder a routine breath-test, which revealed that he had not been drinking.

AFTER impressing with the baseball bat during the England XI's brief unofficial tour of North America, Robin Smith has been offered a trial by the New York Mets.

ONLY regional teams such as Lahore and Karachi are to compete for Pakistan's major domestic competition, the Qaid-e-Azam Trophy. The commercial sides—Habib Bank, National Bank and Pakistan International Airlines, for example—will contest the Patron's Trophy. In this way, the Pakistan Board hopes to give greater prominence to the regional sides.

WEST INDIES won both unofficial one-day internationals to take the 'North American Cricket series'. At one of the receptions given to the touring teams, a Toronto official caused merriment at a reception, introducing 'The West Indian captain as a great cricketer... Vince Robinson!'. Viv Richards was not amused.

WISDEN CRICKET MONTHLY

Robin Smith is following in Botham's footsteps. Smith has been offered a trial with the New York Mets, while Botham crashed his wife's Ferrari....



English soccer Captain Lineker, is also making his presence felt on the cricket field

IN Beijing, during the Asian Games, there was enough action on the field but somehow, it could not quite match the action off the field. Here are a few stories of what happened behind the scenes in the Forbidden City.

'You couldn't beat a fifty-three year old and you call it a good race.'

Well, the subject was a one mile race sponsored by *adidas* for us hacks in Beijing, where *Sportsworld's* Pradeep Paul and I finished third and fourth respectively.

And yes, we did finish behind 53-year-old Ranjit Bhatia, who, no-one will tell you, is a former Olympian and a marathoner, and still in excellent physical shape. Even in Beijing, despite the late hour that he finished writing his reports, he made sure that he went for his morning runs.

The race was started by Lee Evans, the 400m gold medalist at the Mexico Olympics and now trainer of the Qatar squad.

Evans, who is in his mid-forties and extremely trim, said 'Ladies and gentlemen (and yes, indeed, there were a couple of lady journalists around), I wish you all the best of luck. However, just remember to take it easy because unfortunately, there is no ambulance outside the stadium.'

The journalists laughed but they were nervous. And when Lee Evans announced that the first three would get the expensive Torsion sneakers while fourth and fifth places would get tracksuits, the nervousness turned to unashamed greed.

freewheeling

The gun cracked and a motley crowd of ageing, paunchy, young-to-middle aged never-was-has-beens, broke into a furious run. But it was a brief flourish. By the end of the first lap, everyone had collapsed except for Gao Biyang of Radio Beijing, Mr Bhatia and Mr Paul.

I was lying, happily, in last place with *India Today's* Shekhar Gupta, forming instantly, 'Joggers Incorporated' as he called it. But when the others began to slow down and wheeze, there was a hope. Not to win, but at least to come somewhere. Greed was prevailing.

Meanwhile, the threesome in the lead just went on and on and on and finished the race

with Bhatia second and Paul third. And since even visions of a track-suit were unable to motivate everyone else, thanks to collapsed lungs, a non-smoker like me slipped, with ease, into fourth place.

Not everyone was at ease in Beijing. Take the case of the South Indian journalist who was invited to the Indian Ambassador's house for a get-together for medalists and journalists. He had come expecting dinner and was severely disappointed that his dinner would consist only of *samosas*. He stood and moaned out loudly in Malayalam to a few fellow Malayali journalists about this highly ungenerous act of the

Ambassador The Ambassador's wife stood nearby and surely that was not a problem. Except when a journalist walked up and whispered 'Just forgot to mention to you, but the Ambassador's wife is a Malayali.'

That's not all. Here's another one. A crusty, old, God-fearing Indian newsman, who shoots not only from the typewriter but also from the lip for once lost his tongue in Beijing. A deeply religious man, he wanted to go to Church on a Sunday. So he rang up a telephone number given by the Organising Committee because they told him that he would get the directions to the Church.

Imagine his stupefied surprise when the phone was picked up and the voice at the other end said, 'Sir, you want women?'

We don't know what happened after that, but he sure didn't see any churches in Beijing.

And finally, here's the story of how optimism survives even in God-forsaken Beijing.

Al-Ahmed, a photographer from Saudi Arabia, had ranted and raved about the impossibility of dating Chinese girls but then he smiled and twirled his moustache.

'No problem' he said, 'I am now waiting for eight more years and a few months.'

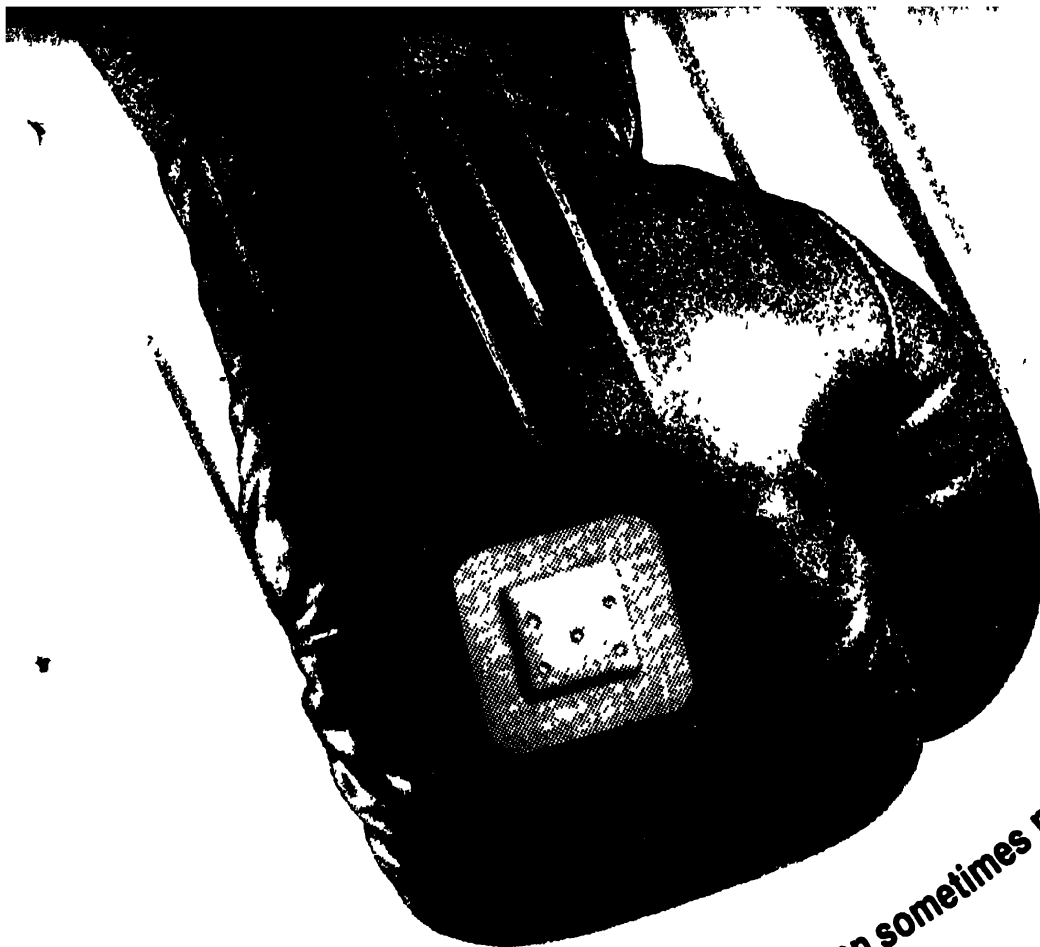
Whatever on earth for?

'Because' he replied, 'that's when the 1998 Games will be held in Bangkok.'

Oriental city....and the city doesn't know what the city has got.

Shervin Sebastian





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The MRF World Cup Boxing Championship is a world-class sporting event. It is a world-class sporting event. It is a world-class sporting event.

The MRF World Cup Boxing Championship is a world-class sporting event. It is a world-class sporting event. It is a world-class sporting event.



MRF

WORLD CUP

1990

Boxing has been an integral part of the sporting life of India for many years.

Boxing has been an integral part of the sporting life of India for many years.

Nov. 10-17 Bombay Gymkhana

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Boxing has been an integral part of the sporting life of India for many years.

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Sportsworld

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EDBERG**

RAVI SHASTRI

"I've Been Misunderstood"

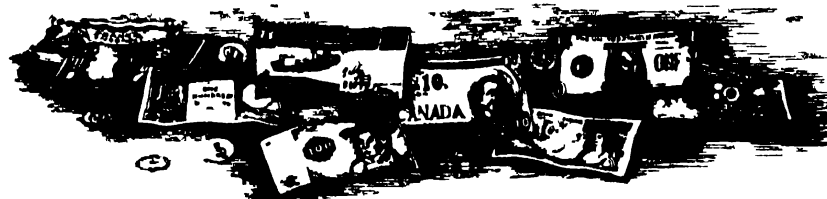
In an exclusive interview, India's most
maligned cricketer defends



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VOICES

I can feel a sense of masterpiece all through my body as if it comes from the gods

World chess champion Garry Kasparov on himself

I want to become a good model and call for kids not to use drugs
Ben Johnson

We should not have taken Milla to Italy

Cameroonian legend Roger Milla's teammate and star player Francois Omam Biyik

The mob's tactic for controlling soccer is as subtle as a kick in the shins

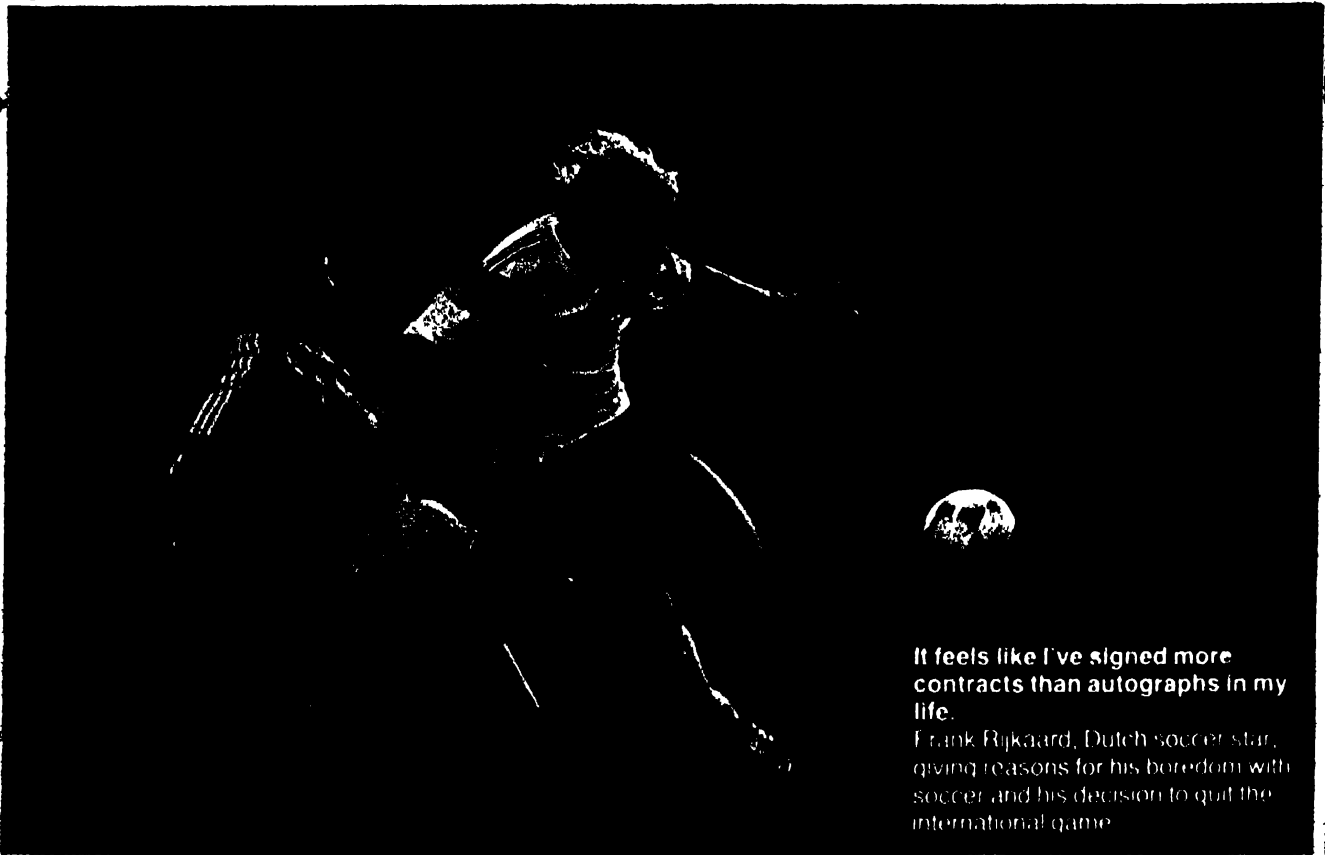
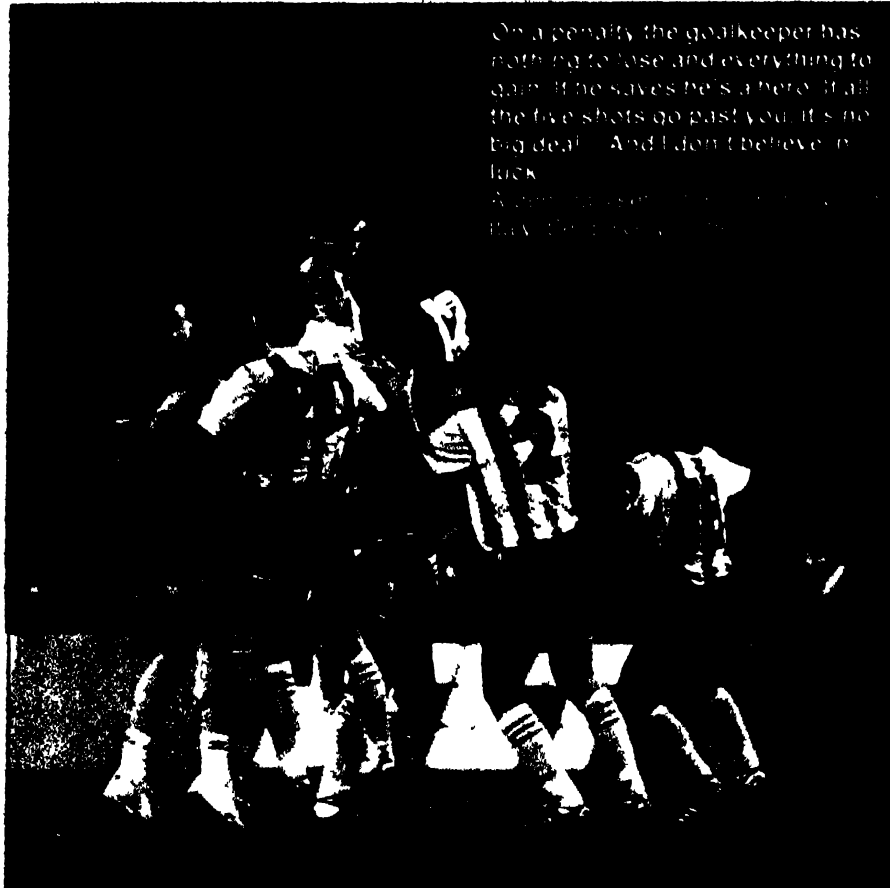
John Moody on soccer in Colombia

For a person who does normal things in life, recovery from this type of accident is usually guaranteed. For a racing driver there can be no such guarantee, but I'll do everything possible to comeback

Formula One driver Alessandro Nannini on his recovery from a helicopter accident which severed his right arm

On a penalty the goalkeeper has nothing to lose and everything to gain. If he saves he's a hero. If all the five shots go past you, it's no big deal. And I don't believe in luck.

Alexander Meke, Dutch soccer star, giving reasons for his boredom with soccer and his decision to quit the international game



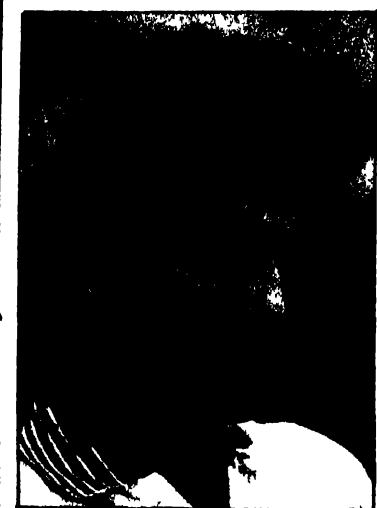
It feels like I've signed more contracts than autographs in my life.

Frank Rijkaard, Dutch soccer star, giving reasons for his boredom with soccer and his decision to quit the international game

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20 Nov., 1990 Volume 11 Issue 52
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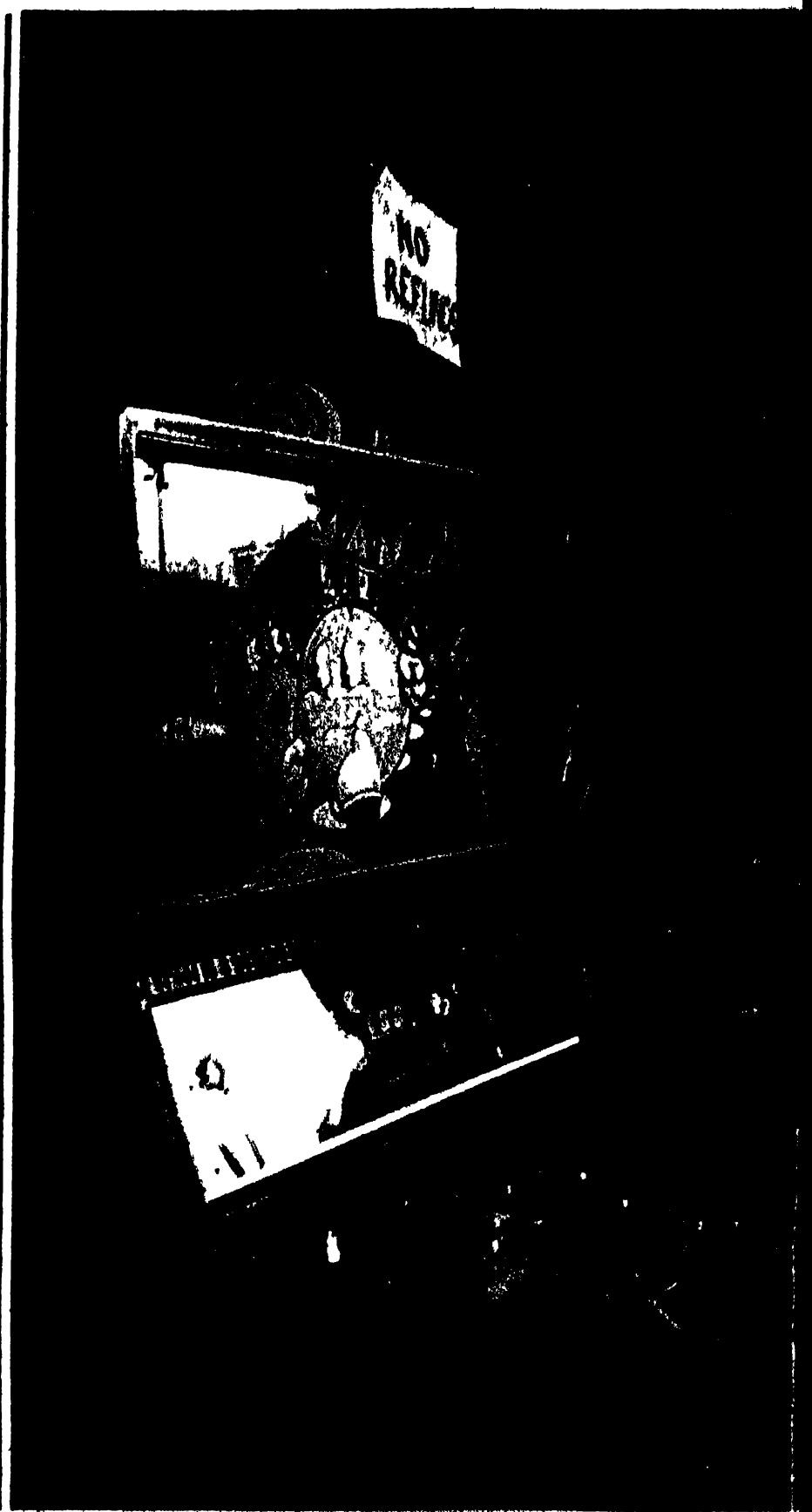
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14 Ravi Shastri is without doubt, Indian cricket's angry young man. Immensely talented but strangely disliked, Shastri believes he is misunderstood. At the Irani Trophy in Bangalore, Shastri spoke to Andy O'Brien about his image and how he has changed his attitude towards cricket and his life

72 John McEnroe has always kept his private life under wraps. But in exclusive excerpts from his recently released autobiography, 'Taming the talent' by Richard Evans, his wife Tatum O'Neal candidly discusses life with John, from chaos to courtship to contentment



The hair is let down, the smile is back on her face! And it's obvious, Monica Seles is in the best of spirits having stunned Martina Navratilova for the third time this year. An ascending star, it is a matter of time before she starts playing pinball with Steffi Graf and brings down the Queen

WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP

The glittering Mirage
Hotel was the venue of
the fight

A Big Hoax

bombardment.

But no amount of respect for the notion that it took plenty of courage to step into the ring with a powerful man whose intention was to render him quickly unconscious, could protect Douglas from the blast of calumny that resulted from a miserable

world champions described Douglas' performance as "shameful", he was not merely endorsing widespread criticism but speaking out for the best traditions in boxing.

No matter how aleasy the old game often appears to be, there is usually an encouraging sense of nobility inside

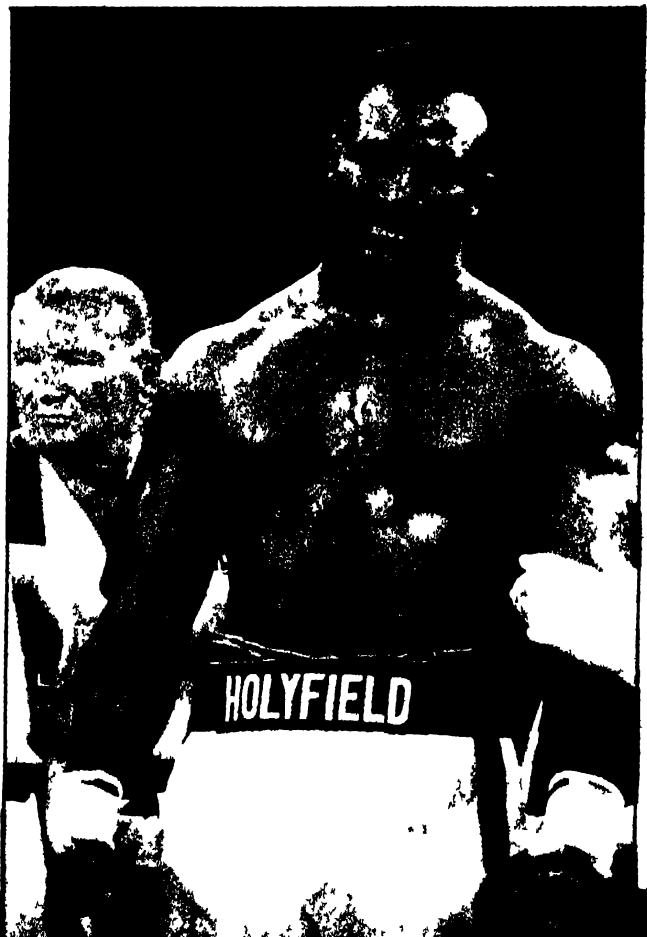
Overweight and uninspired, James Douglas succumbed easily to the menacing firepower of challenger Evander Holyfield. The fight barely lasted eight minutes before Douglas hit the canvas. An ignominious retreat that robbed much glamour from the championship fight

knockout after 1min 10 sec of the third round.

When Eddie Futch, the famous 78-year-old trainer who worked with more than a dozen

the ropes, so even when the defending champion

Evander Holyfield: the new heavyweight champion in the world



LONG after the fight was over and Evander Holyfield had been proclaimed the new

undisputed world heavyweight champion, people were still muttering darkly about James "Buster" Douglas, and how he had brought shame upon boxing and what

they believe to be the greatest prize in sport.

As some of them are of a breed that can be loosely described as larcenous, theirs was a choice reaction to what occurred in Las Vegas after a prolonged and spectacular explosion of firecrackers and rockets made it seem as though the Mirage Hotel was under heavy

weighed in, shockingly, at 246 lbs, his huge torso quivering like a blancmange, it could still be imagined that he would make a fight of it. A rush on the casino betting shops suggested that this was not a popular point of view, but nobody expected Douglas to subside so meekly as though he had long since settled for the glory and considerable fortune that came his way last February in Tokyo.

For seven minutes and 10 seconds of mostly inept scuffling, Douglas got approximately \$19 million. It is estimated he will be left with \$8 million, ample to ensure lasting gratification of what might be thought to be an essentially indolent nature.

Nobody could be sure about which Douglas would emerge from the months in between. It troubled Holyfield's astute trainer, George Benton.

"If he did it once, why not twice?" he said. 'Can he get there again? I don't know. He's a good fighter, but he's a Jekyll and Hyde. I'm not questioning his courage, but his resolution. When Douglas fought Tyson, all sorts of things were happening to him and I think it concentrated his mind. He had nothing to lose.'

Douglas looked a loser from the moment he disrobed to climb the scales, immediately losing credibility and squandering the wave of sympathetic support that rose up world-wide when Don King attempted scandalously, to reverse the decision in Tokyo.

'He was in outlandish condition' said Futch added, then giving substance to the suspicion voiced in some quarters that Douglas could have beaten the count after being sent over by a short right hand.

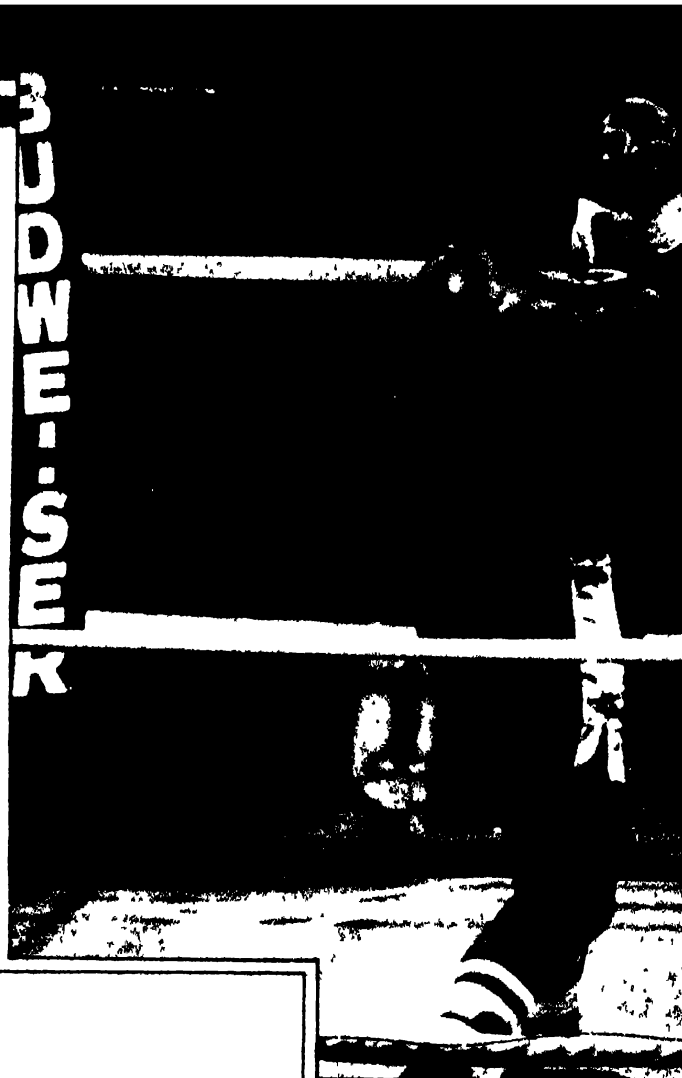
'He glanced at the back of his right glove after rubbing it across his lips, as though checking for blood', Futch said, 'He appeared to be clear-headed and my impression was that he could have got up.'

From the moment, Douglas went to his corner, enveloped in a hooded white robe of ironic connotation, he

James Buster Douglas: an unexpected collapse



THE COLLAPSE OF JAMES BUSTER DOUGLAS

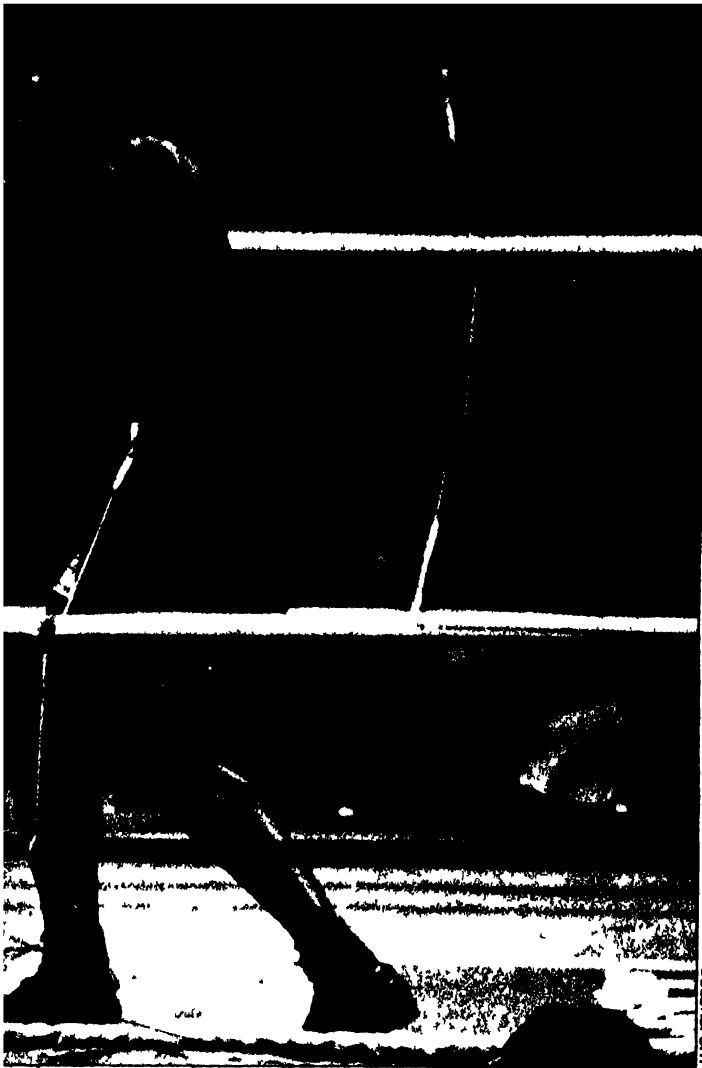


appeared to be in the grip of anxiety, gloom installed on a wide face, as though he could think of better ways to spend the evening.

In contrast, Holyfield waved confidently in the direction of his family and friends, a film of healthy perspiration, already forming on impressive slabs of hard muscle.

When Douglas shed his robe, the audience murmured at the sight of a blubbery frame, a waistline that spoke of hamburgers and fries and scoops of ice cream. 'He can't wait to call room service' somebody shouted cruelly from a seat priced at \$2000.

Holyfield flexed his muscle. Douglas shook his flab. The champion



soon found himself on the retreat, backing away from Holyfield's confident surges, relying mostly on his jab. After little more than 30 seconds, of the opening round, Douglas was already sucking in air, lips spreading back from his gumshield. He jabbed and missed. He jabbed and missed again. Holyfield went inside and switched to the body and Douglas held. Then a short left hook sent the champion off balance and he was hurt again when Holyfield crossed with a solid right.

Holyfield frequently makes the mistake of not moving his head and therefore, vulnerable to punishment while delivering his own

blows. But there was little coming back and he was soon easily in front.

It was already a crisis for Douglas and the referee, Mills Lane, warned him for holding. Taking advantage of the brief respite, Douglas dropped his arms and then circled them upwards, trying to

Douglas looked a loser from the moment he disrobed to climb the scales, immediately losing credibility and squandering the wave of sympathetic support that rose up world-wide when Don King attempted, scandalously, to reverse the decision in Tokyo

Mike Tyson during happier times when he was lean, aggressive, a mean machine

shake out the crippling stiffness that had come with tension.

There was nothing in his jab and when they drew together at the start of the third round, he was warned again, this time for pulling the challenger within range of an attempted uppercut.

The possibility had not escaped Benton and Lou Duva. 'The uppercut was never going to be as effective against Evander as it was against Tyson' Duva said. 'Evander knows how to step out of range and throw a counter. He's got more variety than Tyson.'

In desperation, Douglas went again along a rising arc, dropped his right shoulder to get maximum leverage, then striking upwards at Holyfield's chin. The champion missed, and was pulled so far sideways by his momentum that the right side of his head was immediately open to a blow. A chopping right sent him down and on to his back.

As the count was completed, not a flicker of impulse to suggest a resurgence of the will that enabled Douglas to rise up from the boards in Tokyo. Holyfield simply turned away, firing a satisfied punch into his palm of his left glove. A dignified response, in quiet contrast, to the pandemonium that had broken out in his corner, while Douglas was being examined and then helped to a stool,

looking like a pensioner who had passed out on the pavement.

When they came to speak, seated on either side of a lectern. Douglas appeared to be lost in thought, while Holyfield thanked a small army of delirious retainers.

Douglas, glad perhaps to regain relative anonymity, probably never to box again. Back to being just James, instead of enduring the strain that went with being 'Buster'.

'I don't think the weight was significant' he said slowly, 'I just didn't have it. No rhythm, couldn't get the mechanics right. If I could have stayed in there for a few more rounds and loosened up, it might have been different. Sometimes, things go for you, sometimes, they don't.'

Douglas gained respect in Tokyo but in Las Vegas, it dissolved in embarrassment. And harsh words were uttered 'He's a dog' said Mike Trainer, the attorney who came to prominence in boxing as Sugar Ray Leonard's close associate. 'A piece of junk.'

But in showing contempt for the heavyweight championship, Douglas offended a stern code.

It demands that a man go on fighting for as long as he is able. Whether Douglas could have regained his feet will remain a matter of opinion; but boxing is a rough business and he understood the code. The memory of his performance will hang over him like a noose.

Ken Jones,
The Daily Telegraph

WEEKEND
EVENING

WE'VE
WHERE
WE'RE NOT
EXPOSED TO!



IAN WOOSNAM

THE POOR
LITTLE
RICH BOY

MOST of you could claim to know a lot about golf. Well that's okay, but how many of you know about Ian Woosnam?

Woosnam is the golfer with the highest earnings for two

seasons running. The guy makes money from every tournament he

appears in. But rumour has it that Woosnam is just not happy. The reason?

He is scared that he will not be considered as a 'great' cos he has not won any of the



Ian Woosnam: the poor little rich guy

PROST AND SENNA

THE 'BAD BOYS'
ARE AT IT

AFTER a brief reconciliation Ayrton Senna and Alain Prost have gone back to their old warring ways. In an uncanny reenactment of last year's Japanese Grand Prix the world motor racing title was again decided on the basis

of a crash between Senna and Prost.

The previous two crashes were almost identical, Senna driving into Prost on both occasions. This time, however, there was a slight turnaround in the incident: Prost drove into Senna. This crash left Senna with his second title and Prost too far behind on points to even catch up with Senna. And how Prost howled about it.

Lashing out at Senna characteristically, Prost said: "He has

completely destroyed everything. I hope that everyone can see that he has not been honest."

Senna does not seem to care. For him F-1 racing has become something of a war and he is ready to risk death for the title. This is aptly reflected in his words: "Prost tried to destroy me and he will not. I know what I can do and I don't give a damn to what he says."

I suggest taking a break from the goings-on in Iraq and checking the Formula One scene.

MISS NACHAPPA FACES

THE CANDID
CAMERA



majors. Now that's a jolly good reason. Woosnam himself knows it when he says: "I have got to be happy with that (highest earnings) but, obviously the one thing missing is a major. I won't be recognised as a great player unless I win one of those.

This comes from a man who makes \$203 every time he strikes the golf ball—even if it travels only a centimetre! In an incredible season, the tiny 32-year-old Woosnam has banked around \$900,000. There is no holiday for him as he prefers to go chasing the pounds, deutschmarks, escudos and pesetas.

But no majors? I'm sure he'll gladly sacrifice a million for one.

CHEEMA TURNS HIS BACK

TO THE MAIDAN

BENGAL's adopted son is fed up. Yes, Cheema Okerie the Nigerian striker who enthralled us in the Maidan is ready to leave. This decision it seems is due to the stepmotherly treatment meted out to him by his club, East Bengal, of which he is captain. Recent scraps with players and officials have taken their toll.

Cheema has just come back to the Maidan after a ban imposed on him by the powers that be, was removed. The ban was slapped on him as a result



Cheema and his wife Cathy: dreams die hard

of an on the field battle with Mohun Bagan striker Sishir Ghosh who incidentally was also banned.

This little sabbatical treatment that followed thereafter made Cheema reflect on the state of things and he realised that things were not going too well for him. According to sources, he

took a little trip to England where he is supposed to have started negotiations with some second division soccer teams. He could not have problems setting there because incidentally his wife's family is also settled there. Meanwhile, soccer in the Maidan could lose a little bit of its charm.

USHA KIRON FILMS has been responsible for many a hit. And Usha Kiron films it seems, is well on its way to making another one—*Ashwini*. The basic script of the film is by now well known. The movie revolves around the life, trials and tribulation of Ashwini Nachappa the most glamorous athlete in the Indian circuit.

Press baron B. Ramoji Rao has pumped about 35 lakhs into the film and is hoping that he'll get more than that in return. Says Ashwini: "The film is autobiographical to

Ashwini wows guests at a party in Beijing



some extent, some parts in the beginning and ending reflect incidents in my life. It has very little to do with the usual bump and grind routine. We can also expect some spicy Telugu masala which is on the cards.

Ashwini is nervous, this being her first celluloid venture and the director is making sure that she fits in with the rest of the team. "For me the film is a break", says Miss Nachappa. "It is a change and I like it. Maybe I'll do a couple of more films if *Ashwini* is a hit."

And I can bet there'll be many to oggle at her.



THE

THE



Modified vegetarianism is all about combining vegetarian/non-vegetarian foods in the right proportion.

Some general recommendations to remain in the pink of health. Most of us should:

- a) Cut down on fat, especially saturated fat and cholesterol. Choose low-fat foods like vegetables, fruits, whole grains, fish, poultry, lean meats and low-fat dairy products.
- b) Maintain desirable body weight. Reduce calorie intake to meet expenditure and exercise regularly, also cut down on sugar and alcohol.
- c) Take in less sodium. Do it by using the salt-shaker sparingly and also by eating foods less in sodium.
- d) Drink only in moderation and avoid it entirely during pregnancy. The most effective way to do this would be to limit intake to two or fewer drinks a day.

For some individuals:

- a) Get adequate fluoride to prevent tooth decay.
- b) For those vulnerable to dental cavities, specially children, decrease sugar intake.
- c) Women and adolescent girls should increase their intake of calcium-rich foods.

COVER STORY



RAVI SHASTRI

In an exclusive interview Ravi Shastri, India's most maligned cricketer, speaks to Andy O'Brien about how he has changed

SPORTSWORLD: 1990 began very badly for you. You were not getting big scores, your bowling seemed to have lost its rhythm. It all culminated in your being dropped for the New Zealand tour. Yet ten months later here you are, not only assured of a place in the Indian team but as one of its key members. How would you explain this sudden change of fortunes? This transformation?

RAVI SHASTRI: You could call it a transformation. On the tour of Pakistan I really felt jaded and being dropped from the team to tour New Zealand gave me a two-and-a-half month break. For one month I didn't do anything. I just stayed at home and took my mind off the game. When I came back I found the motivation back again and I found that I was a lot more hungrier. It wasn't that I wasn't playing well on the Pakistan tour (which preceded the New Zealand tour). It was just that I didn't have that drive in me to convert fifties into hundreds. And then came this break and suddenly the new challenge to open in England which I was really looking forward to. Because it's always a challenge—as an opener you can bat through the innings get a big score. That's exactly what's happened and there's no looking back now.

So it seems that this break was the best thing that could have happened to you...a watershed in your career? Definitely. At that stage of my career I thought I was not playing to the best of my ability. There's no point in going out there and getting 20s and 30s, when I knew that I was capable of converting those scores into hundreds. So I think it was a big blessing in disguise not being picked for the New Zealand tour. It gave me time to go back and try and eliminate what mistakes I thought there were in my game and come back with a more positive attitude.

Why wasn't the attitude positive before that? The then chairman of the selection committee claimed at that

time, that most of the senior players were taking their place in the side for granted. And now you talk about coming back with a more positive attitude. Was there any truth in what Raj Singh had said?

I wouldn't like to speak on behalf of the other players, but I will speak about myself. I didn't take anything for granted in the squad because I take a lot of pride in my own performance. And if Ravi Shastri is not performing to the best of his ability, he has no business to be playing at the highest level, because I know that if I am playing to the best of my

ability I should be getting scores of 140, 150, 130. Or on a dicey seaming track to go out there and get even a fifty. That is a challenge.

So by your logic, your non-selection for the New Zealand tour was justified, since you have admitted that you weren't performing upto your capabilities?

Yes, exactly. In fact that's what I remember telling you in a interview for *Sportsworld* when I was dropped. I said that I wasn't performing to the best of my abilities and that's why I'm not in the side.

Apart from giving you the opportunity to work on your game, it seems the break from cricket helped improve your attitude towards the game and its surroundings?

That may be true simply because I played non-stop cricket for about eight or nine years. I never had time to go back to the nets and try to sort out my problems, because I was in the thick of it all the time. One international followed another, and I couldn't experiment etc because I was always in the middle of a season—if not the Indian season then the county season. There was never a time when I was alone and could try and sort out my problems. But that's what happened when I was dropped from the New Zealand tour. And my whole attitude now... I feel I'm hungry again. I feel like how I was when I was 17 and 18. Those days I remember I wanted to go out and perform game after game. Which seemed to be missing and people have rightly pointed out this in the last two years prior to this. The keenness, the attitude just seemed not to be there. I had set standards for myself and I was not keeping up to those standards. Well, it's all changing now, I am a lot more hungry now and it's obviously showing in my game.

What about your attitude towards



**Uttarpara
Jagdishna Public Library**
**Yes true, (opening
the batting was a
career decision to
save his career). But
then ask how many
people are ready to
open the innings?
It's so easy to say
that I was compelled
to open but ask
anyone if they want
to open**



people and your surroundings both on and off the field. Has that changed too? It seems to have!

Maybe the young , the young angry blood has disappeared. Now that I have got a lady in my life, she's probably mellowed me down a bit. Maybe that could be the reason (Laughs)

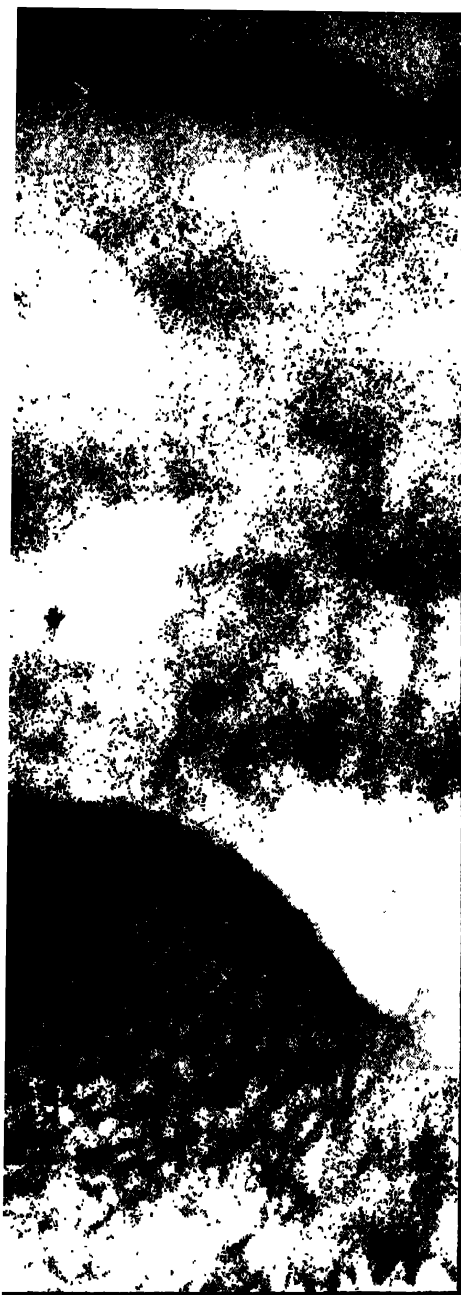
Has the change in your attitude towards others..."the disappearing of the young angry blood"...helped in squashing the massive anti-Ravi Shastri wave that was sweeping the country?

I think that happened , primarily it started here in Bangalore. And that's one of the main reasons why I got stuck in there yesterday. (He

had scored a double hundred in the Irani Trophy against Bengal the previous day) I wanted to prove to a lot of people sitting down here that you come and boo the guy but the guy is still hanging in. And he's performing and then *they* become the same people who are cheering you on.

It started here because of the Dhaka incident when Mohinder Amarnath was dropped and he was quoted in some of the papers saying that 'If I can't make the side, then how can Ravi and a couple of other players make it'. So obviously the crowd took out their feelings on me and that was publicised by the press. The press also had a part to play in it by

publicising it and giving these people the mileage. It was watched on television, it was highlighted on television and it became more like a fashion. Sunny was absolutely right when he said it was a fashion. It was picked up in Bangalore so people in Bombay wanted to start it. And this just carried on from there. But now that I have got a few big scores behind me, I am not worried if the attitude changes at all, because I know my goal in my life and I'm not going to be really worried about what they have to think about it. They can change their decision...their attitude, but I'll still be hanging in. They can keep booing me for the rest of



their lives.

But do you see a change in the situation now?

It has changed. It seems so. I suppose it comes to a situation where they say, 'this bugger will never change. We've booed him for so long...two years, and at least he's been man enough to come out game after game and play in front of us.'

You know it's not easy when you go out and you have 30-40 thousand people getting after you. And you're alone. It's easier to sit outside, a hundred yards away, watch it and enjoy the fun. But it's not easy for the guy whose fielding out here. And well they

must be saying now that 'hats off to him. We gave it our all and he's still there. He's hanging in there performing.

So you're saying that you have squashed the anti-Shastri wave by your performances. What about public relations (PR)?

True. Well, where was the time to do PR. And PR of what sort? All I can say is that the people who are doing it, quite a few of them are illiterate...most of them are. And it shocks me...it hurts me...simply because there are so many good schools around the country. No well educated gentleman would do things of that sort. Again no one in college would get down to that level. You play in England, they never do that to their heroes. In fact they do the opposite. Take the case of Gower. He was doing badly and being lambasted by the press in



"Maybe the young...young angry blood has disappeared. Now that I have got a lady in my life she's probably mellowed me down a bit. Maybe that could be the reason"

the last two years after the Ashes, but still everyone in the crowd wanted him to do well.

You talked about marriage a little earlier. How has marriage helped your game, your attitude and your image? Marriage has definitely helped. It's okay being a bachelor, but I've been like a vagabond...you could call me a nomad, in the last ten years. I've played two seasons every year...India and England...and I used to just come back, dump my bag, go back. I was in Bombay for less than 15-16 months in eight-ten years. And you really don't settle down anywhere. Your don't know whether you are coming or going. And then there came a stage when I got married and I had a companion travelling with me and it made one hell of a difference...so it seems.

But what about the image? How has marriage helped your image?

The real gossip newspapers and magazines, the tabloids or those interested in yellow journalism, they have taken a backseat now. They seem to say, 'well he's married now, so let's lay off and things like that. So obviously that is helping a little bit.

From the kind of social life you had in your bachelor days one would have expected Ravi Shastri to marry a high profile, high-society lady. But Ritu seems to be a far cry from that image. How come the debonair Ravi Shastri married a simple, down to earth girl? Well, that's what many people tell me. But at the end of the day I wanted to marry someone of that sort... down to earth. If I had got married to a person like that (high profile) it could have been a clash of egos, clash of personalities and there could have been a problem. But there's absolutely no problem. She (Ritu) knows a little about cricket, she follows it a bit, but certainly not too much. And she's an absolutely down to earth person.

Now that you're married, you can probably be more outspoken about the past. Looking back how much truth was there in the image of Ravi Shastri

being a ladies man? The playboy image.

Well, I suppose it would happen to anyone who had been as successful as I was . and so young. I mean you've played 100-120 internationals and 70 odd Test matches and you're still only 26-27. Plus you had enough performances in world events to make someone envy you. And probably that's why they kept calling me those things.

It seems that after your mentor Sunil Gavaskar, you are probably the second most misunderstood cricketer we've had over the last few years....

Definitely. Definitely. Because, see, if you wrote an article about me, you would write it from your point of view and the people who read it, they very rarely got to see my side of the story. And yet they would jump to assumptions, going more by what you have written. And I would get ticked off and if I tried to make a point they would say, 'no, no, he's an arrogant young man and so we will leave him alone.'

But now I've thrashed out that problem, especially in all the interviews that I give nowadays. I've said it very clearly, that I was misunderstood, because people were seeing only one side of the story. And I'm happy that the same people who wrote derogatory statements against me, have now come and asked me what I have to say and clear up things. So that's helped immensely, both ways.

See, because at the end of the day what can you have against a journalist? You can't have anything. He's doing his job and I'm doing mine. If I don't do well it should hurt me. If I rate myself as a cricketer whose hung in for ten years and has set world standards for himself, then it should hurt me that I'm struggling just to hang in there. You know, getting just twenty-thirty runs...it should hit the person, saying that 'Come on man, you shouldn't be playing if you keep performing like this'. A break would help take you back to the the nets. Because if you play Test cricket, you have to be performing to the best of

your ability.

Yes, self-realisation is the best realisation. But has there been any self-realisation on your part on what people referred to as 'Shastri's individualistic attitude'?

I think that accusation was completely wrong. It was just done by some people who had personal differences with me and tried to blow it out of proportion in



It (the spectators attitude) has changed. I suppose it comes to a situation where they say, 'this bugger will never change. We've booed him for so long and at least he's been man enough to come out

the press. It was grabbed by others in the press who started filling people's ears with the wrong sort of information, and it was like the grapewine which just keeps spreading.

You pride yourself as a professional. Don't you think one essential characteristic of professionalism is selfish individualism?

Yes it is, it is. I do believe in professionalism, which I think stands for solid discipline and sacrifice. And so when a man is prepared to do these two things and then he goes out there in the middle he wants to prove a point over and over again. So though cricket is a team sport and not an individual sport there has to be some individualism, if you call it that.

And an individuals performance pushes the performance of the team....

Yes exactly. It pushes the team. Now if someone tries and tells me, 'Why did you bat at the Oval for ten hours ...like I got feedback from a journalist that you've got nine Test match hundreds but you've never got a big one. My reply is well how many people have got nine Test match hundreds in the first place? I said, you start talking as if every Tom, Dick and Harry has nine-ten Test match hundreds. And my next hundred..my tenth one..was 187 at the Oval and so I walked past him and said, 'What, is this long enough for you, or what?'. Well these kind of things happen. And in this case, the guy had a good sense of humour, so at least he accepted it.

But there could be others who would have been stuck up about it and said, 'Okay okay, I'll thrash you the next time you are performing badly.' You know, such kind of things.

Your approach to batting has also given people a fluctuating image of you. Once you're the big hitter, six sixes, fastest double century and then you're the man who can bore a crowd, like in Calcutta against the English in 1985. So what exactly are you? How do you see yourself as a batsman?

I think people have jumped to assumptions as far as I'm concerned, simply because I've never had a stable place in the batting order. I've been at every damn number apart from number 11. Whenever I've played in India, I've always come lower down the order, but on tours I've always been up in the order. Don't ask me why, because I don't know. In the

West Indies I was three, maybe opening, Pakistan three, four...come to India maybe seven, six, eight. So obviously nobody can settle down to his game. Now if me, or any cricketer, is going in number six in a one-dayer, his attitude is different to that if he were opening the innings. So obviously there are going to be different things made out of you...how you play the game. On the positive side, it's made me a better all round player because I've seen every conceivable situation which can crop up in a game. I've gone in when there are five overs left in the innings, or at the beginning of the innings and I've been reasonably successful in everything.

Now that you have a regular place...as an opener, have you made any conscious adjustments to your game and attitude?

Yes, because an opening batsman's job is very, very clear cut. He's got to go there and occupy the crease. And he plays during the most dangerous part of the game because the ball is new and hard, the wicket is fresh and hard and so are the bowlers. He could very easily get a good delivery. Well that's his bad luck.

So there is a big element of risk in opening and yet you're chosen to do it? Because I've backed myself. It is a risk, a gamble. But after 70 Test matches I want to take up the challenge. I've backed myself as a player because I'm confident I can do it. After 70 Test matches you don't want to play hide and seek. So I said, 'come on man, fight, pick it up and go, take up the challenge'. You can't go in at number six against this side because it suits you, and number one against the other because it serves your purpose. I decided to go out and pick up the challenge. And there aren't many people willing to do it, I can tell you.

But seeing the situation in the Indian side, especially the massive congestion in the middle order, opening seemed the only way you could hang on to your place in the side. It seemed like a risk you had to take to

save your career?

Yes, that's another way of looking at it. But it's happened before, I have opened before so it's not that I was going into something absolutely new. Okay, maybe people will say that I did well against the Englishmen, but let better opposition come like the Pakistanis and the West Indians and let's see how he fares. Well, if I'm asked to open the innings against them this winter I'll take up the challenge. It's not that I'm

now and with your bowling not at it's best, the only other way out was opening?

Yes.

So it was a decision to save your career, a conscious career-decision.

Yes it was. It was, because I started going up the order for Bombay, for my company Tata, three-four, for Glamorgan four. So it was a case of gradually coming up higher and higher in the order.



using it as a convenience.

What I'm trying to say is that your decision to become a regular opener, was it a career decision?

Yes, true

A decision to save your career?

Yes, true

I mean your career would not have been blossoming as it is now, if you hadn't taken the risk to open. So did you say to yourself, 'look boy, you have to open if you want to find a place in the Indian team'?

Yes, true.

I mean with the middle order as it is

So it was a risk you had to take?

Yes. But, then ask how many people are ready to open the innings. It's so easy to say that I was compelled to open, but ask anyone if they want to open and they'll say, 'no my friend, I'm quite happy at five or six'. And that's why we have a dearth of openers, they are few and far between

What do you have to say about Gavaskar's statement that both you and Kapil Dev have made plenty of money from Indian sport? As much as he's made.

Well coming from Gavaskar it definitely must be rich.

But..eh...no, he's the boss He's the boss. He's also made a statement there that he 'may' have made money but these two aren't very far behind But he's the boss, let me tell you that He's the boss

Dropping all pretence, how great a motivator is money for you?

It is to a certain extent Well people talk about love of the game and things like that, But I'm not a hypocrite I say it straight, if there were no monetary gain see

Do you think people in India have an attitude that a player should play the game and that's it. You know money shouldn't be on his mind, they want to pity you, not see you rich...

That's a wrong attitude. I know the grass is always greener on the other side, but why don't people point to golf, or boxing where a guy collects eight million dollars for a fight. Incentives do help. And incentives do help a lot in bringing the best out of a cricketer. On our tour of Pakistan

motivation why you want to carry on. Okay, it might be records or whatever, but at the end of the day the bottom line is what is it giving me.

You made money, maybe plenty of it. But at this stage of your career, what motivates you?

I went through a bad patch for one or two years and a lot of things were written about me about my game, so I just want to first settle that issue. Number one. Let's put



I come from a family where my father is a doctor and my mother a professor in a university. They could have very well advised me to study medicine or take up some other career, so that I would be well off monetarily and live a happier life The same with cricket. Okay, you play the game, you're slogging it out but at the same time it should look after you. Which it is doing now And if I had a second choice and had a chance to live all over again I would say I want to be a cricketer again.

in 1982 when Jahangir Khan had won the British Open squash title, General Zia gave him a huge prize in front of a huge gathering and both the cricket sides were there. It's incentives like these which spur on a player. I mean he could well be churning out British Open title after British Open title without being backed up by the state or whoever. Then after three titles he would be disappointed. There would come a stage when after three British Open titles he would ask himself, 'What do I do now?' Their has to be some

it straight just that, this is where he belongs, this is where he wants to be. as a cricketer. Then after that carry on for another 8-10 years.

Ten years?

I'm only 28. I don't see why I can't carry on playing till I'm 34-35 easily at the highest level. Of course much depends on the motivation factor, whether you are free of injuries, because I don't want to struggle and play the game. I don't want to hang in there just for the sake of it. Even if

I'm playing at 34 I want to be doing so to the best of my abilities

What about your ambitions, what are your ambitions for the next eight years or, so that you intend continue playing? I would like to end up with 5000 runs and 200 wickets at the Test level, something only two people have achieved Sir Garry Sobers and Ian Botham I want to be in the top four or five all-rounders

Do you see yourself as a top all-rounder or a batsman who can bowl?

Well at the moment as a specialist batsman, but I have to work a lot on my bowling which I intend doing I mean I could only do one thing at a time I concentrated a lot on my batting and got it back into shape Now I have to do the same thing with my bowling, work a lot harder, study my cassettes Well, one thing's for sure I'll be trying

So one of your ambitions is to be remembered as one of the finest all-rounders in Test cricket?

One of the best all-rounders in the game, internationally

Another ambition, the Indian captaincy?

Phew No I'm not at the moment I just want to go out there I'm enjoying my cricket, you always enjoy it when you're doing well I just want to get out there and give my 100% and carry on

Well it would be a shame if you don't captain India, especially if you are going to play for another eight years? Well it's something if you're destined to do you will do it By no means should it block your mind when you're talking to people or in your relations with the press

Destiny doesn't exactly seem to be on your side. For years now people have talked about you being good captaincy material, future captain of India etc. In the past two years so many Indian captains have come and gone but Ravi Shastri... apart from standing in, has not figured on the list. How would you explain that? Destiny?

See that's a controversial issue and if I say anything it might just

be blown up out of proportion So

Well, let's put it this way, to what extent can you trust destiny to give you the Indian captaincy?

No destiny is well if a guy like Eddie Hemmings can play Test cricket at the age of 42 then you back your destiny all the way I mean on the other hand you might just get injured and not be able to play again That too is destiny



If people misunderstand (seriousness for arrogance) then it's too bad.

Now they say that since I'm married it's changed. They think I'm seeing the lighter side of things, which might not be true. I might just be the same old bugger

Are you an optimist or a pessimist?

I'm always positive an optimist I've never been a pessimist in my life

So you ought to be optimistic about the

captaincy too?

Well it has to come first, then at present I take things as they come now I mean gone are the days when you used to count the chickens by seeing the number of eggs in the basket I like to take care of the job on hand If my job is to open for India, maybe bowl well again Then that's my job now I concentrate on that If offered well, let the time come

Was there a time when you did count the captaincy as one of your so called 'chickens in the basket.' And when it didn't come, didn't it annoy you?

Well I (pause) I don't think it ever made that much difference to me Because for me at the end of the day it was great to be playing Test match Captaincy would have worried me if I had been playing under a bad captain who was not getting the best out of the side Which I cannot say about any of the guys I've played with If I was playing under a captain who made the other ten chaps look like idiots, yes, I would be annoyed

You have always talked about the importance of playing to full potential. So if you did have potential as a captain and it is eventually not tapped, wouldn't that be a negation of your theory or motto?

Like I told you, I'm taking it as they come I've been made captain of the Rest of India, I'll do my best Make sure the team wins I've been made Bombay captain, it's my duty to see that Bombay has a good season The matter ends there That's it I'm not looking probably I've been in the game long enough and realised these sorts of things that you shouldn't let them bother you or allow it to control your feelings

Do you think your attitude affects your PR with the people who matter. The people who hold the reins to such things.

I don't know what you mean by PR Okay PR has to be done But if I'm doing badly I would never go and speak to a journalist and say *aare yaar* or make excuses for myself I never have in all the years as a cricketer, and I think

any journalist can vouch for that. If you call that bad PR then I don't know what to say. I've played the game for 10 years and I know many players who would think otherwise. Who would like to go and tell a journalist such things? But I've backed myself as a cricketer. I'm doing my job. And if I were sitting in the Press box and saw a player playing badly, I would say so. I wouldn't try and shield him just because. Frankly I don't know what you're trying to mean by PR.

I'm not talking about PR merely with the press, but also with the people who matter in Indian cricket. I mean you talked about the disappearance of your 'angry young blood'....

No. No. No. It's not finished. I think you have to have that streak of adrenalin pumping in your system, because you need it when the going gets tough.

But that could also be misunderstood as arrogance, bad PR?

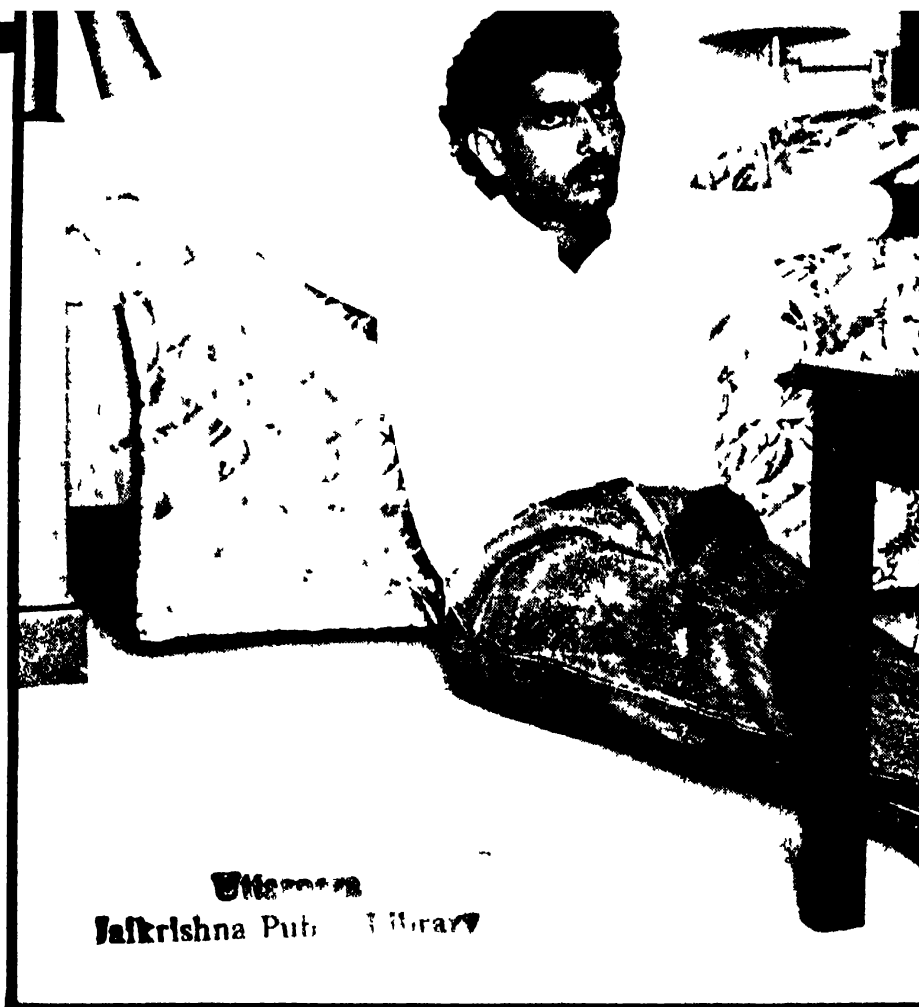
Correct. Maybe people think I don't smile much or joke around on the field. What I want to tell them is that when I go out on to the field I believe it's a serious game, and it's not in me to smile. And I don't want to do something which doesn't come naturally to me. You know just joking or doing a little bit of this and that. Okay, in a Ranji game a little bit is possible, but a Test match is a Test match. It's a serious business, friend, and you don't fool around. And if people misunderstand it, well, then it's too bad. And that's what they seem to be doing up to now, and now they say that since I'm married it's changed. They think I see the lighter side of things which may not be true. I might just be the same old bugger.

What is your reading of the present situation in Indian cricket, especially the national team?

I've always maintained that these things go in cycles and we are passing through a cycle.

What do you mean by that?

Every team goes through a cycle. See Australia today, there was a



Jalkrishna Puthi Library

time five years ago when people didn't rate them too high but now some of their guys have come through, Boon, Jones, Marsh etc and now they are a top competitive side. I think we're not very far behind in another year or two we should achieve our goal. What we need now is a couple of good quick bowlers. They should be picked up, played and persisted with and hope for results after that.

How come we don't produce the same quantity and quality of fast bowlers as say Pakistan, where the conditions are more or less the same?

They have such a big and popular hero in Imran Khan and they all try to copy him and they work very very hard. The talented ones are pulled in and given the encouragement at a very young age. I mean take the case of Akram, he was brought in when he was only 19, Younis at 17. They have been persisted with and you see the results.

But we have Kapil Dev. So why doesn't the same thing happen to us?

That's exactly the difference I'm pointing out. We should have two or three quick bowlers who should be persisted with. You cannot just have people, then chuck them out, then get a new man in, chuck him out too, because in the meantime no one knows where he stands. There has to be something known as continuity. And then after that still, you can only hope. But it's all-important that the guy works hard, looks after his fitness and performs to the best of his ability.

It seems now at this stage, we're not only looking for pace bowlers, but are looking for spinners too. So the situation does seem bad.

I think we have one of the strongest batting line-ups in the world. There have been changes in the line-up but the youngsters have come good. Now all we need is the bowling to back it up. I don't think the spinners are such a major problem. I mean we have



Gopal Sharma in the Rest of India squad and after he's performed here over the next few days, you won't tell me we're looking for an off spinner. I rate him very high.

If you say we have one of the strongest batting sides in the world.... It would be if we had a couple of quick bowlers backing it up, because then you wouldn't have many opponents trying to prepare quick wickets against us.

But when we were doing so well five-seven years ago we didn't have any extraordinary fast bowlers. But that was one day cricket.

Off late we haven't done too well in that either.

No. But we had three or four guys—Roger Binny, Kapil, Madan Lal and Mohinder Amarnath, all experienced guys who did a tremendous job. And then suddenly they were all gone and now there is a hole, a vacuum to be filled. And now it's just a question

of giving a few guys exposure and persisting with them.

Over the last few years, many a senior cricketer has bowed out. Some, made to bow out of the Indian team. Kirmani, Mohinder, Binny, Madan, and presently there is talk of a few more careers coming to an end—Srikkanth, Vengsarkar, maybe Kapil. You know what it's like. Do you see the coming hectic season as one which will see the end of entire era in Indian cricket?

As I said I believe it's a cycle. A time comes for everybody to quit the game. It's only when he feels he's had his bit, he should move out, whoever the gentleman concerned is. But thinking of it I feel the cycle is really over. I mean in the last few years you've lost Gavaskar, Jimmy Amarnath and Vishwanath. All three champion players. And you had to fill those gaps. It wasn't going to be easy. But now you have Manjrekar, Tendulkar, Azhar. Give them some time and they might do out as well as the 'greats' they've replaced.

Is knowing when to quit as big a problem as it's made out to be?



**If I'm doing badly,
I'll never go and
speak to a journalist
and say *arre yaar* or
make excuses**

That's in all sports and all fields. It's hard to quit the game. No man can make up his mind easily on such a thing. Guys like McEnroe, he's just going on and on. Jimmy Connors, even he's saying he'll be back after an injury. A guy like George Foreman coming back, I mean people will think he's nuts. Coming back to boxing at 42. He's won bloody 23 knock-outs out of his 24 fights.

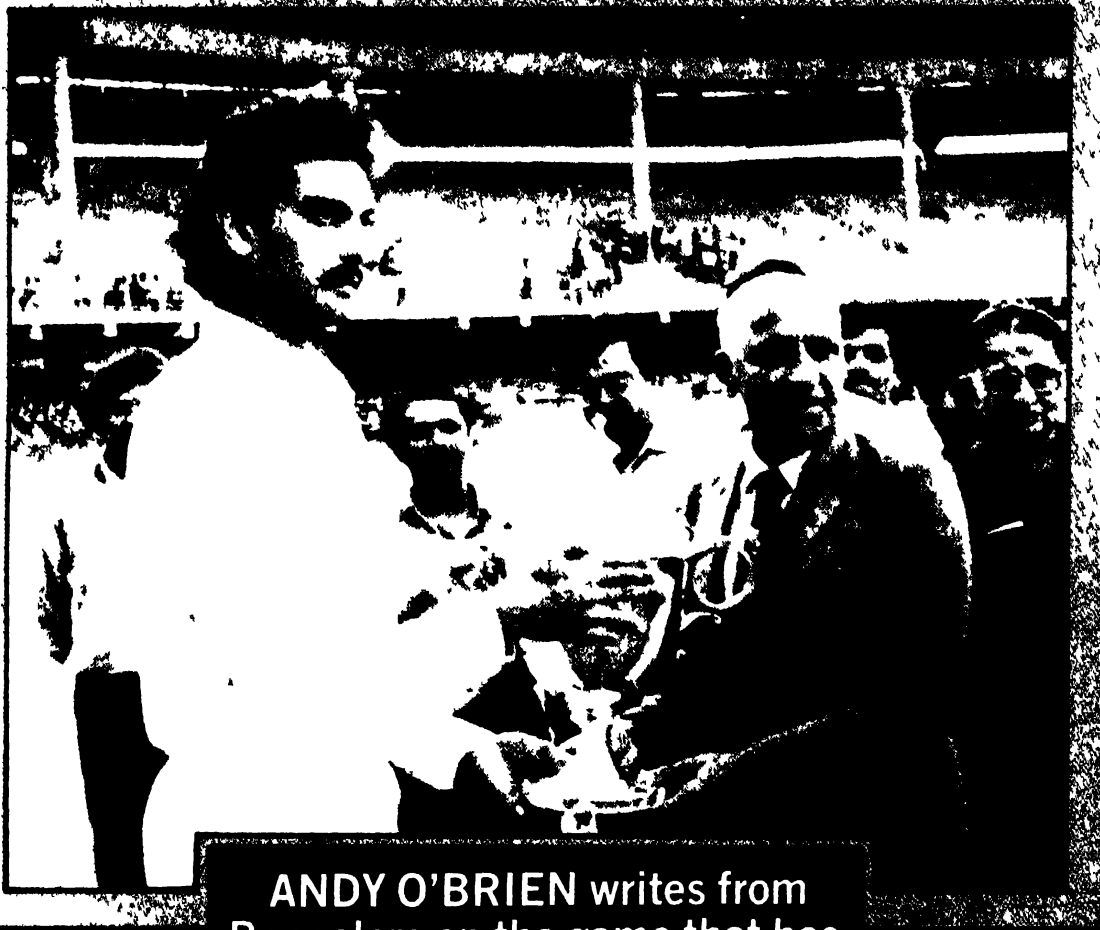
Is money the key motivator in this? In today's sport, in cricket, the monetary angle is definitely important, it's very very important, because it's a guy's career. People could be a doctor or an engineer or anything. But today you're slogging six hours in the field, so obviously you have to get something in return. For you to be hanging in there, there has to be some glamour or monetary aspect involved.

This problem of money is a big issue now in cricket. It's been a debated point especially over the past two years, you know Indian cricketers asking for more cash etc. Now doesn't it seem odd that while that has been going on there has been no corresponding improvement in performance over the same time frame, at least that's what the results say. How do you account for this? I would say it just coincided. At a time when India wasn't doing too well we asked for more money. But there have been times when we asked for more money when we were doing well, and such a big issue was not made of it because the emphasis was on us winning the games. But unfortunately when this issue was raked up, India wasn't doing too well and so it was highlighted.

Then obviously you can't blame people for misconstruing that as greed or whatever.

Okay, definitely. But what I say is that compared to the other countries in the world. That has to be taken into account when you pay the players. I mean we've been the only team to win two different World Championships. So there have been phases and I suppose. This one is just another phase. ●

WE'VE ONLY JUST BEGUN!



ANDY O'BRIEN writes from Bangalore on the game that has ushered in the new cricket season in India

As much as it may seem, this is no commercial!

For five full days we sat in Bangalore's Chinnaswamy Stadium with a massive advertising hoarding screaming down at us in the Press box. Placed in the stands directly opposite, it was the only one apart from those of the sponsors, 'Charminar Challenge' 'Bharat

Earth Movers', it said. But if the public-sector-undertaking's board was in any way a prediction of the cricket that was to unfold over the next few days, then it was a gross exaggeration. There wasn't a single moment when the sparse crowd felt the earth move under

their feet. Oh yes, there were rumblings all right, but they were only remnants

of the cyclonic depression that had hit the city four days prior to the match. From the cricket point of view, the depression had only just begun.

It was the rain that influenced Bengal skipper Pranab Roy to opt to field after he won the toss. And

If, with his so-called 'limited technique', Arun Lal can rattle off hundreds almost at will against our very best bowlers, then what chance do these same bowlers have against some of the best batsmen of the world, who will shortly be visiting India this winter?

for a brief while it seemed that the weather which had been such an important ally to Bengal's successful Ranji Trophy success over the last two years would provide them another unimaginable success. Assisted by the conditions though not able to do full justice to them the Bengal bowlers reduced the Rest's innings to 137 for three. This was confusing the whole cricket fraternity was sulking about the lack of good, helpful wickets in our domestic game and here was a friendly looking attack reducing some of the better batting in the country to a rather embarrassing position.

If by any stretch of imagination the events till that point of time were earth-shattering then that was the highest that the 1990 Irani Trophy got on the Richter Scale. The clouds had since cleared, the rumbling had stopped and the sun burst through. But then, the sun and Bengal cricket don't seem to go together. So for the next four days the Bengal team were forced to resemble a bunch of straggly earthquake survivors, barring of course Arun Lal who grafted an unbeaten 164 runs to save the Ranji champions a humiliation that would surely have sent high-flying Bengal





cricket into another era of doom. No wonder then, that Shastri refers to Arun Lal simply as 'Bengal'.

Ridiculed by the 'envious' (or perhaps the truthful) as the 'quotient champions', the Ranji champions were never really expected to be anything more than friendly, sparring partners for a string of players all hoping to make it to the Indian team for the busy winter schedule ahead.

Plagued from the very outset with problems and controversy, the team that has reached two Ranji finals in the last two years was never really in the running against a team of talented, though sometimes unfortunate, cricketers.

The long monsoon in Calcutta had truncated the time and opportunities the squad had to prepare for the season's opener. Controversy and tension over who would captain the side apparently led to divisions. And the presence of a number of 'non-Bengali' players uselessly made the rumour mills work overtime.

With the so-called 'Delhi lobby' so strong in the team (Arun Lal, Ashok Malhotra, Rajeew Seth, Srikanth Kalyani, Rajender

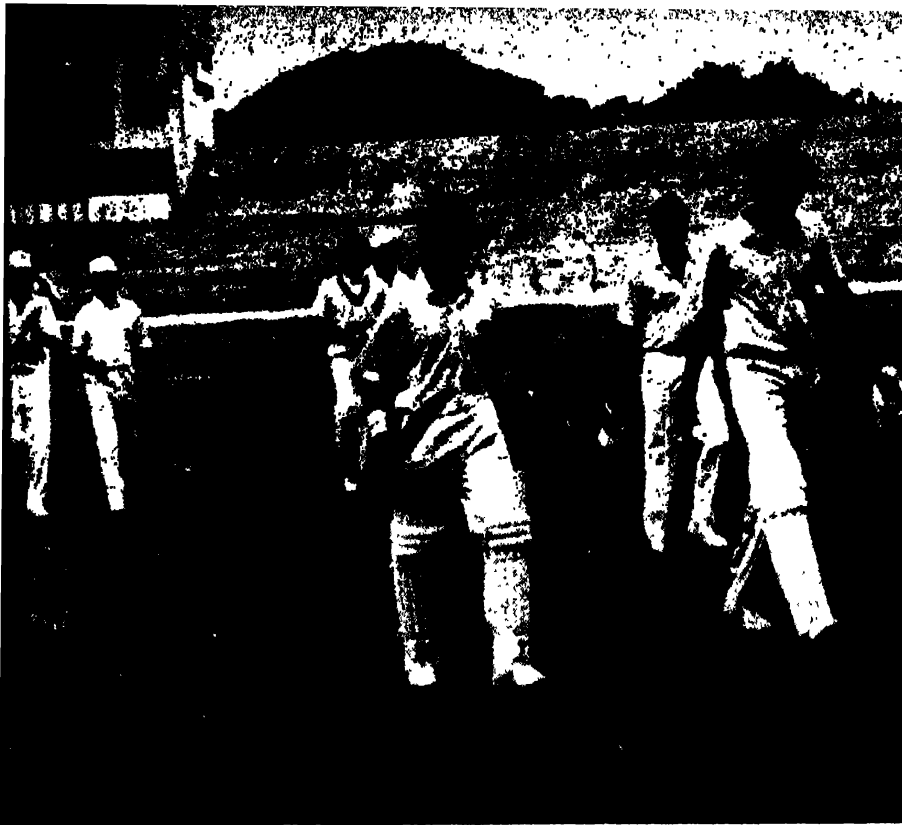
Singh), any talk of a 'divide' would seem to be, but natural. Which reminds one of the incident when the team was returning to

After 197 overs and 13 hours of battling, Shastri was kind enough to put an end to the misery of those watching—and the Bengal fielders—by closing the innings at a mammoth 737. One set of clichés, synonymous with 'leatherhunt' had ended. Another, synonymous with 'uphill task' had begun.

Shastri receives the Charminar Challenge Trophy for the man-of-the match from M.L. Jaisimha

Calcutta after the match. The boarding pass of batsman Srikanth Kalyani, who sat out the match, was issued under the surname 'Ganguly', which provoked a fellow cricketer to





wryly comment. 'Had he been a Ganguly he would have been far better off in the Bengal team' But all these shortcomings were but contributing factors to Bengal's spineless performance. The bottom line was that the Ranji Trophy champions were

✱ Bengal prepare for yet another session in the field



outclassed. If not exposed

Once the Rest of India captain Ravi Shastri and the tremendously talented Pravin

Ridiculed by the 'envious' (or perhaps the truthful) as the 'quotient champions', Bengal were never really expected to be anything more than friendly, sparring partners for a string of players all hoping to make it to the Indian team for the busy winter schedule ahead

Shastri and Amre walk back after putting Bengal through another gruelling session

Amre got together for their 327 run partnership, they effectively terminated Bengal's hopes for a win and the game's prospects as a contest.

What began as a revelation in the first few hours of play on day one, continued as just another farcical yawn that has dogged our domestic cricket. Of course, one cannot hold the Rest of India responsible, they were only doing what they had to—pile up a massive score to put the Bengal batting under pressure. In the process they provided ample time for the debate over the nature of wickets in domestic cricket to resume again. But no topic, not even the Parliament session of November 7th that brought down the V.P. Singh government, could last all of 781 minutes. And so after the cricket pundits sitting in the pavilion area had given their verdicts on the future of Indian cricket, it was time to find something to occupy oneself with since the cricket was rather embarrassing to watch.

Even the newly appointed selection committee (God bless them) could not find the enthusiasm of 'the new broom that sweeps well' to concentrate on the cricket. Ludlum, Sheldon, Ayodhya, the government, the Land of Nod were all very high on the popularity list, though not necessarily in that order. Even the serenity of the press box was abandoned. Former Bengal skipper Sambaran Banerjee, in Bangalore as a member of the fourth estate, narrated how one of the umpires officiating in the match once referred to Gavaskar as 'Sir' when the Little Master had asked for guard.

"We knew that chap wouldn't give Sunny out, so all we could do was try at the other end," Sambaran quipped in the midst of our laughter.

Then there was the other incident, when Bengal's promising young allrounder Saurav Ganguly had finished another impressive spell of

medium pace bowling. One journalist enquiring about the 17-year-old's bowling figures asked our ever-efficient scorer 'Saurav's spell please.' 'S-A-U-R A V came the nonchalant reply.

At one point of time the events in the middle seemed so hopeless that one senior Bengal cricketer looking up at the press box on his way for yet another session of fielding only half-jokingly asked 'any suggestions gentlemen.'

After 197 overs and 13 hours of batting, Shastri was kind enough

defeat, at the end of the match the Ranji champions were still 102 in arrears.

Yet ironically, it was this very difference of class that put life back into the game—at least towards the end of the fifth day. Lal's singlehanded battle against the unpredictable pitch and some fairly efficient bowling must put the newly-appointed selection committee into a quandary yet again. Or has it? The latter would be a more relevant question. For if you can think of choosing the obviously brilliant Praveen Amre

on the basis of the number of runs he's scored in domestic cricket, then what logic will one use to keep Arun Lal out of contention?

Based on performances at Bangalore, only three players, apart, of course, from Shastri, could claim to have impressed the selectors. Lal, Amre and Raju. Kiran More's understudy Nayan Mongia, did his bit with the bat and if he had merely gone through the motions of wicket-keeping he would have been a surety for the Test against Sri Lanka. Vivek Razdan showed that

**There
wasn't a single
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to put an end to the misery of those watching—and the Bengal fielders—by closing the innings at a mammoth 737. One set of clichés synonymous with leatherhunt had ended. Another synonymous with 'uphill task' had begun.

When Arun Lal and Snehashish Ganguly walked back at the end of the third day, Bengal had erased 115 of the 737 runs for the loss of two wickets. At the end of day four when the same two batsmen returned at the draw of stumps, Bengal were still 115 for two. The only difference was that they had followed on and were batting the second time round. Granted, the pitch wasn't what it was in day two or three. Granted the Rest of India bowlers, especially Venkatapathy Raju, used the conditions well. But the disparity in the performances was so glaring that even after Arun Lal had fought off the innings

**The Rest of India squad line up
for the prize distribution**



The Gang of five: The new selection committee tune in on the action

he was somewhat more reliable than the erratic Atul Wassan. Prasant Vaidya proved that his speed and variation was superior to the others, though his line sometimes strayed towards leg slip. Though the selectors hinted at their intentions by selecting Gopal Sharma to be the off spinner for the Rest of India side, they couldn't have been too impressed. The hunt for an off spinner is still on. With Azharuddin favouring



Arshad Ayub and Ravi Shastri rating Sharma as the best, the selectors have a tough decision on hand. What was on view at Bangalore—sans Kapil and Prabhakar and a leg spinner—was the best bowling in India. And we are not impressed.

If the reasoning is, that people like Arun Lal are only capable at the domestic level and possess too many technical flaws to be successful at the international scene, then it is a very poor reflection on the bowlers we have. If, with his so called 'limited technique', Arun Lal can rattle off hundreds almost at will against our very best bowlers, then what chance do these same bowlers have against some of the best batsmen of the world who will shortly be visiting India this winter.

The new selection committee which meets at Delhi to select the team for the one and only Test against Sri Lanka will find that time for congratulations and felicitations are over. It's now time for the tough and thankless job of selecting.

If they decide to give a few younger players a chance to play against the lowly rated Lankans, then there is always the fear that India's two year drought of Test victories will not end this winter. The ball is in their court now. Time, gentleman. Play.

PHOTOGRAPHS CHANDRAKANT RAO

STATHAM & TRUAMAN

TALENT AND STYLE

Twenty-five years after they last served their country, John Arlott salutes those great England fast bowlers Fred Trueman and Brian Statham

It is now 25 years since Fred Trueman and Brian Statham played in the same Test series for England—even then they did not play in any Test together. The great fast bowlers—Gregory and McDonald, Lindwall and Miller, Hall and Griffith, Lillie and Thomson—all hunted in pairs; and so did Trueman and Statham.

A fast bowler essentially needs pace at the other end. Very few of the best pairs were particularly similar, but Trueman and Statham were almost exaggeratedly different. They were similar in that they were both right-arm fast bowlers of high pace and deadly intent. There, however, similarity virtually ended.

Their upbringings were different. Statham came up quietly from Denton in Lancashire, played for Stockport in the Central Lancashire League, where he did nothing remarkable, and went into the RAF, where his sports NCO, one Corporal Lazarus,

recommended him to MCC. They, in their turn, advised him to contact Lancashire. He wrote there—they had just lost their Test fast bowler, Dick Pollard—and, within a fortnight of reporting to the chief coach, Harry Makepeace, at Old Trafford, Statham was sent to play for the county against Kent.

Trueman, on the other hand, suffered a groin injury as a schoolboy. Two schoolmasters maintained his interest in the game for a couple of seasons by encouraging him to keep score. At 14, leaving school, he became a coalminer like his father, and a fast bowler with the Roche-Abbey Club.

At 18 he turned out in eight county games for Yorkshire; in 1950, 14 including a Test Trial, in which he was played to give England batsmen practice against pace. Leaving the mines, he was taken into the RAF but was allowed opportunities for first class cricket. Overcoming troubles with dragging on

delivery and the affliction of 'stitch,' he went steadily ahead.

Trueman was thick-set, powerful, 5ft 10ins tall, strong feet, legs and shoulders. He

took a pitch-length run—sometimes, we might suspect, more, to increase the batsman's panic more than from need. Elected Young Cricketer of the Year in

Brian Statham



1952 by the Cricket Writers' Club, Trueman strode the cricket stage with the air of a conqueror. It would be an understatement to say he enjoyed publicity—it was food and drink to him. He was, and remains, the fount of many stories, some of which even he admits are untrue, but he enjoys them, and so do his public.

In 10 consecutive seasons between 1957 and 1966 he took 100 wickets or more. In 1960 he took 175 at 13.98. In all, he took 2304 in first-class cricket, at 18.29. When he took his 300th Test wicket in 1964 (Cowdrey caught Hawke off him at slip at The Oval) it was followed by an amazing histrionic performance.

Undoubtedly, though, Trueman's greatest moment in the public eye was in 1952 against India in his first Test when, with one wicket from Alec Bedser, he reduced India to 0 for four wickets in the first 14 balls—unparalleled in Test cricket.

Satisfying his eye to publicity, that was in Len Hutton's first match as captain of England and on the Yorkshire ground at Headingley. The match was broadcast, and it made Trueman—nicknamed 'Fiery Fred' by the Press—a national figure in less than an hour.

In the same series, he took 8 for 31 at Old Trafford: that remains statistically his best bowling performance in Tests. He was, too, a swashbuckling batsman who, though his overall average was only 15.56, struck three centuries in first-class cricket.

Statham, for his part, was an almost retiring fast bowler: in essence, all accuracy and straightness: his maxim: 'If they miss, I hit.' He took an undemonstrative 17-yard run-in and delivered high if not quite fluently.

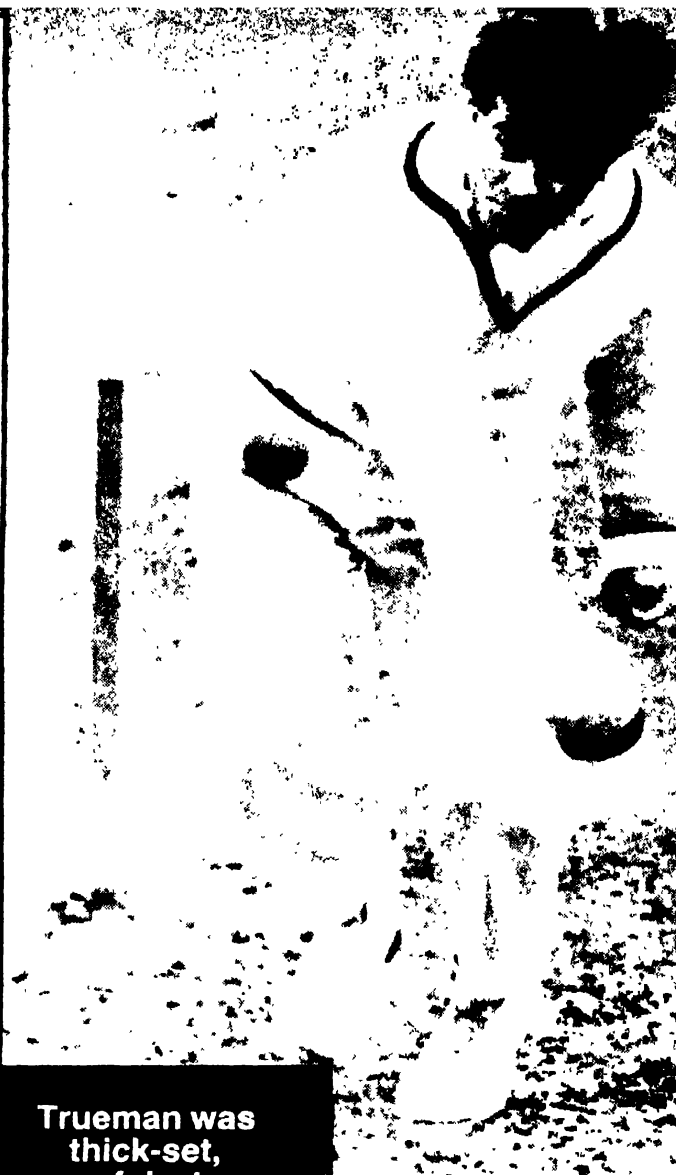
His accuracy was such that no-one seems to remember him ever bowling a wide. Neither was he addicted to the bouncer. Once it was suggested to him that he should bowl one to a fast bowler who had hit Jim Laker. 'No', said Statham, 'I'll just bowl him out'. He did.

The division of his wickets is quite amazing. Of the 2259, 1059 were bowled and 371 lbw. For contrast, which is not derogatory, Trueman's proportion is 2304 wickets, 898 bowled, 274 lbw, but 1115 caught. Statham, of course, also had a highly successful, if relatively brief, pace partnership with Frank Tyson, especially in Australia in 1954-55.

It should also be pointed out that his record for Lancashire is unparalleled. He played more Tests for England than any other Lancashire player: took more Test wickets, more wickets in first-class cricket, and most wickets for Lancashire: 1816

Fred and 'George' were partners and, whenever they played together, their companionship was evident. Trueman went ahead of Statham in the tally of Test wickets, and 'George' congratulated him.

At the end of the 1967 season and a highly



Trueman was thick-set, powerful, strong feet, legs and shoulders. He took a pitch-length run-sometimes, we might suspect, more, to increase the batsman's panic more than from need

Statham disappeared from the first-class game. Trueman, as radio and television audiences will know, did not.

In 1989 Statham, who had been sick and unemployed, found himself in financial difficulties: whereat Fred Trueman organised two testimonial dinners for him. Opposites they may have been and, indeed, they were but there was a common bond between them and, despite the stresses of the game, there was a bond that transcended sport.

Wisden Cricket Monthly

successful match against Yorkshire. Brian Statham retired from the first-class game. At the end of 1968 Trueman left Yorkshire, but played in one-day matches for Derbyshire.

This week we start a
new series presenting
some of the best
tennis writing from
over the years.

BY BUD COLLINS (SEP 1981)

OLD TIME MAGIC!

*At the U.S. Open 1981, John
Newcombe, 37 and Fred Stolle
43, went straight from a beer bar
to the doubles semi finals*

A LOST tennis civilization called Australia was rediscovered momentarily when Fred Stolle, 43, took a fatherly interest in John Newcombe, 37, and dragged him from a Manhattan saloon long enough for the two of these relics to crash the semi-finals of the US Open men's doubles at Flushing meadow

While archaeologists assiduously sift the dust of Sydney for remains of the world conquerors and clues to the decline and fall of the world-conquering Aussie Dynasty, a couple of missing links, Stolle and Newcombe, were playing improbably fine tennis and upstaging numerous full-time pros at Flushing Meadow

That should have been enough memory lane stuff. Wasn't this the US Open? And weren't the Old Hacker, Stolle, and the moustache Man of TV and magazine commercials, Newcombe, over too many hills by this time?

'Even when we could play we didn't play together,' said Stolle, who went to the Open primarily to coach Vitas Gerulaitis and do TV commentary for Australia. 'I entered this time with Roy Emerson for old times' sake, and Newk entered with Owen Davidson. But those two



THE BEST OF TENNIS WRITING

decided not to come, so here are Newk and I together.'

'But', said Newcombe, between groans from a dressing room rubbing table, 'don't forget Boston '70. Two against five, at Harvard, remember? Fred and I took on the U.S. five-man team, and won the World Cup for Australia. We won both doubles.'

Yeah, but that was 11 years ago, and Newcombe devotes himself now to business enterprises and TV work. Newcombe won the US singles title in 1967 and 1973, Stolle in 1966. Even though they've long since decided covering half a court was better than one, the thought of their scaling the doubles semi-finals seemed remote.

'They'll show up in wheelchairs,' scoffed Peter Fleming, the larger half of their semi-final opponents, Wimbledon and US Open champs

Fleming and John McEnroe.

'Careful you don't get run over,' replied Stolle. 'I've been watching you, Flim Flam, and you couldn't hit a bull in the ass with a handful of buckshot.'

So it has always been with that vanished race of tennis supermen, the Aussies.

As soon as they completed the 7-6, 7-5, 3-6, 4-6; 6-3 quarter-final victory over Wisconsinites Tom Gullikson and Mike Cahill, Newcombe reverted to his role as a TV type. A microphone was thrust into his hand by a CBS stage manager, and he began to interview Stolle.

'Fred, how does it feel for such an old fellow to be in the semi-finals of the US Open?'

'It would feel a lot bloody better if I didn't have to carry you for five sets, Newk.'

'Well, how did you do it?'

'I drank enough beer last night and it was hardly any trouble at all.'

At first the quarter-final starting time, 11 a.m., seemed an impossible imposition for the 80-year-old team.

Nine hours earlier Stolle and Newcombe were practising their continental grips on glasses at a bar room called Jim McMullen's. The occasion was a pre-match victory party, but Stolle was growing restive. 'Newk you've got to go to bed,' he screeched in a fatherly tone. 'We're playing in a few hours.'

'You go Fred, and sleep for both of us,' was the characteristically Australian reply.

Nevertheless Stolle got his partner out of there, although when they showed for the match 10 minutes later, Newk's eyes looked like a reflection of Stolle's shorts—a red checkerboard pattern.

'Gawd, Fred, there's the sun. Where did that come from?' moaned Newk.

'It frequently appears at this time of the day, Newk—but we don't,' Stolle explained later.





There been the entertainment for about 10 years
the late, late show. They've put me out
every night every time until today. We started
on Monday night and finished it
the next morning.
I don't call this first day I know my
first New York, but I mean

right today. He was in the hospital almost the old time. He was able to return brilliantly after the game. In play, the 50-Year-Old was a force to be reckoned with. Although his hair is thinning and his waistline is expanding, he is still dangerous.

Tom Gullikson and Mike Smith, the Americans, felt as though they were in a foreign country. The crowd of 4,000 treated the Aussies as though they'd brought a case of lager to a dry party. "You have to love those guys," said Linda Washington, a spectator who may have been in a cell when the Aussies were big-time at Wimbledon. "They're so loose and pleasant."

Newcombe smiled and bowed to the gallery, rolled his eyes, pulled out the show his repertory that made him rich as a battle champ. It was anticlimax, all that played to the crowd, distracting, hustled Gundersen. However, it was nothing new in gamecockship. The Americans just hadn't been around when it was a regular part of Newk's spectator-charming routine.

The week that Tom Galligan was born, just 30 years ago, Stolla remembers. 'I was winning the Metropolitan 14-and-under title in Sydney. I was 12. Ninety-six pounds and 5-10, a bloody beanpole.'

'Imaging us being the only Aussies left in the tournament,' Stolle said. The supermen of the Southern Hemisphere with names such as Hoad, Rosewall, Laver, Emerson, Riche, Fraser are no more in his precincts, but the 30-year-old Team has given a few seminars at the Meadow on the nearly lost art of doubles. 'We make sure of our returns, keep the ball together,' Stolle said. 'The kids now want to improve their own, and only sometimes the ball goes over.'

But, save your Australian money—the South Pacific gang may lose again. Newcombe said, 'We're having a bit of a good justice development programme at home and the results are showing.' The Aussies will be back in three, four years, and meantime the 16-year-old Patrick Cash, son of the former prime

But will he be able to remain in the U.S. after his deportation? He is not a U.S. citizen.

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QUESTIONS

1. Who said these famous lines, 'to run, run a mile, for experience of another life run a marathon'?

2. Why was the venue for the 1908 Olympics changed from Rome to London?

3. When was the Olympic flame lit up by a woman for the first time?

4. Which Olympian was popularly known as 'nature's attempt at an engine in boots'?

5. What were the mascots of the 1988 Calgary Winter Olympics?

6. Name the actor who played the role of Jim Thorpe in a film that was based on the great athlete?

7. The first bout for the world heavy weight boxing title took place in 1892. Who were the contestants?

8. What is common in the terms 'gaminee', 'sanjivani', 'amar' and 'brahmini'?

9. Which tennis player is nicknamed 'the surgeon'?

RATING TEST:

ABOVE 13: Wish you were part of our quiz team.
BETWEEN 10 AND 13: You are not too bad.
BELOW 10: Sportsworld reading recommended.

10. The English soccer team in 1966, after winning the World Cup celebrated their triumph by recording an album of pop-songs. Name the album.

11. An Oscar winning movie, by a French director, focusses on a

championship between an old Russian Grand Master and a young flamboyant Russian defector. Which movie is this?

12. Which sportsperson had said, "I have to keep on winning because without my

title I am nothing. I realise I am backing the entire Soviet system. Well it may sound impudent, but everything I have promised I have always done".

13. What is common among these famous English cricketers—Bob Woolmer, Colin Cowdrey, Douglas Jardine and Robin Jackman?

14. In the historic Test between Australia and West Indies, which ended in a draw, two batsmen scored centuries. One of them was Gary Sobers, who was the other?

15. From which Indian game, did the English game Ludo originate?

16. During the 1936 Winter Olympics a signboard was removed. Which signboard are we talking about?

17. In the 1980 jubilee Test at Bombay, between India and England, the second day was declared a rest day. Why was that done?

18. In the cricketing world what is known as the "I.Q"?

ANSWERS

1. Bill Zinner
2. Due to the eruption of the volcano Vesuvius
3. Mexico City, 1968. The woman was Enriqueta Basilio
4. Vladimir Jura
5. Hidy and Howdy
6. Burl Lancaster
7. Contestants were John Sullivan and James Corbett. Corbett was the winner.
8. They are different forms of Rabadi
9. Rahman Krieman
10. Back Home
11. Dangerous Moves
12. Gary Kasparov
13. All of them were born in India
14. Norman O'Keefe
15. Pichai
16. The Soviet Union flag
17. Because the second day coincided with the Indian festival of Dussehra
18. Test match covered by ABCU Radio that calls sportsmen 'I.Q.' and the 'I' in the name stands for 'International'.

THIS QUIZ WAS COMPILED BY

DR. P. K. SINGH

TENNIS TRIVIA

The biggest drawing card in tennis right now, according to Billie Jean King: 14-year-old Jennifer Capriati.

The "minus" TV Guide gave Capriati: "Possibility of over-exposing herself with too many endorsements."

The "plus" TV Guide magazine gave Capriati in its capsule analysis of her commercial appeal: "Youth and top-of-the-line commercial management (she earns \$1.7 million from endorsements annually)."

Number of tickets sold in the first hour and a half for the 1985 Sweden-West Germany Davis Cup final in Munich: 39,000.

Only athlete ever to have a street named after her in Paris: Suzanne Lenglen.

Amount of money Stefan Edberg received for playing with the Wilson Pro Staff racket from 1983 to the 1990 U.S. Open: Nothing.

What Yonex is paying 16-year-old Monica Seles to use its wide-body racket: An estimated \$2.2 million.

Tennis player whom Los Angeles Times sports columnist Allan Malamud called "one of the more disappointing athletes of the century": Hana Mandlikova.



Number of times that 1954 champion Vic Seixas, who played in the U.S. Championships 29 years, lost in the first round: 1.

What 1957-58 Wimbledon and U.S. champion Althea Gibson says real champions need: "Fast feet and at least one great shot."

Famous athlete who sent Ivan Lendl a bicycle: Tour de France champion Greg LeMond.



The four athletes that Life magazine recently chose among its 100 "most influential" Americans of this century: Muhammad Ali, Jackie Robinson, Babe Ruth and Billie Jean King.



TOMMY HINDLEY

Top players who had Deco Turf II courts built at their homes to practice for the U.S. Open: Ivan Lendl, Mats Wilander and Martina Navratilova.

Speed of Pete Sampras' fastest second serve in his 6-4, 6-3, 6-2 U.S. Open final triumph over Andre Agassi: 109 miles per hour.

Why Bjorn Borg, who never won the U.S. Open, used to say he must win that title: "Only then can I call myself a great player."

Age at which Stefano Capriati had his daughter Jennifer doing baby-style situps: 6 months.

Amount of "appearance money" that the International Tennis Federation offered to Martina Navratilova, who rejected it, to compete at the 1990 Federation Cup in Atlanta: \$75,000.

Number of times that Ion Tiriac, Boris Becker's manager, predicts 19-year-old Goran Ivandjic will win Wimbledon: "Not only once—five times I expect."

When Jimmy Connors thinks a tennis player reaches his peak: "At 28 or 29 years old."

How Ilie Nastase once badmouthed tennis administrators: "They are all between 65 and dead."

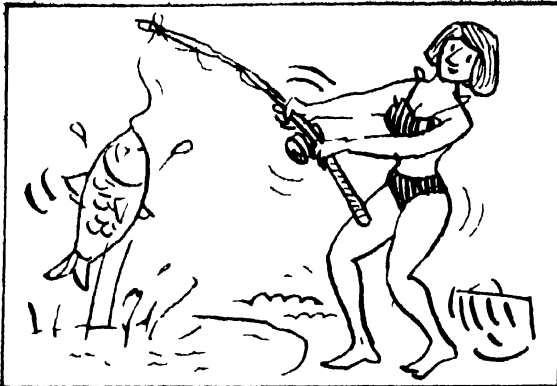
Steffi Graf's escort at the 1989 Tennis Ball in New York: Donald Trump.

Speed of star baseball pitcher Nolan Ryan's fastball: 102 miles per hour.

Compiled by Paul Fein

ARE FEMALES ATTRACTIVE?

A fishy theory



IF you are an avid angler and are male, there's bad news for you. A salmon fisherman Hugh Falkus has come up with a unique theory in last month's issue of *Trout & Salmon*. He says that salmon are attracted by women and not by men. And we are not just talking about the male salmon.

Women will invariably find it easier to catch salmon because it is a very perceptive fish; you see the salmon is aware of the attractive smell that the female exudes by means of the female pheromone.

The catching of salmon in the 1920s, when three salmon records were established by women have further fuelled this theory. But that was half a century ago. Is the female pheromone losing its power? Or has it become masked by other musky chemicals such as Christian Dior etc? Methinks the theory is shaky. Power to the men!

A NOVEL WAY

For family planning

SOME people have strange but effective ways of controlling their heart's desires. Let us discuss the problem with Zhang Zinlong, a Chinese diver.

Married since 1988, Zhang took the most solemn (but effective) vow that a Chinese could ever take.

"Without a major title I shall never have a baby," he swore.

A year later he won the national championships in China. "No," he said. "Not yet. I take the Asian title." Zhang then went and won there too. "Nope." Still not good enough. He recently went and won the world title in Japan. Well? "Yes," said Zhang.

China in the process have asked him to have a baby.

BOTHAM WALKS...

Through hill and dale

WHILE the English prepare themselves in their quest to regain the Ashes, one man continues to walk on (literally) back in England, undeterred.

Yes, Ian Terence Botham is having a rough time walking and raising funds for cancer research in England. Undeterred by teeming rain, septic blisters on both feet and being run into by a cyclist, Botham strode through town after town covering hundreds of miles in the process. Botham's walk is not wasted. This is his fifth walk for leukaemia and he is likely to raise around £500,000.

"I have been on anti-inflammatories throughout. But I am happier than I could have been in Australia. This is the biggest sum we have raised, bigger than the one from the original walk."

Two things: firstly Botham's chances for selection were rather dim and second, it is better to walk around raising money for the hapless victims of leukaemia than to face the reception Alderman & Co. are going to dish out.

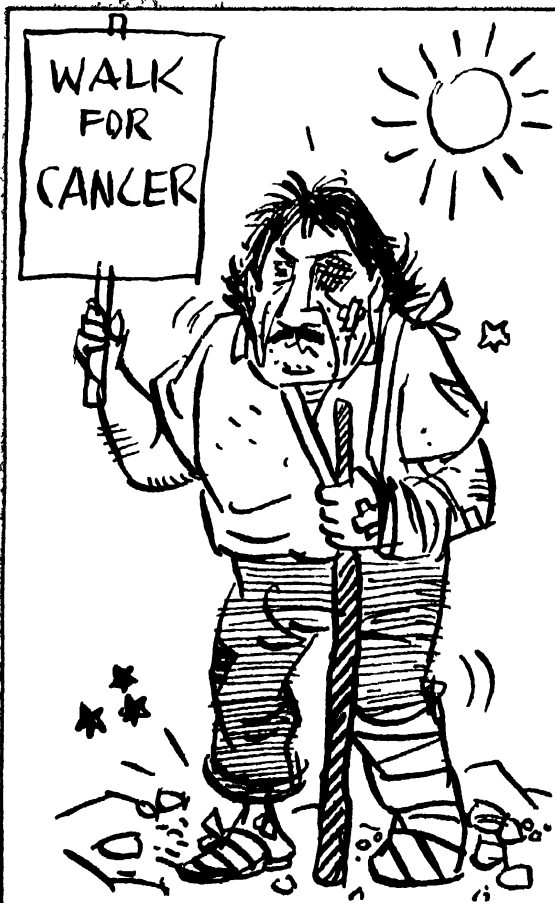


PHOTO OF THE WEEK



LITPAL BORKAR

Sanjay Manjrekar has not been amongst the runs lately. Is it a loss of form or is he not motivated enough? Whatever may be the reason it seems that Manjrekar knows about it and he looks up to the picture of his late father in askance. Dad in the picture seems to show him the way. Go for it, Sanjay!



Pay Attention To Pay

[illegible]



second—or from chronic overuse—where you just don't give the body part a chance to recuperate or relax. Take the example of the weight trainer who strained a forearm while doing heavy power cleans. Determined to work through the pain, aren't we all equally macho? he continues with exercises that stress the forearm and eventually develops tendinitis. He still ignores the pain and lands up with chronic tendinitis, something that can stay with him for years—even life!

So, if you're feeling any pain, pay heed to the body's warning system and check it out. Don't

be macho and grit your teeth to ignore the pain. Don't be smart and do lots of light reps to pump blood into the injured area and thereby desensitize it. Don't gamble with your body by popping a painkiller either. Just give it the right treatment and enough rest and you'll

be back at your peak soon.

However, there are the few who cannot afford the luxury of rest. If you're into serious competition, and there's hardly any time left for the big day, then you might be tempted to keep working out while allowing the treatment to carry on.

But be warned that it will all eventually catch up with you. Your high

level competition will eventually wear all leaving you to nurse a much worse injury than what you started off with. You might just find that the injured area will never be the same again, regardless of how much you pamper it now.

The sheer overuse that you forced on it has damaged it beyond recovery.

Oh, the pain might go with time all right. But deep down, inside that muscle or ligament, there remains an area which has been pushed to the limit—too often. And didn't get the correct treatment or rest. So every time you throw yourself back into top gear, that problem spot is going to keep showing you a warning.

At the next time you twist or sprain or spin or strain, remember that the warning has just passed. It's there, nagging, to be there again. In fact, find out what exactly is wrong with the right treatment, then a period of rest, and make that area self-heal. Time taken to rest is a good thing, not a crime.

Remember, the body has a natural healing system. It's not perfect, but it's good. It's there to help you. It's not there to punish you. It's not there to tell you that you're wrong. It's there to tell you that you're right.

So, if you're feeling any pain, pay heed to the body's warning system and check it out. Don't



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A M

There's a magic in her touch that just com



MAN AND HIS PASSION

shining through she's - the one who stole my heart away.

YAMAHA

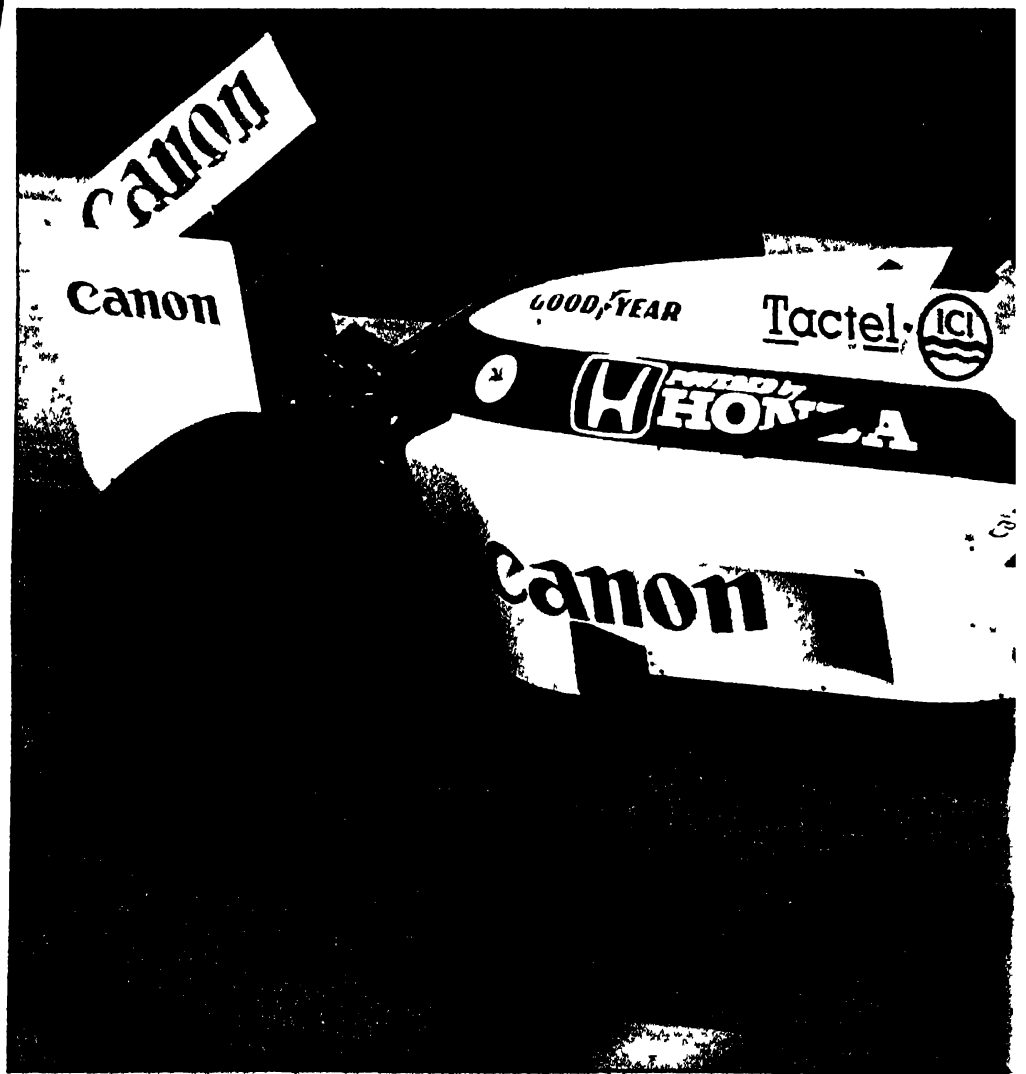
RX100

THE INTERNATIONAL FAVOURITE



F-1 DRIVERS

WANTED



With over \$100 million to blow up, the big boys of Formula One are hopping all over the world trying to recruit top drivers for their team...

AS the current Formula One season comes to an end, speculations for 1991 are already rife. Who will succeed Ayrton

Senna, who annexed the 1990 Drivers' championship title Can Ferrari drub Molaren-Honda? And, the most important question, who will

drive for whom The roller coaster world of F-1 racing has a very selective memory. Forgotten is Alessandro Nannini, who is recovering

after a freak helicopter mishap. Forgotten are the gut-wrenching races and the miles of burnt rubber of the 1990 season. The only topic of significance is the price tag of a champion driver.

The F-1 market is hot these days and the world's top motoring giants are vying with each other for top talent

like Alain Prost, Ayrton Senna and Nigel Mansell.

In the modern-day F-1 world, the driver line-ups are similar to a game of musical chairs, the only difference is that there is no music just the rustle of millions of dollars. This hustlebustle starts at Hockenheim in West Germany and by the time the F-1 circus hit

Japan everybody was asking who is driving for whom? But as of today, nothing seems to be final. Only the six top teams have finalised their drivers and the rest of the

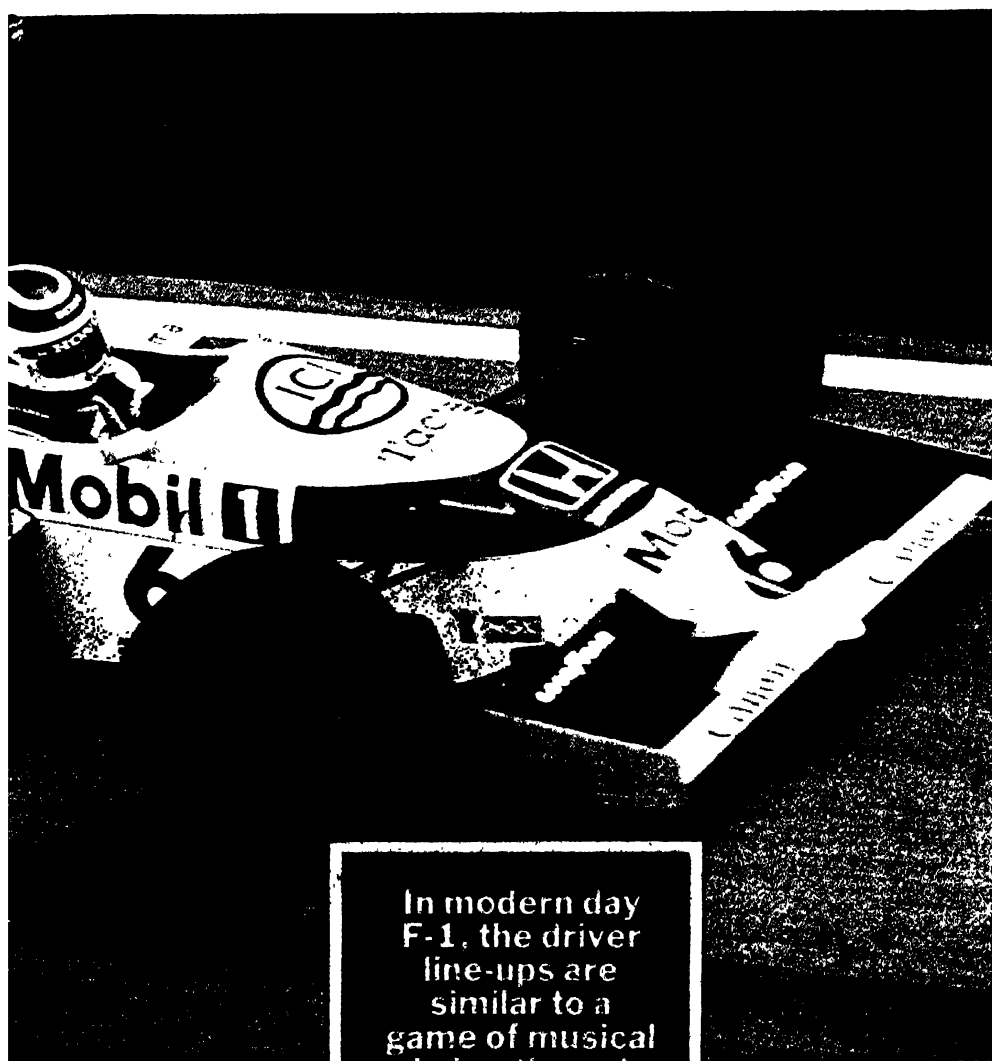
Thierry Boutsen (in picture) is very cut up about the way he has been dumped by the Williams Renault team to make place for Mansell

Anglo-Japanese alliance have retained the services of their champion duo Ayrton Senna and Gerhard Berger. An ideal combination of brute power, magical artistry and technical excellence. McLarens are again relying on Senna and Berger for their fourth consecutive constructor's title.

The championship duo of Senna and Berger has cost the team \$22 million with Senna taking away \$15 million.

McLaren knows that success doesn't come cheap and the amount paid to Senna is the highest ever in the sport. Gossip on the circuit indicates that Senna's threat to move to Ferreri clinched the deal for the Brazilian. Earlier this year he had said, "Money is not my priority. But to have the best engine and the best chassis is. I have experienced a lot of success with McLaren for which I am grateful. But things are so fast in F-1 and the future is wide open for me." Senna's wielded threat worked, and he is \$15 million richer.

This year Ferrari showed its true colours and came close to taking the championship. The high quality chassis and superlative engine power gave the Maranello horses the best season ever. And the man instrumental for this is none other than three time world champion Alain



displayed in the motor racing show windows. With over \$100 million to blow up, the big boys are bustling around the globe chasing drivers

In modern day F-1, the driver line-ups are similar to a game of musical chairs, the only difference is that there is no music, just the rustle of money...

grid are mere numbers.

Champions McLaren-Honda were the first to announce their line-ups. The all dominating

Prost. Prost has been driving well. However, the same could not be said of his outgoing team mate Nigel Mansell. Ferrari have managed to replace Mansell with another very talented and up-coming star, Jean Alesi of France. In a short span of one and a half years, Alesi has emerged from the back of the grid to become the leading contender for the world championship.

Ferrari's gain has been Tyrell team's loss as Alesi single handedly placed the team on the points tally. The Frenchman had earlier hinted at joining the Anglo-French alliance of Williams-Renault. The Didiot-based team raised enough cash to release Alesi from Ken Tyrell only to see him being snatched away by Ferrari. The grapevine gossip indicates that the Italian team waved a blank cheque under Alesi's nose who presumably said, "Where do I sign?" Ferrari have paid \$5 million for Alesi to the cash-starved Tyrell team.

With Alesi gone, Tyrell have run into heavy weather as the team lineup turned mediocre. Ken Tyrell has signed up Stefano Modena, a 27-year-old Italian who moves over from the Brabham Judd team. He will be partnered by the Japanese driver Satoru Nakajima who is signing his

Mansell, who had been emphatic about retiring from the sport has proved that money can buy anything. His move has been the last straw as far as racing speculations are concerned...

year brought in billions of yens and a Honda-engine deal for Tyrell. Nakajima gets \$1 million while Modena picks up half-a-million dollars.

But the most surprising transfer has been that of Nigel Mansell from Ferrari to Cannon-Williams-Renault. This is perhaps the biggest

move of the season as Mansell, two months ago, had announced his retirement in an emotionally charged post-race press conference at Silverstone. In an amazing about turn he now goes to Williams-Renault as the No. 1 driver, while aging war-horse Ricardo Patrese will be his helmet carrier.

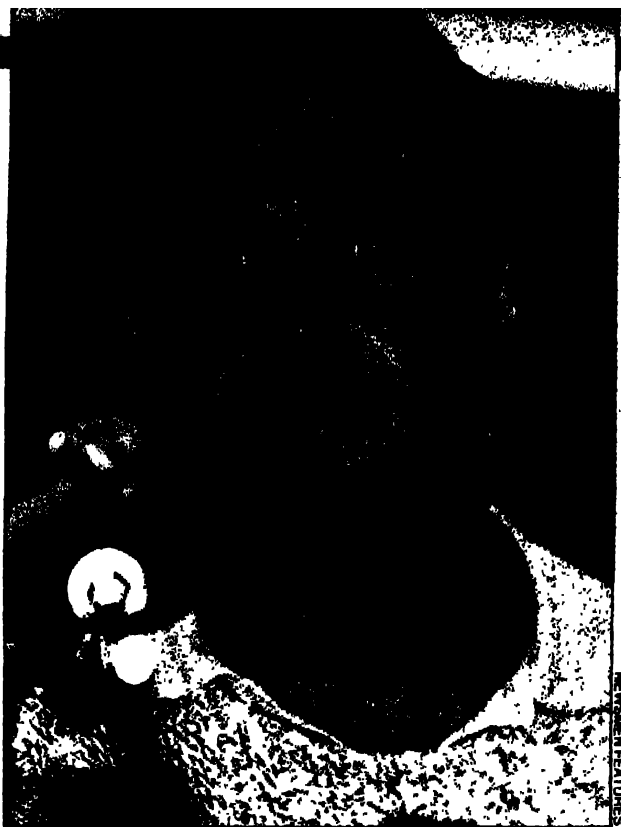
Mansell who had been emphatic about retiring has proved that money can buy anything. His move has been the last straw as far as racing speculations are concerned. Says Frank Williams, the team owner, "We are very optimistic that Nigel and Ricardo, plus a renewed push from Williams and Renault, will get us to the front next year."

The looper in the whole Mansell-Williams drama has been the talented Belgian,

Thierry Boutsen, who after two spectacular seasons with a class A team has now moved down the order to join the struggling Ligier-Ford team. Mansell's move to Cannon-Williams has resulted in Boutsen getting the boot despite registering three wins in the last two seasons. Many would remember that he drove his sputtering FU-138 to a third GP win of his career. Boutsen who normally doesn't lose his temper is pretty cut-up about the way Frank Williams has treated him and says, "I have one win and a string of second place finishes this year. What else do I have to do to justify my place in the team. This is unfair." On the other hand, Williams defends his decision by saying, "With Nigel, the way he drives we have a positive championship potential. I am sorry to lose Thierry this way."

On Williams, Ricardo Patrese stays as the No. 2 driver. Over the years Patrese has proved to be an ideal No. 2. Many insiders feel that the decision to retain Patrese is politically and economically motivated. According to the F-1 grapevine, Renault has a strong market in Italy and if the Italian had been thrown out it could have been disastrous. Cold business logic, indeed.

Jason Havelock
SPECIAL FEATURES



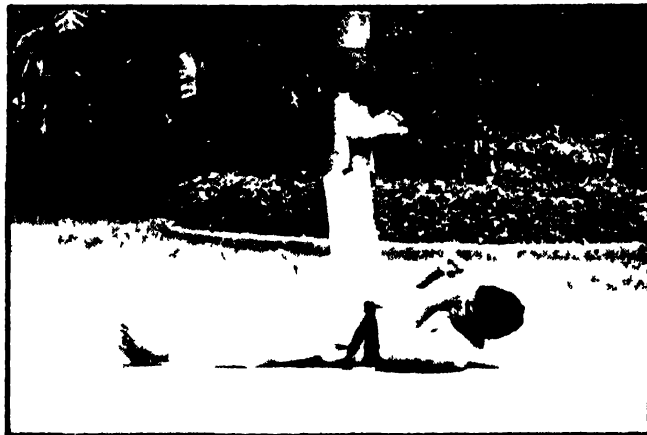
MANSSELL FEATURES

KARATE

THE POWER OF THE EMPTY HAND



From the prone position



Move your right leg in a circular motion from the outside to the inside

Making contact with the opponent's arm with the sole of the right foot



Trap your opponent's front foot between your right and left leg and with a scissor action bring him down



FROM the *yoko giri* we move onto the *soto mawashi giri* from the prone position. Use your right foot to make the knife edge and then move it in a circular motion from the outside to the inside making contact with the opponent's arm with the sole of your foot, to divert the attack.

As your foot comes down the left leg and the right leg are in a crossed position. Trap your opponent's front leg and using a scissor action bring him down. The left leg which was on the ground should be placed near the ankle and the right leg should come up close to the knee joint to execute this action.

By Shrivaji Ganguly
Kyokushinkai Karate
PHOTOGRAPHS RAMAN BHALLA

EXTRA-TIME

FIFA indeed has its own characteristic way of amazing people by taking decisions that often range from the bitterly controversial to the utterly ludicrous. Believe it nor not, the international copyright holders of soccer have now awarded the glamorous and fiercely fought Copa America – the South American Championships – to Chile, even though the country's own national team cannot take part in it because of a ban. And the reason for doing this favour to Chile is just ridiculous.

After the decision was announced recently, it was widely believed in soccer's knowledgeable quarters that the move was meant to compensate Chile for heavy sanctions FIFA had imposed after the scandalous World Cup qualifier against Brazil last year, where goalkeeper Robert Rojas shammyed injury after firecrackers had landed from the stands.

The sanctions included Chile's suspension from international competition organised by FIFA until the 1994 World Cup finals.



Italia or rather England's impressive showing there has brought about a spectator boom in English football. Football attendances are registering at their steepest rate since the England World Cup triumph in 1966. Three months on from England's appearance in the semi-finals of Italia '90, first division crowds have risen by 13.8 per cent on last year, and if the improvement is maintained total gates should approach a mind boggling nine million mark this season.

Better still, the English FA's decision to return to a 22-club first division next season, experts predict will make sure that spectator interest is augmented even further.

No wonder England's football top guns are relieved to see a new glory of hope at the end of a long tunnel of falling gates, mediocre soccer, football Association infighting and above all, the relentless plague of soccer hooliganism. Says Bill Fox, the president of the Football League. "We've turned the corner. The game is once again surging forward. Obviously, it is largely due to England's success in the World Cup..."

FOR Berti Vogts those 90 uncertain moments were sheer nervous agony. After the heady hours of Italia '90, this was the first match West Germany were playing, with Vogts having stepped into the shoes of his phenomenally successful predecessor Franz Beckenbauer. Vogts was constantly aware that however his

TIME

team performed the showing would almost inevitably be compared against the World Cup successes of Beckenbauer's world beaters. And hence when it all came to an end with West Germany having drawn 1-1 with Portugal, Vogts was not quite sure about how to react. Deep down he must certainly have felt somewhat relaxed. At least the 1-1 scoreline was certainly a better deal than what fate had in store for Franz Beckenbauer on his debut match as Germany's manager. Argentina beat the mighty Germans 3-1 in their own backyard.

The new manager, however, did not fail to express his dissatisfaction with the performance of some players, although he found a valid excuse. The Italian exiles lacked competitive match practice because their championship was not due to start for another 11 days, he said.

Cameroon woke up from its World Cup dream with a jolt all too soon when the sensation of Italia '90 failed to live up to their newly acquired reputation in two mediocre performances at the start of the qualifying campaign for the African Nations Cup finals to be held in Senegal in 1992.

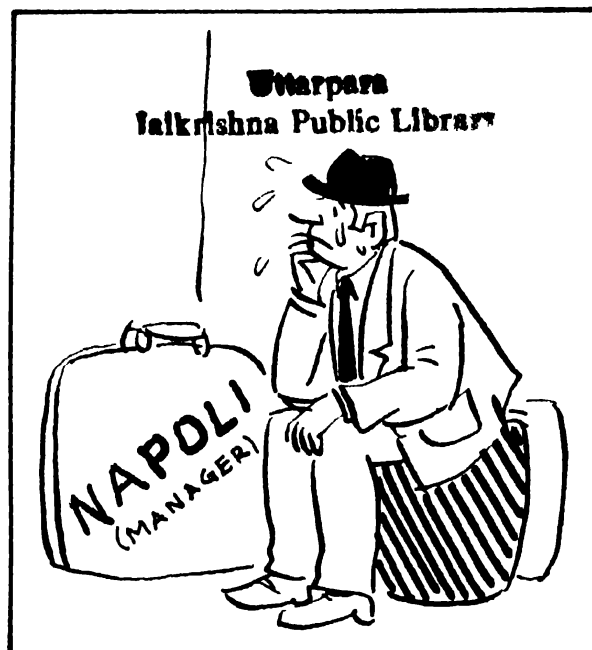
Despite being drawn in the easiest of the eight qualifying groups against Guinea, Mali and Sierra Leone, Cameroon could manage only two points from their first two games, both 1-1.

And how depressing, in fact shocking, it must have been to Cameroonians when, in the welcome back from Italy game at home against Mali, the celebrated Cameroon World Cuppers failed to win a home match for the first time since their opening World Cup qualifying match against Angola two years ago.

And unbelievable though it may sound, Mali's remarkable feat against a team with five World Cup squad members present was repeated two weeks later in Freetown.

In the other encounter, Sierra Leone took a point off Cameroon in a sloppy match on a muddy pitch after keeping the World Cuppers on tenterhooks till late in the second half when Cameroon managed a reply to what seemed like an early winner for Sierra Leone.

The turbulent relationship between Diego Maradona and his Italian club Napoli has once again erupted. It seems Diego Maradona actually wants the club and its authorities to meekly kneel down before him and surrender all their rights of



decision making and function at his beck and call.

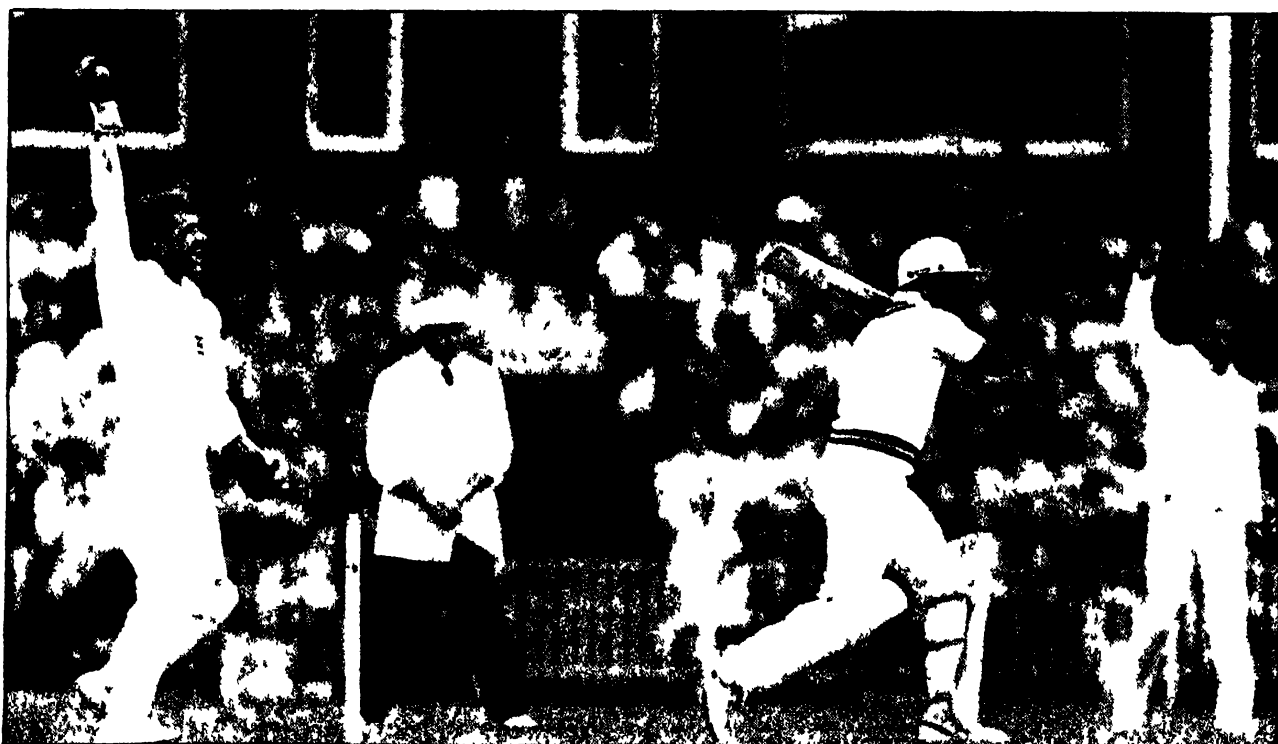
He also seems to want to do his own thing regardless of the club's interests and sporting commitments, an attitude once again likely to put him on a warpath with the club big shots. The latest conflict began when Diego Maradona infuriated his club bosses by declining to play in the Champions Cup match against Spartak Moscow of the USSR just for no tangible reasons at all except that he was not in the right mood. The 30 years old Argentina soccer genius did not turn up to join the team when it flew to Moscow for the crucial second leg match in the USSR.

Even as Austrian football is suffering a severe talent drought, international striker Andreas Ogris has left FK Austria for the newly prompted Espanol Barcelona in Spain, registering a record £1.8 million transfer fee. Ogris became the second big star to leave the country since the World Cup, following Gerhard Roda, who joined Atletico Madrid. While experts and football connoisseurs saw his departure as a bitter blow to the rising hopes for Austrian football, the only solace that FK Austria could derive from the event was the massive financial gain which put the club's name on the history books for a landmark money transaction for player transfer.

Miandad Joins The 8,000 Club

When he scored 13 in the second innings of the Third Test against New Zealand on 30 October, 1990, captain Javed Miandad became the first Pakistani and the fifth batsman in the world to reach the 8,000-runs landmark after Sunil Gavaskar of India (10,122) runs, Allan Border of Australia (8,701 runs), Geoff Boycott of England (8,114 runs), and Sir Garfield Sobers of the West Indies (8,032 runs). The Pakistani captain has now become the fourth highest run-getter in Tests

Series	Country	Test	Innings	NO	Run	Average	Highest	100	50
1976-77	New Zealand	3	5	1	504	126 00	206	2	1
1976-77	Australia	3	5	0	148	29 60	64	0	2
1976-77	West Indies	1	2	0	3	1 50	2	0	0
1977-78	England	3	5	3	262	87 33	88*	0	3
1978	England	3	5	0	77	15 40	39	0	0
1978	India	3	5	3	357	178 50	154	2	1
1978-79	New Zealand	3	5	2	297	99 00	160*	1	1
1978-79	Australia	2	4	1	183	61 00	129*	1	0
1979-80	India	6	11	1	421	42 10	76	0	4
1979-80	Australia	3	4	1	181	60 33	106*	1	0
1980	West Indies	4	7	0	230	32 85	60	0	3
1981-82	Australia	3	5	0	205	41 00	79	0	2
1982	England	3	6	1	178	35 60	54	0	2
1981-82	Sri Lanka	3	5	0	176	35 20	92	0	1
1982-83	Australia	3	3	0	176	58 66	138	1	0
1982-83	India	6	6	1	594	118 80	280*	2	1
1983	India	3	3	0	225	75 00	99	0	3



PATRICK EAGAR

1983-84	Australia	5	9	0	302	33.55	131	1	1
1984	India	2	2	0	50	25.00	34	0	0
1984-85	New Zealand	3	6	2	337	84.25	104	2	1
1984-85	New Zealand	3	5	0	138	27.60	81	0	1
1985-86	Sri Lanka	3	3	1	306	153.00	203*	1	1
1985-86	Sri Lanka	3	4	0	63	15.75	36	0	0
1986	West Indies	3	6	0	176	29.33	76	0	1
1986-87	India	4	7	1	302	50.33	94	0	4
1987	England	5	5	0	360	72.00	260	1	1
1987	England	3	3	0	88	29.33	65	0	1
1988	West Indies	3	5	0	282	56.40	114	2	0
1988	Australia	3	5	0	412	82.40	211	2	0
1989	New Zealand	2	2	0	389	194.50	271	2	0
1989	India	4	5	0	279	55.80	145	1	1
1990	Australia	3	5	0	190	38.00	65	0	2
1990	New Zealand	3	4	0	150	37.50	55	0	1
		107	162	18	8041	55.84	280*	22	39

AT A GLANCE

Test	Innings	Not Out	Run	Avg.	Highest	100	50	Cl	St	Ball	Run	Wkt.	Best Bowling	Ave
107	162	18	8041	55.84	280*	22	39	86	1	1470	682	17	3/74	40.11

How Miandad reached the 8,000 runs landmark

1,000 Runs in	14 Tests
2,000 Runs in	24 Tests
3,000 Runs in	39 Tests
4,000 Runs in	53 Tests
5,000 Runs in	68 Tests
6,000 Runs in	86 Tests
7,000 Runs in	95 Tests
8,000 Runs in	107 Tests

His runs against each country:

Australia	1797
India	2229
New Zealand	1815
England	964
West Indies	691
Sri Lanka	545

107 Tests 8041 Runs

★ 500 runs in a Series

504 vs New Zealand, 76-77, Playing three Tests
594 vs India, 82-83, Six Tests

★ 300 runs in three Test's Series

337 vs New Zealand, 84-85 series
306 vs Sri Lanka, 85-86 series
357 vs India, 1978 series
412 vs Australia, 1988 series
389 vs New Zealand, 1989 series

★ His centuries

163, 206, 154*, 100, 160*, 129*, 106*, 138, 126, 280*, 131, 104, 103*, 203*, 260, 114, 102, 211, 107, 118, 271, 145

★ Half centuries

85, 54, 64, 71, 88*, 61, 63*, 81, 76, 64, 52, 50, 50, 60, 57, 79, 62, 92, 54, 52, 85, 99, 66, 60, 60, 58, 79, 63, 76, 94, 54, 63*, 50, 75, 65, 78, 65, 52, 55

Compiled by Hariprasad Chattopadhyay



1990 World Chess Championship New York City



Mind Games!

The victor will have the world at his feet and the loser will have to spend some sleepless nights. All this is done across a table, slowly and in silence...

creative eras, all that subsequent scholarly periods have reduced to concepts and converted into intellectual

NAPOLÉON said of chess: "It is too difficult for a game and not serious enough for a science" There are

newspapers that have been carrying reports of the world

chess championship, taking place between Gary Kasparov and Anatoly Karpov, on the newspages, not in the sports section. Is it not, then, a sport?

"All the insights, noble thoughts and works of art that the human race has produced in its

property—on all this immense body of intellectual values the [player] plays like an organist on an organ... Theoretically this instrument is capable of reproducing in the Game the entire intellectual content of the

**Said Boris Spassky:
"They feel each other.
They have a deep,
deep knowledge of
each other. They know
each other like a man
and a woman who
have been living
together for 25 years."**

universe "

That is Hermann Hesse, in *The Glass Bead Game*, is this how chess people see their own game?

There was a large crowd gathered at the Hudson Theatre on 44th Street to witness the latest joust in this eternal combat between the two great masters of the Game of Games a large crowd and slightly odd one We had a distinctly long-hair atmosphere a great number of oddly-formed beards and spectacles There was a superficial layer of conscious eccentricity, and a deeper stratum of the kind of unselfconscious oddness that thinks it is really perfectly sane—that everybody else is mad

There are similarities in these worlds each seeks an intellectual perfection in which all ends finally meet All these worlds operate on a remote and difficult plane

These worlds have very different aims Music seeks beauty and meaning Mathematics and computing seeks an abstract perfection, an ultimate solution Mathematics is the clear, distilled essence of pure thought

But not chess Chess is confrontation And here, despite the impossible intelligence of it all, a sportswriter is on very familiar territory "Chess is like war on a board," said Bobby Fischer (remember him?) "The object is to crush the other man's mind I like to see 'em squirm "

We have already moved a fair distance from abstract purity Chess people talk less about the Indian Defence and the Piano Opening than about personalities "He just can't deliver the knockout



Kasparov and Karpov in happier times

blow "He's running scared "
"Kasparov is all over him "
"Kasparov is so strong, so dominant Karpov is always afraid of him "

It seems that these two have never ceased to play against each other "One of the great rivalries of history Like Ali and Frazier " Their lifetime score stands at 70 ½ to 67 ½ to Kasparov That's an awful lot of games an awful lot of hours across the table of silence

They first met in 1984 Karpov had been world champion since 1975, when Fischer refused to

defend and was stripped of his title Kasparov was the young shooting star, but Karpov retained his title after FIDE the International Chess Federation cancelled the match after 48 games They were worried about the physical health and psychological stability of the players

Kasparov on a run of three successive wins at the time, was furious But he beat Karpov the following year to become the youngest ever world champion at 22 Kasparov, said Robert Byrne of the *New York Times* "has made his meteoric career out of lyrical, astonishing tactical twists' In perfect contrast, Karpov is a man of method and minutia We have, if you like, Alex Higgins and Steve Davis, or John McEnroe and Bjorn Borg classic sporting archetypes

But this rivalry has a special bitterness and intensity about it

**Their lifetime score
stands at 70 ½ to 67 ½
to Kasparov. That's an
awful lot of games: an
awful lot of hours
across the table of
silence**



Kasparov the maverick genius

It has no relief in physical action: all is relegated to these long, intense five-and-a-half-hour sessions of maniacal concentration. "It is not necessary for them to look at each other," said Spassky, who is in New York as a guest analyst. "They feel each other. They have a deep, deep knowledge of each other. They

know each other like a man and a woman who have been living together for 25 years "

Kasparov won it in 1985, with a devastating victory in the final game. They played again in 1986, again in 1987. In this year, Karpov would have won—but a desperate, melodramatic bungle

Kasparov is reckoned to have the edge: "Karpov is sometimes unsure if a move from his opponent is a mistake—or part of a plan he cannot see."

in the final game allowed Kasparov a draw, enough to keep the title.

Now they are contesting the championship in New York and later in Lyons, France, playing the best of 24 games. Kasparov is reckoned to have the edge: "Karpov no longer trusts his vision, his understanding of the game," one observer said. "Sometimes he is unsure if a move from his opponent is a mistake—or part of a plan he cannot see."

Ah, but watch the eyes. There came a stage in the last game when, repeatedly, Karpov's eyes started to flicker to those of his opponent and back. Again and again, that curious flicker: he could not take his eyes of that entrancing sight: that of the maverick master reduced to the proportions of a man. Kasparov had blundered. Quite clearly he had blundered. This was no plan, this was disaster.

Kasparov never raised his eyes from the board, staring unbelievably at the ruins of his game, so pedantically laid out in front of him. And Karpov could sit still no longer: he rose to his feet and paced about the stage like a predator. He was clearly in the middle of a huge adrenalin surge.

Then Kasparov reached out his hand to move a piece—and *snatched it back*. He sat in naked indecision.

All that Kasparov could do was to avoid resigning in public. The session ended, and Kasparov resigned overnight. Once again they would meet in silent, motionless combat, seeking the pure essence of all confrontational events—to crush the other man's mind.

SIMON BARNES

STATISTICALLY SPEAKING

PAK-NZ TEST AVERAGES

PAKISTAN-BATTING

	M	Inn	NO	Runs	Avg	HS	C	F	CV/St
Shoaib M	3	6	2	507	169.00	203*	3	—	1
Miandad, J	3	4	—	150	37.50	55	—	1	—
Malik, S	3	5	1	143	35.75	71	—	1	2
Raja, R	3	5	—	173	34.60	78	—	1	3
Ahmed, I	3	4	—	106	26.50	86	—	1	2
Yousuf, S	3	4	—	73	18.25	33	—	—	15
Ahjum, N	1	2	—	32	16.00	22	—	—	—
Akram, W	2	2	—	29	14.50	28	—	—	1
Ahmed T	2	2	1	13	13.00	12*	—	—	1
Qadir, A.	2	1	1	6	—	6	—	—	—
Jaffer S	2	3	1	12	6.00	10*	—	—	1
Younus, W	3	3	—	17	5.66	17	—	—	1
Javed A	3	3	1	11	5.50	7	—	—	—
All extras				70					
	43	7	1342	37.27	203*	3	4	27	

NEW ZEALAND-BATTING

	M	Inn	No	Runs	Avg	HS	C	F	CV/St
Crowe, M	3	6	2	244	61.00	108*	1	1	6
Rutherford, K	3	6	—	187	31.16	79	—	2	4
Smith, I	3	6	—	141	23.50	61	—	1	6
Bradburn, G	3	6	2	83	20.75	30*	—	—	2
Greatbatch, M	3	6	—	89	14.83	43	—	—	2
Franklin, T	3	6	—	89	14.83	25	—	—	—
Patel, D	3	6	—	77	12.83	45	—	—	—
Pringle, C	3	6	1	60	12.00	24*	—	—	—
White, D	2	4	—	31	7.75	18	—	—	—
Morrison, D	3	6	—	36	6.00	25	—	—	1
Horne, P	1	2	—	12	12.00	12	—	—	2
Watson, W	3	6	1	15	3.00	11	—	—	—
All extras/Subst				167					2
	66	6	1231	20.51	108	1	4	25	

Note: Shoaib scored a century in each of the three Tests

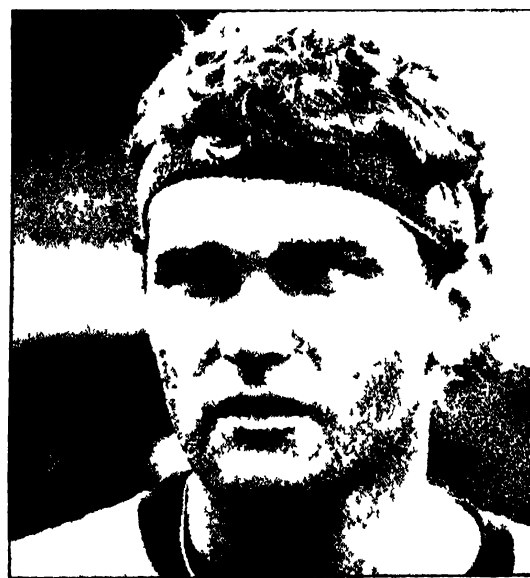


Shoaib Mohammed celebrates with Javed Miandad

PAKISTAN-BOWLING

	Balls	Mdns	Runs	Wkts	Avg	Best
Younis	869	50	315	29	10.86	7/76
Ijaz	42	0	15	1	15.00	1/9
Akram	473	24	162	10	16.20	4/44
Jaffer	450	19	197	8	24.62	2/37
Qadir	234	8	112	4	28.00	2/5
Aqib	534	22	240	7	38.57	3/57
Tauzeeb	96	2	57	1	57.00	1/37
Ahjum	36	4	13	0	—	—
Shoaib	12	0	8	0	—	—
Extras (b/b)			112			
	2746	129	1231	60	20.51	7-76

Note: Waqar took seven wickets in an innings consecutively at Lahore and Faisalabad as well as ten wickets in these matches



Martin Crowe was the only Kiwi who managed to salvage some respect

NEW ZEALAND-BOWLING

	Balls	Mdns	Runs	Wkts	Avg	Best
Pringle	732	30	342	13	26.50	7/52
Watson	825	46	321	11	29.18	6/78
Morrison	826	22	348	8	43.50	4/105
Crowe	102	6	44	1	44.00	1/22
Bradburn	216	8	111	2	55.50	1/32
Patel	294	11	139	0	—	—
White	3	0	5	0	—	—
Extras (b/b/ro)			32	1		
	2798	123	1342	36	37.27	7/52

Compiled by Ravi Kant Srivastava

NEW ZEALAND IN PAKISTAN

KIWIS CUR

ONE-DAYERS

AT Sialkot on the 8th of November, when the stumps were drawn for the last time, two emotions reigned supreme in the mind of Kiwi skipper, Martin Crowe.

Exasperation and relief.

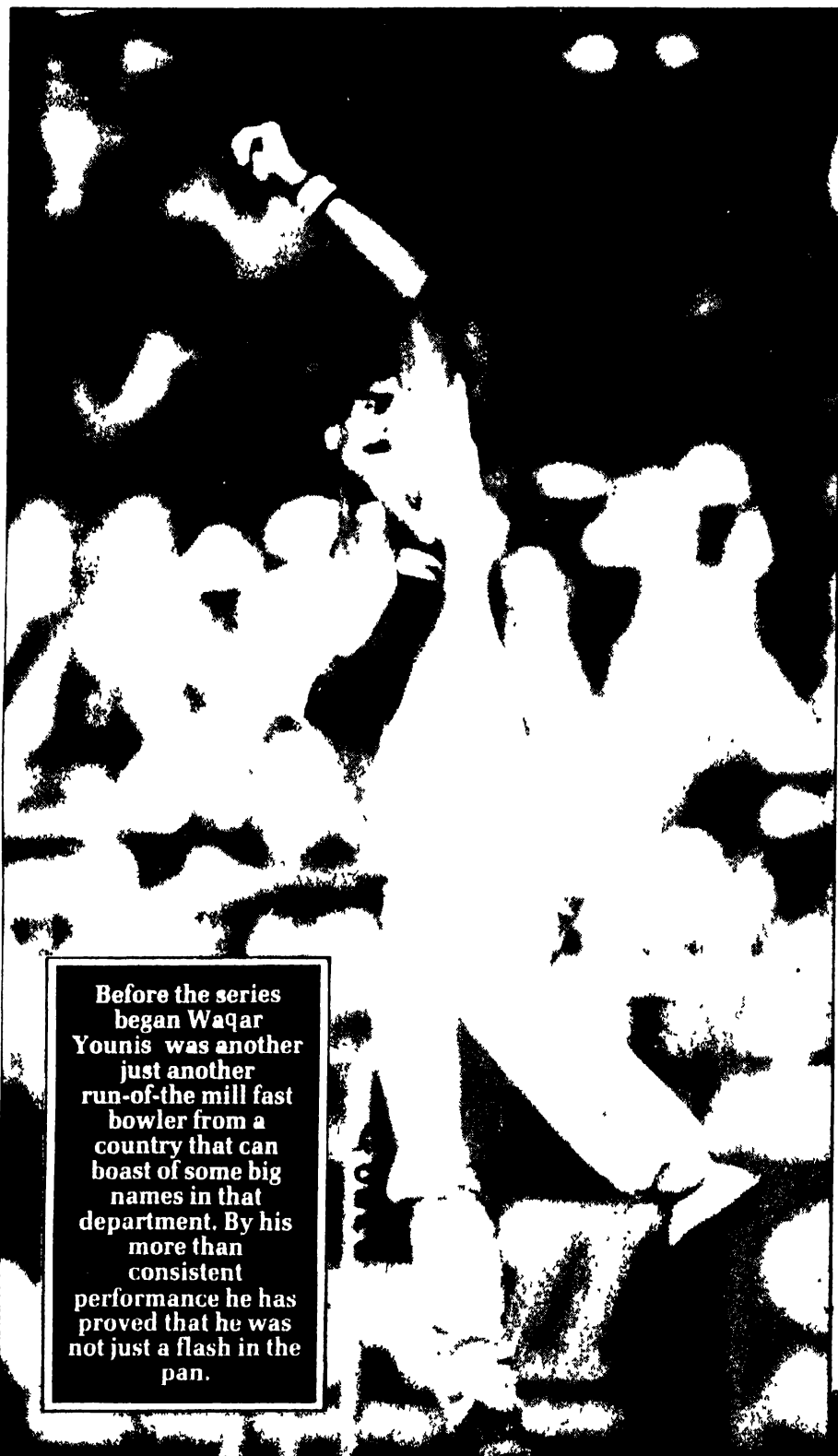
Exasperation, because his team had lost the rubber—both the Test and one day—in so docile a manner that it was not even remotely funny. True, that they had gone to Pakistan, minus six of their top players. True, that Wasim Akram (initially) and Waqar Younis were in devastating form. True, that the green pitches prepared in Pakistan aided the home pace attack. True again, that a few umpiring decisions went against the visitors.

But the series could not claim even a single well-contested match. Javed Miandad and his team wrapped up the series with such ridiculous ease that the New Zealand team were made to look like a bunch of blokes playing cricket on the beach.

Relief, because the nightmare was, at last, over. While the series was on there was still a glimmer of hope. An outside chance that the next game could be won.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MUJIB UDDIN HAMEED

Before the series began Waqar Younis was another just another run-of-the mill fast bowler from a country that can boast of some big names in that department. By his more than consistent performance he has proved that he was not just a flash in the pan.



RIED!

The New Zealanders in Pakistan were routed by the hosts, both in the Tests and in the one-dayers. Pakistan won every single match and the one-dayers were the last few nails to be driven in...

Martin Crowe must have spent many sleepless nights in hotel rooms, racking his brains for that elusive combination or strategy. He must be a relieved man now that it's all over. All that remains is the pain and the anguish of defeat. Humiliation, too bitter to even conceive of.

The series spawned another bitter man and he was none other than the veteran workhorse of Pakistan, Abdul Qadir. Qadir who has played the role of an anchorman in the first two Tests, was aghast when he found that he had been dropped from the third Test and the subsequent one-day internationals.

Replacing him was Tauseef Ahmed, who incidentally, was dropped after the first Test. Countering reports that he was unfit, Qadir said, "I am fully fit. Unfortunately I fell victim to politics." He went on further to add, "I think it was all pre-planned. I have plenty of things on my mind but at the moment

I will not say anything because the guest team is touring the country. Soon I will mention the names of those hypocrites who brought the dirty game of

politics in cricket, to destroy the fabric of the Pakistan cricket team." At least, as far as lambasting the Pakistan Cricket Board is concerned, Imran at last has competition.

With Wasim Akram recuperating in London from a groin injury and Abdul Qadir not playing, the first one-day match at last looked like an opportunity for the Kiwis. Pakistan put in to bat, after having lost the toss notched up a total of 196 for eight wickets in 40 overs. The only star in the Pakistan horizon that day, till then, was the left handed opener Saeed Anwar amassed

Martin Crowe and Javed Miandad take some time off to answer the Press



While the series was on there was still glimmer of hope. An outside chance that the next game could be won. Martin Crowe must have spent many sleepless nights in hotel rooms thinking of that elusive combination or strategy. He must be a relieved man now that it's all over. All that remains is the pain and anguish of defeat.

101 runs from 115 deliveries. Eventually he was to become the man of the match. Morrison claimed the vital wickets of Saeed Anwar, Shoaib Mohammed and Salim Yousuf, to become once again the highest wicket-taker for the tourists. Martin Crowe and Watson managed a wicket each.

For Martin Crowe it seemed one great opportunity to save his hide. But the dream became a nightmare when Salim Malik, of all persons, just ripped through the New Zealand batting line-up with five wickets for just 35 runs. The first ten overs of the Kiwi innings just saw 30 measly runs on the scorecard. Once opener David White was out, caught Anwar, bowled Elahi, the wickets started falling like nine pins. Martin Crowe with 20 runs was the highest scorer for the tourists. 10 overs, and 77 runs remained for New Zealand to salvage some pride, but then wicket-keeper Salim



Yousuf brought off three superb stumpings to pack up the match.

By the time the teams reached Peshawar for the 2nd one-dayer, the people had enough. They were tired and frustrated at the standard of play meted out by the touring team. But why they made Mark Greatbatch the brunt of their boredom remained an unsolved puzzle. Greatbatch fielding on the boundary was pelted with empty bottles and Martin Crowe led his team in a walk-out, that held up play for half an hour.

New Zealand had the best chance of all in the first one-dayer but Salim Yousuf with three stumpings crushed the Kiwi hopes

Batting first the visitors could only pile up a meagre 127. Waqar Younis once again had the Kiwis rueing their luck, taking 5 wickets for 11 runs in just 6.4 overs. Saeed Anwar with a swashbuckling 67 and Rameez Raza who remained unbeaten on 50 skittled the last iota of hope of the New Zealanders. Pakistan reached the target in

just 29.1 overs, losing only the wickets of Saeed Anwar and Salim Malik.

Before the series began Waqar Younis was just another run-of-the-mill fast bowler from a country, that can boast of some big names in that department. By his more than consistent performance he proved that he was not just a flash in the pan. Once again in the ultimate match he was the Sword of Damocles that just sliced through the New Zealanders leaving them stranded, high and dry. He grabbed 5 wickets

"I think it was all pre-planned. I have plenty of things on my mind but at the moment I will not say anything because the guest team is touring the country. Soon I will mention the names of those hypocrites who brought the dirty game of politics in cricket to destroy the fabric of the Pakistan cricket team." Abdul Qadir after being dropped from the team.

(his second 5 wicket haul in the one-day series) for just 16 runs.

The hosts piled up a massive 223 for two in their 40 overs with Rameez Raja scoring a delectable 114, before he was run out. Saeed Anwar hit a breezy 65 before departing.

In the other department of the game the hosts were equally dominant and bade the tourists good bye in just 25 overs, with 118 on the board. Mansoor Elahi and Ijaz Ahmed took 3 and 2 wickets respectively.

The end of the Series saw a rejuvenated Pakistan captain, confident of taking on the West Indies. After the intoxicating series of victories against the Kiwis, the Pakistan team is surely high on morale, but the matches against the West Indians are going to be no cakewalk. Martin Crowe and Javed Miandad both would certainly agree to the concept that some things in life cannot be explained only experienced.

The Serious Boys Of Sundergarh

BHAVANI Shanker High School, Sundergarh, (Orissa) started playing hockey seriously only three years ago. In 1989, they participated in their first outstation tournament, the sub-junior Nehru hockey tournament and lost in the semi-finals. And a year later the Orissa school, adopted by the sports Authority of India (SAI), won the 1990 sub-junior Nehru tournament for under-15 boys. In the final, they upset the holders St. Ignatius HS, Gumla 5-4 via the tie-breaker. The match ended in a 1-1 draw.

Credit for this achievement should be given to coach Ajay Kumar Bansal of the SAI. He has coached the Sundergarh school for three years. And his wards played modern hockey. They played in a 1-2-4-3 formation. Lanky Dilip Tirkey, whose father was a former Orissa State player excelled in the unusual position of sweeper-back. Coach Bansal said, "My players are very dedicated but slightly slow in understanding tactics due to their background. All of them come from mediocre socio-economic families and hockey is the only chance for upward social mobility for them." Significantly, St.



Ignatius and third placed Udai Pratap Inter college are all SAI adopted schools. Ifthikarullah of the SAI said, "Most of the hockey players in these schools are from the National Sports Talent Contest (NSTC) schemes for under 12 years of 1985-86. We have monitored their progress regularly and are glad they are showing results. The SAI adopted schools have won the sub-junior Nehru tournament since the last three years."

The tournament was sponsored by Hindustan Antibiotics with a total prize money of Rs. 2,31,000. The Nehru hockey organisers made a significant change in the distribution of prize

The victorious Bhavani Shanker HS boys with the trophy

money this year.

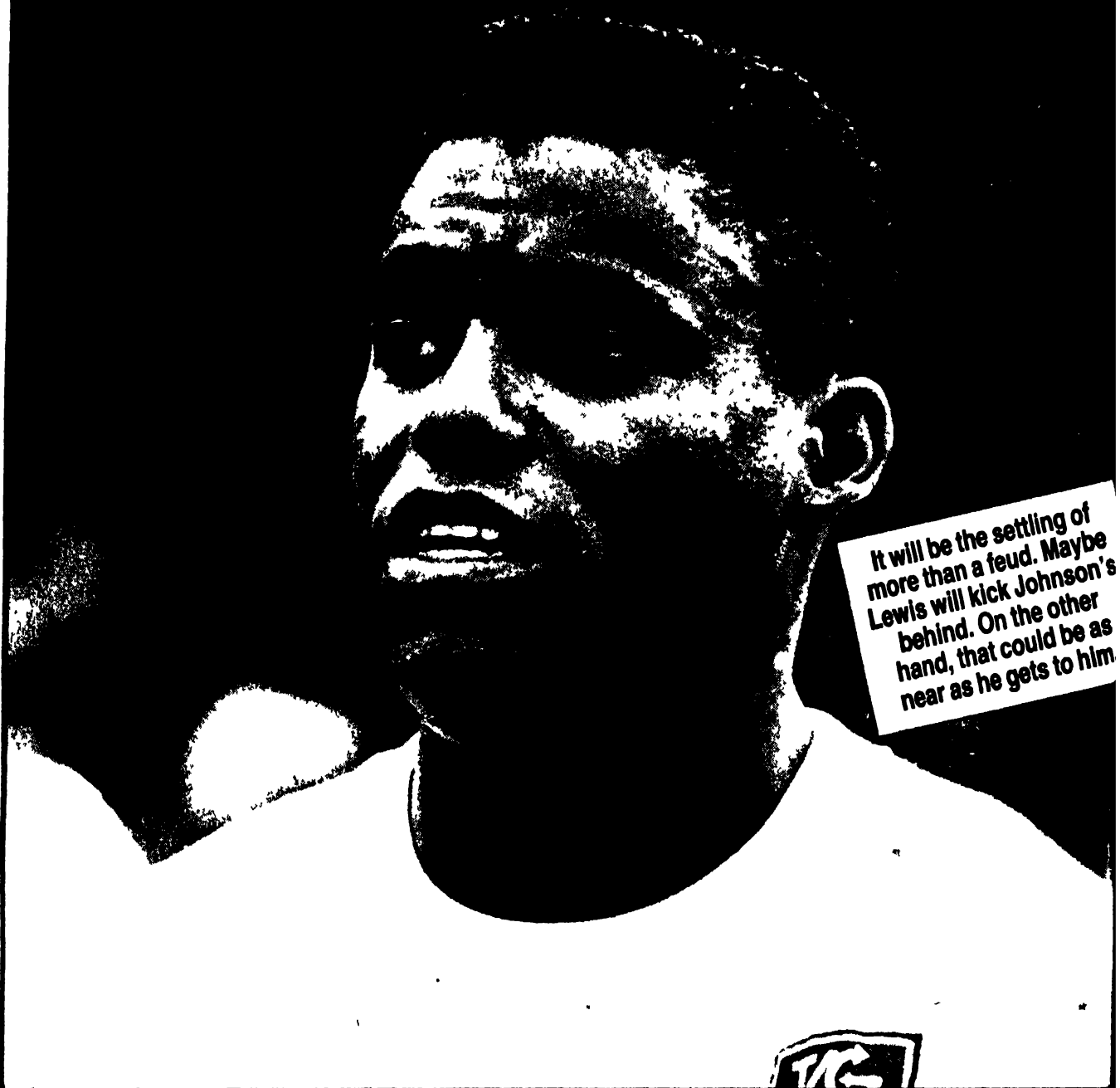
Explaining the rationale of the change ex-Olympian Nandy Singh said, "The prize money intended for the institution was given only to non-sports and non-SAI adopted schools. It was felt that these schools already get an annual grant of Rs. 50,000 for development of sports. We want to encourage hockey amongst other schools."

This was good thinking by the Nehru tournament committee. The Sundergarh school got Rs. 40,000 to be shared amongst the players. The runners-up got Rs. 24,000, third

placed Udai Pratap Inter College Rs. 18,000 and fourth placed Sports College, Lucknow Rs. 8,000. This was another good innovation by the tournament committee as in previous years only the winners and runners-up received prize money. Now more players get financial rewards.

The schools which benefited were Birsamunda Vidyapith, Rourkela, Orissa and Lairikyengbam Leiki HS of Manipur which got Rs. 40,000 each and the Union Academy Delhi and Zambawk HS Aizwal (Mizoram) got Rs. 30,000 each. The Anup Trophy for the best disciplined team went to RIMC, Dehra Dun. **Novy Kapadia, Delhi**

**"The world wants
me to kick Ben's
ass" -Carl Lewis**



It will be the settling of more than a feud. Maybe Lewis will kick Johnson's behind. On the other hand, that could be as near as he gets to him.



THE world's fastest feud will be re-opened some time next year. Carl Lewis and Ben Johnson will fly down the narrow corridors of a 100-metres running track in an attempt to settle a score that dates back even before that fateful race in the Seoul Olympics two years ago.

They were rabid rivals in the years that led up to the infamy of Johnson's disqualification after he had left Lewis one and a half yards in his wake. And there was no condemnation shriller than Lewis's when the victor's deception was discovered.

The next time they race will not be for Olympic gold but for a less glorious £ 1 million. There will be more at stake however, than money more than the lost pride of Johnson or even the indignant vengeance of Lewis. They will be racing to restore some perspective to the war against drugs in sport.

"The world", said Lewis "wants me to kick his behind."

The tiny and insignificant part of the world that occupies this strip of newsprint wants nothing of the sort. What is wanted in this sliver of civilisation is a victory for Johnson.

This sentiment stems not from any dislike of Lewis, although the temptation is strong. The pony-tail he wore, the diamond ear-stud, the flashy embroidery on his collar and the arrogance of his manner and utterances are not contributory factors. Flamboyance is the prerogative of the sporting hero.

But in his crusade against drugs, and anabolic steroids in particular, Lewis is in danger of becoming their top salesman. He is loudly convinced that they, and nothing else, were responsible for his comprehensive defeat on that Olympic day.

And if he beats Johnson soundly in their next meeting he will have proved the point. Yes, steroids can win you an Olympic gold medal.

My previously expressed contention that steroids are not all they are cracked up to be has brought much outrage upon my head, some of it from very important people in the athletic world. And the medical gents brought forward as witnesses have been similarly abused for questioning the performance-enhancing qualities of steroids.

To those who occupy this most crowded bandwagon any dissenter is immediately labelled a supporter of drug abuse. So hyped up are they on the moral glory of it all, it is like arguing with a lynch mob.

If all this publicity-seeking energy was channelled into a more realistic assessment of the drug threat to sport we would be less prone to the hysteria that helps perpetuate the steroid myth.

Steroids are one of the most common group of drugs in medical use today—the contraceptive pill is a steroid—and could do without the false reputation.

There was yet another call for the unauthorised possession of steroids to be made illegal—as if that would make them less attractive to impressionable young sports persons willing to try anything that might improve them.

The dangers of steroid misuse were highlighted recently in the inquest on bodybuilder Tom Hawk, whose death at 21 was directly attributed to his obsessive use of steroids, and this was leapt upon by the anti-steroid gang as justification for their crusade, as if steroid misuse was in any way different from an aspirin overdose.

What was not so widely reported at the time was the statement from Robin Northcote, the consultant cardiologist concerned in the case, who said: 'Athletes believe, and I believe mistakenly believe, steroids improve their ability to perform. There is some evidence they may have a marginal effect on strength, but there is no evidence they have an effect on speed or stamina.'

That's the message that should have formed the basis of any attack on steroids, not extravagant claims about their benefits. It may be that the future of steroids as a sporting aid, real or imagined, is under threat anyway.

I hear of two drugs now under development, not in back street laboratories but in main-stream medicine, which would put steroids well and truly in the Smartie class—one reproduces the effects of altitude training and is capable of a three to four per cent improvement in performance. In those directions should we aim our anti-drug resources.

None of this excuses Johnson. It doesn't matter if jelly beans were on the banned list—if he consumed them he deserves the consequences for defying the rules of his sport.

But I do admire his courage in attempting to prove that he didn't need the stuff that he stupidly allowed to be pumped into him. In doing so he risks the world's ridicule and disgust.

Lewis is already questioning whether Johnson will come back clean but that sounds like a little advance excuse construction. We can safely assume that Johnson is off the juice, and whatever effect it had on him would not be present in his system three years later.

They won't be the same men who met in Seoul, but victory for Johnson would be a strong and heavily ironic indication that he might have won that gold medal without any chemical help.

It will be the setting of more than a feud. Maybe Lewis will kick Johnson's behind. On the other hand, that could be as near as he gets to him.

Peter Corrigan

End of the Raj

NOW that we have undergone a change in the BCCI and the 'Raj' of Raj Singh and Co has come to an end it will be refreshing to see some change in the selection procedure. The funniest thing about the whole concept is that the Board still comprises people who have very limited knowledge of cricket. It would do the cricketing world a lot of good if someone like Ashok Mankad was given a responsible position in the Board.

PRABAL GUHA,
Guwahati

A Suggestion

WITH the standard of our athletics having touched an abysmal low in the Asiad it is time, that the SAI should do something to halt the degradation, and at least bring back India on the sporting map of Asia.

Meets such as the International Permit Meets should be discontinued because the foreign athletes coming for these meets put up a shoddy performance and do not give a real display of their skills, and timings. So the Indian athletes do not gain much by way of exposure. While we spent lakhs of rupees on holding such meets ironically we did not, equip Dina Ram with a pair of steeple chase shoes. It was a real shame to the country that he ran bare-foot to clinch the second spot.

Leading companies like Tatas, Birlas and others should sponsor some of our most promising athletes and sent them abroad to countries like USA or UK where they can get some experience about the latest in the sporting technology and also get some expert coaching from some of the world's best athletic coaches. Our athletes will also get some much needed exposure, and training with the most advanced techniques.

Lastly, our politicians should make way, for veteran athletes and players, in all the sports governing bodies. Nepotism

should be removed from the committees and the members should be made only on terms of merit.

S Suresh,
Madurai.

Irreplaceable

YOUR focus on John McEnroe in the issue dated 10-16 Oct '90 was simply superb. Tennis will lose heavily in terms of artistry, subtlety, magic and the tantrums of McEnroe.



It is a pity that no player of today could emulate or even exhibit a quarter of his natural talent. Present tennis players thrive only on power tennis and are interested only in increasing their incomes. With the advent of wide-bodied racquets of space-age material, tennis is becoming just power oriented and not talent oriented.

Hence McEnroe's exit from tennis will be irreplaceable, and the connoisseurs of the game are sure to rue the day he decides to retire.

S. SUBRAMANIAM,
Madras.

Fascinating

THE cover story on Ivan Lendl, 'I can play till I am 40,' made interesting reading. Tennis wizard, Lendl's repeated attempts to win Wimbledon, remains futile, and that is the only Grand Slam title to elude him.

Wimbledon has so far posed the greatest challenge to his career, his immortality and his versatility. Lendl, the tennis machine, is no longer invincible as he used to be. He has forfeited both his No. 1 ranking and the sobriquet, 'Ivan the Invincible'.

The lack of a Wimbledon title seems to be constantly bugging and buffeting him and, seems to diminish his image or stature in the arena of international tennis. But he still remains the most consummate and versatile player on the court.

If anyone deserves the Wimbledon title it is Lendl, because he is perseverance personified. He is a shining example of what a man can achieve with sheer hard work and dedication. Defeat has never frustrated his quest and his thirst for titles, and has not in the least dampened his morale. He still exudes the same fervour and confidence he had as a debutant. This is the reason for him being the most consistent player on the circuit. He has carved a niche out for himself in the hearts of millions of tennis lovers around the world, by his immaculate tennis and on-court behaviour. He has an indelible place in the annals of international tennis even without his winning Wimbledon. Lendl is both enigmatic and extraordinary both as a player and as a person.

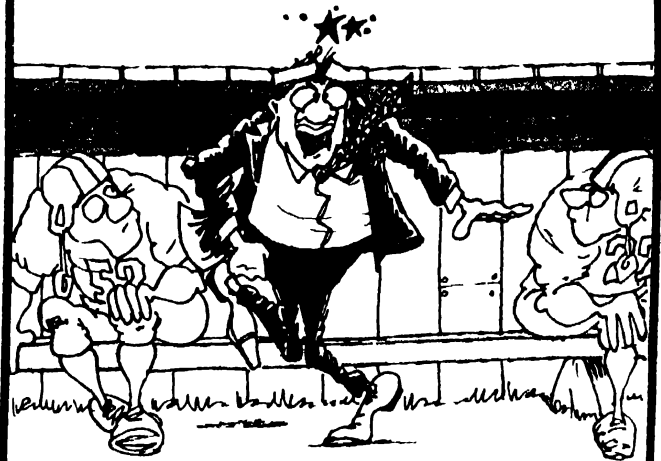
V. SAMPATH,
Madras.

An Omission

The photographs of Sunil Gavaskar (Sportsworld 31st October) on Pages 31, 32, 35, 37, 38, 39, 43, 48, were by Gautam Patole. The omission is regretted—Editor



APPARENTLY HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL PLAYERS FROM WEST VIRGINIA HADN'T HEARD THAT THE SPORT WAS CONSIDERED NON-CONTACT. PLAYERS FROM WESTON AND GRAFTON WERE WHISTLED FOR A WHOPPING 110 PERSONAL FOULS DURING A 1954 BRAWL THAT LOOSELY RESEMBLED A BASKETBALL GAME. WESTON WAS WHISTLED FOR 59 FOULS, GRAFTON FOR "ONLY" 51.

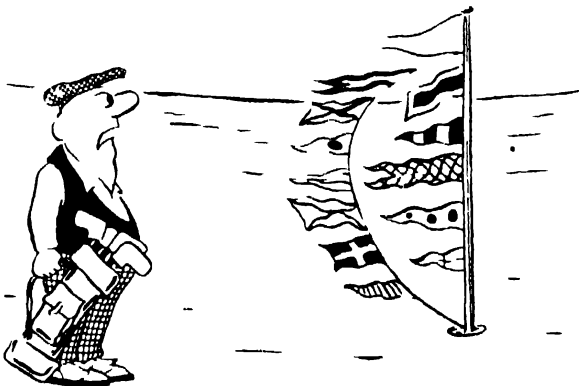


JUST HOURS BEFORE A 1927 FOOTBALL GAME, CARPENTERS COMPLETED A SHELTER OVER THE UNIVERSITY OF ARKANSAS BENCH. IN THE SECOND QUARTER, COACH FRANCIS SCHMIDT WAS SO UPSET OVER A DROPPED PASS THAT HE LEAPT OFF THE BENCH — BUT HE FORGOT ABOUT THE NEWLY BUILT STRUCTURE. SCHMIDT CONKED HIS HEAD AGAINST THE SHELTER AND KNOCKED HIMSELF OUT COLD.

THE FUNNY SIDE OF GOLF

SECTION II DEFINITIONS FLAGSTICK

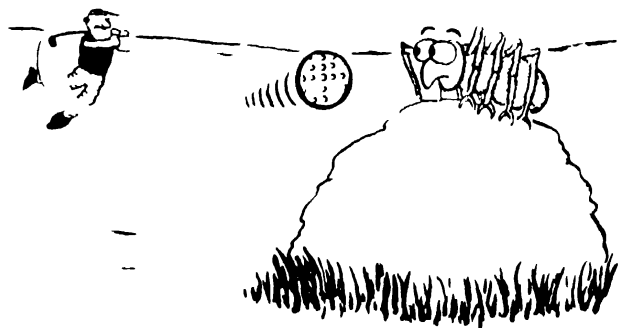
THE FLAGSTICK IS A MOVEABLE STRAIGHT INDICATOR WHICH WITH IT HUNTING OR OTHER MATERIAL ATTACHED CENTRED IN THE HOLE TO SHOW ITS POSITION. IT SHALL BE CIRCULAR IN CROSS SECTION.



LEA OR

RULE 23 I LOOSE IMPEDIMENTS

WHEN A PLAYER'S BALL IS IN MOTION A LOOSE IMPEDIMENT ON HIS LINE OF PLAY SHALL NOT BE REMOVED.



LEA OR

CALCUTTA

Central YMCA TT

CALCUTTA's table tennis buffs recently got to see two internationals in action at the Central Table Tennis Championships at the YMCA, Chowringhee branch. The graceful husband-wife combination of Kamlesh and Monalisa (Barua) Mehta were the draw of the meet and as expected won the men's and women's crown, respectively.

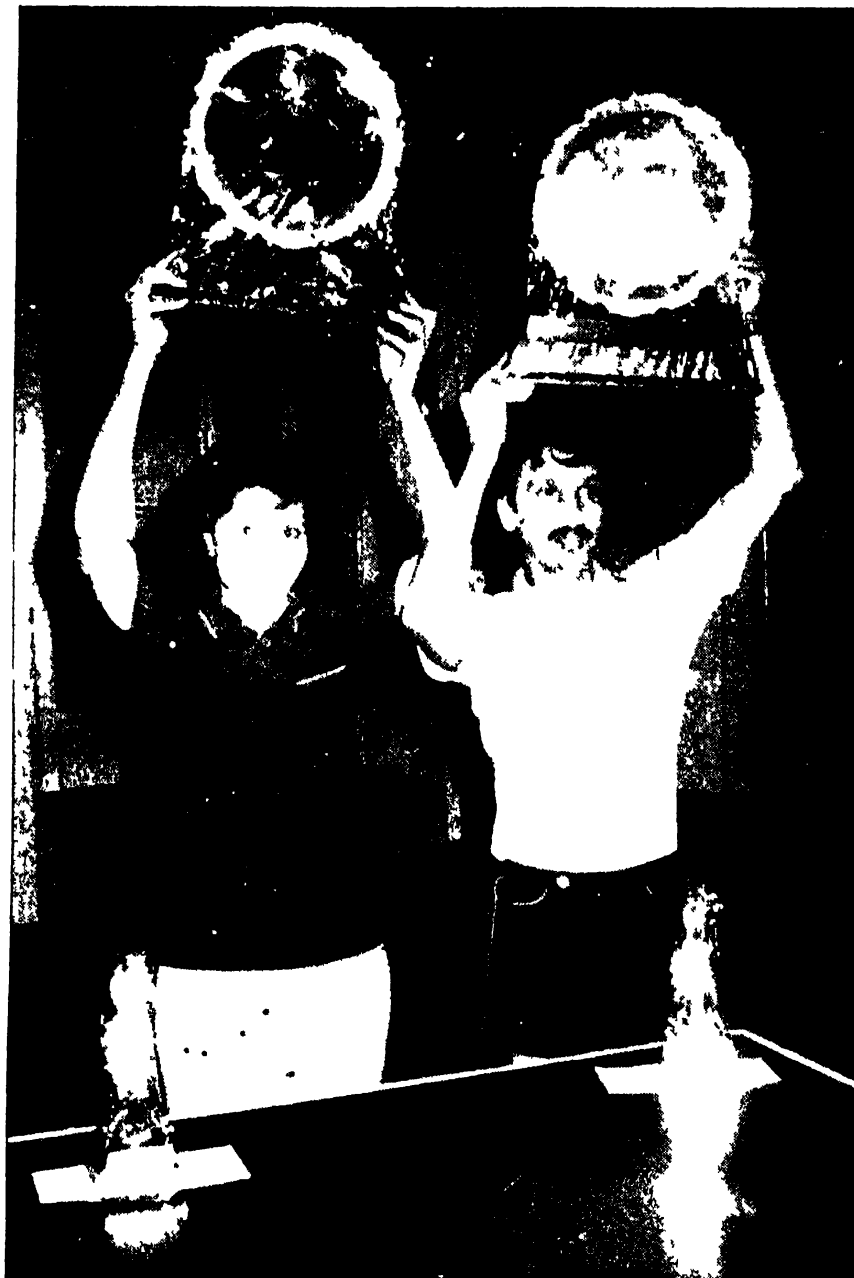
Neither Kamlesh nor Monalisa had to sweat much to win their titles. Tushar Kanti Das, a top ranking men's player in the state, took a lesson from the international star in the men's final. Though Das lost 16-21, 16-21 and 18-21, it was a good performance by the Bengal lad considering that he was up against the guile of Kamlesh.

It was heartening to see Anindita Chakraborty clawing all the way to the women's final. The sub-junior champion, Anindita, wasn't expected to do much against Monalisa in the final, but she can take solace from the fact that she made it all the way to the final getting the better of some fancied opponents en route. Monalisa, playing after nearly a two-month lay off, shrugged off her blues to beat Anindita 21-15, 21-18, 21-15.

The girls' singles final saw Sonali Bhattacharya win a nerve-tingling battle against Debosmita Das 21-18, 21-23, 16-21, 21-19 and 21-7.

Talented Pradip Pal clinched the boys' singles crown beating south-paw Sudipto Narayan Biswas 21-17, 21-19 and 23-21. National sub-junior No. 1 Kishalaya Basak had it easy against Nirmalya Chakraborty in his category final. Basak won 21-11, 21-13, 21-7.

Giant-killer Santanu Mazumder beat the youngest finalist of the championship, 10-year-old Ambarish Chatterjee 21-19, 21-19 to the cadet boys' title.



Monalisa Barua and Kamlesh Mehta: winner of the women's and men's singles title at the YMCA TT championships

National School Games

BENGAL finished overall champions in the 36th National School Games (part II, group II) but had to concede the football title to Goa. The Bengal girls

dominated the meet at the Salt Lake Stadium sweeping the kabaddi and kho kho titles. This autumn edition of the school games included kabaddi, kho kho and boys' football only.

Bengal logged 18 points to finish on top, overall. Maharashtra, who were in the last four of the football championship, finished with 15 points to end overall runners-up. The fact that Bengal boys finished third in football helped the hosts to nose ahead of Maharashtra to the Games championship title.

Maharashtra won the boys' kabaddi and kho kho titles beating Haryana and Bengal, respectively. The Bengal girls regained the kabaddi title after a gap of one year getting the better of Haryana in the final.

Football, as usual, was the main attraction. The Bengal boys were a big disappointment going down to Punjab in the semi-finals. Kuntal Mukherjee spurned a spot kick in the regulation time of the match and this proved costly for the hosts. Bengal finally lost the tie 4-1 via the tie-breaker. Goa made the title round beating Bihar by a brace of goals.

The final was a torrid affair which ran into extra time. The penalty shootout again had to break the deadlock, and it was Goa who were lucky this time.

The football final had its sour moments. Frayed tempers got the better of the game many a time. Considering the fact that the meet involved school students, it wasn't a healthy sign. In the first half of extra time, matters got out of control when Punjab's Denny Dhaliwal landed a blow on Goa's Sebastio Fernandes. Referee Kalidas Mukherjee had no option but to flash the red card to the Punjab lad.

The following are the final discipline-wise standings:
FOOTBALL. Goa, Punjab; Bengal;

Football champions: Goa

Bihar. KABADDI (boys): Maharashtra; Haryana; Bengal; Madhya Pradesh. KABADDI (girls): Bengal; Haryana; Maharashtra; Madhya Pradesh. KHO KHO (boys): Maharashtra; Bengal; Tamil Nadu; Andhra Pradesh. KHO KHO (girls): Bengal; Madhya Pradesh; Maharashtra; Punjab.

A Correspondent

Facit International Golf

FACIT Asia sponsored an international amateur golf tournament recently at the Tollygunje Golf Club. One initially thought that this new competition wouldn't attract much attention but the detractors proved wrong. It received an overwhelming response with over 130 participants (including 12 ladies) taking part in the championships.

The game was played in two groups with handicaps up to 18 in 'A' and with a maximum of 24 in 'B'.

The men's competition was won by S.M. Kidwai although it was a close fight. At one stage, both he and Nausher Framjee were tied on 39 points but owing to the superior performance of the former in the last nine holes, Kidwai emerged the winner.

In the Group 'A' finals, N.F. Tankariwala was the winner with an excellent performance over the last nine holes, while K.K. Dasgupta won the 'B' group. The winner of the ladies group was Pam Wright.

RAJKOT

Inter-District TT

MALAY THAKKAR and Roshan Jam could not have asked for better Diwali gifts than the men's and the women's singles crowns in *The Times of India* inter-district table tennis tournament played at the Charutar Vidyamandal hall, Vallabh Vidyanagar, recently.

While Malay's title victory was a surprising one, Roshan's was certainly not. She took just seventeen minutes to oust her much-fancied younger sister Hasina 21-15, 21-14 in two straight games in the women's singles final. Roshan played some beautiful strokes, from close to the table and also away from it. Hasina did try to stun the top seed by the control of the pace, angles and consistency at the outset, but Roshan was too experienced a player to be dazzled.

Unlike Roshan's, Malay Thakkar's entry into the men's singles final was a laborious one. The final against Alok Jain of Baroda lasted for 57 minutes. He had to produce some vintage table tennis to beat Alok 22-20, 16-21, 21-18, 21-12. He had to resort to playing the forehand loop mostly close to the table. It was a hard-fought and well-deserving win for Malay Thakkar.

It was indeed a child's play for Dhrangdhra's Gaurav Doshi to pouch the junior boys' title. In a match that lasted for merely ten minutes, Gaurav thrashed Rajul Patel of Vallabh Vidyanagar and won the tie at 21-15, 21-16.

Gaurav thus emulated his sister Prasanna Doshi, who had earlier pocketed the junior girls' singles crown. Her victim was Modasa's Snehal Pathik. It was Prasanna who had given a close fight to Roshan Jam in an important tie in the women's singles section as stated somewhere in this report. Prasanna is an emerging table tennis star of Gujarat and one would not be surprised if she achieves some remarkable feats in



near future.
Haresh Pandya

NEW DELHI

Sanjay Gandhi Hockey

PUNJAB & Sind Bank won the 11th All India Sanjay Gandhi Hockey Tournament. But the victory came when the final match was abruptly abandoned at the Shivaji stadium in New Delhi when fighting broke out between players, officials and the supporters of Namdhari XI.

The technical committee, on the basis of reports from the two umpires, Mr. Kukoo Walia and Mr. T. S. Bhuller found Namdharis guilty and awarded the match to the bankmen. However, the contents of reports were not made public and the two umpires when contacted by this

charged and hit Ram Saran from behind and within moments it was a free-for-all and the Shivaji stadium astroturf was spotted with supporters in white turbans who along with Mr Baldev Singh, the coach of Namdhari Eleven, started beating up the bank players. The policemen on duty were quick to move but the organisers strangely ordered them out of the field even when the bloodthirsty Namdharis were hitting their rivals with brutal rapidity

This correspondent visited the changing room of the Bankmen which revealed a pathetic sight as many of the players were hurt, such as Suresh Bhatia and Balwant Singh who had a

K. Prabhuprakash receiving the men's singles trophy from Mr Subhash Gharani, Commissioner of Police, Dharwad

was on the physical side and good moves were rarely produced.

Earlier, in the first semi-finals, Namdharis prevailed over the star studded Indian Airlines 3-1 via the tie breaker after being locked 1-1 at the end of regulation time.

In a semi-final match, Punjab and Sind Bank overcame Indian Railways 4-3. Perhaps this was the best match of the tournament in which both teams produced some good hockey. PSB were two goals up within the first six minutes against the railwaymen. However, in the second half Railways struggled hard and made the margin 2-3. But after a few minutes, Harjeet made full use of a penalty corner to clinch the game for Punjab and Sind Bank

Rasheed Kidwai

DHARWAD

LIC Badminton

IT was a cakewalk for K Prabhuprakash of Vishakhapatnam to his Singles Title in the South-Central Zone Life Insurance Corporation Badminton Championships.

In the one sided title match held at Dharwad, Prabhuprakash took a mere 13 minutes to thrash 47-year-old T.V. Krishnamurthy of Bangalore 15-0, 15-1. The ten time L.I.C. Champion had no answer at all to his younger counterpart.

But it was an upset result in the women's section C.S Poornima of Mysore dethroned the last year's champion H.N. Anita of Bangalore 11-7, 11-8 Anita, quite surprisingly failed to display her expected game and was never in command except for a brief 2-0 lead in the opening game.

Mr Subhash Gharani, Commissioner of Police, Hubli-Dharwad, who gave away the prizes in the concluding function, stressed that the L.I.C with such a sound financial status must recruit more and more sportsmen.

Vasant Murdeswar



correspondent, declined to comment

It all started in the thirteenth minute into the second half when both the teams were goalless; there was a scuffle inside the Namdhari circle even as the play had moved to the mid-field following an attack from PSB.

What sparked off the trouble was a nudge in the stomach from Namdhari defender Gurcharan (Jr) on Ram Saran of the rival team. An angry Ram Saran immediately retaliated.

Namdhari goalkeeper Swinder

fractured jaw and a cut in the head respectively Balwant was alleged to have been hit by Mr Baldev Singh!

At last the police refused to be silent spectators and ignored the displeasure of the organisers and entered the field to save further bloodshed. A belated appeal by Mrs Maneka Gandhi, the former Minister of State for Environment and Mr Hanspal MP, helped in cooling tempers. Both the teams had produced uninspiring hockey till then. In fact, since the beginning of the match, the stress

QUIZ

QUESTIONS

- 1 Who was the only Asian gold medalist in the 24th Olympic Games swimming competition?
- 2 How many players does each side comprise in baseball?
- 3 On three occasions the Asian Games began and concluded on identical dates. When was it and what were the dates?
- 4 The performances of the world decathlon champion Daley Thompson are recorded thus 10 44, 8 01, 15 72, 2 03 46 97, 14 33, 46 56, 5 00 65 24, 4 35 00. Mention the events according to the order.
- 5 Can the bicycle kick be seen in a game other than football?
- 6 Which game normally consists of nine innings?
- 7 What is common to the following athletes?—Ben Johnson, Lyudmila Andonova and Ilona Briesenick (Slupianek)

ANSWERS

- 1 Daichi Suzuki (JPN) in the 100m backstroke
- 2 Nine
- 3 1966, 1970 and 1978 at Bangkok, 9 12 to 20 12
- 4 100m, Long jump, Shot put, High jump, 400m, 110m hurdles, Discus throw, Pole vault, Javelin throw and 1500m
- 5 Yes Sepaktakraw
- 6 Baseball
- 7 Each of them was suspended after failing drug test (In 1988 1985 and 1977 respectively)

CHESS

Practically every chess tournament features premature and sometimes wrong resignations. So much so that some players never resign on principle. As Bobby Fischer once said, "No one ever won by resigning."

The shock induced by an unexpected move can cause resignation even when the situation doesn't justify it. Quite often players have given up in

positions which are drawn or even won for them.

In the position given below Paul Keres found a study like manoeuvre that won black's queen and induced resignation. This was the last round of a meet where the Estonian genius won first prize. He later pointed out that black had a win.

White to Play White Keres Vs Black Schwarz, Prague, '41

1 Nxc6+ Kc7 2 Qe7+ Kb6. Obviously 2-Kxc6 3 Bf3+ wins the queen 3 c5+ Ka6 4 Bc8! Qxc8. White had a tremendous idea but in the light of what could have happened later it may not have been quite as good as it looked.

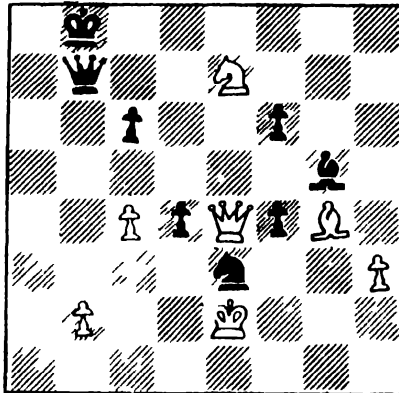
5 Qa7+ Kb5 6 Qb6+ Kc4 7 Qb4+ Kd5 (1-0)

Black resigned here and white won the tournament as well as the brilliancy prize. So what was wrong?

8 Ne7+ Kc4!! 9 Nxc8 f3+ 10 Kf2 Bh4+ 11 Kg1 f2+ 12 Kh2 f1=Q.

Black easily evades the checks and wins with a piece up.

Devangshu Dutta



BRIDGE

Picture yourself as West in this friendly game

NORTH(dummy)

♠ 10 4
♥ A 9 8 4 3
♦ 3
♣ K Q 9 8 5

WEST (you)

♠ A 9 7 5 2
♥ K J 7
♦ K 8 5 2
♣ J

SOUTH

1♣
2NT
Pass

NORTH

2♥
3 NT

*4—card

You lead the four of diamonds to partner's jack, declarer winning the ace. South leads the six of spades, dummy's ten winning, and then another spade to his jack, East following to both rounds. How do you defend?

It is surely risky to duck the second spade as then South might run home with two spades, two red aces and five clubs if he has A10 or Axxx of clubs. In fact, there seems to be no problem right now for you can win the ace and play back a diamond to partner's known queen (declarer won the ace over the jack). At least that is how it looked to the actual West, a past national title holder, who came up with egg on his face as this was the full hand -

NORTH(dummy)

♠ 10 4
♥ A 9 8 4 3
♦ 3
♣ K Q 9 8 5

WEST

♠ A 9 7 5 2
♥ K J 7
♦ K 8 5 2
♣ J

EAST

♠ 8 3
♥ Q 8 5
♦ J 7 6 4
♣ A 8 4 2

SOUTH

♠ K Q J 6
♥ 10 2
♦ A Q 10 9
♣ 10 7 3

Had South won the first trick cheaply with the queen, the defenders would have known to switch to hearts in time after establishing one diamond for five defensive tricks.

I know that the pundits would nod their heads and say that they would have defended differently but none would be able to give a convincing argument for doing so (unless the defenders play Smith Echo by which a defender's pique, or lack thereof, in the first suit played by declarer here spades, shows a defender's interest, or lack thereof, in the suit originally led, here diamonds). Let us be fair to the actual West and give due credit to declarer Tapan Ghosh—you and I, and all those pundits, would also have defended the way it went at the table.

Shantanu Ghose

SOVIET ATHLETES

UP FOR GRABS

The West need no longer pause and wonder, as to how the Soviet Union produces so many champions. Sports Federations in the Soviet Union facing a major financial crunch, are offering their athletes and sporting secrets to the highest bidder....

FOR years it had been the most closely guarded secret. The world could do little but look in awe as the Soviets produced one world champion after another. Experts speculated about their training methods, equipment, medical care and nutrition but no one could say for sure how a system could throw up a new bunch of gifted people at every international meet. But now, the same system, facing cutbacks in government support, has embarked upon an aggressive marketing plan to raise money to keep its athletes successful at world levels. The word is out that the Soviet sporting secrets are on sale for anyone who has the money.

This surprising turnaround in the sporting policy stems from the new economic restructuring in the USSR which has forced many of the federations to fend for, their own expenses. Consequently, federations hard up for cash, have begun big

money transfers and endorsement deals. The first in the series of steps has been the establishment of Soviet Intersport, an agency which is responsible for the international marketing of Soviet sports. It has 'sold' over 200 sportspersons to the West ranging from pro-wrestlers to harness racers and even cyclists. Soviet Intersport recently signed a deal

The hardline financial policies of the sports federations had become a big stumbling block in athletic success. In spite of spectacular performances at world levels the sportspersons are paid paltry wages of around \$ 200 a month.

with the US boxing promoter, Lou Falcigno under which a number of boxers from the Soviet Union will fight in the US as professionals. Every bout will net Soviet Intersport a six figure amount for the next ten years, which is not inclusive of the money, boxers are going to be paid. Says Falcigno, "I don't make any direct payment to the fighters. How much the Soviet authorities would pay their fighters I do not know. But I feel it will be a reasonable sum according to Russian standards."

But over the years there has been a growing criticism about the paltry payments doled out to athletes. The hardline financial policies of the sports federations had become a big stumbling block in athletic success. In spite of spectacular performances at world levels the sportspersons are paid paltry wages of around \$ 200 a month. The prize money and occasional endorsement deals are all pumped back into the system for better equipment and facilities. Last year the

Soviet Sports Committee and its affiliates made a profit of 377 million roubles (\$ 100 million approximately) out of which 97 million went to the state treasury while local committees and federations got 75 million for regional level physical training efforts. The rest of the 205 million roubles was kept aside as a fund for producing future champions.

Although this seems an ideal system for a country with limited foreign exchange resources, it has also nurtured a strong sense of resentment as many players feel the state is usurping their hard-earned prize money. Tennis stars Natalia Zvereva and Andre Chesnokov are cases in this connection. Both of them stubbornly refused to part with their cash. When friendly persuasion and even threats didn't work, the state reluctantly relented. But now the rules have been clamped more strictly and most of the prize money is retained by the federations.

The first megabuck

deal was signed recently, Oleg Protasov and Alexander Zavarov, two of the Soviet Union's leading soccer stars joined the Italian Club Juventus for a reported fee of \$ 8 million and \$ 4 5 million respectively, most of which went to the authorities. In fact after the 1990 World Cup there has been a

As of now it is no secret that the Soviet athletes, despite their superlative performances on the amateur front, are still behind western professionals. But then it is just the beginning. Today there are six Russians in the American NBA League, next year the number is expected to rise to ten.

sudden demand for Soviet footballers and many of them are now playing in second division clubs in Spain and France.

In a similar fashion the Soviet ice hockey players are great favourites and have been lapped up by the West. The 'Exports' began in March 1989 when Sergie Priakin became the first Soviet athlete to

Natalia Zvereva was so frustrated with the Soviet system that she refused to part with her prize money

TOMMY HINDLEY





Oleg Protasov: (left) was reportedly paid \$8 million by the Italian club Juventus

play in a North American pro league making his debut with NHL Calgary Flames Today the NHL league has nine new Soviet players But many feel that this run to the West may backfire as the Soviet league may itself turn pro in the coming months

On the other hand, some experts are of the opinion that the Soviets as professionals may not be as successful as they are on the amateur circuits Barring a couple of ice-hockey and basketball players most of them are struggling to adjust to western pro-leagues They need time to become familiar with western styles of playing and attitudes As of now it is no secret that the Soviet athletes, despite their superlative

performances on the amateur front, are still behind western professionals But then,

it is just the beginning Today there are six Russians in the American NBA league,

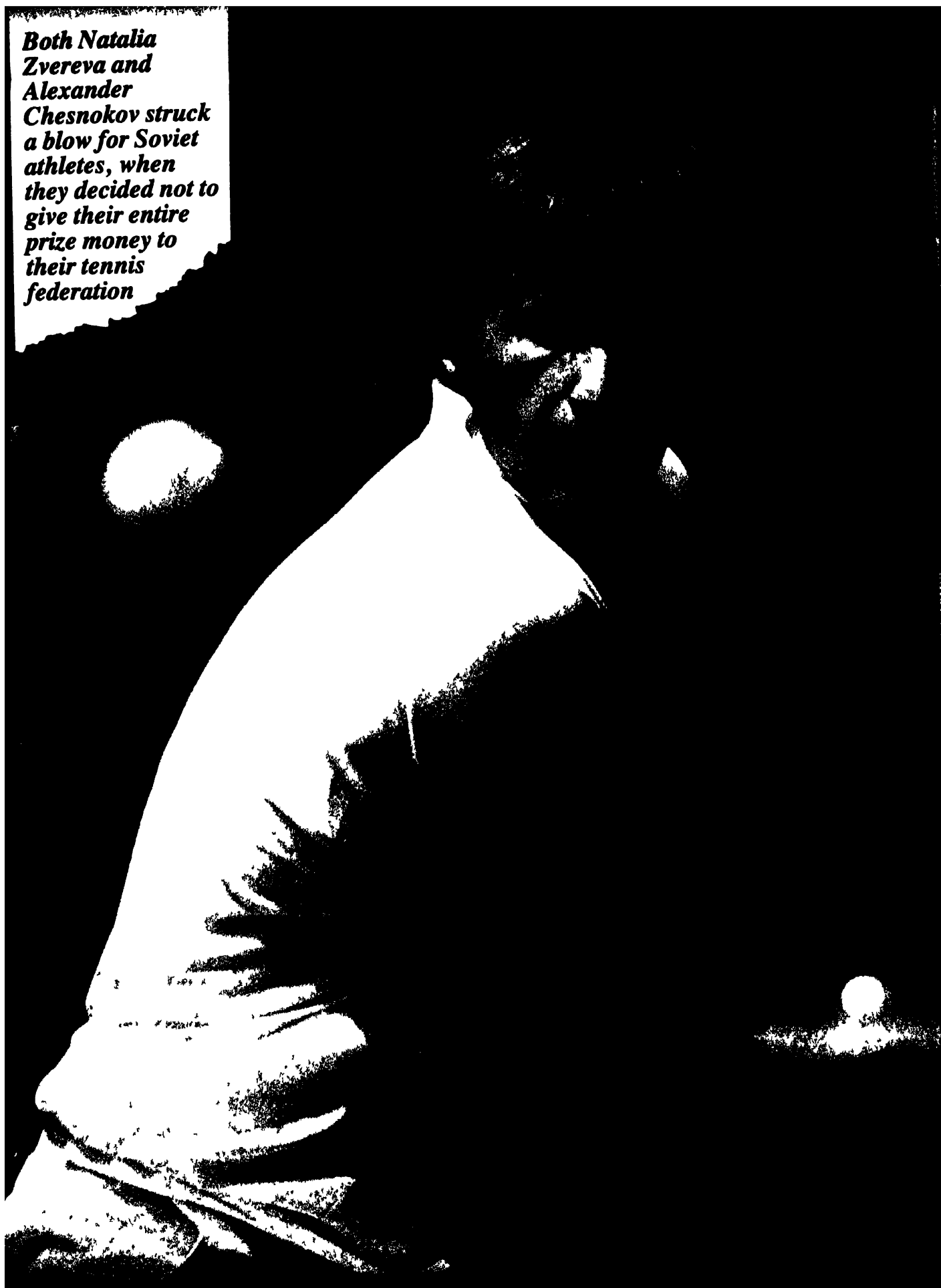
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next year the number is expected to rise to ten

The other sports arena where the Soviets are going to make a big impact is pro-wrestling Several amateurs have appeared on a pro card in Tokyo and Canada, giving very satisfactory performances. The Soviet cyclists too are setting the tracks on fire in Europe. With endorsement deals coming, in thick and fast, gymnasts and tracks field stars like Sergei Bubka also stand to attract big money deals. The message is clear. As of now the Soviets mean business and as Victor Galaev, Head of Soviet Intersport says, "There's always a lot of money in somebody else's pockets."

—NEWSMEN FEATURES

***Both Natalia
Zvereva and
Alexander
Chesnokov struck
a blow for Soviet
athletes, when
they decided not to
give their entire
prize money to
their tennis
federation***



John & Tatum

Falling In Love

John McEnroe has always kept his private life under wraps. But in this excerpt from his recently published biography, 'Taming the talent' by Richard Evans, his wife Tatum O'Neal candidly discusses life with John, from chaos to courtship to contentment



By the autumn of 1984, success had made John McEnroe the hottest name in sport. The temper raged, the talent flowed, and victory swiftly followed victory. By the time he

had gained sweet revenge over Ivan Lendl in the final at Flushing Meadows [after losing to him at the French], winning his fourth U.S. Open title with an imperious straight-set victory, people were starting to talk of McEnroe as the greatest player who ever lived.

For the first time in his life, McEnroe was beginning to feel at ease with his celebrity. Although, by most standards of behavior, he was still a novice in the arts and graces of social science, "Junior" was now feeling more like an adult in adult company. Much of

this improvement was due to the influence of Stella Hall, the vivacious New York model he had started going out with soon after the final break with [former tennis pro] Stacy Margolin.

Stella was not only charming, extroverted and beautiful, but she was also a couple of years older than John and had seen enough of life to know that she had gotten hold of something special; something she treasured.

"I have known a couple of guys in my life and observed a whole lot of others," Stella explained back in December 1983. "But I'll tell you this John is the best person I have ever met. I know what kind of image he creates on court, but in the things that matter he is simply a very good man."

Yet within months the relationship had ended. The major source of aggravation between the two had always been Stella's determination to earn her own money and not let go of a successful career if marriage was not in the wind. And it wasn't.

"Stella was great for me at that time, but I just wasn't ready for marriage," McEnroe told me a long while later. "I understood her position, but I just couldn't make a commitment I didn't feel completely right about."

So, for a very brief time, McEnroe tried to do what any virile 25-year-old superstar millionaire is supposed to do—screw around. He was rumored to have had a brief fling with one of the most attractive women on the Virginia Slims tour at that time, but mere rumor and innuendo were pushed aside when a young star-seeker he picked up at a disco in London emblazoned the details of their night of passion across the pages of the *News of the World* for the kind of money McEnroe might have received for winning a small tournament.

Needless to say, McEnroe was livid. He hated the tawdriness of it all and the incident only confirmed what he had known all along: Picking up girls for one-night stands was not his scene.

McEnroe had enough image

problems without adding that of a lecherous womanizer, so, for the rest of the summer, he was a lot more circumspect. However, his enforced conduct did nothing for the loneliness that was building up inside him. Without a doubt there were moments when he missed Stella. The native New Yorker thought that maybe the moment had come to head west. Late in 1984, after winning the Trans America Open in San Francisco for the fourth time in six years, he decided to go to Los

Tatum O'Neal sitting on the couch.

"Vitas said we should go that evening because Perry was a nice guy and gave great parties," McEnroe recalled. "Richard's produced some big hits with Carly Simon and Barbara Streisand and throws the kind of parties that are real Hollywood. In L.A. people need to be convinced of someone's status by the number of famous faces sitting in their living room. I'd never been into that sort of thing, but Vitas said it would be



"I could never be interested in someone who could be happy just to have my kids and wash my socks. I need someone to stand up to me"—John

Angeles and, with his worldly-wise pal Vitas Gerulaitis to lead him around, explore the Hollywood scene

It is Vitas who must take the credit for bringing John and Tatum together. Vitas the party man; Vitas the nearly-man of tennis; skidding over the surface of life, almost beating Bjorn Borg in one of the great Wimbledon semifinals, almost finding the girl of his dreams. Almost Vitas, too, is a good guy with a dubious image, but he is still searching.

To a great extent, McEnroe's searching stopped the night he walked into a party at the Hollywood home of record producer Richard Perry and saw

good for me to branch out a little."

It was the "Who's going to be there?" syndrome that snared Tatum. "I wasn't thinking of going out that night, but when a friend told me that John McEnroe was going to be there, I thought 'Why not? I'm already a fan of his.' Within 20 minutes of our meeting he was flirting with me."

But not, apparently, with a great deal of confidence. "After just a few minutes talking with her I remember feeling, 'This is a girl I could marry,' McEnroe admitted. "But somehow I didn't think the odds were too favourable. My lifestyle on the circuit didn't help and I just thought, 'What would she want with me?' But we met again the following night at another party, and then I had to go off to play in the Stockholm Open, after which I got suspended because of an accumulation of fines.

"So although I ended up back in New York soon after, I thought I'd let the relationship cool a while. Or maybe it was just a question of not getting my nerve up. I still wasn't sure she was interested. But then she phoned and said she was coming to New York and I

thought, 'Maybe I have another chance.'"

Tatum was invited to visit John's apartment. That surprised her. "He just said, 'Come and see this little place I've got on Central Park West. It isn't decorated properly yet.' When we got there, we walked up one set of stairs after another. There were four floors to this apartment in one of the most expensive blocks in the city and I remember thinking, 'How can a 25-year-old afford all this?' We spent the rest of the evening sitting there on the floor watching Johnny Carson, eating

earlier than he said he would," Tatum continued. "I thought that signified something. But, you know, even after we had seen each other half a dozen times, he still hadn't taken me out to dinner. Getting him out of the house was like pulling teeth. He was just so uneasy in public. Even after we had Kevin [in May 1986], just getting him to come with me when I took the baby for a walk down the street in New York was a major operation. It was the hat-pulled-down-and-the-dark-glasses bit, as if that helped. Now he realizes it's quite nice to go

but I'm not that outgoing and I'm not into shopping expeditions. Basically, I suppose I'm more comfortable in male company."

Tatum's having spent a lot of time with her father, Ryan O'Neal, would account for that. She grew used to male behavior and male responses through those stormy adolescent years spent with O'Neal, years that were full of fun, full of love and full of hurt. That Tatum went from one Irish-American superstar with a hot temper to another suggests that she was merely looking for a Daddy substitute. But that is too



"John is more direct and more sensitive. My father (Ryan O'Neal) is much more temperamental. He was quite capable of getting into a brawl which John would never do"
—Tatum

pretzels and drinking ginger ale."

"After I flew back to the [West] Coast, I decided to call him to say I missed him. I just felt I had to take the initiative. If we'd played the normal boy-girl thing I doubt we would have made it."

Tatum's call was all the encouragement McEnroe needed. After a few days puttering around New York, he got on a plane and flew to Los Angeles. There was no looking back. The electrical wires had crossed; the sparks were flying; the current of attraction was too strong. In no way was it going to be an easy relationship, but it was destined to be a powerful and lasting one.

"I knew something was up when he flew out to see me two days

outside once in a while!"

ABOUT a year after they were married, John and Tatum decided, following some discussion in between phone calls from London, to turn down an offer of \$100,000 from a British tabloid for a half-hour interview and some pictures. John was tempted because he wanted to buy Tatum a nice Christmas present. But they resisted temptation.

"I found the first year [on the tour] very hard," Tatum admitted. "It took me two or three years to start feeling comfortable with everyone. To begin with, I found people very unfriendly. That changed after I had Kevin because all the wives wanted to talk about babies. That's fine up to a point,

simple. Ryan O'Neal is a macho man with something to prove, John McEnroe is not. No one is clearer about the differences between her father and her husband than Tatum herself.

"John is more direct and more sensitive," she says. "My father is much more temperamental. Going out with him in the evening was an exciting experience because you never knew how the evening would end. He was quite capable of getting into a brawl, which John would never do."

"I suppose you could call my father a bully. He likes to assert his authority and flaunt his fame. That's quite the opposite of John, who goes out of his way to make sure people don't feel uneasy in his company because he's famous."

Do not imagine, however, that this harsh assessment means Tatum does not love her father. "Sure, she still loves him," McEnroe said. "No matter what happens between them, she always will. Blood really is thicker than water."

But that love was put on the back burner when the couple decided to get married—a ceremony that was postponed until after Kevin was born. Tatum also decided something else. The man walking down the aisle to give her away would not be her father.

"Originally, Ryan was going to put on the wedding," McEnroe recalled. "But [he and Tatum] probably had a row because she wouldn't play racquet ball with him, or something—to this day I still don't know the full story—and she banned him from the wedding. It was entirely her decision. You wouldn't exactly call Ryan and me close. In fact, we virtually never see each other, although his house is only about a mile away from ours in Malibu. We've never had a blazing row or anything. We've never even raised our voices to each other. We just keep out of each other's way."

There was one occasion, however, when McEnroe, allowing his foolhardy pride to get the better of him, agreed to put on boxing gloves and spar with his father-in-law.

"It could have been a big mistake," McEnroe laughed. "He could have let one go and I would have been out like a light. He sparred with Joe Frazier once. He's probably an inch shorter than I am, but he's very strong in the upper body and he knows a lot about boxing. He probably wishes he was a fighter. But it's just not my scene, man."

THINGS worked out between John and Tatum for a variety of reasons: an instant physical chemistry, a shared experience of being naturally shy, people who had to learn how to deal with the



"I'm still John's biggest supporter. I'm so proud of him because he wants to improve—not just as a tennis player, but as a person."

—Tatum



unrelenting glare of public scrutiny, Celtic blood that came quickly to the boil, and matching intellects

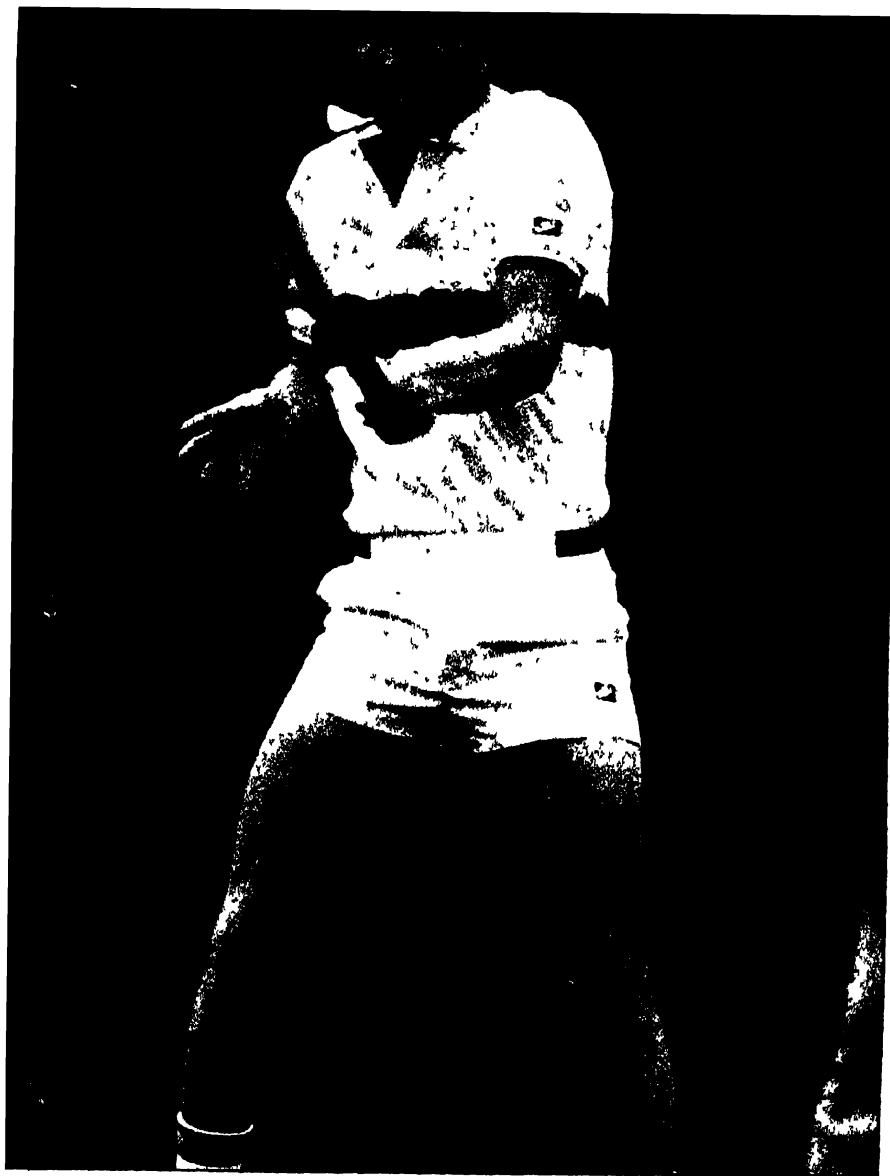
Although he can be disparaging about women's ability to play tennis, McEnroe is a long way from being your average male chauvinist jock. His mother is a strong woman and he wanted a strong wife. "I could never be interested in someone who could be happy just to have my kids and wash my socks," he told me. "I need someone to stand up to me and teach me things."

In Tatum O'Neal he found such a woman. Tatum's banning her father from the wedding reveals a woman who is not afraid of making tough decisions. This independent streak was [instilled] in her at an early age.



"My life with my father made me independent long before I met John," she said. "Independent, that is, within my own world. I was very sheltered in a way. I didn't go to school. I was always on location somewhere, having to take care of myself in an adult world. If I gave the impression of precocious sophistication by going to all those Hollywood parties, it was wrong. I was just playing at dressing-up, just a little girl having fun."

Starring roles in movies like *Paper Moon* had made Tatum a child celebrity, and she was able to pass on what she learned about dealing with the press to a husband who was still snarling at photographers by the time they were married. "Tatum taught me a lot in that respect," John admits.



"She's been through it from such a young age. She forced me to straighten up my act a little."

And the educational process continues. "I demand a lot of him," said Tatum firmly. "I don't settle for second-best. He had the choice. He could have gone for a demure little wife, but he chose me and he knew I wasn't going to shut up. I was determined to make him aware of the consequences of his behavior; to understand the results of years of shitting on people."

"After Wimbledon last year I said I wasn't going to go with him to Grand Slam tournaments anymore. There was too much pain for me. I couldn't face going through that gut-wrenching unhappiness. I know it's all wrapped up in some sort of

tortured genius thing with him, but I felt he would do better just to close himself off and concentrate on his tennis."

Ironically, Tatum decided to take the two boys and be with John throughout his stay in Australia beginning the day after

"He could have gone for a demure little wife, but he chose me and he knew I wasn't going to shut up. I was determined to make him aware of the consequences of his behaviour; to understand the result of years of shitting on people"

—Tatum

Christmas 1989. Right up to the infamous moment of default in the Australian Open at Flinders Park, it had all worked like a dream. But with "the genius thing;" with a temperament like that, there's no knowing when the volcano will erupt.

Tatum, however is far too determined a person to give up. Her vision of the life they could lead has been infiltrating McEnroe's consciousness for some time now, and anyone attending his press conferences has been able to pick up snippets of his new thinking. Mainly it has manifested itself in his feelings of responsibility as a husband and a father, and of the need to set a proper example.

"As a couple, we have to think about a higher level," Tatum said. "That doesn't mean getting away from tennis, but just seeing the bigger world and getting things in perspective. We are two of the luckiest people on the planet right now. We have a public voice. We can urge people to think about the environment, to pick up bottles and recycle cans. We should enjoy our own lives while trying to make lives better for others, too."

Nor is Tatum content with merely trying to change the public perception of her man. Domestically, she gives him a rough ride, too. "We have homes that don't run themselves," she pointed out. "I make him pick up his clothes and try to stop him from walking out of a room when I'm talking to him. He'll tell me I'm good at telling him the same things I need to do myself, but that's all right. If we're tough on each other, we'll both get better."

"I'm still his biggest supporter. I'm so proud of him because he wants to do better, he wants to improve—not just as a tennis player, but as a person. And he's getting there. As for myself, the two little kids must be [my] prime concern. I have a lot of ambition, but not necessarily in the acting field."

"With a bit of luck, we've got it all before us," she said. "We're really very lucky, and I think John is beginning to understand that." □

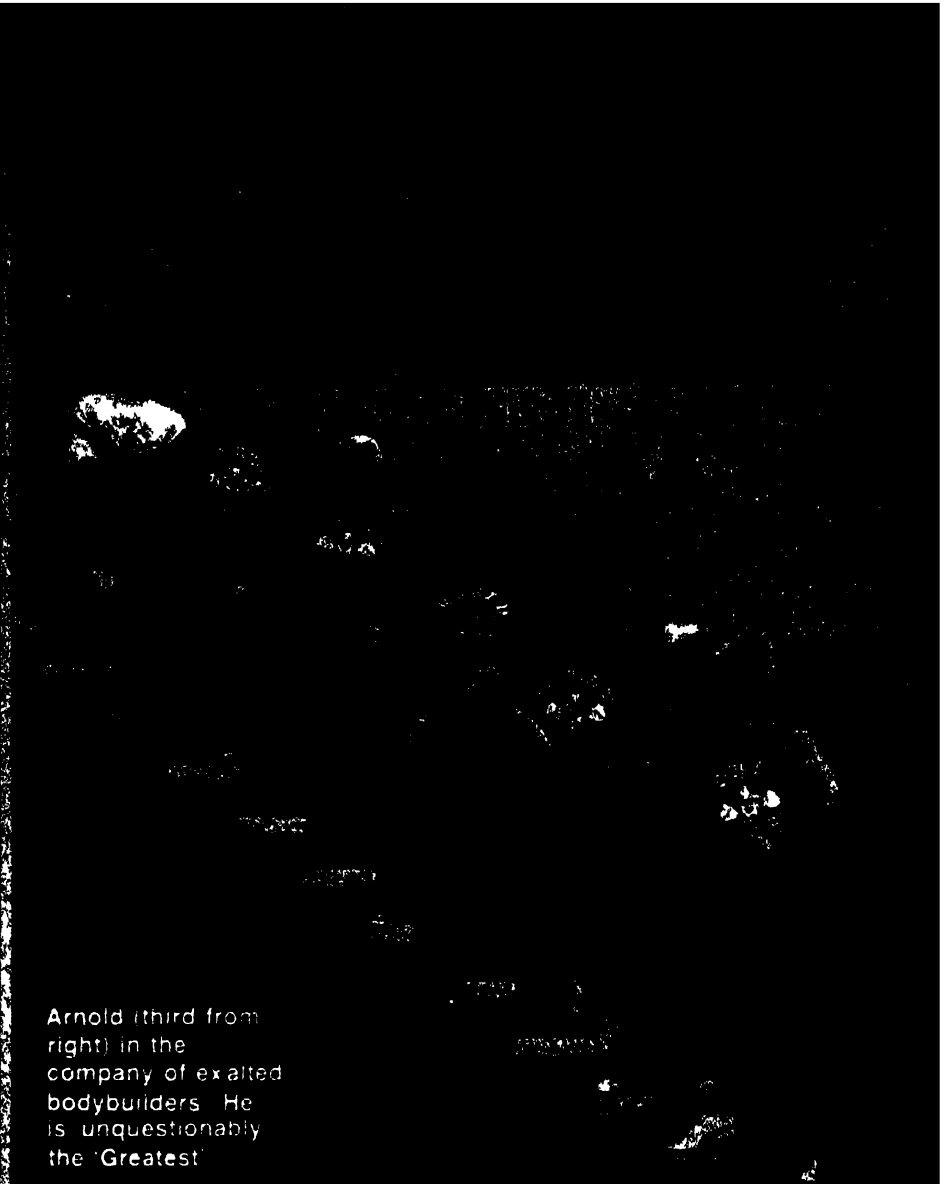
that's the term given to him by Hollywood. In reality, however, he is a stark contrast. Meet Arnold the man, the bodybuilder, the actor and how he made it.

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER

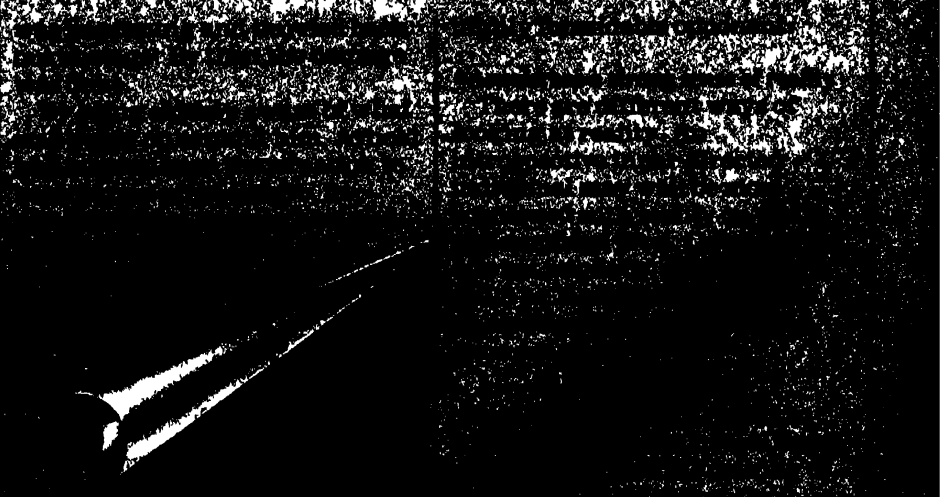
Arnold Schwarzenegger

A key factor in understanding Arnold is that he isn't someone who lives primarily inside his head. He isn't particularly introspective or contemplative or analytical. This doesn't mean he isn't intelligent—far from it. His mind is working all the time, but it isn't the internal workings of his mind that interest him. He isn't that interested in examining his own thought processes in detail. Rather, Arnold focuses his attention on the outside world, on what's going on around him—who people are, what they are thinking and feeling and how that is going to influence what happens in any given situation.

This is an attitude that most people find utterly fascinating and that's why he's so successful.



Arnold (third from right) in the company of exalted bodybuilders. He is unquestionably the 'Greatest'



The greatest bodybuilder the sport has ever seen is Arnold Schwarzenegger. It's simply undeniable.

*Arnold would always
assess situations and
take whatever
advantage of
circumstances that
offered themselves*

learned how to win, which involves more than just how good your body is. Many a time Arnold has approached a bodybuilder at a contest and said: "You look great. If I had your physique, I'd win this show." If Arnold said this to you at a show, you'd probably think he was saying he expected you to win. But that isn't what he meant. He was saying he would be able to win the event. Using his knowledge of how to compete, how to conduct himself onstage and off, how to pose, impress the judges and outmanoeuvre his opponents. So a "compliment" like this from Arnold would just be his way of telling you that he could win with your physique but he expected you to lose.

Arnold's sense of reality has also made him an honest man. If you make a business deal with Arnold, he'll negotiate everything he can get from you. But once the deal is made you never have a worry about him living up to his part of the bargain. If he owes you money, you know you're going to get paid. Why? Well, on a purely practical rather than moral basis, being honest is quicker, simpler and less complicated. Many individuals get a deep satisfaction out of cheating you, they'd rather con you out of \$25 than get \$50 dealing honestly. Arnold is not one of them.

• Arnold can be both self-critical and self-confident

Watching Arnold preparing for a bodybuilding competition, I was always struck with how honest he could be about his own physique. He'd look in the mirror and see exactly what his weak points were. Yet he could do this without any lessening of his overall self-confidence. This is something I've found very rare in bodybuilding.

"Back in the early '70s," says Joe Gold, "a posing platform slipped out from under him and Arnold tore up his knee badly. When the cast finally came off, the leg was tremendously atrophied.

"I remember he stood in front of the mirror with one good leg and one very bad leg, and he said to

me: 'Now that my knee is strong again, I can make my legs better than ever. Joe, I'm gonna win the Mr O again this year.'
"And he did."

• Arnold is goal-oriented

Life, to Arnold, has series of goals. In Arnold's *Encyclopedia of Bodybuilding*, he compares having a specific goal in mind to being the captain of a ship. A ship's master would never leave port, he points out, with no



*The one thing most
characteristic of
Arnold's personality is
his capacity for
enjoyment*

destination in mind, intending to simply sail aimlessly around in the ocean. He'd have a definite destination and charts to show him how to get there.

Arnold believes that life should involve the same kind of planning. He admits that all the while he was winning bodybuilding contests, he was intending at some point to become a movie star. There is speculation nowadays that, having become a movie star, Arnold has a political

career in mind. Maybe, maybe not. But if past experience is any indication, he has some future goal in mind and a definite plan for achieving it.

• **Arnold knows how to enjoy life**

Arnold's self-confidence and ability to thrive on success comes largely from the fact that he knows how to enjoy life. One reason the pressures of bodybuilding competition didn't bother him as much as they did some others is that he always had a life outside the gym.

Some bodybuilders think about nothing but bodybuilding 24 hours a day, but Arnold knew better. Being able to relax and have a good time was always an ingredient in his success.

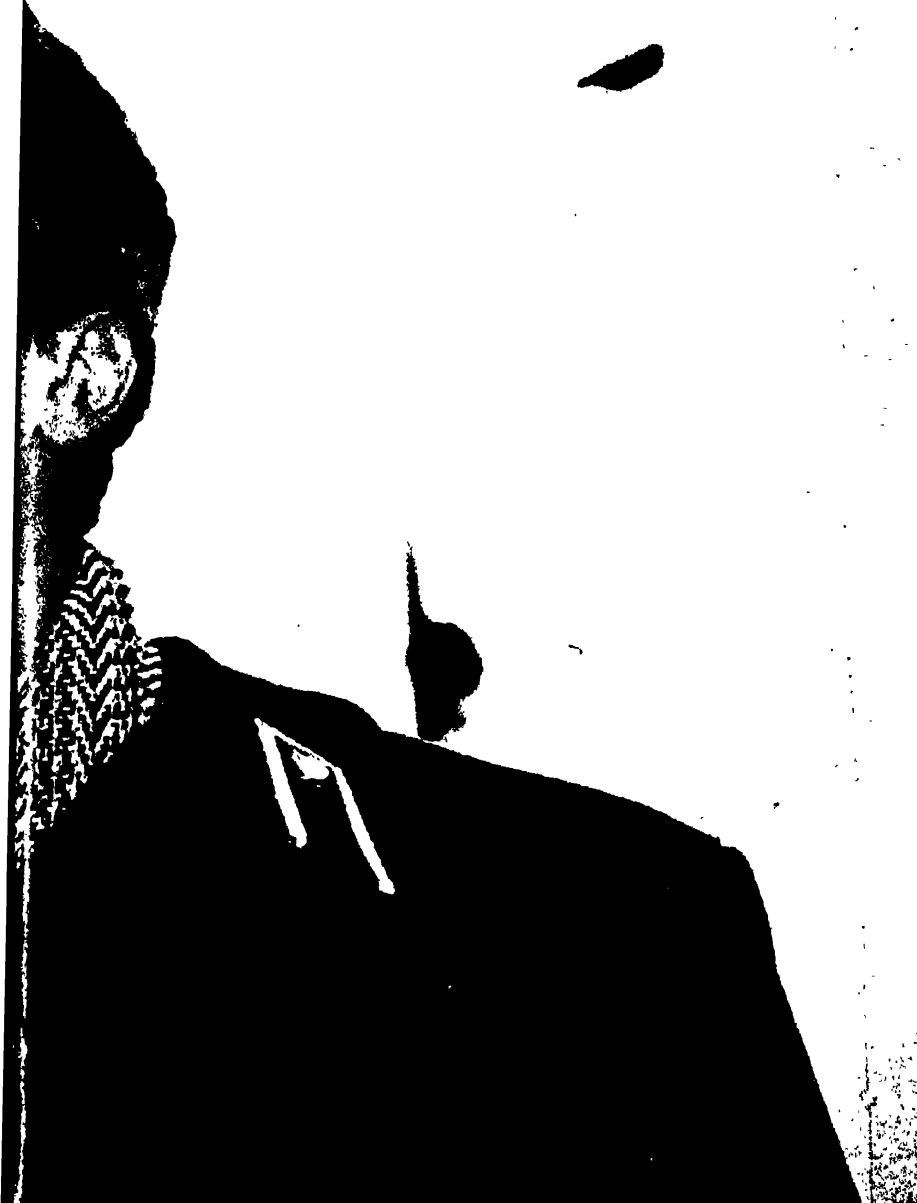
Says Jim Lorimer: "A woman reporter from *Time Magazine* called and asked me for the one thing most characteristic of Arnold's personality. I thought for a moment and replied 'His capacity for enjoyment. That's what makes all the difference.'"

"Later that day I told Arnold about the interview. He said: 'I talked to her too, and she asked me to give her the one word that I thought best described myself. I told her, 'Joy'.'"

Arnold works hard, but he knows how to play. He makes movies, promotes bodybuilding contests, invests in real estate and is involved in a number of different businesses but he also finds time to go skiing at Aspen, vacation in Hawaii or the Caribbean, to take time off to relax and recharge his batteries, and of course to spend time with his wife and new daughter.

Sometimes life isn't a lot of fun. Sometimes it's hard work or heartbreak, problems and challenges. But these moment-to-moment difficulties should not interfere with the fundamental enthusiasm for living, for being alive and being able to experience the sense of your own existence. This is where the deepest enjoyment of living comes. And if you are in touch with these feelings, as Arnold could tell you, you usually end up having a lot of fun as well.

Arnold in Moscow's Red Square during the filming of *Red Heat*



THERE was an element of absurdity in Bjorn Borg's announcement of an attempted comeback. Could his 34-year-old reflex actually react to the ballistic missile serves generated by Becker's Estusa racket and German shoulder? There was a further element of sadness. No player amassed greater wealth from tennis than the Swede, yet having squandered it all as also his happiness, he returns to the circuit as if to retrieve both.

The present generation have been kind but firm about Borg's chances today—somewhere in the region of zero success. An honest John McEnroe would scarcely disagree with that assessment. But a wistful McEnroe, perhaps, also feels a small surge of nostalgia at Borg's return. The return of a man whose early retirement, McEnroe often said, took the thrill out of his tennis.

But then, Mac and Borg were inseparable—the original odd couple. Like Laurel and Hardy in the 1920-30's, the stoic Swede and the sullen Yank were the world's best known two man act of the late Seventies and early Eighties. As individuals, we marvelled at their prowess; put together, with a net in-between they made us gasp with delight and amazement. They provided for each other, that marginal, extra inspiration which turns the good into the outrageously brilliant.

And so, some Sundays ago, a trunk lying in some unobtrusive corner of my room, had its

freewheeling

lock oiled and then quietly opened. Inside, wrapped carefully in polythene, was a cassette. Just 10 minutes of highlights of the tie-breaker (fourth set) in that unmatchable 1980 Wimbledon final that best exemplified the surging, silent will of Borg and the combustible, flaring and glaring genius of McEnroe.

The tie-breaker is an old story—Borg had 7 championship points, McEnroe 5 set points. Mac won the set, Borg eventually the match.

All through the tie-breaker, the staid English crowd displays a noise and passion, perhaps just spontaneously borrowed from a Spanish bullfighting arena. McEnroe is devilishly clever, then scowls, does his hands-on-the-hip-Jesus-what-a-shot act, hits volleys that defy belief, at one

point falls flat on the ground, at another howls at the heavens.

And Borg? As the commentator said, 'he looks the coolest man in the place'. Hunched shoulders forcing his body into a question mark shape, he lances topspin drives past McEnroe, always like a man in some forceful trance. After losing such a tie-breaker, 22 minutes and 34 points, even champions feel a chill of insecurity. Did Borg?—who knows, but in the fifth and final set, he allowed McEnroe just 3 points off his serve—getting 80% of his first serves in, the Swede gave no indication of having ever been in a crisis. There has since not been a better match.

But Borg's inhuman discipline and control was costly. Writer Nigel Clarke who visited him on the morning after his

US Open final defeat, the same year wrote: "I was astounded to see how gaunt, tired and unwell he looked. There were pimples in a cluster over one eye. Sores on his lips and cheek. He was bent over in a question mark of despair. Mariana had been crying again. 'I'm sorry', I told him. 'Thanks for coming around', he replied. 'Nobody else has. It's not a good time for me. I can't win in New York'." He never returned to the US Open.

Tennis has changed dramatically since Borg retired—the racket revolution, new styles and fitness levels have been called progress by some, regressive by others. Whatever, Borg does not look to fit in.

Some claim Becker's serve could literally splinter the wooden Donnay Borg still uses. Others argue that McEnroe's serve in 1980 was hardly wimpish.

Worst of all, fools degrade his Wimbledon achievements, saying his grass court success was linked to the absence of genuine serve-volley players. When McEnroe arrived, Borg left. Absurd. You do not win five consecutive Wimbledons with luck. Furthermore, barring Lendl, no man has come close to winning France and England in the same year—Borg did that thrice, in succession.

He was a legend, a singular man. The cassette, now repacked, contains that Borg. It is too bad then, that he must return. That Borg, was a player whose mould has been broken—even he cannot build it again.

Robert Brigham



There is an element of both absurdity and sadness in Borg's attempted comeback

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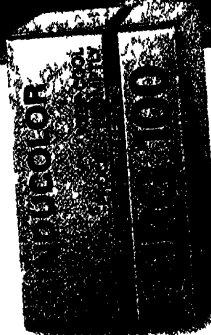
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Sportsworld

HAYNES AND IMRAN

POSTER INSIDE:
MALCOLM MARSHALL



PAKISTAN VS
WEST INDIES

BATTLE OF THE BEST

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VOICES

"Everything sucked. I just played like shit and I lost. I'm trying to take an extended break and try to get right for the next year."

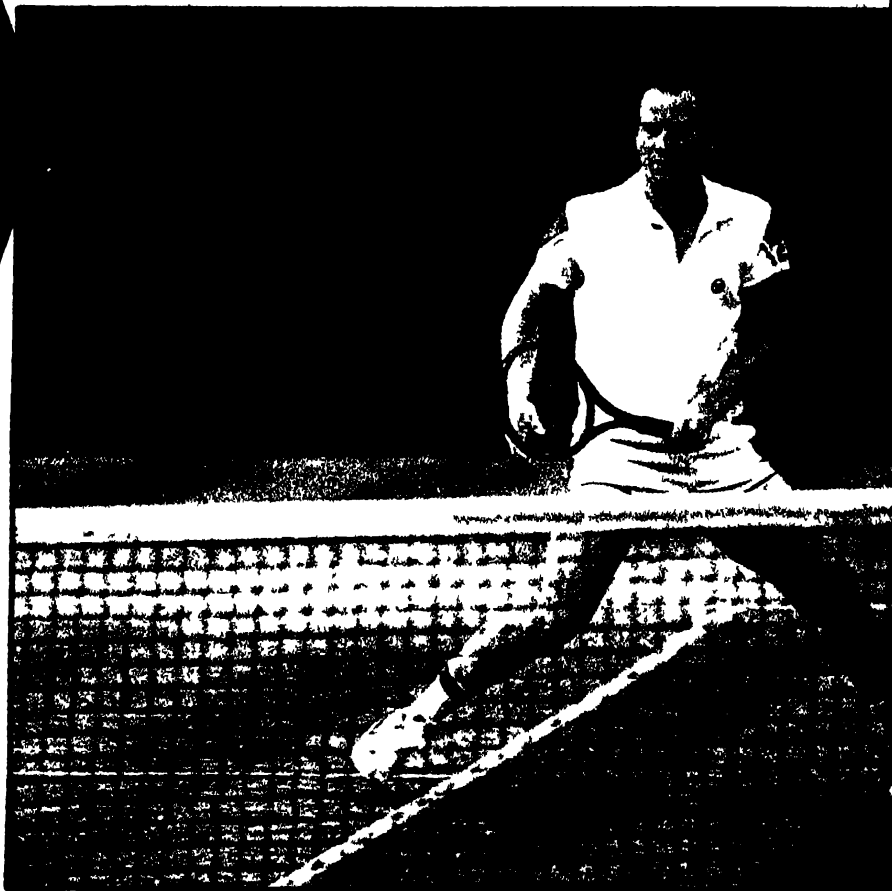
JOHN McENROE, after the opening match, in the 2 million Dollar Paris Open, which he lost to Jacob Hlasek.

"Everybody talks about his weight but George makes a joke about it and says he's going off to eat some more ice-cream. You push him, it's like pushing a franchisee."

Usually dour HOLYFIELD, on George Foreman who's fighting fit at 118 kgs.

"I might become a journalist in my favourite city, Hamburg. Or I might drive a taxi for a year—I mean it seriously. I'd like to be a taxi driver, once in the jungle of New York."

BECKER commenting on his post tennis career.



I am stepping down willingly and will extend all support to Imran so that Pakistan could win the Series against the tourists."

MIANDAD who created a big furore about his playing second fiddle to Imran Khan, before the New Zealand series, has now surprisingly stepped down from captaincy. This is the second time that he is surrendering the captain's post to Imran.

"Sometimes I don't really know what age I'm. I live the same life that I did at 25, do the same things—except for the playing. I think that when I'm 100 I'll be kicking the first ball at a game in Maracana."

PELÉ after celebrating his fiftieth birthday.

"He's one of the best and he's going to grow. The sky is the limit for him."

IMRAN KHAN salutes the new Indian prodigy Sachin Tendulkar.

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- 75: Real Madrid's Downslide

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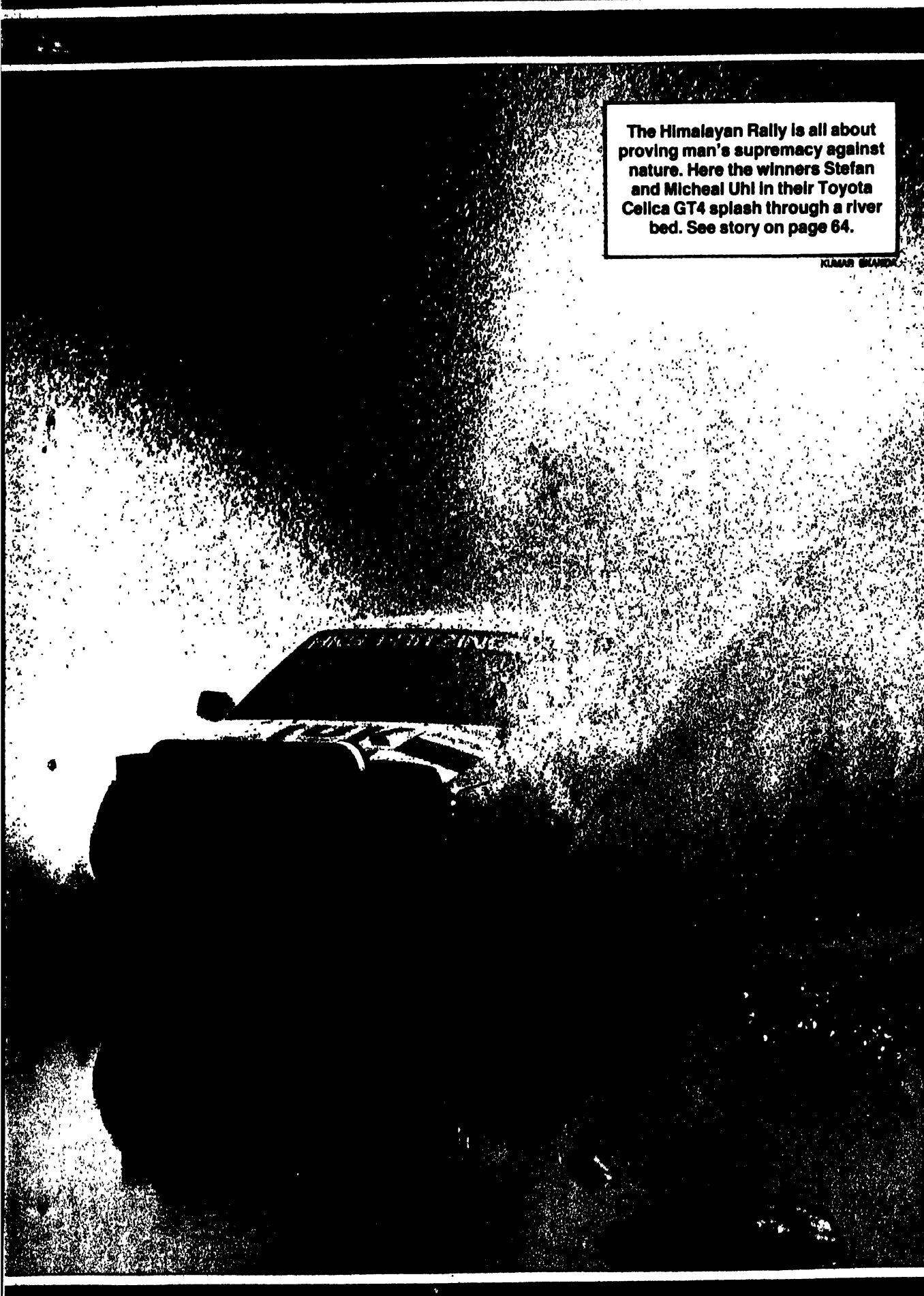
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6 ■ Knocking On Heaven's Door:
■ For Pravin Amre the 21-year old Bombay batsman, heaven is, playing for India. It's all he's lived and played for and dreamt of Today after a series of scintillating performances at the domestic level, he stands at the threshold of his version of the Pearly Gates. Robin Chatterjee met Amre in his natural surroundings in Bombay...

22 ■ There is a lot at stake in
■ the West Indies tour of Pakistan. This series will decide the best cricketing nation in the world. We take a look at the teams and the various equations that will decide the eventual winner. Who will be the champion Test side?



The Himalayan Rally is all about proving man's supremacy against nature. Here the winners Stefan and Micheal Uhl in their Toyota Celica GT4 splash through a river bed. See story on page 64.

KUMAR SHARMA

PRAVIN AMRE

KNOCKING ON HEAVEN'S DOOR

THE taxi stops in front of the Shivaji Park clubhouse I get out and drag my bag along It is my last day in Bombay and I have a flight to catch The time is 10 30 and I am half an hour early for my meeting Nevertheless, I walk in Shivaji Park is bathed

in brilliant sunshine and judging by the hour it is pack up time at the club at least for the morning session Small groups of cricketers are still knocking around on the grounds watched by their coaches The rest of them troop into the clubhouse The room

is filled with the sound of incessant chattering This is no ordinary clubhouse, this is no ordinary park It is perhaps one of the biggest nurseries of international cricket

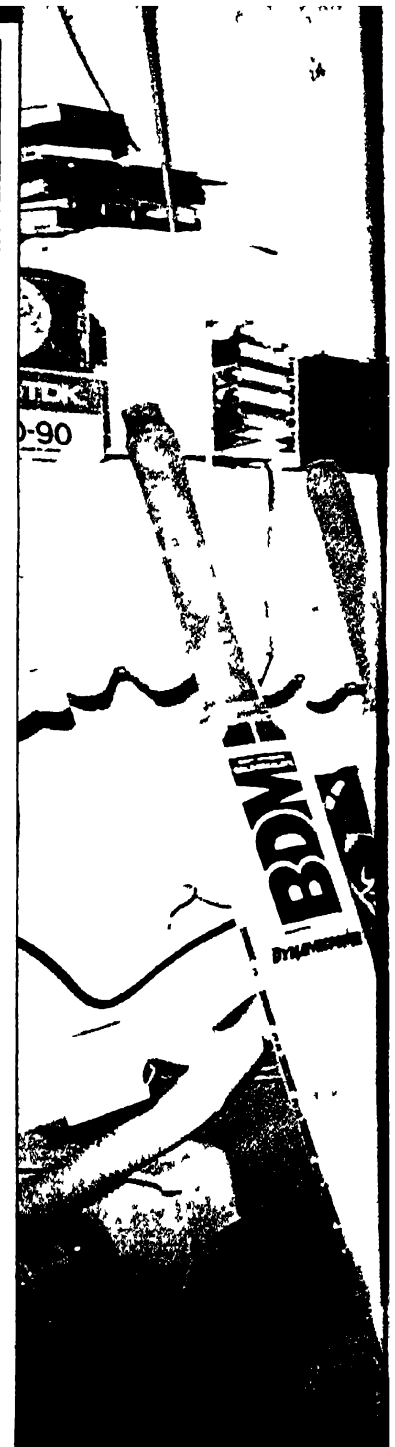
An occasional Hindi sentence floats through, 'sala drive aaj hota nahi tha' (the drive was not happening today) A closer check into the interiors of the club reveals a notice board A sudden surge of curiosity and there I am standing in front of it It reveals various notices, cricketing programmes and then, as if suddenly, a picture, a headline "Amre tops again A rather hack headline but nevertheless a straightforward testimony Proof that the person I had come to meet was not just an ordinary cricketer

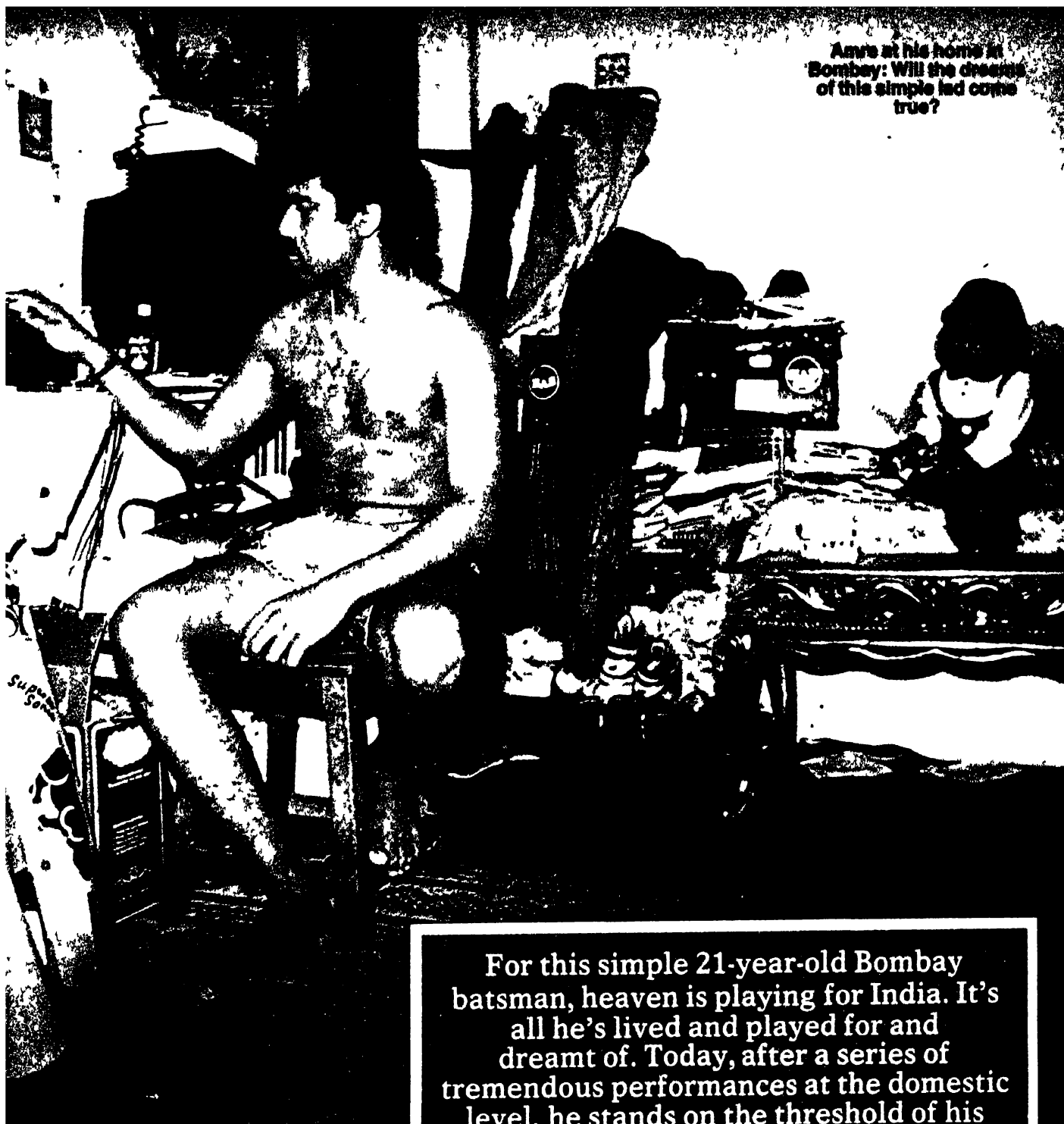
A tap on my back woke me out of my reverie 'Kisko mangta?' "Huh, yes Amre, Pravin Amre

'Is he expecting you?' Yes, I have an appointment with him Then sit down, he should be here shortly 'I sit down and the

youngster sits beside me

After a quiet and agonising 15 minutes another person joins us and engages my silent partner in conversation I can bear it no longer I get up and announce to the new arrival 'Excuse me, I'm looking for Pravin Amre Can you help me?"





Amre at his home in Bombay: Will the dreams of this simple lad come true?

A slight smile adorns his face and he announces, 'I am Pravin Amre'

A rather simple introduction

Pravin Amre was standing in front of me wearing blue jeans and a light blue T-shirt. Short, (5'6") dark and stocky. He had a bright smile, a smile that's full of

emotion mixed with a faint lining of sadness

"Let's go," I announce. 'Uh, can't we sit down here,' he says in a small voice. "No, it has to be at your house." He hesitates but agrees. Soon we are walking

For this simple 21-year-old Bombay batsman, heaven is playing for India. It's all he's lived and played for and dreamt of. Today, after a series of tremendous performances at the domestic level, he stands on the threshold of his version of the Pearly Gates. Robin Chatterjee met Amre in his natural surroundings in Bombay

down the streets of Dadar, he striding along briskfully and I dragging my heavy bag along. Various friends and well wishers stop him along the way. Each

one is given their due. After all, he is, I guess, the local hero.

It's a five storeyed building that houses the Amre's. But they live in one room. On entering,

it is quite easy to figure out that Amre junior and his equipment takes up most of the place. A small music system stands on top of a table. Pravin's father beckons us further in and we sit down on the bed. It is time to begin.

PRAVIN AMRE'S love for cricket emerged ever since he was a school boy at an impressionable age of 11. One day after bunking from school he

ended up in front of the gates of Shivaji Park where the young cricketers were going through their paces.

Amre soon became a regular there and would occasionally stand in as a fielder. "Actually I started my career as a

fielder," he says. "Then one day one of the boys approached me and asked me if I wanted to play cricket. I readily agreed and was thereafter introduced to Ramakant Achrekar, my coach."

It has been quite an eventful journey for Amre since. A journey of ups and downs in equal measure, a journey through which he has come out as a survivor and has in the process managed to discover his capabilities. Throughout all this, Amre has continued to



"My coach Achrekar Sir told me that I should be in the playing eleven at any cost. In Bombay I was talented enough to play in the eleven but whenever a Test player came along I would be dropped"



impress Within a few years he was chosen to captain the Bombay Under-19 team This was a side so formidable that they swept out all opposition and made a clean sweep of all the titles at stake Amre himself contributed with a stupendous run of scores The statisticians would compile it thus

In the C K Nayudu trophy he scored 128 in the one dayer This was followed by a mammoth 254 in the Cooch Behar trophy culminating with a 206 and a 156 not out in the Chidambaram



"After my dally practice at Shivaji Park, I stay on in the gym for an hour or so, borrow some books from the library or just go home and listen to music. The Walkman is my best friend while I'm on tour"

trophy This highly successful run of scores helped him to get a place in the Bombay Ranji team

Playing for such a high profile team like Bombay can have its distinct disadvantages and consequently Amre

started to feel the pressure He was a member of the Ranji squad but not in the playing eleven It was then that he decided to move on and not play for Bombay He had other cricketing plans At the age of 19, he was offered a job by the Railways in return for his services as a cricketer The Railways, however, were a low profile team

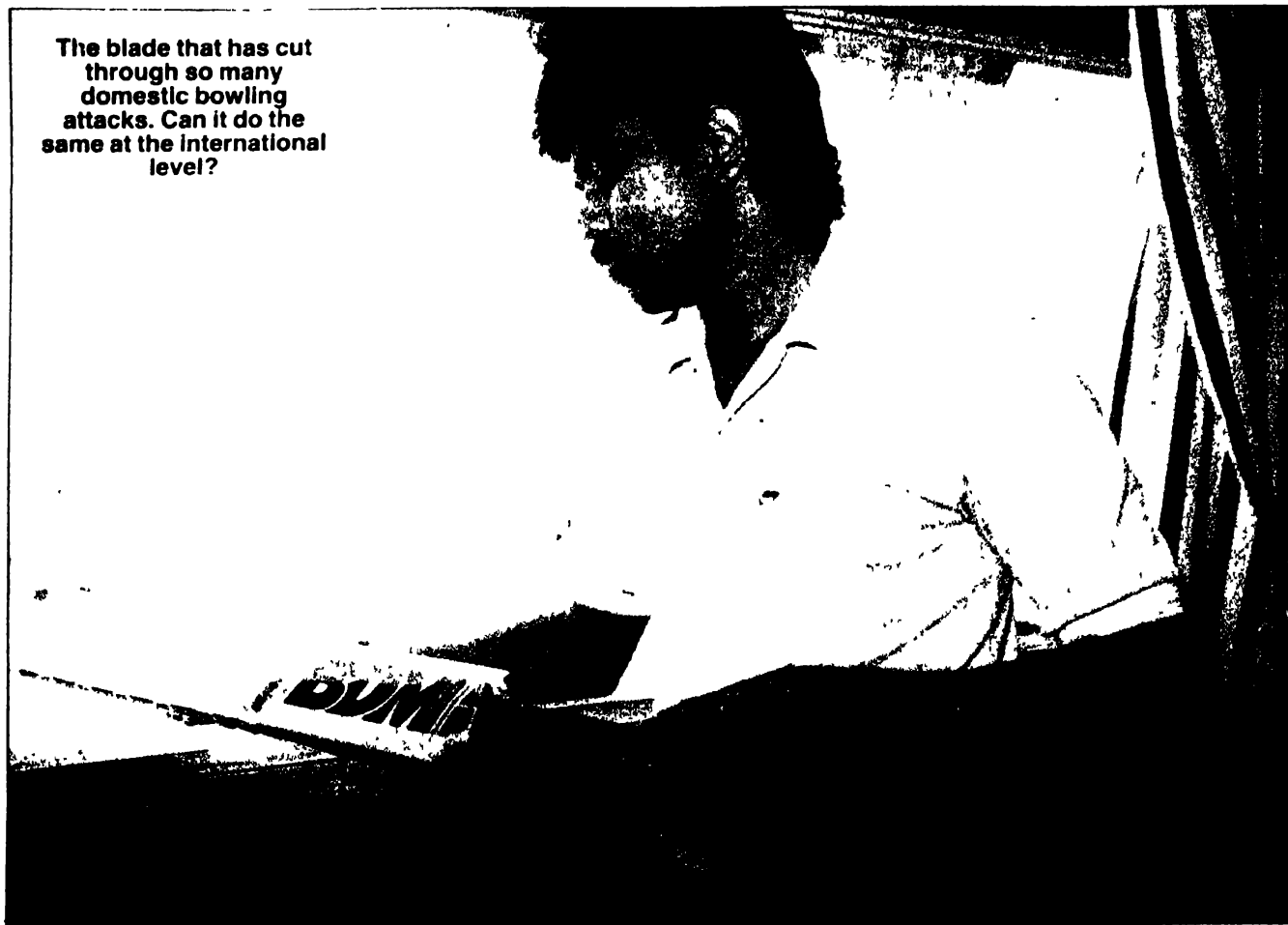
But why this sudden desertion from the Bombay squad? Would it not be easier for him to get noticed there, rather than play for the Railways which by all accounts were a weaker side? Amre patiently explains, "My coach Achrekar sir told me that I should be in the playing eleven at any cost It is important to play matches and to score runs That way a contact with the game can be maintained In Bombay I was talented enough to play in the eleven but whenever a Test player came along I would be dropped " This could be true for the Bombay team boasts of a formidable middle order in its Ranji squad

The switchover to Railways had its distinct disadvantages too For the last three years Amre waged a lone war on the bowlers But he was still being overlooked by the national selectors inspite of scoring the necessary hundreds Why so? "I play for the Central zone which is by far the weakest zone We have got knocked out of the competition in the first game for so many years We have not really played proper matches as such My job is to keep on scoring

Amre with his family (second from right): his source of strength



The blade that has cut through so many domestic bowling attacks. Can it do the same at the international level?



runs in order to get noticed by the selectors " If scoring runs is the necessary qualification for selection then Amre passes for he holds the highest average in the Duleep trophy which is a national record. He possesses an average of 155 with a century in every match he has played! His break up of scores reads 110 against East Zone, 240 not out against North Zone followed by a 6 and 113 in the finals

In fact, the boy missed out on a chance to impress the selectors soon after India's Under-19 twin tour of Australia and New Zealand. The Railways had reached the Ranji Trophy finals for the

first time in 1988, but Amre did not find himself in the playing eleven. He was, on the



He comes forward almost as if he is confiding in me. "It's very important to me," he whispers. "There is nothing else for me. All this has been done with only one thing in mind, to make it to the Indian team. Too much work has gone into the whole thing. Failure means I have to start all over again. There isn't much time

other hand, slapped with disciplinary proceedings for failing to turn up for the previous matches preferring to take his B. Com exams instead. He missed the semi-finals and finals and still has misgivings about that decision. "It was my only chance to impress the selectors and I missed it." The decision did not dampen his spirit nor his thirst for runs. He promptly followed up with a 100 against Madhya Pradesh.

Apart from trying to make a break through in the congested Indian middle order, trying to get a break abroad is also very important for a batsman of Amre's

calibre Playing in the English Counties could provide the right sort of experience for him. "Well yes," he explains "As far as exposure abroad is concerned, I did get some of it during the Under-19 tours of Australia and New Zealand. On my return I did try to negotiate a deal with Lancashire but there has been no response till now "

There can be only one reason for all this that Pravin Amre is not a high profile guy In the course of our conversation it does not take much in-depth analysis to gauge his personality He is quiet, withdrawn and most importantly down to earth You will not find in him the flashiness of a Tendulkar or the glamour of a Ravi Shastri But put him on a cricket pitch and watch him unleash his aggro

He bats almost as if he



His mother adds almost wistfully, "I wish he could play for India." Then realising the enormity of what she has said, she breaks off into giggles and looks at her husband to see whether he approves or not. He does

is trying to exorcise the demons within him but in the midst of this the approach is technically perfect and aesthetically pleasing An art form

"I am essentially a very private person," he is quick to state "I have a limited circle of friends out even then I don't get to see much of them After my daily practice at Shivaji Park, I stay on in the gym for an hour or so, borrow some books from the library or just go home and

listen to music The Walkman is my best friend while I'm on tour "

In the course of the conversation there is a slight rustle behind the curtains and his mother comes out and sits down next to his father on the floor The attention is now diverted to her. She stares back almost as if in awe A sudden awareness envelops her and she regains her composure Is his father satisfied with the

progress his son is making? He obviously does not anticipate the question. He takes a big gulp, smiles and stammers on, "He has the talent, let him show it. I have not advised him, nor have I guided him I, however, make it a point to go and see him in all the matches that are played in Bombay."

The mother is by now clearly nervous She is biting the ends of her saree and looking at her husband in bewilderment She expects to be asked something about her son but does not know what to say But then she cannot avoid the question What does *she* think of her son's achievements?

A slight pause and the words come rushing out in torrents It is almost as if she has been dying to say something To sing her son's praises. "Accha lagta hai," she squeals "My

THE LAW OF AVERAGES!

Amre, Praveen Kalyan (b Bombay, 14 Aug, 1968)

Ranji Trophy:	M	Inn	No	Runs	Avg	HS	C	F
1986-87	1	1	—	11	11.00	11	—	—
1987-88	2	2	1	195	195.00	186*	1	—
1988-89	4	6	2	368	92.00	214*	2	—
1989-90	4	4	—	202	50.50	79	—	2
	11	13	3	776	77.60	214*	3	2
Duleep Trophy:								
1986-89	1	1	—	57	57.00	57	—	1
1989-90	3	4	1	465	155.00	240*	3	—
	4	5	1	522	130.50	240*	3	1
Irani Trophy:								
1990-01	1	—	246	246.00	246	—	—	—
F/class career	1							
Total	16	19	4	1544	102.93	246	7	3

Compiled by Ravi Kant Srivastava



neighbours talk a lot about him. *Aapka ladka chamkega* (your son is going to shine) they say. I am sure that he will. This is because he works so hard at his game. Then adds almost

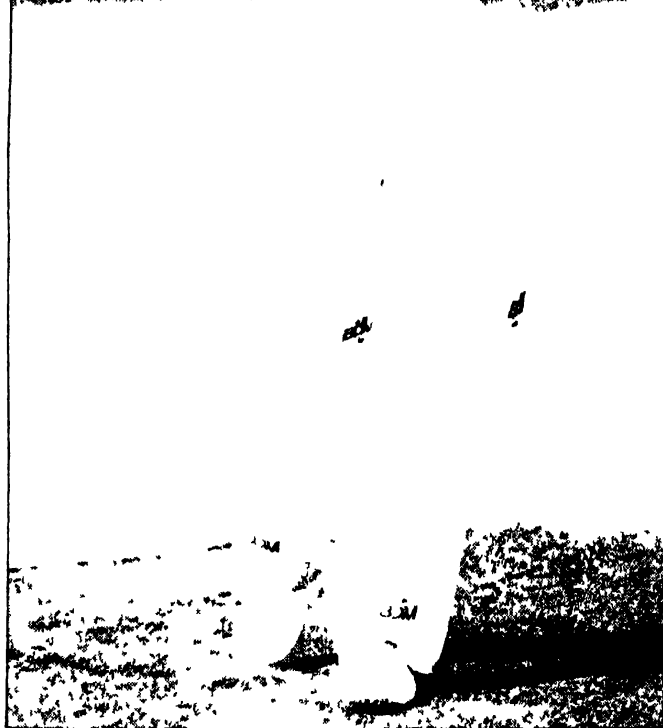
wistfully. I wish he could play for India. Realising the enormity of what she has said, she breaks off into giggles and looks at her husband to see whether he approves or not. He

does.

Does Amir see himself in the Indian team? After all he has proved himself in front of the selectors. His talent should no longer be put under scrutiny. It is

evident that he has large doses of it and the sparse gathering in Bangalore got a glimpse of it during his marathon knock of 246 in the Irani Trophy when he sent the Bengal bowlers

You will not find in him the flashiness of a Tendulkar or the glamour of a Ravi Shastri. But put him on a cricket pitch and watch him unleash his aggro. He bats almost as if he is trying to exorcise the demons within him but in the midst of all this the approach is technically perfect. An art form...



scurrying for cover. This match saw him notch up a few other records. He became the highest individual scorer ever in the Irani Trophy. His partnership with captain Ravi

Shastri was the highest for any wicket in Irani Trophy matches and his high scoring knock saw Rest of India garner the highest total in the Irani Trophy. So is there a place for Amre in the

Indian eleven during the oncoming cricketing season?

Amre's eyes light up with a strange passion. He comes closer and peers into my face. It is almost as if he is confiding in me. "It's very important to me," he whispers. "There is nothing else for me. Cricket is all I have. I have changed my school, my college to keep in touch with the game. I hardly ever see my family as I spend six months in Delhi in the

Ranji Trophy coaching camps. I hardly ever attended college. The better part of my life I have gone ahead and sacrificed. All this has been done with only one goal in mind - to make it to the Indian team. Too much work has gone into the whole thing and failure means that I have to start all over again. There isn't much time. So saying he trails off. Judging by the way Pravin Amre has been doing so far, the time is now!

PICTURES: NIKHIL BHATTACHARYA

CAPITAL NOTES

T HERE was a time when, while scanning the sports page, one searched for Imran, Kapil, Hadlee, Richard's comments on the previous day's play. Great, wasn't it, that you got their version of the proceedings? And hence did not have to tolerate the views of an obscure "cricket correspondent."

It didn't take very long for one to realise that cricket heroes can't/don't write. Result was you still got the cricket correspondent's views—only he now attached the name of a famous player to his work.

That is the truth. I know because I have ghosted columns for eminent cricketers. Sitting in hotel rooms. Very often without meeting them.

For ghosted columns the game, as they say, is up. Nobody takes them seriously—they are googlies read effortlessly by the batsmen. Nobody is fooled. Anymore.

The point is whether newspapers should carry ghosted columns. Definitely not, feel most journalists. The Sports Journalists' Federation of India (SJFI) has condemned ghosted columns on the ground that if pieces have not been written by persons supposed to be writing them, then newspapers should desist from participating in the fraud. Why dupe unsuspecting readers and compromise credibility?

V. Srivatsa (Secy/SJFI) denounces these columns for 3 reasons: a) They are irresponsible, the ghost has no accountability. Consequently he writes rubbish (b) Ghosts write without meeting the players. Readers, therefore, do not get the players' views (c) For established newspapers the columns make absolutely no difference to sales (Has a major newspaper sold even one copy extra because of these columns? Srivatsa asks).

If most papers still carry ghosted columns the reason is they make sound



Mohinder Amarnath:
Fitness fanatic?

GHOST STORIES: THE

economic sense. Nowadays, columns are sponsored and the paper actually gets paid for carrying them. When the whole issue is thus equated to running an ad on the sports page, why should the papers—also being marketed like other commodities—refuse a column?

Another reason for the newspapers' continued patronage is the immense personal clout of the syndicates. Owned and run by highly connected persons, it is difficult for a paper to say no to a column even if it wanted to.

Like the bigger newspapers the regional publications find columns financially attractive, though for entirely different reasons. The columns come at affordable rates and for a small newspaper a Kapil Dev/Imran Khan byline helps enhance circulation.

KAPIL DEV was the main organiser of the Escorts Cup in Delhi. He negotiated with teams, supervised arrangements, drew up fixtures. Thanks to his personal initiative to teams and top players came for the limited overs tournament.

The running around, and constant tying up, left Kapil exhausted. "It's tough work," he said, "You have to do so many small things." On my asking the reason for getting into the *jhamela*, he explained: "We felt the need for such a tournament in Delhi. The idea was also to have a tournament which offers good prizes so that players enjoy playing. You shouldn't just play because the office team has entered."

The tournament was well run, the players had a good time, the cricket was absorbing. One particular game (Chemplast vs Mohan Meakins) produced 650 runs in 100 overs! Escorts collected 50,000 for winning, twice the amount Bengal received for winning Ranji.

FROM a distance the guy looked like any other fitness fanatic. Can't be a cricketer, I told myself as he ran countless rounds of the field, methodically stretch, bent, sit-upped, push-upped, all with the zeal of a maniac. A closer look revealed the identity of the man—Jimmy Amarnath. Imagine! I thought he was somewhere in England,

producing some cricket cassette. But he's surfaced suddenly and is training twice as hard as a man half his age.

"I love training," Jimmy explained, a characteristic shy smile on his face. "To me fitness is the most important thing. If the body is fit then just one week in the net is good enough. It does not take much longer to get into the groove."

Off competitive cricket for more than a year (since Deodhar Trophy in September, 1989) Jimmy has devoted much time, energy and money to produce a 4-hour cricket coaching cassette. Most top Indian players have been associated with it, Jimmy said. He hopes to release it shortly after locating a sponsor.

"I love training," Jimmy explained, a characteristic shy smile crossing his face. "To me fitness is the most important thing. If the body is fit then just one week at the nets is good enough...to get into the groove..."

SUMEDH SHAH (SMG's business partner in PMG) informs that despite the row between Sunil G and Bishen B they would only be pleased to carry the latter's column.

"Bishen could not write for some time because of the BCCI contract. Now he is free to resume his writing," said Sumedh.

Haven't things soured due to the slanging game through respective columns and the squabble in England? I asked. Replied Sumedh: "What happens between Bishen and Sunil personally does not affect PMG."

Actually it does. In a way. Some papers reportedly have refused the columns because it only contained violent personal attacks on each other. Confirmed Sumedh: "We have had a case like that. But one reason for that was the column had become somewhat irregular and was missing deadlines."

By AMRIT NATHUR

MYSTERY AND THE MYTH

READERS' QUIZ

QUESTIONS

1 Which boxer had the name 'Brockton Bomber'?

2 In the Tour-De-France, at any stage of the race, how can the leader be identified?

3 Jahangir Khan, the Pakistani squash player, owns a company. What is its name?

4 In Indian football who is awarded the Kamala Gupta Trophy?

5 What is common to the following tennis players: Ilie Nastase, John Newcombe, Jimmy Connors, Bjorn Borg, John McEnroe, Ivan Lendl, Mats Wilander and Stefan Edberg?

6 Maureen Connolly had the nick name 'Little Mo'. How did she get it?

7 Which athlete had the nickname 'Ballet from Bloem'?

8 In cricket, which two countries compete for the Wisden Trophy?

9 In which sport are the following

terms used:-
Whoops
de Doops, Berms,
Camel Jumps,
Table
Top and Kidney
Belts?

10 Whose nickname is 'Romford Robot'?

11 "Who writes your bloody script?" Who asked this to whom?

12 What was so unusual about Elizabeth Ryan's record of 19 Wimbledon titles?

13 What was Christopher Dean's occupation before he became a full time partner of Jane Torvill in ice skating?

14 Which former West Indian cricket Test captain became the bridge champion of Barbados in 1984?

15 In which game do you find the sequence of 7-3-19-7-8?

16 Which sport did Bjorn Borg give up to concentrate on tennis?

ANSWERS

1. Rocky Marciano.
2. He wears a 'yellow jersey'.
3. Unsquashable Ltd.
4. Runner up in the Santosh Trophy.
5. These are the men to have been ranked No. 1 since ATP ranking came into use.
6. A newspaper writer described her to be as dangerous on the court as the battleship 'Missouri'. Since 'Missouri' was known as Big Mo, she became Little Mo.
7. Zola Budd.
8. India and West Indies.
9. All these are terms from Motocross.
10. Snooker player Steve Davis.
11. Graham Gooch to Ian Botham, after Botham took a wicket with his first ball in a Test match after returning to the game in 1986.
12. All were doubles titles.
13. He was a policeman.
14. Everton Weekes.
15. Darts.
16. Icehockey.

THIS QUIZ HAS BEEN COMPILED

BY:

RAJA BISWAS,
GREEN VIEW, FLAT 11ME,
119 SOUTHERN AVENUE,
CALCUTTA-700029.

All answers are sent in by the contributor

RATING TEST

Above 14: Wish you were part of our Quiz team.

Between 11 and 14: You are not too bad.

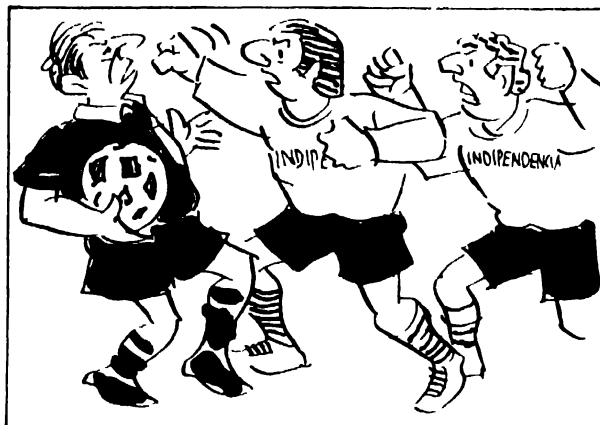
Below 11: Sportsworld reading recommended.

ALL IN THE GAME

FOOTBALL referees have undergone a sudden change of heart. In fact, their kindness borders on the ridiculous. For instance

In Uruguay, a match was being held between Independencia, and a team called strangely enough, Uruguay.

Independencia were winning the game 2-1 when Uruguay suddenly equalised. The Independencia players were furious; their contention was that the ball had entered the net through a hole in the



REFEREES UNDERGO

A change of heart

side netting. They then proceeded to express their disappointment

by—quite literally—kicking the referee off the field. The poor referee

Daniel Nunez, then had a look at the video in the dressing room and the truth presented itself. He had committed a gross mistake, he realised. The players were right, the ball had indeed entered through a hole in the netting. Going back to the pitch, he disallowed the goal and the match finished in favour of Independencia. The referee however made no report on being kicked.

Uruguay have meanwhile appealed that it is illegal to rule out a goal on video evidence.

With the political tide

finding voice in the sporting arena.

In Bombay, the National Aquatic Championships also witnessed a slight diversification towards the communal problem of our country. The Uttar Pradesh and Madhya Pradesh contingents made a dramatic entry into the Andheri Municipal Sports complex, taking everyone by surprise with their

AND back home in India, our political problems are slowly creeping into, or

cries of 'Jai Shri Ram, Jai Shri Ram'.

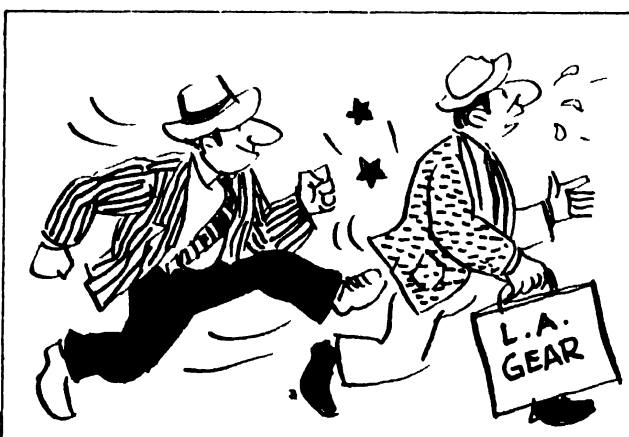
They were instigated in this move by their leader Mr R S Mishra, who was sporting a VHP badge on his shirt front. Mishra was, in fact, in charge of the Kar Sevaks in Lucknow. His son and he got arrested during the Ram Janmabhoomi fiasco but he was later released due to his association with the national team. Later on, as the meet got underway, he was seen giving his views to newsmen. It is evident that the idea of creating a political platform in the vast field of sports is not a bad one. Sport is the poorer for it.

AND in the field of sporting business, dreams die hard and fast. This is with special emphasis to the athletics show business. Take the example of L A Gear, which was founded in 1983, and went on to become the industry's third largest company after Nike and Reebok.

L A Gear sales figures last year had gone up to \$167 million and the

L.A. GEAR

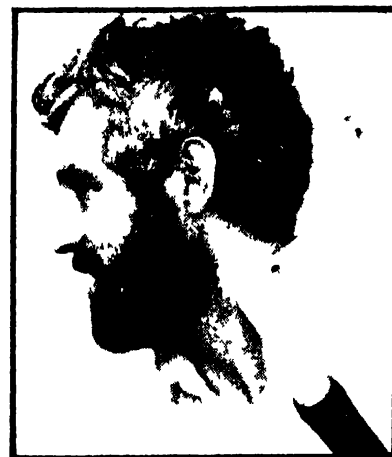
Get the boot



company boasts a cool 185 per cent annual return to investors, the highest in any New York Stock Exchange firm.

But this year their sales took a sudden dive of 36 per cent. This had led to the shareholders filing suits against L A Gear. Their main contention is that L A Gear has misled them with their figures. Looks like L A Gear really got the boot.

Harsh Winters In The Land Of Brilliant Light



Mike Brearley, the former England captain looks back on touring a country where aggression is second nature...



My first visit to Australia, in 1977, we flew to Perth from India and Sri Lanka. In the cities of the sub-continent, chaos was forever just around the next corner. All was untidy and irregular, and even thought and feeling were less logic-bound. 'What's five minutes against eternity,' asked an Indian reporter held up in Calcutta.

Perth could not have been a greater contrast.

Off the plane, the immigration officer greeted us cheerily. 'Lillee'll murder you, mate. Have a good visit. We carried our own bags. Outside, in the air-conditioned bus, we found ourselves in a sanitised world of brilliant light, sparkling water, of glass and concrete.

Of course the Australia most visitors

and all cricketers see is indeed Patrick White's Fringe of Leaves around the vast burning interior.

Once in a while, however, the wind would turn round and blow from the centre, then those who happened to living in the tiny blobs dotted at huge intervals along the coast got a touch of the oven's blast. Cricketers, out in the noonday sun, got it more than most, as when, in the Sydney Test of 1978-9, the daytime high stayed between 103-108F for four days. What with the baying crowds, the hash light and the rock-hard pitches one could almost fool oneself, then, that the environment had something in common with what the explorer Voss encountered on his journey inwards.

Let me describe this hardness. One of the

biggest differences facing cricketers in the country as they move from club or school cricket to firstclass cricket is the lack of 'give' in the pitches on country grounds. Decades of rolling have packed them down. In Australia one finds the same difference. Studs make no impression on the surface.

Harold Larwood, describing his first match at the Adelaide Oval, said 'I wore the shoes I wore in England ones with spikes hammered into the soles. The wicket was so smooth and hard it shone back at you like sun off tarmac. Soon I started to slip. I had nought for 80, and I was blaming the footholds. The captain asked to look at my boots. All my spikes were gone, broken clean off on that iron wicket.'

Jeff Thomson:
pace turbulence

England Down Under: Familiar

threats in an unfamiliar landscape

Not that I'm inclined to feel sorry for fast bowlers for long. For the batsman, the ball seems to travel faster in the clear air, and, especially when it is new, loses less momentum after pitching.

The Australians, brought up in these conditions, tough by nature and culture, are indeed formidable opponents. Under Ian Chappell, they literally and metaphorically bristled with aggression. We English in our more hangdog, self-deprecating way, can be over-impressed, even daunted, by their hype and image. In

In the match itself I think we were frightened not only by the real Lillee but by a mythical one; the pitch was no longer so fast and nor was he, but we lost a Test match because we believed they were. Maybe, Graham Gooch's bristling jaw symbolises his resolve to counter on their own terms the Aussie abrasiveness; not only designer stubble, but stubble by design...

1979, as the first Test drew closer, Channel 9 TV showed more and more pictures of Lillee, Thomson in their pomp on the Perth pitch which had recently been the fastest in the world.

In the match itself I think we were frightened not only by the real Lillee but by a mythical one; the pitch was no longer so fast and nor was he but we lost a Test match because we believed they were. Maybe Graham Gooch's bristling jaw symbolises his resolve to counter on their own terms the Aussie abrasiveness; not only

designer stubble, but stubble by design.

On my return from one tour, a friend's six-year-old son who had watched the highlights on TV, said to me in awe: 'Mike, some of those balls they bowled were absolutely shocking.' He was right, they were; but by no means all; this winter they are unlikely to be as shocking as in West Indies last year when Gooch led England to a admirably courageous performance. Similar grit will be needed both individually and collectively. It is always so in Test cricket not least in Australia. ●

PRIVATE EYE

WE LOOK
WHERE
WE'RE NOT
SUPPOSED TO!



FIFA'S LATEST RULE

Soccer And Sex

AND in France, as is always the case the hottest thing going is, you guessed it—sex. The European Football Union has revealed that a French club had hired the favours of call girls and offered them to the referees in order to obtain a certain amount of leniency from them during the match. The referees, needless to say lapped up this attention.

This news reached even more shocking standards when Bordeaux chairman Claude Bez admitted to the sports daily *L'Equipe* that he had provided prostitutes at half a dozen European Cup matches. He went on to candidly state that, "The European cup is a party. It is a tradition to welcome people properly. But you can't say that we bought the referees."

None of us who read this bit of news can say it either after all the referees have not been financially bribed they have just been provided with a bit of 'rib tickling' enjoyment. One wonders if these things exist in our local league too. God forbid.

SALIM BOWLS A MAIDEN

Loses His Composure

SALIM MALIK may be a whiz at guarding his wicket but when it comes to matters of the heart he's hopeless. Recently he came under severe emotional pressure (self wrought) and his normally solid defence crumbled when he gave in to the charms of 21-year-old beauty Durdana Zar and married her. Bowled neck and crop.

Durdana is not just an ordinary type of girl. Meaning she has both beauty and brains and this could make quite a combination. The girl is a brilliant student and is doing her Master's in psychology at Rawalpindi's

Government college. She knocked Malik for a six when they two years ago at the Nehru Centenary Tournament in (hold your breath!) India.

The introduction was made by Ijaz Ahmed, who we suspect played Cupid. Ijaz is Malik's teammate and Durdana's brother-in-law.

But wait! The newly weds haven't set up house as yet and will not till next spring. You see, Durdana's father-in-law is calling the shots and hewon't let her go till she completes her Master's. Malik can unleash his fury at the touring West Indians for this.



Malik and Durdana Zar: life after the Master's degree



Chang and Miloslav
Mecir have their own idea of 'fishing'

CHANG AND CHICKS

Love Means, No Score'

HERE's the latest info on Michael Chang. The guy is not normal and after you read this you're probably going to agree with us. The point is, have you ever heard of a Chinese-American, who is a millionaire, 18-year-old and cute...and single!

Well, Michael was at the Hong Kong Open recently and managed to really charm his female fans. Ivan Lendl may have whipped his butt in the game but the post match honours went to him when he was mobbed by the schoolgirls.

The irony of it all is that to Chang 'love' means nothing but the score. He has no girlfriend at the moment—"It can be very distracting and could hurt my tennis." The ideal girl for Chang (according to him) would be someone who is Asian as well as a Christian. "I don't go out on dates very often. It's a kind of waiting game for me."

He, however, took time out to hit balls for charity with former Miss Hong Kong, Anita Yuen Wing Yi (gasp!), also 18. Unlike Chang her shots soared along with her high spirits. "It's the opportunity of a lifetime for me," she gushed. To which Chang cryptically replied: "She looked pretty good to me."

SUNIL DUTT AND IMRAN

Charitable Leanings

A LOT of things happened in London recently. For example, Imran Khan and Sunil Dutt got together. No, the Khan is not going to do a movie, at least, not yet. Nor is Dutt taking up cricket seriously. The two of them got together to fight for a cause—cancer. A dinner was organised in London by Sunil Dutt for the Imran Khan Charitable Trust. The dinner raised a whopping £100,000 for the Khan and the Dutt who was in an extra generous mood donated an extra £20,000 from the Nargis Dutt Charitable Trust. Both Imran and Sunil Dutt have gone through their personal traumas because of cancer. Dutt lost his wife to the Big C, while Imran lost his mother to the killer disease.

The idea for the fund raising dinner was Imran's and he approached Sunil Dutt in Bombay during the Lehar Pepsi Cup tournament with it. The Dutt readily agreed and the results are there for all to see. Imran is in such a generous mood these days that he even relinquished the Pakistan captaincy only to get it back again. PR and generosity does work to one's advantage.

UTTAPAL SORWAR

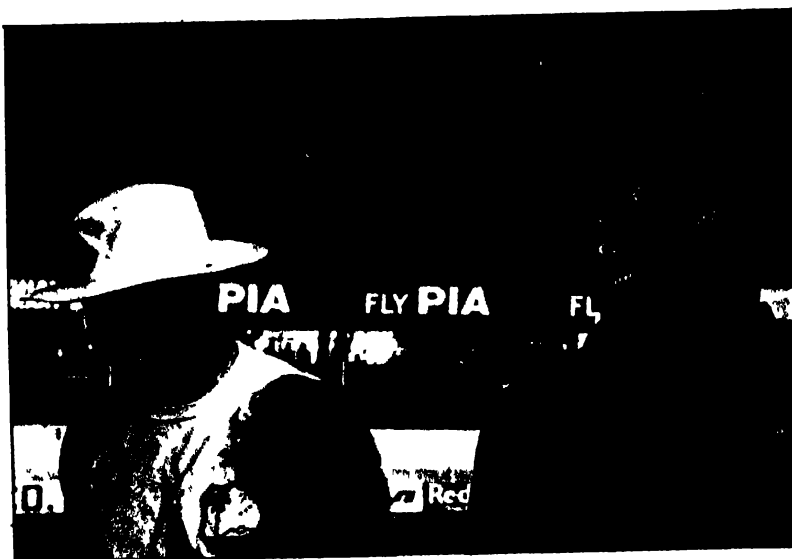


BATTLE OF THE BEST

COVER STORY

PAKISTAN VS
WEST INDIES

CAN THE WINNER OF THE
SERIES BE CONSIDERED
THE CHAMPION TEST TEAM
OF THE WORLD?



HAYNES AND IMRAN



IF

the last series between West Indies and Pakistan is any pointer then the final of the championship of the world began at Karachi on 15 November. The last time the two countries met, the result was 1-1 with Imran Khan furious that the West Indies umpires had deprived them of the series in the last Test, one of the complaints was that David Archer and company couldn't read between Qadir's googly and flipper, they, Imran wrote, 'kept confusing one for the other'. 'West Indies batsmen', again Imran wrote, 'kept getting away, finally, things came to a stage that Qadir would actually alert the umpire that he was going to bowl the flipper, not the near look-alike'. Qadir topped it by punching a spectator on his nose, Imran explained it away as 'the tension had got to him'.

That series opened the observer's eyes to the fact that the post-Lloyd West Indies could be outsmarted in its own backalley. Pakistan confused bookmakers by losing the five one-day internationals, then impudently wrapped up the first Test, lost the next and was stretched to draw the third. England, this year, did a near repeat by winning the first Test but eventually lost the series. However, the credit goes to Pakistan for having pricked the bubble a good two years before any other country in contemporary cricket.

Two and a half years later, the countries go into sudden death again-if with a few modifications. There's no Viv Richards. Haynes is the West Indies captain. New names like Brian and Waqar Younus pepper the rival sides.

THE YOUNUS PHENOMENON

YOUNUS appears quite a phenomenon. Thirteen months ago, he hadn't even been 'spotted'. The story goes that he was on

THE WEST INDIES SINCE 1985-86

		P	W	L	D
V ENG	1985-86(H)	5	5	—	—
V PAK	1986-87(A)	3	1	1	1
V NZ	1986-87(A)	3	1	1	1
V IND	1987-88(A)	4	1	1	2
V PAK	1987-88(H)	3	1	1	1
V ENG	1988(A)	5	4	—	1
V AUS	1988-89(A)	5	3	1	1
V IND	1988-89(H)	4	3	—	1
V ENG	1989-90(H)	4	2	1	1
		36	21	6	9

NOTE: The West Indies have not lost any of the last 19 series since June 1980, winning outright 14 of these and squaring the rest. In this span they have played 82 Tests, won 44, lost 8 and drawn 30. In the last five years, Pakistan is the only team to beat the West Indies more than once.

PAKISTAN SINCE 1985-86

		P	W	L	D
V SL	1985-86(H)	3	2	—	1
V SL	1985-86(A)	3	1	1	1
V WI	1986-87(H)	3	1	1	1
V IND	1986-87(A)	5	1	—	4
V ENG	1987(A)	5	1	—	4
V ENG	1987-88(H)	3	1	—	2
V WI	1987-88(A)	3	1	1	1
V AUS	1988-89(H)	3	1	—	2
V NZ	1988-89(A)	2	—	—	2
V IND	1989-90(H)	4	—	—	4
V AUS	1989-90(A)	3	—	1	2
V NZ	1990-91(H)	3	3	—	—
		40	12	4	24

NOTE: In the last five years, Pakistan has lost only one series; to Australia (0-1) in 1989-90. So the only other team that could claim to be one of the contenders for the title of the world's best side is Alan Border's.

'show' in the match between the Wills Trophy winners at Lahore in early October 1989 when Imran pausing to watch the telecast, saw him. Who's this?

Enquiries were made and 'kaptaan' resolved that he just had to take him to Sharjah a week later. And to the Nehru Cup a fortnight later. So be it. On 15 November 1990 Waqar Younus was playing in a Test for his country.

Within 6 months Younus had a county contract in his folder. In the space of another four months he had 57 county victims (average 23.81) as well, finishing sixth best bowler in the entire England season.

We watched him a bit casually at first during the Karachi Test against India last year. However, after he picked up the early

M IAN DAD is into his 15th year...He registered a teenaged entry, so the assumption is that the creak in his knees and ankles has begun...and may eventually force him out of the game

wickets the binoculars came out, the statistician got busy and Indian batsmen started fishing for protective gear in the dressing room

How does one describe what Younus did that afternoon to the surprised Indians? Let's do it a bit differently. I had descended from the Karachi Press box—a high 175 yards from the pitch—to the first row of the pavilion enclosure some 85 yards away. The more one watched him and the Indians (the debutant Tendulkar included) the more one was reminded of Keith Miller's words when he saw Thomson going through Mike

The ultimate bowling machine: Can Malcolm Marshall get back his smooth and slick action to bring the hosts down to earth?

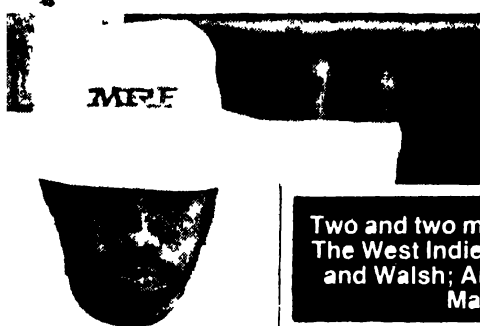
T HERE could also be an international vote of no confidence in Pakistan's ability to conduct a series with honesty. The recent complaints by New Zealand have done as much harm as Pakistan's victories have done good in the international eye

Dennis MCC in late 1974 Miller wrote: Sitting in the press box I was scared. Waqar Younus did a bit of that to *Sportsworld's* man on the spot on the afternoon of 16 November last year.

THE 'OLD' MEN OF PAKISTAN

The other point of interest is the long-standing tenure of three Pakistan cricketers. Abdul Qadir, now-in, now-out, is would-you-believe it into his 14th year for Pakistan. He made his





Two and two make 'deadly four':
The West Indies quartet. Bishop
and Walsh; And Ambrose and
Marshall

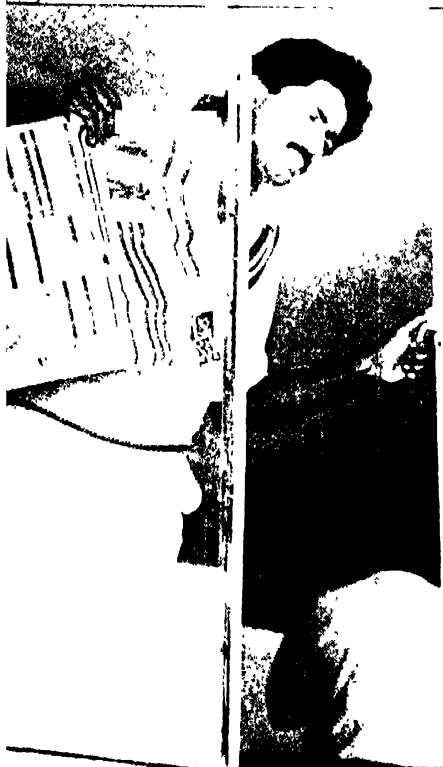


debut in 1976-77 against the touring England side and is still afloat. When you consider that Bedi was out before his 14th year (1966-79), there is a certain disbelief that Qadir is still around. It adds to the man's stature, though he will be cornered into doing much more than his recent best in this series.

MIANDAD is into his 15th year

(debut 1975) and don't forget that Gavaskar lasted 16 (1971-87). MIANDAD registered a teenaged entry, so the assumption is that the creak in his knees and ankles has begun (actually it is the back!) and may eventually force him out of the game.

Then we come to Imran. Appointed captain in 1982, he still has the job (whenever he feels like



The press has made a lot of noise over the Javed-Imran relationship. But on the field all the problems seem to be bygones

it) Not only is his tenure the longest among current-day captains, his is also the only stable form of leadership in a country that almost always is on the edge of a political crisis. It is an amazing phenomenon that when the

THE more one watched Younis and the Indians (the debutant Tendulkar included), the more one was reminded of Keith Miller's words when he saw Thompson going through Mike Dennis' MCC in late 1974. Miller wrote, 'Sitting in the press box I was scared'.

WEST INDIES VS PAKISTAN

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE REAL KIND!

At a time when Test matches, more often than not, end in bores, the two teams have had many a close finish to their contests

1986-87

First Test, Faisalabad: Pakistan won by 186 runs.

The West Indies capitulated astonishingly against Qadir and Imran for their lowest Test total on the fourth day as they attempted to make 240 to win.

Scores: Pakistan 159 (Imran 61, Gray 4 for 39) and 328 (Qasim Omar 48, Yousuf 61, Akram 66); West Indies 248 (Richardson 54, Haynes 40, Akram 6 for 91) and 53 (Richardson 14, Imran 4 for 30, Qadir 6 for 16). Man of the Match: Wasim Akram.

Second Test, Lahore: West Indies won by an innings and 10 runs.

The West swiftly and comprehensively avenged their first Test defeat in only three days. Their total of 218 was the third lowest in Test history to be made by a side by an innings. West Indian fast bowlers were at their lethal best, sharing 17 wickets. The concept of neutral umpiring started from this match with Indian umpires officiating. Pakistan's total of 77 was their worst in a home Test.

Scores: Pakistan 131 (Miandad 46, Marshall 5 for 33, Walsh 3 for 56) and 77 (Miandad 19, Walsh 4 for 21, Gray 3 for 20); West Indies 218 (Greenidge 75, Richards 44, Imran 5 for 59, Qadir 4 for 96). Man of the Match: Malcolm Marshall.

Third Test, Karachi: Match drawn.

In their attempt to score 213 to win Pakistan were precariously placed and West Indies were pressing hard for victory when the Indian umpires brought the players off with nine of the mandatory 20 overs left. Imran took eight wickets in the match and Haynes carried his bat in the second innings.

celsius is wrong, he hands over his government to the Jatois of the Pakistan team; as soon as the winter sun cools down the subcontinent, the king abandons hibernation and the trusted Jatol willingly hands back his portfolio without complaint. One wonders how much longer a man, who was supposed to have been obituarised on 5th November 1987, will be able to stretch it. His contributions to the Pakistan middle-order make him a useful inclusion; his opening of the bowling in the just-concluded one-day series against West Indies

surprised the critic who has seen him bowl third change in second gear in the Nehru Cup last year.

Under him, Pakistan is potentially the most exciting in the world-even today. Take him away and half the international spotlight dims. It is a perfect example of an individual's stature growing at the expense of his

The new pace trio that has shocked the world: Younus, Akram and Aquib Javed. Add to that Imran Khan and you have a match for the Windies quartet

Scores: West Indies 240 (Richards 70, Richardson 44, Qadir 4 for 107) and 211 (Haynes 68 not out, Imran 6 for 46, Qadir 3 for 84); Pakistan 239 (Raja 62, Miandad 76, Gray 3 for 40, Butts 4 for 73) and 125 for 7 (Raja 29, Marshall 3 for 31, Butts 2 for 22). **Man of the Match:** Imran Khan.

1987-88

First Test, Georgetown: Pakistan won by 9 wickets.

With Richards and Marshall both absent, West Indies lost their first home Test in 11 years when skipper Imran (with 11 wickets) made a massive contribution to Pakistan's success on his return to Test cricket, West Indian batsmen never came to terms with a deficit of 143 in the first innings.

Scores: West Indies 292 (Richardson 75, Logie 80, Imran 7 for 80) and 172 (Greenidge 43, Hooper 23, Imran 4 for 41, Qadir 3 for 66); Pakistan 435 (Miandad 114, Yousuf 62, Patterson 3 for 82, Walsh 3 for 80) and 32 for 1. **Man of the Match:** Imran Khan.

Second Test, Port of Spain: Match drawn.

An epic encounter which was only decided when Qadir was able to survive the last five balls of the final over with Pakistan nine wickets down in their second innings after making valiant effort to make the 372 runs required to win.

Scores: West Indies: 174 (Richardson 42, Richards 49, Imran 4 for 38, Qadir 4 for 83) and 391 (Richards 123, Dujon 106 not out, Imran 5 for 115, Qadir 4 for 148); Pakistan 194 (Salim Malik 66, Yousuf 39, Marshall 4 for 55, Benjamin 3 for 32) and 341 for 9 (Raja 44, Miandad 102, Ijaz 43, Yousuf 35, Benjamin 3 for 73) **Man of the Match:** Vivian Richards.

Third Test, Bridgetown: West Indies won by 2 wickets.

Another gripping contest went the West Indies' way after an unbroken ninth wicket stand of 61 between Dujon and Benjamin. Pakistan batted the whole of the first day for 309, West Indies got within 3 runs of Pakistan (at one stage losing 4 wickets for 3 runs in 18 balls and recovering again from 225 for 8). Imran with Shoaib's help guided Pakistan to 262 in their second essay. When Akram bowled Richards on the fifth morning the home side were reduced to 180 for 7, still 86 runs away from victory but they made it.

Scores: Pakistan 309 (Raja 54, Shoaib 54, Akram 38, Marshall 4 for 79) and 862 (Shoaib 64, Imran 43 not out, Marshall 5 for 65); West Indies 306 (Hooper 54, Richards 67, Marshall 48, Imran 3 for 108, Akram 3 for 88) and 268 for 8 (Richardson 64, Richards 39, Dujon 28 not out, Benjamin 41 not out, Akram 4 for 73). **Man of the Match:** Malcolm Marshall.

By R.K.S.



institution The tragedy (future) would be a loss of identity for Pakistan's cricket for a longish while after he has re-retired

There could also be an international vote of no-confidence in Pakistan's ability to conduct a series with honesty The recent complaints by the New Zealand administration that Pakistan's umpires looked the other way and allowed their own bowlers to tamper/alter/lift the seam and extract unfair advantage have done as much harm as Pakistan's victories have done good in the international eye I am sure the BCCP is not incompetent as the western Press makes it out to be, but there is a danger that soon touring Pakistan may be as relaxing as going to Turkey with a bit of 'hash' on you. For more details, see 'Midnight Express.'

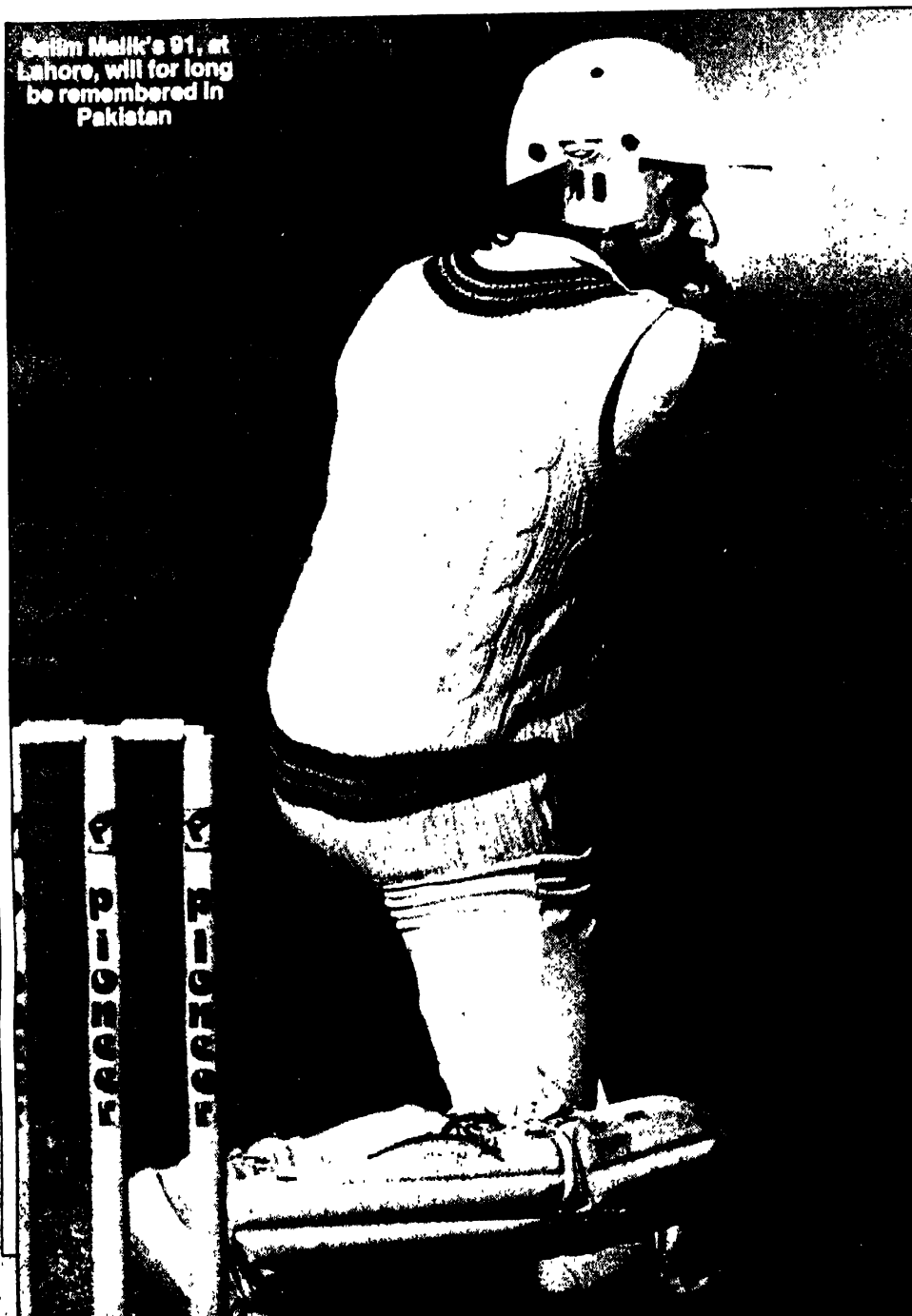
BY MUDAR PATHERYA



WEST INDIES IN PAKISTAN

ROUND ONE To Pakistan

Salim Malik's 91, at Lahore, will for long be remembered in Pakistan



The hosts took the one day series in a clean sweep and begin the Test series, with a psychological advantage

"THE Series will be the best ever, and will decide which

team is the number one team of the world." Thus, spake the West Indians manager Lance Gibbs when he set foot on Pakistani soil earlier this month. With this statement the battle lines had been drawn. This was to be an extraordinary series. A series, that would prove to the world, the most superior contemporary cricketing nation. There was a lot at stake for both the teams and especially for both the captains.

Desmond Haynes was the man chosen to lead the West Indies squad, in the absence of Viv Richards who is still recuperating from an operation. As is customary the West Indies are with an arsenal of pace bowlers comprising Malcolm

Marshall, Curtly Ambrose, Ian Bishop, Courtney Walsh and the revived Ezra Mosley. This was to be the real test for Marshall who was injured, and was not at his devastating best for the series against England. He recovered to play a pivotal role for Hampshire. In this series, he has to prove once again that he had not lost the drive, the killer instinct and the guile that made him the most dreaded bowler in the world.

This was also to be a very crucial series for the inspirational Pakistan captain, Imran Khan, returning to international cricket after a lay off and with doubts about his fitness. Of late he has not even played in the English County. Moreover, the nature in which he got back into the driver's seat of Pakistan cricket was quite extraordinary. Javed Miandad voluntarily relinquished the mantle for Imran saying "I am quitting in the greater interest of the game and the country." Imran jumped at the offer happily, but modestly "Miandad's gesture was great and it is an honour for me to lead Pakistan once again", he said placidly.

The pressure on Waqar Younis is to be tremendous. With Akram still recovering from the operation, he has to prove that his performance against the

Imran Khan was the main motivation for his team with his splendid knocks and superb bowling

Kiwis was not just a temporary flash of brilliance. To complement him in the bowling department are Imran Khan, Salim Jaffer and Aaqub Javed, but the youngster who was so successful in the English County season and against the Kiwis

was how to bear the brunt of the famed Pakistani attack.

Waqar Younis, in the first one dayer at Karachi, was a one-man army that tore through the West Indies batting with a five wicket haul for 52 runs. Pakistan who won the toss and

opted to bat compiled a total of 211 for 5 in the stipulated 40 overs. At one stage the hosts were in dire straits with four wickets gone and only 91 on the board. Enter the Khan who remained not out on 53 runs, scored off just 52 balls. He and Salim Malik put



in a 75-run partnership for the fifth wicket before Malik was caught by Haynes off Bishop for 58 runs

West Indies started haltingly and in the fifth over lost the wicket of Carlisle Best to Imran with just a single run to show. Haynes then with a 67 off 92 balls seemed to lead the team on course to victory. He and Richie Richardson (69) scored 138 runs for the second wicket partnership. In the 30th over, Waqar Younis changed sides and struck immediately. He claimed the lives of Richardson (who was caught by substitute Ijan Ahmed) and Gus Logie. Brian Lara who was making his international debut had to remain content with 11 runs before he was trapped leg before by Younis. Younis wrapped up the match and completed his haul by taking the wicket of Carl Hooper (15) in the 38th over. Two overs left, and the West Indies had a target of 31 runs to chase. But they managed only 24 of those runs when time ran out.

At Lahore, Pakistan created history by clinching their first-ever win in a one day series against West Indies. An unbeaten 91 from Man of the Match, Salim Malik and a fifth wicket partnership with Imran Khan for 123 runs helped the host's coast to a win with 15 overs to spare.

The West Indians batting first, put on 176 runs in 39 overs for 7 wickets. Desmond Haynes lead his pack with a top score of 66. They managed only 58

During the one-dayers Desmond Haynes had to face all kinds of music, but his has been a consistent performance throughout



runs in the first 20 overs, losing the wickets of Greenidge and Richardson, who were both dismissed by Salim Jaffer for just 29 runs. The third wicket partnership of Haynes and Carlisle Best notched up 50 runs to give their side some respectability. Then Mushtaq struck, taking the wickets of Gus Logie and Marshall, and part time left arm slow bowler Saeed Anwar took the vital wicket of Haynes. Surprisingly both Imran and Younis

went barren but between them they conceded a mere 46 runs in 13 overs.

Pakistan chased a target of 176 runs with an asking rate of 4.53 runs per over. They appeared to flounder when openers Saeed Anwar and Rameez Raja were back in the pavilion in the space of 4 deliveries with the score on six. Zahid Fazal and Miandad also beat hasty retreats and the hosts were reduced to 52 for four. Imran steeped in again and arrested the slide. Imran was caught by Richardson off Mosely for 32 when he attempted to heave the winning shot, but Salim Yousuf who came in did not have to score as Malik hit the last shot which gave Pakistan a 5-wicket win.

The third match at Multan, had already been reduced to one of academic interest because the hosts had already wrapped up the one day series. They did it all the more convincingly and without a blemish when

they won by 31 runs. At the end of their allotted 40 overs the hosts had only 168 runs to defend. Skipper Imran was the top scorer of the innings with 46 runs followed by Saeed Anwar (31) and Salim Malik (30). Debutant wicket-keeper clipped in an useful 23.

The Caribbeans who went in to bat, needing 169 runs at an asking rate of 4.22, succumbed meekly for only 137 runs. The surprise entry in the Pakistani squad for the final one day was Abdul Qadir. The wicket took a fair amount of turn and spinner Mushtaq Ahmed claimed 3 wickets. But the visitors surely lacked the drive, they are famous for, and this was evident from the fact that a batsman of Gordon Greenidge's calibre scored only 35 runs, off the 110 balls he faced. Carl Hooper was the only saving factor for the visitors remaining not out on 32. Younis was the second highest wicket taker claiming the wickets of both Greenidge and Haynes. Imran had to remain content with the wicket of Richardson, but he bowled neatly, conceding only 26 runs in 8 overs.

With this drubbing, it will be a motivated Pakistani team that will take on the visitors for the Test matches. Desmond Haynes has already sounded the battle cry saying, "Test matches are a different ball game. Hopefully our batting will come through and the bowlers will be able to bowl long spells to get in the right shape."

Hopefully ●

Desmond Haynes has already sounded the battlecry saying, "Test matches are a different ball game. Hopefully our batting will come through and the bowlers will be able to bowl long spells to get in the right shape."

Goodbye 'Golden Girl'

It was relieving to see your columnist wield his pen for Usha. This was indeed a noble gesture that was impelled by a genuine sporting spirit, while the whole Press corps was waging a war and was literally gunning for the 'Golden Girl.' Usha was indeed the epitome of Indian athletics. Four years ago this swarthy lass was India's trump card at Seoul. This solitary warrior has always been waging a relentless battle for India, always spearheading the country's challenge in athletics. This year also she managed to salvage some pride for India, though it is a matter of regret that her swan-song ended on a very low note. Indian athletics will always continue to miss the 'Golden Girl'.

ASHOK MODI,
Nagaon.

Great Relief

We were greatly relieved to read that the allegations against Imran Khan being a junkie, has been dismissed by Ms. Gati. The great soul that Imran is, a great promoter of world peace through cricket. He was the force behind the construction of the Lahore cancer hospital. Imran was a man the Pakistanis were proud to have as their ambassador and there is no reason for him to stoop low and take drugs. It is evident that Younis had nothing else but an eye for cheap publicity when he flung the accusations at Imran.

SRINIVAS NYAPATHY,
Rajahmundry.

Classic Material

The issue Sunny Speaks was yet another classic treat for the readers of *Sportsworld*. Rohit Brijnath has our heart felt accolades for making the 'Little Master' face all kinds of trouble even after retirement. The entire conversation was downright

A Clarification



May I request you for the hospitality of our columns to clarify some points in your most interesting cover story. (Perestroika in the BCCI by Mudar Patherya).

First and foremost, the author seems to share, in a small way the somewhat cynical misconception that the AIC as a body was formed to "raise demands," to seek "appeasement," to voice "player-complaints," whose motivation comes from something "to fight out" and who somebody would wish to "phase out." I have not, in the year since our formation, been able to fathom how this misconception was formed and how this fallacy grew.

We are greatly encouraged by what you perceive as 'Perestroika' and Mr Scindia's statement of another arm. We can only respond by repeating what we have always said, that this arm will always offer genuine constructive co-operation. When perceptions of each other are based on trust and aims are common, the rest is detail.

As Mr Patherya points out, if there has been one lacking, it has been what he terms as "the crisis of communication." In this atmosphere of hope, it would be churlish to do a post-mortem as to why it arose. It is enough that we now recognise that lack of communication only polarises points of views, where discussions could easily provide meeting ground. It is in providing a clear channel of communication that the AIC feels it has a vital role to play. The BCCI is the apex body of administrators. The AIC committee is in touch with players in each State. We, therefore, expect to be in a position, if requested, to respond with suggestions which enjoy broad consensus amongst players right across the country. This expression of consensus view may not be entirely possible if it is sought from individuals in their own capacity for no matter how committed or eminent the individual cricketer is, he will at best voice a piecemeal individual view.

It is in this context, among others, that we expect encouragement and guidance from those who we wish to co-operate with. Not "phased away".

ARUN LAL,
Honorary Secretary,
Association of Indian Cricketers

engaging and the issue was indeed a collectors' issue. On certain issues SMG appeared a bit defensive—something that even surpassed his 'neat defensive style of play' that he engaged in during his playing days. He reacted in a very mild manner to some issues—especially the Bedi issue. He should never have forgiven Bedi for putting his foot in his mouth in London. But then, that is the real Gavaskar for us—more

humane, worldly and composed. Mudar Patherya's tribute was another smashing hit. But the 'Master' who was 'Misunderstood' during his heyday for no reason of his, now seems to be understood fully by the world, and this was evident from the fact that I could not get another copy of the issue despite searching at all the newsstands.

TANMOY GHOSH,
Calcutta.

INDIA VS SRI LANKA

THE SRI LANKANS ARE HERE



Ranatunga: Has and will be the key man



A busy Indian cricket season begins when the Sri Lankans take on the hosts in a single Test match at Chandigarh from the 23rd of this month. A statistical look at the previous meetings between the two teams.

THE RESULTS

	P	WON BY		Dr
		IND	SL	
1982-83	1	—	—	1
1985-86	3	—	1	2
1986-87	3	2	—	1
	7	2	1	4

Highest Totals

India	676-7	420	Kanpur	1986-87
Sri Lanka			Kanpur	1986-87

Lowest Totals

India	198	141	Colombo	1985-86
Sri Lanka			Nagpur	1986-87

Maninder Singh: Top of the bowling figures



Vengsarkar: The best record against the tourists

Azharuddin: The Indian captain has many a good knock against the visitors

Record partnerships

For India

1st	156	S.M. Gavaskar and Arun Lal	Madras	1982-83
2nd	173	S.M. Gavaskar and D.B. Vengsarkar	Madras	1982-83
3rd	173	sarkar	Nagpur	1986-87
4th	163	M. Amarnath and D.B. Vengsarkar	Kanpur	1986-87
5th	78	sarkar	Kandy	1985-86
6th	272	S.M. Gavaskar and M. Azharuddin	Kanpur	1986-87
7th	78*	M. Amarnath and M. Azharuddin	Madras	1982-83
8th	70	M. Azharuddin and Kapil Dev	Colombo	1985-86
9th	16	S.M. Patil and Madan Lal	Colombo	1985-86
10th	29	Kapil Dev and L. Sivaramakrishnan	Colombo	1985-86
		S.M. Gavaskar and Gopal Sharma		
		Kapil Dev and Chetan Sharma		

For Sri Lanka

1st	159	S. Wettimuny and J. R. Ratnayake	Kanpur	1986-87
2nd	95	S.A.R. Silva and R. S. Madugalle	Colombo	1985-86
3rd	153	R.L. Dias and L.R.D. Mendis	Madras	1982-83
4th	216	R.L. Dias and L.R.D. Mendis	Kandy	1985-86
5th	144	R.S. Madugalle and A. Ranatunga	Colombo	1985-86
6th	89	L.R.D. Mendis and A. N. Rana-singhe	Madras	1982-83
7th	77		Madras	1982-83
8th	40*	R.S. Madugalle and D.S. de Silva	Kandy	1985-86
9th	42	P.A. de Silva and A.L.F. de Mel	Madras	1982-83
10th	32	J.R. Ratnayake and A.L.F. de Mel	Madras	1982-83
		D.S. de Silva and G.R.A. de Silva		

* denotes unbroken partnership



Hundreds

By India (9)

116	M. Amarnath	Kandy	1985-
131	M. Amarnath	Nagpur	1986-
199	M. Azharuddin	Kanpur	1986-
155	S.M. Gavaskar	Madras	1982-
176	S.M. Gavaskar	Kanpur	1986-
163	Kapil Dev	Kanpur	1986-
114	S.M. Patil	Madras	1982-
153	D.B. Vengsarkar	Nagpur	1986-
166	D.B. Vengsarkar	Cuttack	1986-

By Sri Lanka (6)

106	R.L. Dias	Kandy	1985-
103	R.S. Madugalle	Colombo	1985-
105			1982-
105	L.R.D. Mendis	Madras	1985-
111	A. Ranatunga	Colombo	1985-
111	S.A.R. Silva	Colombo	

Note: Figures in bold signify the highest individual :

5 wkts. in an innings

By India

5-85	D. R. Doshi
5-110	Kapil Dev
7-51	Maninder Singh
5-118	C. Sharma
5-76	N. S. Yadav

Madras	1982-83
Madras	1982-83
Nagpur	1986-87
Colombo	1985-86
Nagpur	1986-87

By Sri Lanka

5-52	F. S. Ahangama
5-68	A. L. F. de Mel
5-64	A. L. F. de Mel
5-49	R. J. Ratnayake
6-85	R. J. Ratnayake
5-85	R. J. Ratnayake

Kandy	1985-86
Madras	1982-83
Colombo	1985-86
Colombo	1985-86
Colombo	1985-86
Cuttack	1986-87

10 Wickets in a match

10-107	Maninder Singh
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Cuttack	1986-87
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Best match haul by a Sri Lankan bowler

9-125	R. J. Ratnayake
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Colombo	1985-86
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Compiled by Ravi Kant Srivastava

MEET



THE

RANATUNGA, Arjuna (Sinhalese SC) Captain. b Colombo 1 December, 1963. Left handed batsman/Right arm medium pacer. **Test record:** Debut v England (Colombo) 1981-82. 26 matches. Batting: 46-2-1621-135* v Pakistan (Colombo) 1985-86. Avge 36.84 2 centuries. 12 fifties. Fielding: 14 catches. Bowling: 11 wickets for 688 runs. Avge 62.54 BB 2-17 v New Zealand (Kandy) 1983-84.

One-day Internationals: Debut v England (Colombo) 1981-82. 88 matches. Batting: 85-15-2173-86* v West Indies (Kanpur) 1987. Avge 31.04. Fifties 14. Fielding: 21 catches. Bowling: 54 wickets for 2392 runs. Avge 44.29. BB 4-14 v India (Kanpur) 1986-87. Previous Test tours to India in 1982-83 and 1986-87.

ANURASIRI, Sangarange Don (Panadura) b Panadura 25 February 1966. Right handed batsman/Slow left arm spinner. **Test record:** Debut v Pakistan (Colombo) 1985-86 4 matches. Batting: 5-2-13-8 v Pakistan (Colombo) 1985-86. Avge 4.33. Fielding: No catches. Bowling: 5 wickets for 159 runs Avge 31.80 BB 4-71 v India (Cuttack) 1986-87.

One-day Internationals: Debut v Pakistan (Kandy) 1985-86. 24 matches. Batting 11-8-27-5* v England (Delhi) 1989-90. Avge 9.00 Fielding: 7

catches. Bowling: 14 wickets for 735 runs. Avge 52.50 BB 3-40 v India (Sharjah) 1985-86. Previous Test tour to India in 1986-87.

DE SILVA, Pinnaduwege Aravinda (Nondescripts CC) Vice-captain. b Colombo 17 October, 1965. Right handed batsman/Right arm medium pacer. **Test**

record: Debut v England (Lord's) 1984. 17 matches. Batting: 31-2-974-167 v Australia (Brisbane) 1989-90. Avge 33.58 3 centuries. 3 fifties. Fielding: 9 catches. Bowling: 3

Asanka Gurusinghe achieved his best bowling figures of 2 for 25 against India



The sub-continent's equivalent of 'the Team from Down-Under', the Lankans are one of the lesser known sides of the world. Here's a chance for you to get to know the players who you will be hearing so much about in the next two weeks.

TOURISTS



Arvin de Silva is an all rounder. A right handed batsman and a medium pacer

GURUSINHA, Asanka Pradeep (Sinhalese SC) b Colombo 16 November 1966. Left handed batsman/Right arm medium pacer/Occasional wicket keeper. Test record: Debut v Pakistan (Karachi) 1985-86. 9 matches. Batting: 15-2-414-116* v Pakistan (Colombo) 1985-86 Avge 31.84 one century. Fielding: 6 catches including 2 as wicketkeeper. Bowling: 7 wickets for 172 runs/ Avge 24.57 BB 2-25 v India

(Nagpur) 1986-87. **One-day Internationals:** Debut v Pakistan (Hyderabad, Sind) 1985-86. 45 matches. Batting: 44-1-1176-88 v Pakistan (Brisbane) 1989-90. Avge 27.34. 9 fifties. Fielding: 15 catches. Bowling: 4 wickets for 416 runs Avge. 104.00 BB 1-16 v Australia (Adelaide) 1989-90. Previous Test tour to India in 1986-87. **JAYASURIYA, Sanath** Teran (Colombo CC) b Matara 30 June, 1969. Left handed batsman Slow left

Arjuna Ranatunga, captain of the Sri Lankan squad has a batting average of 36.84 in Test matches



wickets for 134 runs. Avge 44.66 BB 2-65 v Australia (Hobart) 1989-90. **One-day Internationals:** Debut v New Zealand (Moratuwa) 1983-84. 76 matches. Batting: 73-6-1907-96 v Australia

(Panaji) 1989-90. Avge 28-46-15 fifties Fielding: 28 catches. Bowling: 18 wickets for 1002 runs Avge. 55.66 BB 3-58 v Australia (Perth) 1987-88. Previous Test tour to India in 1986-87.

arm spinner **Test matches** Yet to play
One-day Internationals
 Debut v Australia (Melbourne) 1989-90 7 matches Batting 6-0-75 31 v Australia (Adelaide) 1989-90 Avg 12 50 Fielding 3 catches Bowling No wickets for 16 runs
KALUWITHARNE, Ramesh Middle order batsman Wicket keeper Yet to represent his country
LABROOY, Graeme Frederick (Colombo CC) b Colombo 7 June 1964 Right handed batsman Rightarm fast medium bowler **Test record** Debut v India (Kanpur) 1986-87 5 matches

Batting 8 2 81 42 v England (Lord's) 1988 Avg 13 50 Fielding 1 catch Bowling 14 wickets for 778 runs Avg 55 57 BB 5 133 v Australia (Brisbane) 1989-90
One-day Internationals
 Debut v India (Sharjah) 1986-87 33 matches Batting 26-5-148-33 v Australia (Perth) 1987-88 Avg 7 04 Fielding 5 catches Bowling 36 wickets for 1379 runs Avg 38 30 BB 5 57 v India (Baroda) 1986-87 Previous tour to India in

Graeme Labrooy made his debut in first class cricket against India

1986-87
MADURASINGHE, Madurasinghe Arachchige Wijaysiri Ranjith b Colombo 30 January 1961 Left-handed batsman/Off break bowler **Test record** Debut v England (Lord's) 1988 One match 6 runs Avg 3 00 Bowling No wickets for 41 runs
One-day Internationals
 Debut v England (Oval) 1988 8 matches Batting 4-2 13-9* v Australia (Sharjah) 1989-90 Avg 6 50 Fielding 3 catches Bowling 5 wickets for 205 runs Avg 41 00 BB 1-11 v Bangladesh (Dhaka) 1988-89
MAHANAMA, Roshan Siriwardene (Colombo CC)

b Colombo 31 May, 1966 Right handed batsman **Test record** Debut v Pakistan (Colombo) 1985-86 6 matches Batting 10-0-243-85 v Australia (Hobart) 1989-90 Avg 24 30 One fifty Fielding 3 catches Bowling one over for 3 runs **One-day Internationals** Debut v Pakistan (Kandy) 1985-86 46 matches Batting 45-3-1114-98 v India (Bombay) 1986-87 Avg 26 52 8 fifties Fielding 25 catches Previous Test tour to India in 1986-87
RAMANAYAKE, Hewage Champaka Priyadarshana (Tamil Union) b Colombo 8 January 1965 Right handed batsman/Right arm fast medium bowler **Test record** Debut v Australia (Perth) 1987-88 4 matches Batting 7-3-16-10* v Australia (Brisbane) 1989-90 Avg 4 00 Fielding 2 catches Bowling 6 wickets for 396 runs Avg 66 00 BB 2-81 v Australia (Brisbane) 1989-90 **One-day Internationals** Debut v Pakistan (Moratuwa) 1985-86 16 matches Batting 9-4-42-18 v Australia (Sharjah) 1989-90 Avg 8 40 Fielding 2 catches Bowling 19 wickets for 530 runs Avg 27 89 BB 3-25 v Pakistan (Moratuwa) 1985-86
RANATUNGA, Dhammika (Sinhalese SC) b Colombo 12 October, 1962 Right handed batsman Right-arm medium pacer **Test record** Debut v Australia (Brisbane) 1989-90 2 matches Batting 3-0-87-45 v Australia (Hobart) 1989-90 Avg 29 00
One-day Internationals: Yet to play
RATNAYAKE, Ramesh Joseph (Nondescripts CC) b Colombo 2 January 1964 Right handed batsman/Right-arm fast medium bowler **Test record** Debut v New Zealand (Christchurch) 1982-83 15 matches

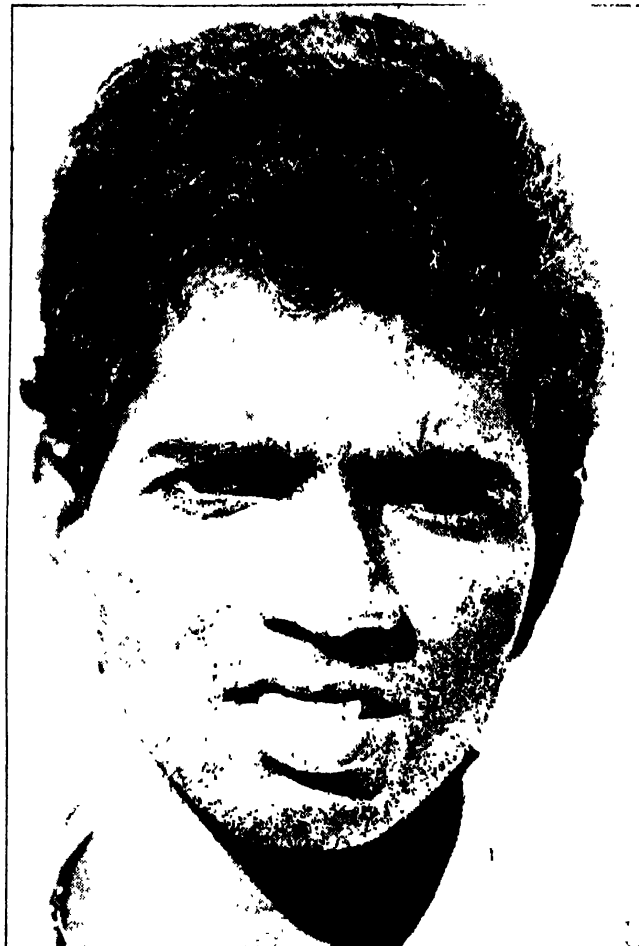


Batting: 25-4-277-56 v Pakistan (Faisalabad) 1985-86. Avge. 13.19 One fifty. Fielding: 7 catches. Bowling: 49 wickets for 1701 runs Avge. 34.71 BB-6-66 v Australia (Hobart) 1989-90. **One-day International:** Debut v India (Bangalore) 1982-83. 56 matches. Batting: 44-14-474-31 v Australia (Brisbane/Adelaide) 1989-90. Avge 15.80 Fielding: 7 catches. Bowling: 56 wickets for 2261 runs Avge 40-37 BB 4-37 v Australia (Melbourne) 1984-85. Previous Test tours to India in 1982-83 and 1986-87.

Roshan Mahanama is a very effective one-day batsman with 8 half centuries in his name



SAMARASEKERA, Maitipage Athula Rohitha (Colombo CC) b Colombo 5 August 1961. Right hand batsman/Right-arm medium pacer. Test record: Debut v England (Lord's 1988. 2 matches. Batting: 3-0-75-57 v England (Lord's) 1988 Avge 25.00 One fifty. Fielding: 3 catches. Bowling: 3 wickets for 104 runs. Avge 34.66 BB 2-38 v England (Lord's) 1988. **One-day Internationals:** Debut v Pakistan (Swansea) 1983. 27 matches. Batting: 27-2-465-66 v India (Dhaka) 1988-89. Avge 18.60 2 fifties. Fielding: 3 catches. Bowling: No wickets for 291 runs. **TILLEKERATNE,** Hashan Prasantha (Nondescripts CC) b Colombo 14 July 1967. Left-handed



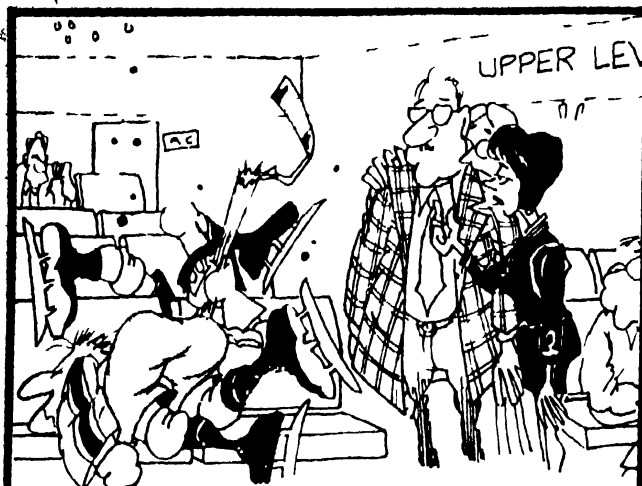
Don Anurasiri, played in the '86-'87 series in India

batsman/Wicket keeper. **Test record:** Debut v Australia (Hobart) 1989-90. Batting: Two innings for 6 runs. Fielding: 5 catches. **One-day Internationals:** Debut v India (Sharjah) 1986-87. 25 matches. Batting: 24-6-487-76 v Australia (Sharjah) 1989-90. Avge 27.05 3 fifties. Fielding: 12 catches. **WARNAWEERA,** Kahkatchchi Patabangige Jayananda (Galle) b Matara 23 November, 1960. Left-handed batsman/Right-arm

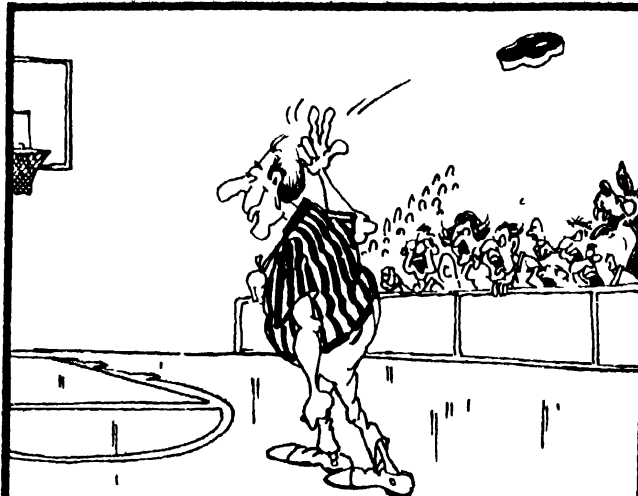
medium pacer/Off break bowler. **Test record:** Debut v Pakistan (Kandy) 1985-86. One match. Batting: 3 runs. Bowling: one wicket for 26 runs. **WLJEGUNAWARDENE,** Kapila Indaka Weerakkody (Colombo CC) b Colombo 23 November, 1964. Right handed batsman/Right-arm fast medium bowler. **Test matches:** Yet to play. **One-day Internationals:** Debut v Pakistan (Dhaka) 1988-89. 15 matches. Batting: 8-4-12-8* v India (Dhaka) 1988-89 Avge 3.00. Fielding 1 catch. Bowling: 16 wickets for 522 runs. Avge 32.62 BB 4-49 v India (Dhaka) 1988-89.

Note: The sequence of batting is: Innings-not out-runs scored-highest. BB stands for Best Bowling.

Compiled by RAVI KANT SRIVASTAVA



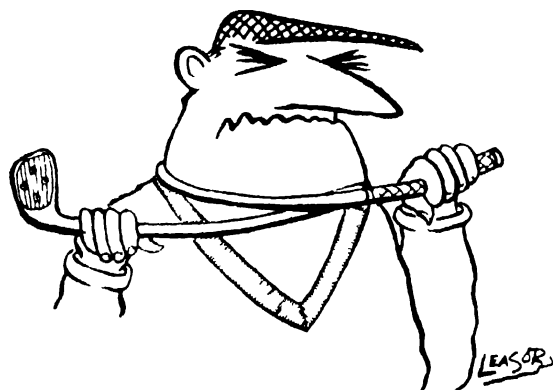
IT TOOK ONLY 28 TICKS OF THE CLOCK AFTER THE GAME-OPENING FACEOFF FOR FIVE SEPARATE FIGHTS TO BREAK OUT IN A 1987 NHL GAME BETWEEN THE EDMONTON OILERS AND THE CALGARY FLAMES. BEFORE MANY FANS HAD A CHANCE TO REACH THEIR SEATS, THE REF HAD TOSSED SIX PLAYERS OUT OF THE GAME AND DISHED OUT A TOTAL OF 108 PENALTY MINUTES TO THE REMAINING PARTICIPANTS.



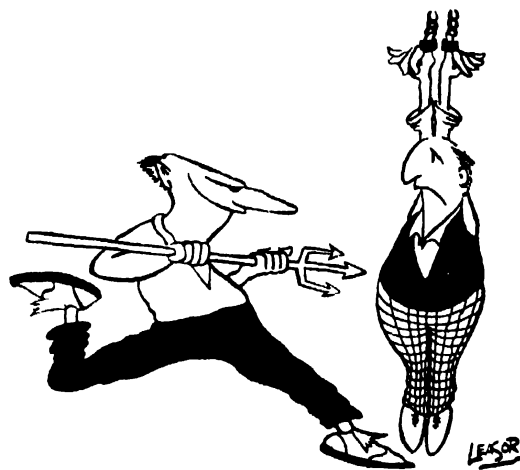
FANS TENDED TO BE VICIOUS WHEN NBA REFEREE CHUCK SOLODARE WAS OFFICIATING IN THE 1950s DURING A GAME IN FORT WAYNE, IND. SOLODARE FOUND HIMSELF THE TARGET OF EXCEPTIONAL ABUSE. JUST BEFORE THE GAME ENDED, CHUCK STOPPED THE ACTION, PULLED A RAW STEAK FROM INSIDE HIS SHIRT, AND TOSSED IT TO THE CROWD. "HERE YOU WOLVES," HE SHOUTED, "CHEW ON THAT FOR A WHILE!"

THE FUNNY SIDE OF GOLF

RULE 4.2 CLUBS PLAYING CHARACTERISTICS CHANGED
IF THE PLAYING CHARACTERISTICS OF A PLAYER'S CLUBS ARE CHANGED DURING A ROUND BECAUSE OF DAMAGE SUSTAINED IN THE NORMAL COURSE OF PLAY THE PLAYER MAY
(1) USE THE CLUB IN ITS ALTERED STATE OR
(2) WITHOUT UNDULY DELAYING PLAY REPAIR IT



RULE 3.4 REFUSAL TO COMPLY WITH A RULE
IF A COMPETITOR REFUSES TO COMPLY WITH A RULE AFFECTING THE RIGHTS OF ANOTHER COMPETITOR HE SHALL BE DISQUALIFIED





PHOTOGRAPH OF THE WEEK

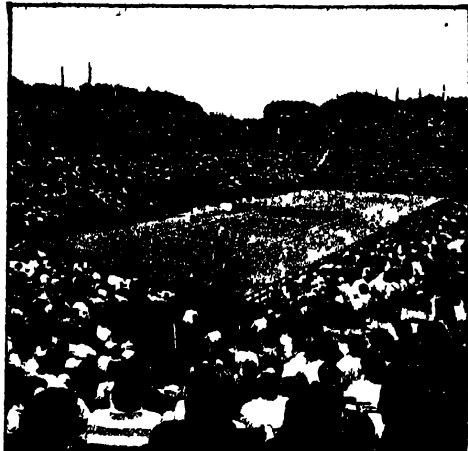
PHOTOGRAPH: NIKHIL BHATTACHARYA

Sport is no child's play anymore. Is it? With all the automatic weapons, walkie talkies, police dogs and commando squads that surround the world's sporting arenas today, doesn't this kid at the Beijing Asiad represent some kind of a mockery of all the security which has become necessary for sport

**THE BEST OF TENNIS
WRITING**

THE ITALIAN OPEN

BY JOHN OAKLEY (1965)



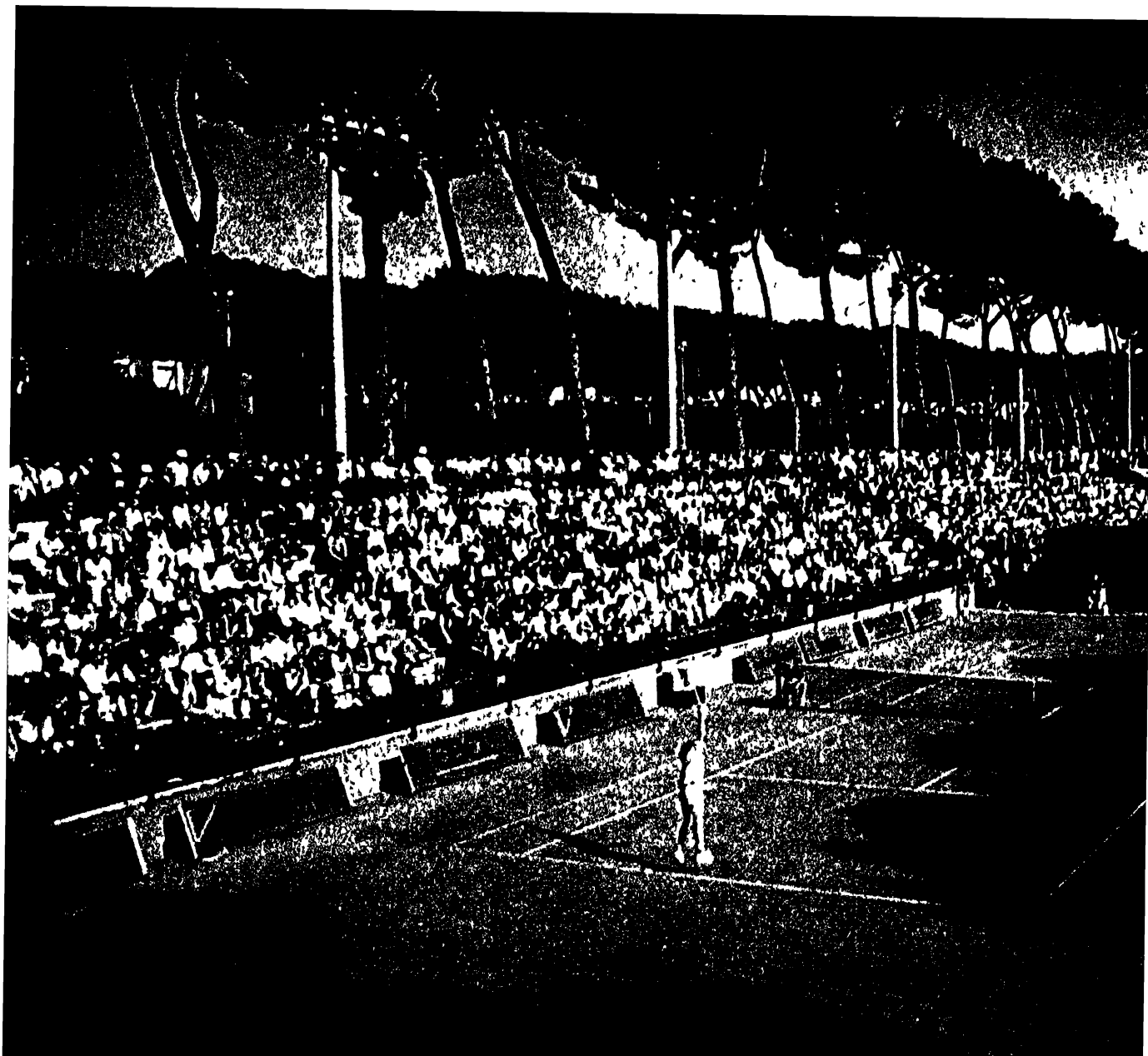
TOMMY HENDRY

Glorious Rome, when the officials once made Manuel Santana top seed when he wasn't even playing. Then they made Roy Emerson top seed and he wasn't there either.

The red clay of the Italian Open championships

ACTION PLUS

T



equally sure that she had first claim. On to the court stalked Bill Watson, Judy's coach and mentor. 'You stay there Judy,' he yelled, 'Don't let no bloody Pom give you the heave-ho. Tell him to get lost.'

Stalemate appeared to have been reached. But no, the Italians had the perfect answer. Knight and Judy were sent muttering to the sidelines. In their place, another match featuring an Italian was greeted with rapturous applause.

Then there was the

Bobby Wilson v. Marty Mulligan all-star clash. Only one problem. No umpires or line judges appeared to watch this classic. Twenty minutes later Wilson, fed up with knocking up in the midday heat, summoned a ball boy. 'Here you play,' he said, pushing his racket into the startled lad's hand. 'I've had enough.'

Ten minutes later the ball boy was outplaying a tiring Mulligan. The Australian summoned yet another ball boy. 'Here you play your friend,' he said as he

flopped by Wilson's side in the shade of the backstop.

All that was in 1963. But 1964 was no better.

Angela Mortimer and Liz Starkie were playing a doubles. The sun was booming down again and the umpire, with dark glasses and big straw hat, sat motionless in the chair. So motionless they thought he was dead.

Well, not quite. He was merely asleep. Angela hit a forehand winner but no score came from the chair. All four players looked

enquiringly at the umpire but he was long gone into the world of dreams. Liz, with typical Yorkshire bluntness, tugged his leg and said she would simply love it if he would wake up so they could get on with the game. The umpire, coming out of his daze, called 'Trenta pare'. Well, it was close.

Yet for human drama and personal embarrassment, worse was to follow. Big Mike Sangster, then Britain's top player, was toiling on the Centre Court against unknown



TOMMY HINDLEY

American Mike Senkowski and at the interval was down two sets to one. Then came my big mistake. I opened my mouth. Senkowski came into the restaurant and said to a waiter, "Tea with lemon, bud, and make it snappy. I've got to beat this guy Sangster." The Italian looked on in wonderment at Senkowski's American drawl. "Non comprendo," he replied. "Now look here bud, I want tea and lemon." "Non comprendo." It could have gone on all night.

Then came the Oakley howler. "Can I help?" I said. "I speak a little Italian." "Tell this jerk to get me tea and lemon," snapped Senkowski. "And you", pointing at me, "bring it down to the Centre Court. I've got to go." Well, really lads, I'm not much good as a waiter.

Cursing under my breath I walked down the tunnel leading to the Centre Court with a tray of tea, lemon and sugar and stopped at the Court entrance. "Here", I said to an official, "Give this to Senkowski."

The loud, cheering and rowdy spectators of the Italian Open

"Not my job," snapped the official. "You take it yourself." So on I popped, waiting for Sangster to turn his back. After all, I'm a patriot.

I laid down the tray and was about to rush off when Senkowski barked, "Pour me one out." Britain's Australian coach George Worthington, shouted from the stand, "What's your game, helping the enemy?"

Reluctantly I poured

out a cup and turned to go. "Three lumps," snapped the American. "I could have shot him." So could Sangster, who lost in five sets.

Glorious Rome, where the officials once made Manuel Santana top seed when he wasn't even playing. Then they made Roy Emerson top seed and he was not there either, as I was quick to point out. Here you tell us who's in the tournament," yelled an exasperated official, and I did.

Then came the moment when I thought I would be banned from Rome. Summoned to the referee's office I was shown a cutting from my paper, the *London Evening News*, in which a certain John Oakley had said the Italian championships were the world's worst when it came to organization. "Monkeys could have done it better," I had written.

Speaking in rather loud and clearly bad tempered Italian the referee said the paper had been sent from London "by a friend" and he was just a little upset.

Diplomatically I explained that I loved the tournament, the officials, the line judges, the umpires, the spectators, Italian women, shoes and ties and even the odd cats strolling around the arena. At crawling I was number one.

Suddenly the frowns turned to smiles as my outburst was translated by the referee's seductive secretary.

"Have a drink," he said.

Loveable Rome. What a pity they now run the championships in an orderly fashion. ●

being punched out to a heavier
category



Those Majestic Middleweights

It is a sport where blood and gore sometimes goes beyond the confines of sanity. Hit. Jab. Cut. Thrust. Pummel. Parry. Feint. Kill. Death is not unheard of. Neither is permanent disability. Today boxers like Jim McDonnell, Rod Douglas and Maurice Hope have had close shaves with death. Some are virtual cripples. Others like Johnny Owen and Brian Bronet have met bloody ends. Even a legend like Muhammad Ali has to have tubes stuck into his body to stem the multiple damages inflicted on his body during his days in the ring.

Boxing never was a gentle sport. But today it sometimes even transcends the meaning of sport. It is the only game which gives its exponents a licence to physically injure each other which explains why there is a strong medical lobby crying for its ban. But, far outnumbering the critics, is the growing army of fans who want to see blood spilled, bones broken and egos crushed.

Statistics, however, show that despite the high money stakes in heavyweight bouts, it is curiously the middleweight boxers who go for the big kill and thus attract the

highest gate money. With four Championship Belts to be chased, it is one of the most competitive of all divisions as the reward is not just megabucks but instant stardom. An average bout offers a million or more to the winner besides the attendant worldwide stardom. Michael Nunn, Mike McCallum, Roberto Duran, Nigel Benn, Michael Watson and Herol Graham are all global celebrities with personal fortunes sometimes touching the fifty million mark.

Why is this 160 pound weight limit division growing in popularity so rapidly? Is it because this is man's ideal weight? That maybe partly true but the real reason is that spectators flock to see one-to-one combats. Not the Tyson Vs. What's-his-name fight. Over here it is one hero pitched against another. A Roberto Duran locked in a duel with Mike McCallum. Says Nigel Benn, one of middleweight's well-known champions: "It is the quality of fighters which is attracting more and more fans. In fact middleweight title clashes are sold out faster than any fight and that too at prices averaging \$150-a-seat."

Who then is the best fighter in this highly-charged division? Michael Nunn, the IBF champion? Mike McCallum, the WBA champion? Roberto Duran, the WBC champion? Or Nigel Benn, the WBO champion? And more specifically out of these four tough fighters who is the toughest? Are all of them better than the fast rising stars like Iran Barkley or Michael Watson or Herol Graham?

Although opinion is partially divided, most boxing buffs agree that as of now Michael Nunn is perhaps the best. Early this year,

Why is the 160 pound limit middleweight division gaining so rapidly in popularity? Is it because this is man's ideal weight? That may be partly true but the real reason is that spectators flock to see one-to-one combats. Not the Tyson Vs. What's-his-name fight. Over here it is one hero pitched against another

NIGEL BENN...Middleweight
division's heir apparent



**Critics,
however, say
that Nunn is a
dull fighter who
has never
achieved a
knockout in his
36-0 record**

he gave a hearty display of his ample talent when he destroyed Tommy 'Hit Man' Hearn in a gruelling twelve rounder which he won by a majority decision. That bout made the Los Angeles based speedstar supreme in a category where there are three more champions. One of the most scientific proponents of the art, Nunn has a deadly reach and an uncanny agility in the ring. Earlier this year he earned himself the sobriquet of the 'Legendary middleweight talent' when he bounced out WBA title holder Sumbu Kalambay in 88 seconds flat.

Critics, however, say that Nunn is a dull fighter who has never achieved a knockout in his 36-0 record. A majority of the experts want him to move on to super middleweight category as he has nothing more left to achieve in the middleweight division. But cleverly, Nunn refuses to budge as he knows that his punch lacks the power to achieve anything worthwhile in the highest category. Proof of this is Marlon Starling's statement who said after a bout against him "He (Nunn) couldn't hurt me. His punch lacks the sting."

Which explains why there are so many contenders to the top slot on which Nunn is so precariously perched. In fact almost all the other high placed middleweight boxers are within striking distance. In August last year, seventh ranked Iran Barkley stretched Nunn to full twelve rounds before losing by a 2-point average. Similarly Benn and Watson have come very close to beating him. But Nunn has

survived and is still the IBF champion.

But for how long? Lapping at Nunn's ankles is a pack with an almost similar glovefull of arsenal.

and the man almost reaching out to Nunn's crown is WBA champion, Mike McCallum. At 33, despite being one of the oldest middleweight champions, he is in peak physical form having annihilated far superior and younger fighters. His personal record of 39-1 itself speaks volumes for the deadly ability of this colourful boxer nicknamed the 'Body Snatcher'.

In fact, bigwigs say that McCallum is the only man who

to get hit because I know that in a couple of years my body won't be able to take any more battering "

McCallum is anxiously looking forward to his year-end bout against Michael Nunn which will give him an opportunity to combine both the WBA and IBF titles. If he manages to win, he will become the undisputed middleweight world champion as the fight will surely be a decider for the top slot

But if Nunn cannot win, there is

mat four times before throwing him out of the ring.

Despite losing to arch-rival Michael Watson last year, he has been wreaking destruction upon anyone who challenges him in the ring. Nicknamed, 'The Dark Destroyer', Benn dispatched his first 22 opponents by KO adding a Commonwealth title to his name. However, when he lost to Michael Watson last year his abilities suddenly became suspect. And only his convincing win over

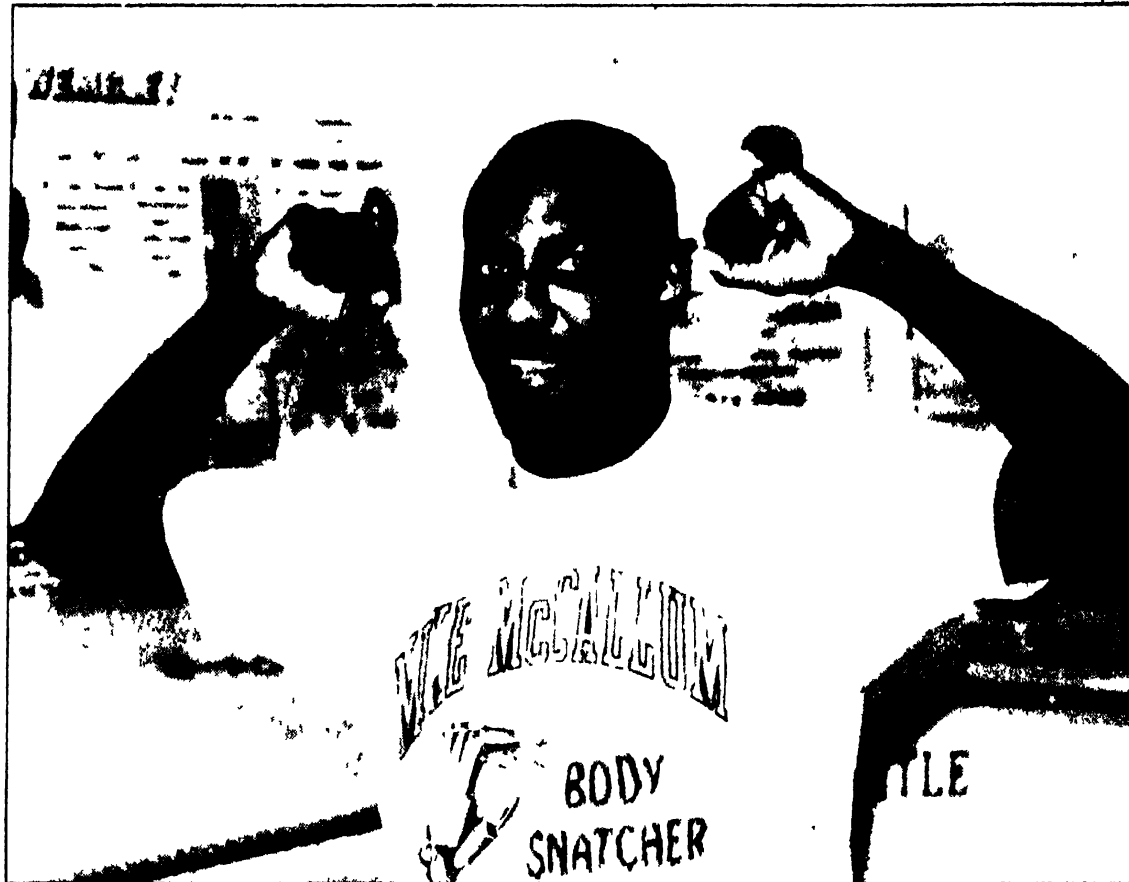
MIKE

McCALLUM..

For the 'Body

Snatcher'

old is gold



has the potential to annex all the four titles. A vicious bodyline puncher and a ten time world (WBA) title defender, he is an idol to the whole new generation of middleweight fighters. He pirouettes in the ring dealing out lethal upper cuts and jabs. His sledgehammer-like punches have downed boxers like Herol Graham, Steve Collins, Michael Watson and more. But the only thing going against him is his age and he admits: "My emphasis in the coming time will be on technical skills and I will try not

another deserving heir to the middle weight throne. Nigel Benn, a muscular ex-private in the Army has the potential to take on both McCallum and Nunn and beat them at their own game. In his last two major fights, he has overcome the odds demolishing two of the world's better known middleweight fighters—Dong DeWitt and Iran Barkley. He became the WBO champion by crushing title holder DeWitt into submission in the eighth round of the 12 rounder in which he sent the usually durable DeWitt to the

DeWitt restored his credibility to an extent. Today his record stands at 28-1 and though Benn is by far the most aggressive of all middleweight boxers, his Achilles Heel is his defence. It is well known that he is unable to soak in a punch and any fighter, like Watson, who can jab him from a distance stands a good chance against him. So he is now 'working hard on his defence because he knows that to become numero uno he will have to make a quick-and-fast job of technicians like Nunn and McCallum

Otherwise he will retire as number three in the current rankings

If Michael Nunn, Mike McCallum and Nigel Benn form the top three, then the next three positions have fighters who are equal on all fronts. There is very little which separates Michael Watson, Ian Barkley and Herol Graham. All three of them are facing a mid-career crisis as winning has become more and more difficult for the trio. Despite their obvious talents, they are well below the standards of the top three. Watson, plagued with a weight problem, will have to eventually move up the ladder to super-middleweight category where he will obviously find the going tougher.

In fact when Mike McCallum knocked him out earlier this year, the establishment felt that it was curtains for Watson whose record now stands at 23-2. Even Watson's manager Mickey Duff has already proclaimed that the boxer would never fight in the division again. Watson who defeated Benn last year now lacks both in speed and power with his lethal left jab having lost its sting. At one time his combinations were fast, well tuned and accurate but now the synchronisation has gone out of them.

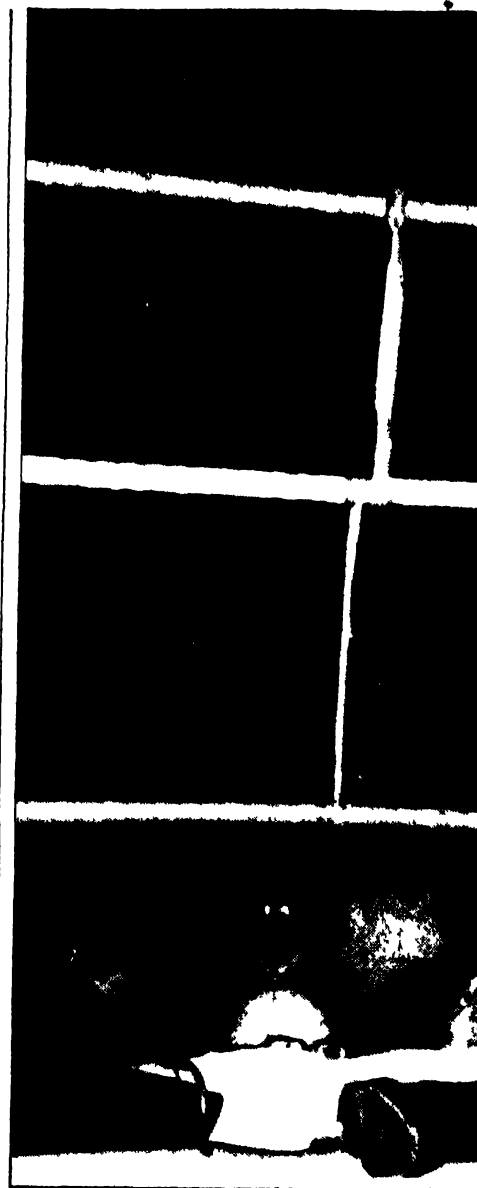
The same is true of Ian Barkley who, after a nine-month sabbatical, crashed in just 177 seconds to Nigel Benn. Coming back after a successful operation of a detached retina, he was not the same man who at one time was called the 'fastest middleweight of the modern era'. After his operation his reflexes are just not what they were. In his hey day he had taken Nunn to a full length but after the surgery he lost his confidence and couldn't stand a short barrage of punches from Benn. In fact his well publicised 'Warrior mentality' is nowhere in sight. Says Barkley, 'Earlier I used to take more punishment, today I cannot'. In the fight against Nigel Benn, he received hard punches on his head which again hurt his left eye. And it is an old age that a vision-impaired man has no place in pro-boxing.

The fact that he has lost against Nunn, Benn and McCallum, has absolutely blighted his chances of going in for the big kill.

Herol 'The Peril' Graham is another fighter who in the last year and a half has slipped down the rankings. He hasn't been the same man since he lost a twelve rounder to WBA champion Mike McCallum. But his 38-4 record since turning professional way back in 1978 provides enough proof that he also carries enough attacking ammunition to stay perched in the top six slot. A one-time contender for the WBA Championship, he has nevertheless lost much of his skills because of advancing age. But still, the soft-spoken, articulate jeweller from Sheffield remains a top draw card. Even McCallum says, "Graham is in a class of his own. I think he has the ability to bother the best".

At 31, apart from getting along in years another shortcoming of Graham is his slow back-foot which puts him on the defensive.

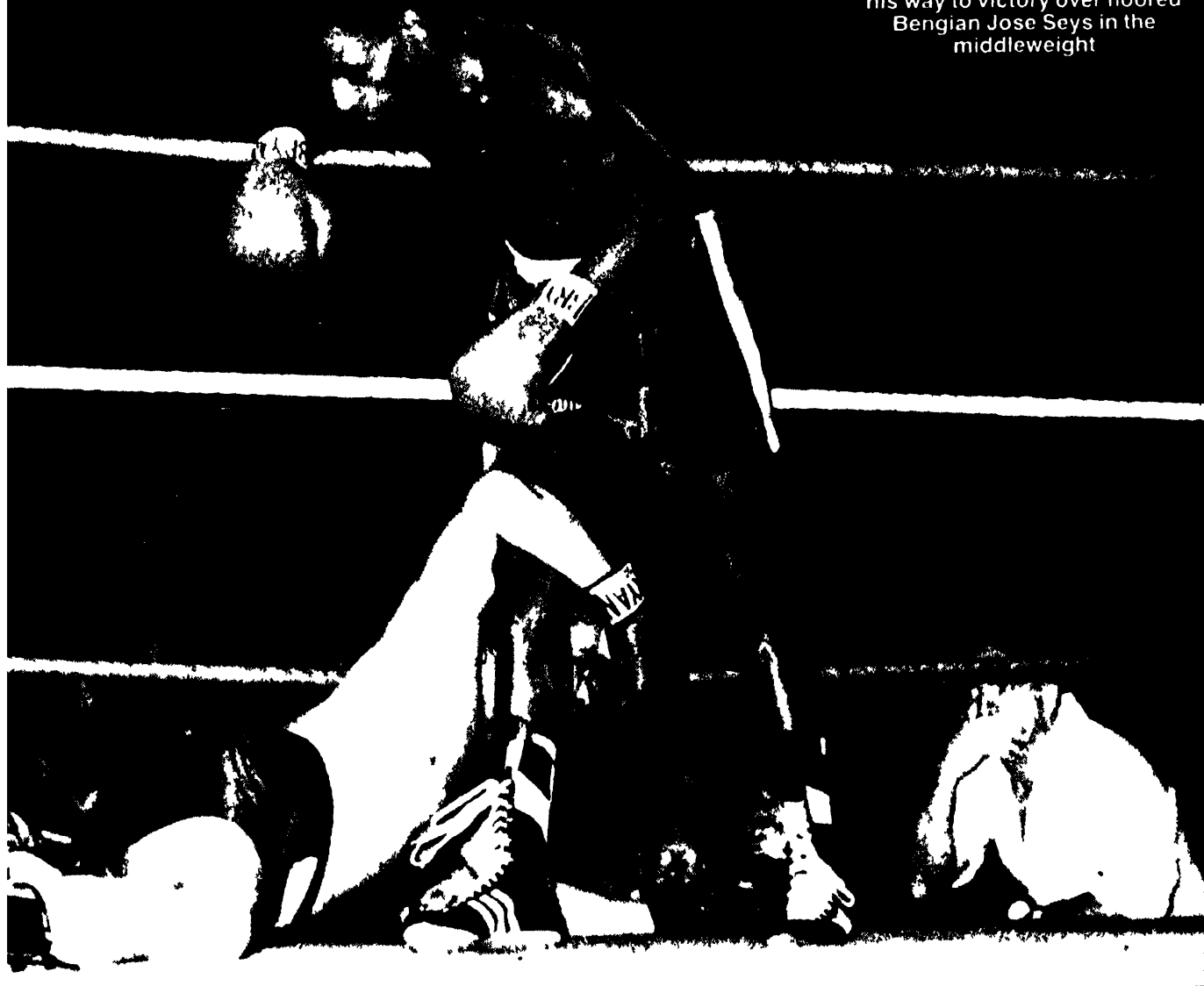
McCallum is anxiously looking forward to his year-end bout against Michael Nunn which will give him an opportunity to combine both the WBA and IBF titles. If he manages to win, he will become the undisputed middleweight world champion as the fight will surely be a decider for the top slot



But he can still cause upsets as he recently displayed against Doug DeWitt. He is scheduled to fight Barkley and Nunn, early next year and that may be his last chance to go for the big time.

One can't say the same about Roberto Duran, a middleweight senior who has now survived three decades of bloody fights, including his legendary series against Sugar Ray Leonard. No one doubts the fact that he, till a few years back was one of the best ever middle-weights. He has been boxing professionally for 22 years having competed in 92 bouts. His heady mix of aggression and artistry made Duran the toughest fighter in the middleweight

HEROL 'BOMBER' GRAHAM...on his way to victory over floored Bengian Jose Seys in the middleweight



category, surpassing even Marvin Hagler. He is still the WBC champion, but he is pushing 40 and is demotivated. No one expects to see him scrap it out with Nigel Benn or Michael Nunn. With age he has slowed down and his punch has lost its power. His head sways more and his nerve-ends are blunt. But he refuses to retire. After winning everything worth fighting for, he has nothing left to prove. And it is probably just the lure of money which goads him on. Not the ambition to become the best in the business.

The obvious question is who then is actually the best in middleweight pro-boxing?

Opinion is sharply divided although a majority of the experts cast their vote in favour of Michael Nunn. But there are many who dispute this claim saying that Nunn is not the superman he is made out to be. His title defending bouts against Ian Barkley, Marlon Starling and Donald Curry have in no way boosted his claim for the middleweight supremacy. Nunn's points win over Barkley is seen just as a morale booster not the victory of a champion. Despite being low on power Barkley stretched Nunn to a full 12 rounds before going down. Observers feel that the fight eroded much of Nunn's credibility.

But then, if a few critics dismiss Nunn's claim to the No. 1 slot—who else is there to step into the Emperor's shoes? Mike McCallum? Certainly not, they say, as advancing age is rapidly pushing him down the ladder. Which leaves the ground clear for Nigel Benn. All he has to do is to soup up his defenses before meeting five-time world champion Sugar Ray Leonard who now fights in the super middleweight division. If he manages to crush Leonard he will not only lift a ten million dollar purse but also annex the kingdom of the middleweight division.

—Patrick O'Leary

—NEWSMEN FEATURES

THE message of the 1990 DCM tournament is crisp and clear; Kerala Police has arrived. The Federation Cup champions, proved that they are now amongst the most formidable teams in the country.

The criticism about Kerala Police was that they did not travel well. Even the 1990 Federation Cup was won in their home state in the city of Thrissur. When they failed to get beyond the quarter final league stage of the recent Durand Cup, the doubting Thomases had a field day. It was said, Kerala Police were not yet of the calibre of the top Calcutta clubs, as they had never entered the final or even semis in major outstation national tournaments.

International C. V. Pappachan confirmed such doubts with juvenile statements such as, "The Delhi weather is too dry for us. Our throats get parched and so we cannot do well here." However, coach T. K. Chathuni has made them a formidable and tenacious side. He deserves credit for improving their fragile temperament and making them want to win outstation

The message of the 1990 DCM tournament is clear: Kerala Police has arrived, while a mercenary attitude has paved the way for the steady decline of the Calcutta Big Three, says Novy Kapadia from New Delhi



CALCUTTA'S HEGE

tournaments. Chathuni, the former Delhi Garrison and Vasco Club player and a Kerala State Sports Council coach said, "Our tactics are based on expediency. We concentrate on having a compact defence, hard working midfield and relying on quick breakaway moves."

Like Hyderabad City Police or Andhra Police of three decades

ago, the Kerala cops have well-built, fit and tall players. Their tackling is resolute and they have the players with the consistency to match their ability and complement the more fragile talents of Vijayan and Pappachan. Their only drawback was scoring goals. They scored just twice in five matches. However, Chathuni said, "We rely on Vijayan and



Mathews of Kerala Police volleys the ball away from Kyunghee University attacker

first final contested by Kerala Police outside their home state. On their way to the final, they beat two foreign teams, Kyunghee University 1-0 in a Group A quarter final league match and Royal Nepal Airlines 1-0 in the semis. Sharaf Ali's match-winning goal against the Korean Spring Cup champions—a sizzling left footed volley from 30 yards into the roof of the net—was the goal of the tournament and perhaps even the goal of the year. The tenacious Kerala cops' defence did not concede a goal in the entire tournament. A rare feat. In the final they drew goalless but lost in the tie breaker 4-5.

Kerala Police's resilience was based on the central defensive partnership between Alex Abraham and VP Sathyan. On current form, both are the finest stoppers in the country, excelling in covering and anticipation in tackling and sound in aerial duels. Left back Kurikesh Matthews and C Jabeer, normally a midfielder playing in the unusual position of right back, were sound.

Sathyan epitomised the spirit of Kerala Police. He got a head injury in the second league match against Kyunghee University. However, he returned to the fray with a bandage on his head. He played three more matches with a bandaged head but never complained.

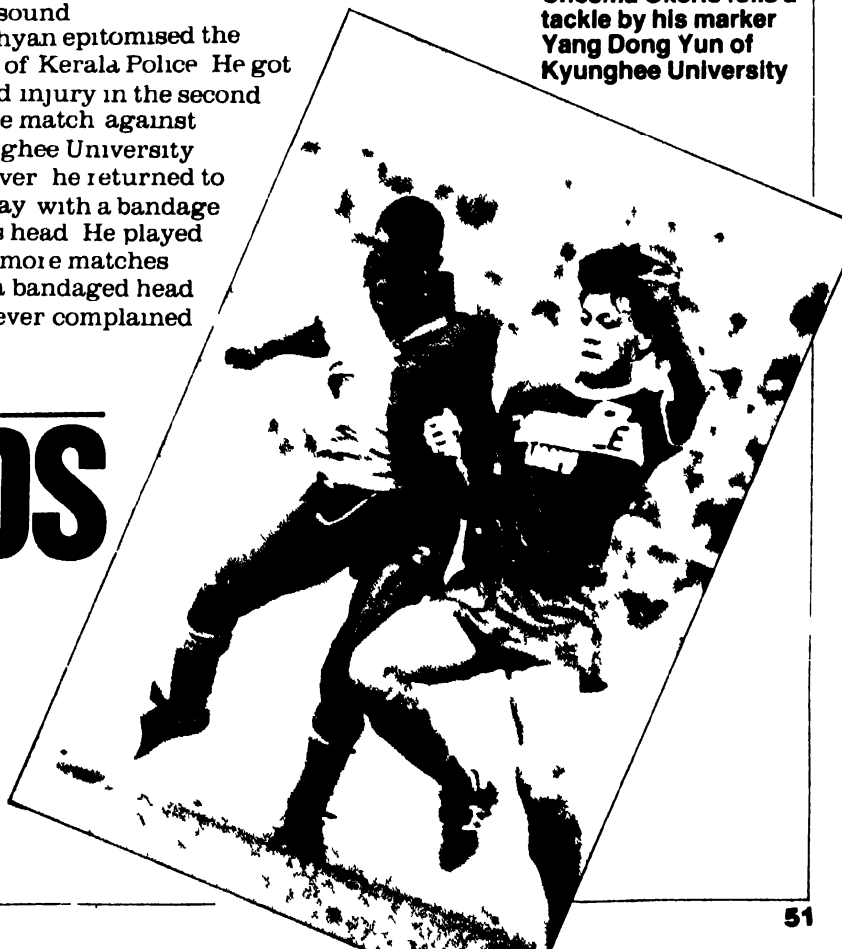
a lesson here for some of the high-priced Mohun Bagan players.

The foreign teams in the 1990 DCM tournament were not of a very high calibre. Royal Nepal Airlines were impressive in attack. Mani Shah was a tricky dribbler and former East Bengal striker Ganesh Thapa a nippy and thrustful forward, ready to snap up half chances. However, their defence was suspect.

Kyunghee University is also a far cry from the impressive south Korean teams which have won the DCM tournament in the past. All the six winners from South Korea—Hanyang University 1975 and 1976 (Jt. champs with BSF), Citizens National Bank (1979), Myungji University in 1981, Incheon University in 1982, Bank of Seoul and Trust and Co in 1987 and Posco in 1988—were far superior teams.

However, Kyunghee's junior international Yang Dong Yun was a resolute marker and Ju Yong Kuk an agile custodian, good in

Cheema Okerle fells a tackle by his marker Yang Dong Yun of Kyunghee University



MONY ENDS

Pappachan for goals. But Vijayan had an injury in his right knee which restricted his mobility and thrust. Also, we missed our attacking midfielder player Baburaj who was injured and could not play in the DCM tournament.

Finishing runners up in the 1990 DCM tournament was a creditable achievement for them in more ways than one. It was the

To play or not to play

The farce that took place over Mohammedan Sporting's participation in the DCM tournament

THE suspense and uncertainty of Mohammedan Sporting's participation in the 1990 DCM tournament was like an inept version of an Alfred Hitchcock thriller. Everybody kept wondering what would be the outcome would they play in Delhi or not?, though everyone knew it was all a farce.

Many journalists felt that DCM had violated ethical norms and encouraged indiscipline by putting Mohammedan SC on their draw when they were suspended by the IFA. However, Rajat Mukherjee's position was clear.

"Mohammedan's secretary Ibrahim Ali Mollah had assured us he would get either the IFA or court clearance so we kept them in the draw. We would not have played them if they had not got clearance "

The DCM's desire to include Mohammedan Sporting is understandable. They are the biggest crowd pullers in Delhi. All their three matches were watched by capacity crowds, even though they lost two matches 0-1 to RNA, 0-2 to East Bengal and a 1-1 draw with BSF. Still the greed to include a suspended team like Mohammedan Sporting got the DCM tournament into a major imbroglio with the local Delhi Soccer Association and possibly the IFA

The DSA will discuss the

issue of Mohammedan's participation in the DCM tournament in its next meeting according to the DSA President Mr Grover.

Mr Grover said the DCM committee has now given a copy of a document furnished by Mohammedan Club to the tournament organisers which is not a copy of the court order. He said DCM was a party to the charade and sided with Mohammedan Sporting by deliberately not producing the document for inspection by DSA during the tournament.

Had they submitted a copy of the document then, the DSA would definitely have debarred Mohammedan from taking part, said Mr Grover

Mr Grover said that he had discussed the matter with the AIFF President P.R.Das Munshi who had asked him to send a copy of the said document to AIFF for scrutiny. Mr Das Munshi later said if the DCM authorities have allowed Mohammedan to play without valid papers then they will be penalised. Mr Das Munshi and Mr Grover both said even if Mohammedan had the court order they should have obtained the permission from IFA also as the court order did not say that they can take part in any tournament without the permission of the competent authority, in this case, IFA.

Novy Kapadia from New Delhi

dealing with crosses and Park Seung Kuk a probing midfielder. But the rest of were of average quality. The team lacked speed and their final pass was invariably faulty. Their use of dead ball situations like corners

and free kicks was mediocre.

Their coach, Cha Kyung Bok a former international referee who supervised in the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics was candid in admitting the shortcomings of his team. He said, "None of my

players have exceptional talent or calibre " The Korean coach was greatly impressed by East Bengal and said, "We were lucky to win against East Bengal in the tie-breaker. I did not think we could beat them. They were the best team in the country and their no 10 (Kuljit Singh) the best and most dangerous player in the tournament " How Kuljit was not chosen amongst the four best players of the DCM tournament is mysterious. Kuljit is by far, the

The Kyunghee University boys with the DCM trophy: enchanting all the way



best Indian forward at present

Inept supervision by Siraj Ahmed and bad luck prevented East Bengal winning their third successive national tournament. They had won the IFA Shield and Durand. Anyway, by getting two points for reaching the DCM semis, East Bengal have notched up ten points in three tournaments and are almost certain to be India's representatives in next year's newly introduced Asian Cup.

Winners Cup Coach Nayeem was upset with the DCM organisers for his team's defeat. He said, "Before the vital semi final, I pleaded with the new secretary Rajat Mukherjee, to replace the Nivia ball with the Adidas match play, as the Nivia ball is too light and unsuitable for ball players like Krishanu, Mani and Panji. I also requested that in such a crucial match, as the reputation of India was at stake, a more qualified and experienced referee like Melwyn

International C.V. Pappachan confirmed such doubts by juvenile statements such as, "The Delhi weather is too dry for us. Our throats get parched and so we cannot do well here"



D Souza be appointed instead of Siraj Ahmed. It is surprising that in spite of being a home team, we could not even get minor concessions like this. We were not asking for favours, just fair play. It seems some members of the DCM tournament committee are anti-East Bengal."

Mohun Bagan's motives for participation in this year's DCM were primarily mercenary. They are in debt and the Rs 1.20 lakhs plus expenses which they earned from the generous DCM tournament committee tempted them to forsake conventions. Their team spirit was not very high and factionalism reigned supreme. The Subrata Bhattacharya group versus the Prasanta Banerjee Group and so on.

JCT are in a phase of transition. Inder Singh said, "We have been humiliated for two years and have not reached the semis of any major tournament. So we are changing our team."

Inder's teenaged son Harjinder Singh showed good touch and is a skilful midfielder. Manmohan and Harvinder Singh are promising, tough tackling defenders. BSF were also compelled to make changes. Narender Gurung left midway for a DSP's training course in Takenpur UP. Stopper back Harbinder Singh, midfielder Jasminder Singh and forward Awtar Singh were sick and unavailable.

The Delhi football season, with the Durand and DCM being over, is coming to an end. A perusal of the season's results reveals that Calcutta's hegemony is declining.

QUIZ

QUESTIONS

1. 'Fifty Years in Cricket', 'Cricket is my Life' and 'Just My Story' are books written by the late Len Hutton. Which one of these is his autobiography?
2. Who introduced swing bowling?
3. What does 'pull' mean in golf?
4. With which game is "Elo system" associated?
5. Who is the 'post man' in basketball?
6. 'Bridge' is a corruption of ?
7. What is 'lightning chess'?

ANSWERS

1. 'Cricket is my life'
2. G H Hirst (Yorkshire and England)
3. Drive (ball) widely to left (of right-handed player)
4. Chess
5. A player who stations himself near the lane
6. 'Birlch'
7. A game of chess in which all the moves have to be completed by a player in five minutes

CHESS

Most of the first principles of positional play were formulated by the first official world champion Wilhelm Steinitz. They were further amplified by his successor Emmanuel Lasker who added the psychological dimension.

Steinitz's axiom was that a player who has the initiative is under an obligation to attack, otherwise the advantage will evaporate. Lasker understood this, and he was an expert at inducing shillyshallying from his less enlightened opponents. This game is an outstanding example.

White. Lasker Vs Black: Janowski World Championship London 1910
1 d4 d5 2 c4 e6 3 Nc3 c5 4 cd5 ed5 5 Nf3 Be6 6 e4? de4 7 Nxe4 Nc6. The less said about the opening the better. A modern master would have played 6 g3, developing pressure on the Isolani without a second thought.

8 Be3 cd4 9 Nxd4 Qa5+! 10 Nc3 0-0-0! 11 a3. White is reeling under the assault. However black has to play sharply to deliver the K.O. Here he has two good tries A) 11—Bc5

12 B4 Bxd4! 13 Bxd4 Qg5 14 Ne2 Nxd4 15 Nxd4 Qe5+ picking up material, or B) 11—Nge7 12 b4 Qe5 13 Nce2 Nf5 14 Qc1 Nxd4 15 Nxd4 Rxd4 16 b5 Bc5 17 bc6 Re4 18 cb7+ Kb8 with a strong attack. Janowski tried to transpose into this variation but there is a small difference.

11—Nh6? 12 b4 Qe5 13 Ncb5! Nf5. The difference is that a knight on e7 would have protected c6 so that 13—a6 would have broken the white counterattack.

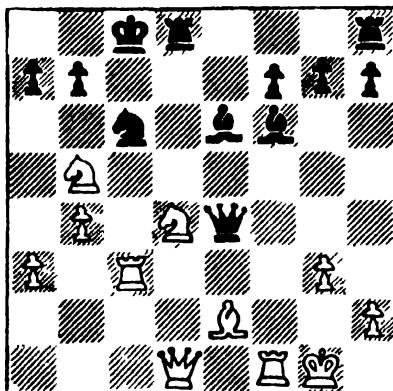
Here 13—a6 14 Qc1! ab5 15 Nxc6 bc6 16 Qxc6+ Qc7 17 Qa6+ Kb8 18 Rc1 would leave white on top.

14 Re1 Nxe3 15 fe3 Qxe3+ 16 Be2 Be7. Here again the sharp 16—Bb3!! 7 Qd2 Qxd2+ 18 Kxd2 Kb8 19 Ke3 Bd5 would leave black with the better ending.

17 Rc3! Bh4+? The queen sacrifice with 17—Qxc3+ 18 Nxc3 Nxd4 would be a resolute way of playing to win. Black thought he would win anyway, so he tried to play safe.

F3418 g3 Qe4 19 0-0 Bf6 (See diagram). The white counterattack now goes into top gear. Lasker after having made a mess of the opening recovered well. 20 Rxf6! g6 21 Bf3 Qe5 22 Nxa7+ Kc7 23 Naxc6 bc6 24 Rxc6+ Kb8 25 Rb6+ Kc8 26 Qc1+ Kd7 27 Nxe6 fe6 28 Rb7+ Kc8 29 Bc6+ Kf8 30 Qh6+ (1-0) Black is caught in a mating net.

Devangshu Dutta



BRIDGE

There are scores of players who know all about squeezes, safety plays and card combinations but analysing the opponent's actions

to one's own advantage is what sets the men apart from the boys. Test your declarer play on this hand from a recent club game, remembering that you are not allowed to see all four hands at the table:

NORTH (dummy)		WEST		EAST	
♠	10 5	♠	A Q J 7 4	♠	9 8 2
♥	A 4	♥	6 5 3	♥	7 2
♦	J 9 8 5 2	♦	6 3	♦	K Q 10 7 4
♣	J 6 5 3	♣	9 7 2	♣	Q 10 4
SOUTH		WEST		NORTH EAST	
♠	K 6 3	2 ♣	Pass	2 ♦	** Dble
♥	K Q J 10 9 8	2 ♥	Pass	2 NT	** Pass
♦	A	3 ♦	Pass	4 ♥	All Pass
♣	A K 8				

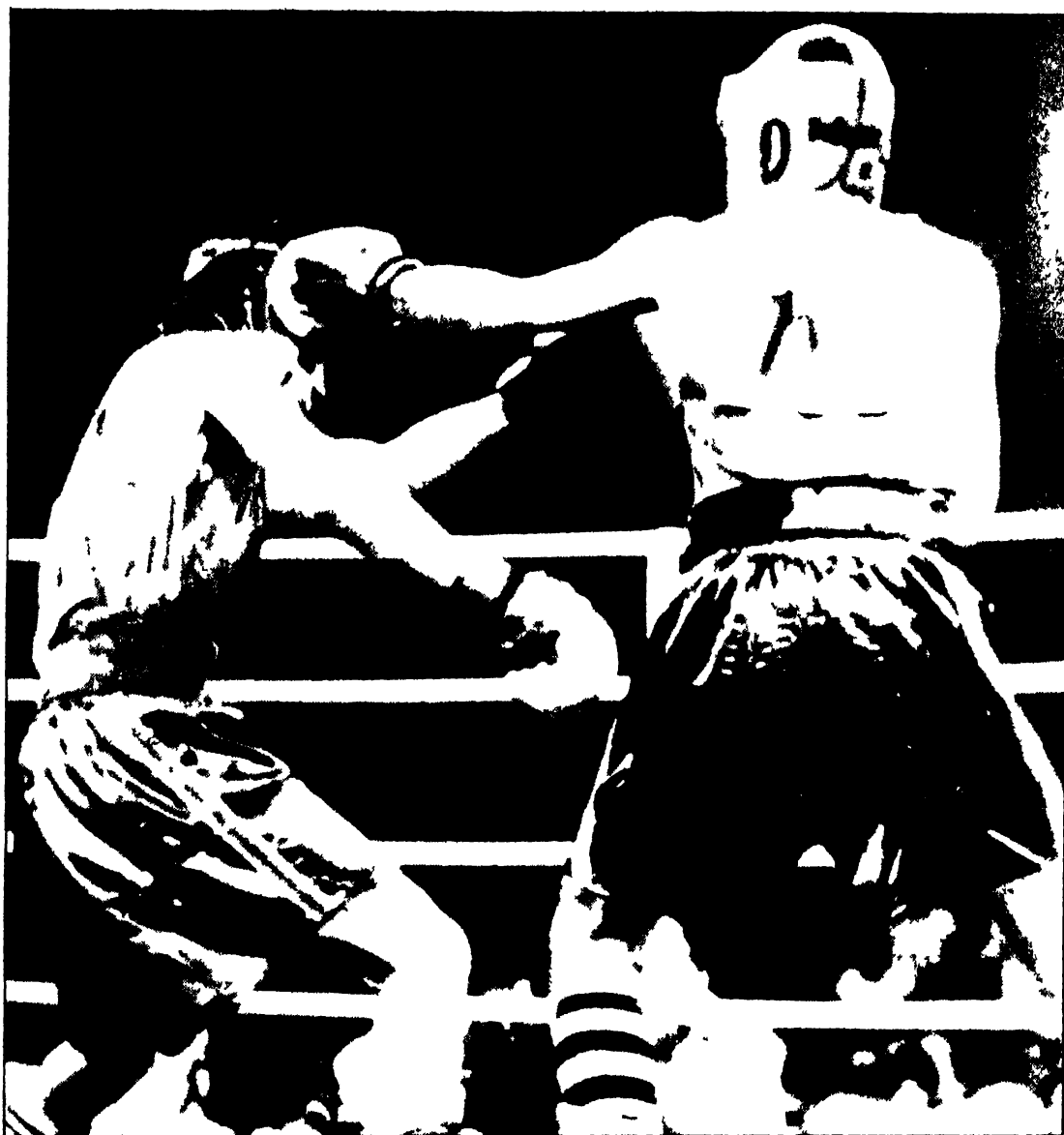
* artificial, strong
** negative or waiting

Three no-trumps would have been much easier but then there would have been no story. As it was, West looking at those spade goodies, decided to lead a trump to cut down on dummy's possible ruffers. In a way he was right but declarer, Som Nath Chatterjee who will be defending his national Ruia team title next week at Kanpur but on a different team, drew the conclusion that West had the spades bottled up for his passive defence to make sense after East had asked for a diamond lead with his double. Accordingly, he won the trump lead in hand, released the diamond ace, crossed over to dummy in trumps and, spurning his last chance of pulling a spade towards the king, ruffed a diamond in hand. After drawing the last outstanding trump, declarer cashed his club winners and exited in clubs. Had the club queen been with West, he would have been end-played right away but even though East could win the club West had no escape from an eventual end-play in spades as long as South refused to put up the king on the first round of the suit.

Shantanu Ghosh

Yet for the essential fight fan, the headguard and even the mandatory vest have divested the sport of much of its appeal...

Dharmendra Yadav (India) lands a powerful left on Jan Quast's head in the quarter final in the light flyweight class...



Rohit Brijnath, while reporting on the World Amateur Boxing Championship in Bombay, discusses how the use of headgear has robbed the game of its essential beauty and of course, excitement...

HISTORY books tell you astonishing things. Like a strange fellow called Nero, who found a sudden urge to fiddle (that is play the fiddle) when his city, Rome, burned.

Emperor Nero's glee over the violence around him may not be the inexplicable,

Amateur boxing is like...

**A HOODED
FALCON**

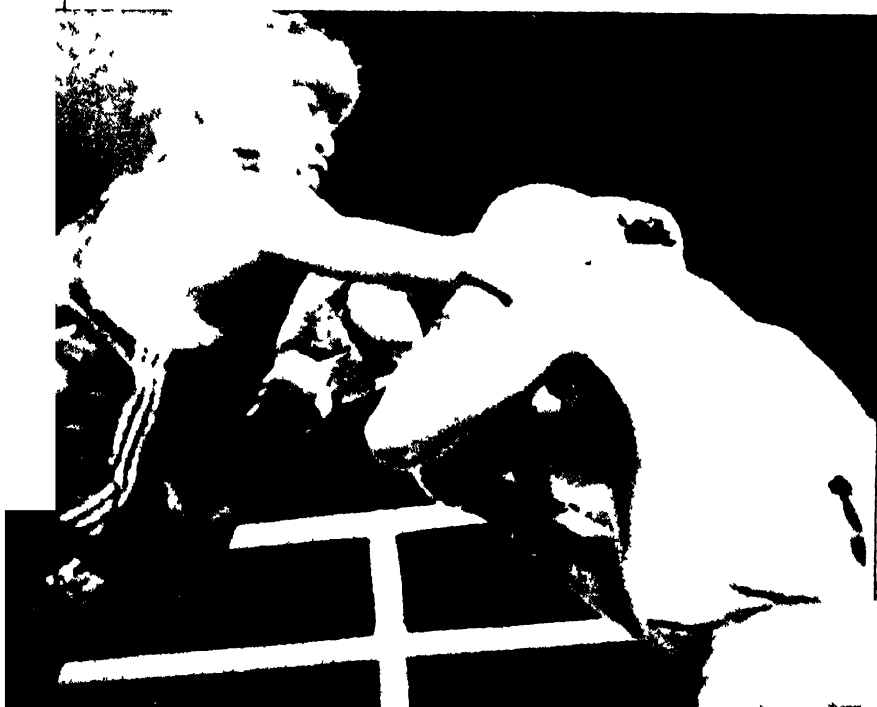
The headguard clasps the face in a tight vice, just over the eyes and just below the mouth. So, much cannot be seen. Like the jaw, the chin, either quivering for an instant in fear or thrusting forward in defiant arrogance...

Zoram Thanga punishes Korea's Suk J Yang to register an impressive victory in light flyweight class



when you consider that Roman pugilists used a 'cestus', an iron studded gauntlet, to fight with. A people with a predilection for violence, as it would seem.

But then boxing has been that one legalised way for man's coarser and more aggressive instincts to surface. Boxing coaches have often instructed their proteges to 'go and kill the other bastard'.





and have been startlingly unperturbed when exactly that happened. It is a man's sport, is the subtle explanation, and if spectators appreciated the science and speed of Ali, they also craved for the nose crunching, lip splitting, blood spurting violence of Foreman.

If professional boxing has stayed closer to those raw ideals of machismo let

Zoram Thanga of India unleashes a left upper cut to Scotland's Paul John on his way to a 16-4 victory that ensured his entry into the semi final of the World Cup Amateur Boxing Championship at Bombay

loose in a ring, the amateurs have striven to protect their own. The days of the 'cestus' are over. Recently, Bayer laboratories at the Berlin institute invented a substance known as 'Bayflex' used now in headgear and gloves. It reduces the power of the punch by 25% and reduces the impact on the head by 50%—considering that a sweetly-timed punch by a not-so-sweet heavyweight has a 10,000 pound force, then the value of 'Bayflex' assumes a life-saving dimension.

Yet for the essential fight fan, the headguard and even the mandatory vest have divested the sport of much of its appeal. They hide some of the more human elements: those very elements that make this man-against-man contest almost so mystically absorbing.

The headguard clasps the face in a tight vice, just over the eyes and just below the mouth. So much cannot be seen. Like the jaw, the chin, either quivering for an instant in fear or unsurety, or thrusting forward in defiant arrogance. Or when a lightning right cross grotesquely mis-shapes the chin for a second, the lips flattening, the sweat coming off like sparks from an electric fire that you cannot see. So too with the eyes. Anyone who saw Ali or Frazier will remember the games they played with their eyes. Eyebrows arching in astonishment or tease, the eyes faking some move, perhaps telegraphing a left when actually it will be a right. All this is lost.

Since the headgear keeps a man alive this is a small sacrifice, but the vest has been an unreasonable attempt to civilise amateur boxing. Perhaps, it is to hide the flabby brawlers in the over 91 kg class-like Linklater, the Canadian Indian, a genteel fellow but who leads not with his right but with his gargantuan stomach. The vest hides the sound of glove on flesh and the heaving, hyperventilating chest in the last minutes of the final round, as the exhausted boxer demands of his body its every last bit. This is a bad loss. It depreciates the combat.

Cuban coach Alcides Segara teaches his boys to come in fast, a quick one-two, then retreat. It's called beating the computer. But the Cubans are like Latin dancers turned boxers: no points for their beauty robs boxing of its aesthetic appeal.

The amateur boxer, then, is like a falcon with its hood on—restrained. In many ways. A pity. ●

THE FALL-GUYS

Nowadays, with regular monotony, athletes at overcrowded international races bump into each other and fall down. The result: many athletes cannot complete their races. What are the reasons and solutions to this problem?



Lasse Viren manages to win the 10,000 m (72 Olympics) final despite stumbling in an earlier lap

THE International Amateur Athletic Federation are looking for feedback from athletes to assist

study of possible causes for the now regular occurrence of pile ups in middle and long distance events

In Britain mishaps in the men's AAA 1500m finals in two successive years were indicative of a growing trend while international concern came to a head last summer when Peter Elliott failed to finish a 1500m heat at the European Championships in Split after being rough handled to the ground by East

Germany's Hauke Fuhlbrugge

An appeal under rule 141 was upheld and Elliott was advanced to the final to finish fourth

Mike Gee, director of the IAAF's technical committee, points out that input from active athletes is an important influence in the committee's work. Members don't just sit around a table and talk. They welcome constructive suggestions. A subject like this could well appear on the agenda at our next meeting.

Apart from the Elliott episode at Split there was the arguably more critical case as it





involved two incidents in the same final, of Salvatore Antibo

Already gold medallist in the 10,000m, Antibo's hopes of a double seemed to have hit the buffers just after the start of the 5000m when he achieved his own downfall by running into Marcus O'Sullivan, of Ireland

The Italian nimbly regained his feet to win, but not before he had elbowed Dionisio Castro, otherwise a certain medallist, off the track. A Portuguese protest

should, in the opinion of many, have resulted in Antibo's disqualification.

A new rule permits two curved starting lines to be used in longer races so that large fields can be halved and congestion on the first turn reduced. This has merit but does not address the fact that accidents are more frequent in mid race than at the start.

There were upsets during the 1500m and 5000m Commonwealth finals at Auckland. Jack

Buckner fell in the 5000m after tangling with John Ngugi. The Kenyan was rapidly back in business to win a silver medal as Buckner trailed in 12th.

In the same race a separate landing involved another Kenyan, Yobes Ondieki, and Mark Rowland. Ondieki capsized again in the Parcellforce Games at Crystal Palace in July, raising questions about his traffic sense.

Coincidence beats superstition as a reason why John Walker tripped at the same spot on the Auckland track as Ngugi and Buckner. Walker ran on to the trailing foot of Australia's Pat Scammell in the 1500m final.

"Scammell decks everyone in Europe as well," remarked Walker, confirming Buckner's verdict that some athletes are awkward to follow.

Steve Cram, who has probably finished upstanding and unbeaten in more top-class 1500m races than anybody, reminds me that in his first Olympic Games in 1980 there were only nine finalists compared with the more usual 12.

"You can get away with big fields in Grand Prix races where pacemakers take it on fast and the field is soon strung out. But in championship finals 12 are too many for safety."

It is in fact in championships where tactical pace variations are common that accidents most often occur. But tactics can be double-edged in a professional sport. With money bracing the fibres of aggression, fouls become part of the state of play.

Whether toppled by accident or design some have triumphed over the most grievous falls.

Often cited as the classic precedent of how to lose your feet and still win is the case of Lasse Viren, who took a dive halfway through the Olympic 10,000m final in Munich but made a miraculous recovery to win the gold medal in world record timing.

Viren's example is unlikely of emulation, nor under the present rules are some of the more calculated prostrations of professionals in the distant past.

Alf Shrubb, after breaking every amateur record from two to 10 miles in the early 20th century, decided to bow out a real professional.

Later in life he told the story of his least credible duel. Pitted against the Red Indian Tom Longboat, a long-priced starter with the bookmakers, Shrubb, the favourite, staged a collapse on the last lap, losing the race but collecting a handsome unofficial retirement benefit.

Peter Hildreth



TOMMY HINDLEY

**"All I
Do Is**

**"There was little money
coming in, but I was still
spending it like it was
going out of style. I
didn't really appreciate
how fortunate I had
been"**

Want To Run Away"

Tennis star Pat Cash confided in friend Daley Thompson. Cash talks about how close he came to retirement a short while ago

Michael Calvin

PAT CASH continues his comeback with the words of his father, Pat Snr, uppermost in his mind "Remember," he was told, "the finest steel is tempered in the fire"

The 1987 Wimbledon champion, suffocated by sudden fame, came close to being consumed by the flames of insecurity and injury. He became so disillusioned that only his psychologist could dissuade him from retirement.

His attempt to rebuild his career, threatened when he snapped his Achilles tendon in Japan in April 1989, has given him a sense of perspective.

"If you are a good player, you prepare for success," Cash reflected, as he relaxes at his London home. "You see it coming but don't know for sure what it will entail."

"When it arrives, everything changes, whether you like it or not. It's hard to keep your head straight because, though you might not realise it, you become preoccupied with the distractions."

"Before my injury, I was so concerned that nothing should distract me from my tennis. I became paranoid. I had to start all over again, from the bottom, to

appreciate what I had."

Cash admits he became "addicted" to a sense of supreme fitness after winning Wimbledon Training, with a feverish intensity, offered an emotional crutch when he was forced on to the defensive by a new range of responsibilities.

"The week before I won Wimbledon I was regarded as a good player," he recalled. "All of a sudden I was portrayed as a world-beater. I knew it was no fluke but, deep down, I knew also I was playing no differently."

"I wanted so badly to back up that win. Everyone wanted to know me and I kept telling myself 'This is your time. Prove you are a great champion.' In the end, losing the title lifted a great weight off my shoulders."

"It took me about a year to realise I made the mistake of trying to please everyone. I was a sweet boy for the grandmothers, a tough pro for the sportswriters and a pin-up boy for the teenyboppers. I wasn't me."

Cash coped by surrounding himself with his father, a coach, a psychologist, a trainer and Geoff Lamb, an English friend he described as a bodyguard "because that was what everyone wanted to hear."

He reasoned "I didn't trust anybody else. I didn't know whether people wanted to con me

or help me. I began to understand the insecurity McEnroe has felt all his life."

A naturally-volatile character, he found complaints about his behaviour irksome. Weighed down by resentment, he confided in Daley Thompson that "all I want to do is run away."

Two weeks later, Cash, playing against Bill Scanlon, was injured following a serve into the net. It was 364 days before he won his next match, in the qualifying round of a tournament in Seoul.

"I had been travelling for 11 years, since I was 14, and suddenly, I had a year off," Cash reflected. "I could lie on a beach, go out all night, without worrying about practising the next day."

But gradually, reality began to intrude on the idyll. Cash was not the first to discover that, in professional sport, no-one is forgotten faster than yesterday's hero.

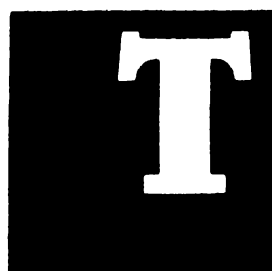
"My contracts were on hold, there was little money coming in, but I was still spending it like it was going out of style. I didn't really appreciate how fortunate I had been."

"I had been travelling since I was 14 and suddenly, I had a year off. I could lie on a beach, go out all night without worrying about practice the next day"

He reached his lowest point in April, losing his comeback match to Bruno Oresar, the Yugoslav, in Miami. He told friends he intended to retire because "I realised just how far I had to go." Remarkably, within a fortnight of being talked around by Jeff Bond, his psychologist, he won a singles title in Hong Kong.

"I returned to obscurity," he reminded himself. "Tennis is not the only thing in the world. I have learned there are more important things than hitting a silly little ball over a net." ●

THE CHEATING GOES ON



HE media, more so in America than elsewhere, has an awesome manipulative power. So often through the Cold War, there appeared this distinct message, even in sport, that the good clean boys from the US of A were the good guys; and the

hurly, burly, East Europeans (especially these damn Ruskies) the bad guys.

Columnists chortled with glee when they saw weightlifters with muscles when there shouldn't be or female East German swimmers with voices bass enough to sing in the men's section of the choir—this was ammunition, this was a time for malice. The message, the complaint was simple—the East European training systems were unethical and unfair.

With the unification of the two Germany's and subsequent investigations into East German sports science centres, much of this has been

borne out. It seems steroid powders were actually mixed into their daily bread from Day One. Which makes you sort of wonder what a gold medal means today.

But that is not the point. With the suspension of two American world record holders—Randy Barnes (shot put) and Butch Reynolds (400m)—it is time for America to do some much needed introspection.

Two years ago at the Seoul Olympics, when Ben Johnson became known as the Stanazolol Kid, suspicious eyes were cast as strongly over the, sensuous maybe, but definitely overmuscled body of Florence Griffith Joyner. What did she eat. Bananas?

Flo Jo's profile in the mid eighties was as high as Panamanian marble players. Not a nobody, not a somebody, but just in between. In a remarkable transformation, prior to the Olympics, Flo Jo appeared with coloured toenails and running wear out of some outrageous designer house, as also with equally outrageous musculature. She wasn't running fast, she was flying. Now, Panamanian presidents would play marbles with her if asked too. In July 1988 she lowered the 100m record from 10.79 secs to 10.49 secs. Two months later in Seoul, she smashed the Olympic record. *LIFE* put her on its year-end cover, Flo Jo cried and retired. It's amazing how they haven't made a film on her. It's amazing how her retirement followed allegations of drug abuse. America asked some questions—but not enough.

Then came Larry Myricks, the world's second best long jumper. He was caught. He said he had had flu and had taken some substances inadvertently, and will appeal his life ban. So too will Reynolds and Barnes, both suspended for two years.

What irked was Barnes' immediate comment, that his suspension could lose him \$500,000. It gives the impression that money, as we all thought, is the issue and not morality.

Drug abuse is disgusting. Drug abuse by world record holders is even more damning. Somehow athletes appear to have a diminished responsibility every successive year—a responsibility to their fans, the sport, their

SUSPENSION STAYED

THE procedure for suspending an athlete for drug abuse is simple. In case of a positive finding which is based on results of two tests of the same urine sample, the IAAF (International Amateur Athletic Federation) instructs the concerned national federation to suspend the athlete, which is usually done at once.

However, America has a different system. Once the IAAF says an athlete has tested positive (which happened with Barnes and Reynolds) the athletes can appeal to the The Athletic Congress (TAC), the sport's national governing body, which can be a long, exhaustive process.

And America has already started arguing the case for Reynolds and Barnes. Richard Hollander, the chairman of the grants committee of TAC, has said that Barnes' urine sample was sealed in his presence, in violation of IAAF rules and that the control numbers

reputations. I mean we're talking about the best of the best here, world record holders. How could we expect lesser athletes to ignore the edge that drugs assure, when the people they aspire to beat are steroid junkies? Fortunately for America, their two best known athletes—Carl Lewis and Edwin Moses—are both drug free and have always demanded random testing. You may not like Lewis, but Lewis is clean. He has won 6 Olympic golds, yet ironically, it is his drug-free reputation that enhances his greatness. But now America must crusade against their own on two issues.

A) A two-year ban is like asking a child to stand in the corner. And we're not in school anymore. If athletics has to clean up its act, the offenders have to pay with their careers. If you fix the ledgers in your office and get caught, you get the sack. If athletes demand appearance money and justify it saying sport is their career, then the price for cheating must be the same. Sport is no longer a pastime but a business...but it should be a business with some principles.

B) After the Seoul fiasco, Ben Johnson's 100m record was, quite correctly, disregarded. There is pressure being applied to do the same with East German world record holders. By that logic, Barnes and Reynolds should be taken off the world record list. A counter argument could be that neither of the two tested positive at the respective meets where they registered their world records. But too bad, these men do not deserve to be recognised, in any manner, for whatever athletic prowess they have. They have no place in history except in the chapter on 'cheats'.

You think of men like Jim Thorpe and Jesse Owens, men from nowhere, who raced with horses, spoke with Kings, had little money but that wonderful integrity and quiet pride of being a great athlete. Then you look at these men today. How can you say Reynolds and Owens in the same breath? One gave sport its soul, the other loses that soul.

There was a time when fathers took their sons to a game on the weekend, so that the son could marvel at skill, gasp at physical prowess, shiver at manly aggression and have some substance for dreams. Today, he sees cynical violence on the soccer field, basketball players on cocaine, cheats as athletes.

What a way to grow up! ●

World record holders

Randy Barnes (shot put)

and Butch Reynolds

(400m) test positive

for banned substances.

When will the

cheating stop?



11TH HIMALAYAN RALLY

The Indian drivers finally got the opportunity to prove themselves as the foreign factory teams stayed away from the rally

MUTED conversations, suspicious glances at people entering the Centaur Hotel lobby, headquarters of the Himalayan Rally, and queries answered with just a few words, "We don't know, please come back tomorrow."

This sort of behaviour added fuel to the gossip that the chances of the rally taking place were very slim. A request to meet the chairman, Mr Nassir Hoosein was turned down because he was in a meeting. What meeting? An official

clarified, "He is trying to negotiate with the

student leaders of Himachal Pradesh because they have refused to let the rally pass through there."

Although in the Plains the major issues were Ayodhya and the Prime Minister having to prove his majority, up in the hills the primary concern was still the Mandal Commission's recommendations. The Himalayas were still resounding with the continuous, if not rather laboured, demands of the students.

The final decision was that all cars would pay the amounts demanded by the students, and also allow them to paste posters of their demands on the cars. Anything would do for the HRA, as long as the rally took place.

CHANGING TIMES

THE Himalayan Rally had started off as an endurance rally with both service and rally vehicles travelling together for seven days. A few years later there was a change in format when competitive sections were added on to make it seem more like a rally.

Service vehicles were only allowed into the transport sections and it was during these years that a lot of factory teams used the rally as a testing

ground for new vehicles. It was also during this period that the Himalayan Rally Association started gunning for international status. In 1989, when this was granted and the Himalayan Rally became a part of the newly formulated Asia-Pacific championship, that the format totally changed. From a seven-day endurance it became a four-day fast paced rally, with restricted night driving and added safety measures.

COMING

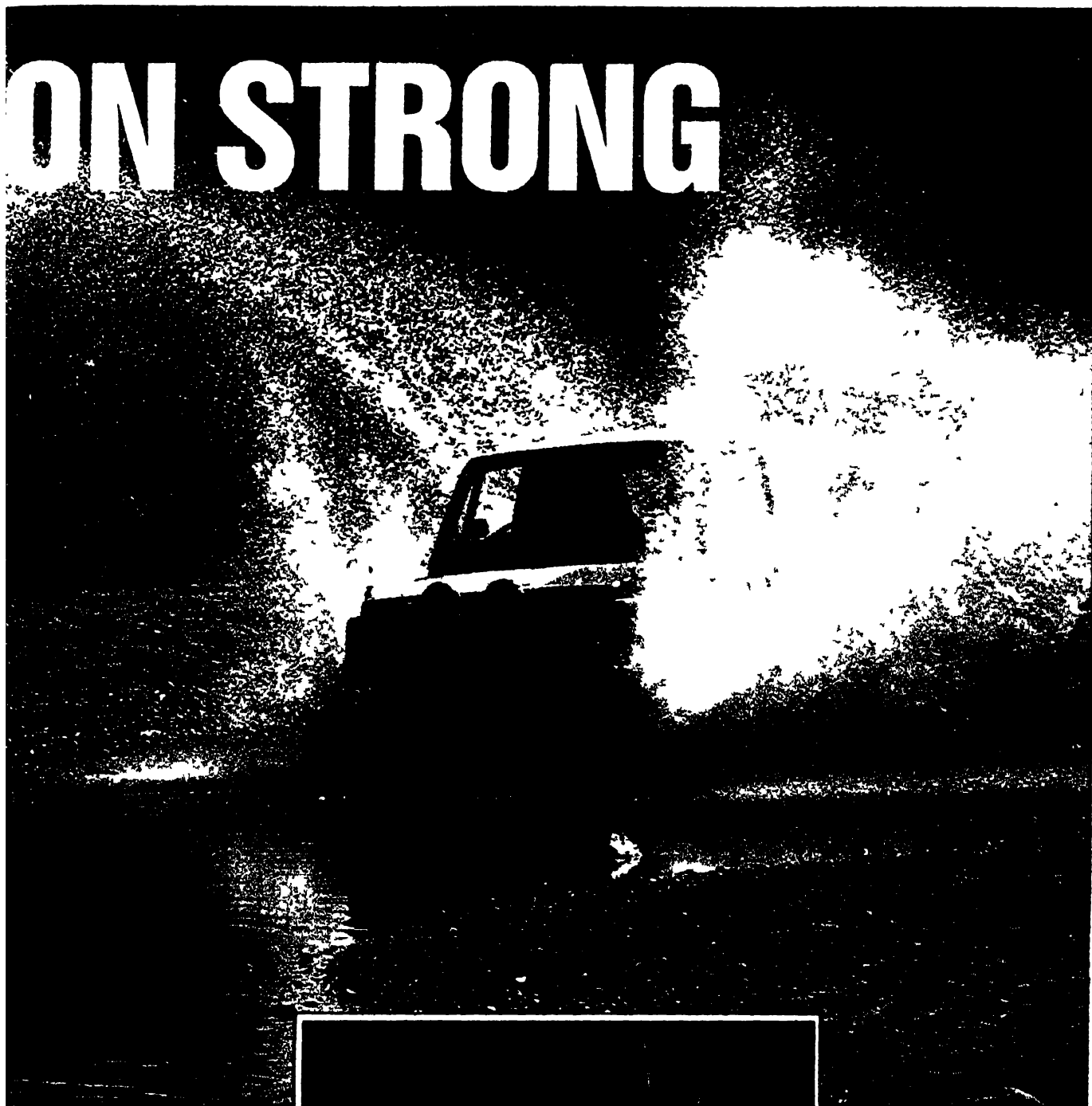
EMBOSSED on the logo of the Himalayan Rally, in small lettering, almost as an after thought, are the words 'A Challenge'. It does not need highlighting, because it is the ultimate test.

Only the brave

venture out into the unknown. Motorsport was never for the trepid and more so the rally. Even highly skilled drivers find themselves searching for courage at times of crisis.

But this challenge has lost some of its glamour, because the

ON STRONG

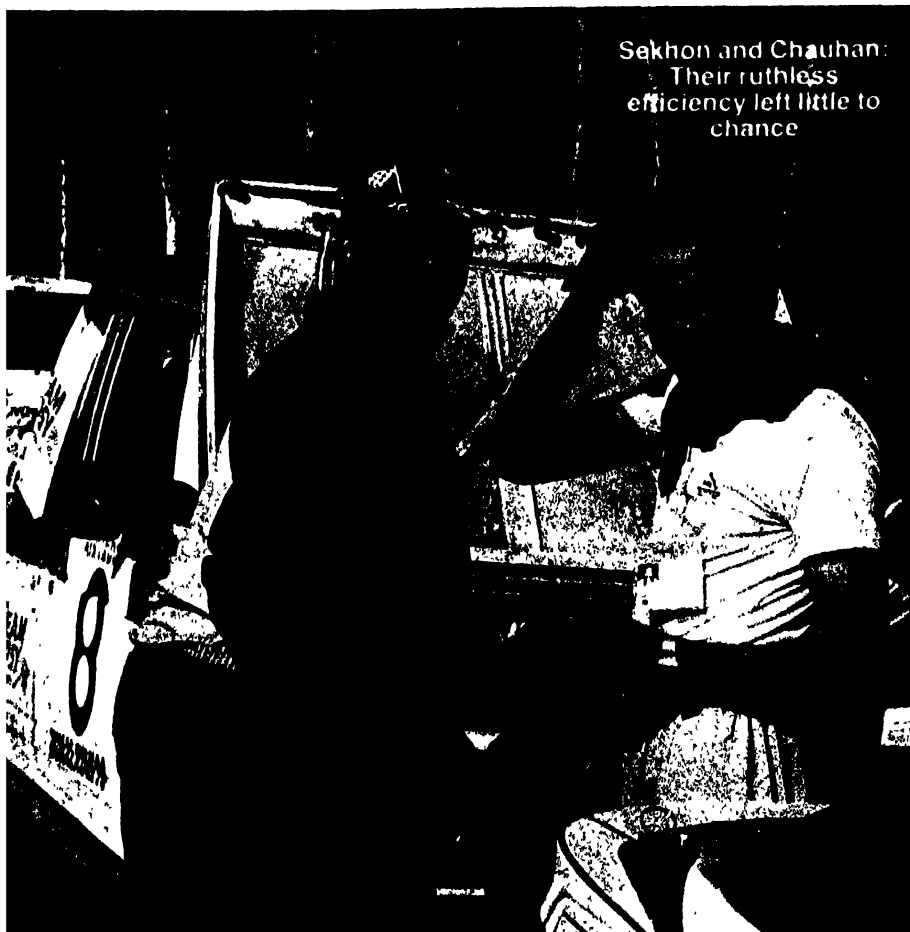


factory/works team which were a regular feature till last year backed out. Most of them, in earlier years, had seen what a rioting mob could do and first hand experience coupled with a bit of logic had meant 'stay away'. Those who had turned



up, more a case of while the cat's away the mice will play, were mediocre at best. But this jaded foreign line-up was at least to the advantage of the Indian drivers, who

Too fat or too hot to handle! Reithmuller stripped down for a bit of sun



Sekhon and Chauhan:
Their ruthless
efficiency left little to
chance

Rallying during a petrol crisis

A LOT of questions have been raised as to how the Himalayan Rally was allowed to be held when the petrol prices are sky rocketing and fuel is in short supply.

It all started with the Rally De Endurance being cancelled just a few days before it was flagged off. The Charminar Challenge has been postponed indefinitely. So if the national events are being put on hold why has the Himalayan Rally been given special treatment?

The answer is very simple. None of the national events are foreign exchange earners like the Himalayan Rally. Last year the Himalayan Rally earned approximately Rs. 75 lakhs in foreign exchange as compared to Rs. 3 lakhs spent on petrol.

This year the earnings might not be as high but at least the foreign exchange is coming in.

for years were just numbers on the result sheets. Finally this year, from just numbers they had become the challengers.

THE FOREIGN PERFORMANCE

They had come with the best cars, back up teams and tons of spares, but all this was wasted. Most of them were not prepared for some of the mountain roads, being more used to rallying on tarmac and maybe a little dirt, which tore the cars apart.

With the absence of big names like Shinozuka and Rod Millen, Flory Roothaert was expected to win, yet on the fourth competitive of the first day itself, his bid for

stardom died when his Lancia Delta Integrale 16V, known as the ultimate rallying machine, flipped over onto its roof after the right front tyre came off. Roothaert, usually so ebullient, was in a contemplative mood, sitting by his overturned dream, he said, "I don't know what happened."

The others who joined Roothaert in the

**Amidst the
flurry of
screeching
tyres and
whining engines
the Indians
brought their
own style to the
rally....**

non-finishers club that day were G. Hendrik in another Lancia, who dropped out because of electrical failure and Ronny Renders, whose Suzuki Swift, stalled with an over heated radiator.

On the second day Klaus Fritzinger, who had checked in first at the regrouping at Solan Breweries, couldn't make it to Shimla for the night halt when the turbo charger in his Toyota Celica GT4 developed a fault. By now the non-finishers club had an almost embarrassing membership.

Fritzinger's teammates, the Uhl brothers, who had been trailing in his dust cloud were suddenly propelled

into the lead. The next foreign car, the Gassner brothers in a Mitsubishi Starion, was half an hour behind the Uhl's Toyota Celica GT4. And filling in the places in-between, were the Indians.

Stefan and Michael Uhl stuck tenaciously to their lead and won the Himalayan Rally on debut. Jurgen Reithmuller and Patrick Weber came in third making it a good day for the Germans as well as for the Fritzinger Toyota Motorsports team. The next foreigners were way down at 10th position—the Gassners, having checked in early and thus incurring a 30 minutes penalty, were pushed down from seventh to the tenth.

THE INDIAN DOMINATION

As one of the Team Thunderbolt drivers said before the rally, "We'll just drive like hell this is the only chance we've got." And amidst the flurry of screeching tyres and whining engines the Indians brought their own style to the rally. As one of the Gassner brothers said, "You can see how well the local boys know the roads. You can tell this from the tyre marks on the road they leave behind. If you don't know the road 100 per cent you can't drive like that."

The way most of the Indians handle the mountain roads is much like a knee-jerk reaction. Yet they tend to be timid in towns and overtly rampant in the competitive sections, pushing aside slower vehicles. This can be very dangerous with cars bouncing in and out over some derelict ground and quite apart from that, most stages have sheer drops alongside, but since no-one's complaining, I presume that they like it like that. The more dangerous the better.

This is the motto of the new breed of drivers like those in Team Thunderbolt. They drove with devilish abandon, took chances only a fool would, and drank the night away—true warriors of the dirt roads!

The first Indian casualty took place 35 kms outside Delhi, when Shiv Adhaulya overturned his Ambassador and suffered a broken arm.



But the other team of Sharad Bhandari and Narinder Yadav in a Gypsy were not quite so lucky. They went off the road and fell 800 ft down a sheer drop just 80 kms

outside Shimla. With a lot of difficulty they were removed from the wreckage and Bhandari was immediately removed to Chandigarh, while Yadav was taken

Eat my dust. Fritzinger in his Toyota Celica comes in for a flying finish, leaving a trail of dust cloud in his wake

to a hospital in Shimla. Bhandari had sustained head injuries while Yadav had broken both legs and a few ribs.

The news of the Bhandari/Yadav accident had shaken most of the drivers and it was a very low-keyed and nervous group which started the next day. But there was good news for some who had started right at the tail—Hari Singh, for example, who was

THE TROUBLED YEARS

EVER since the Himalayan Rally Association chairman, Nassir Hoosein's idea took to the road, the Himalayan Rally has been plagued with trouble. Trouble coming in the form of politicians.

1980: With some of the best rallying teams in the world turning out all it needed was a few misguided politicians to mar the event. It started with a demonstration at the flag-off. At Agra the demonstrators assaulted the cars with sticks and stones. Most cars were damaged. This led to the route being shortened.

1984: Although Kenyan Jayant Shah created history by winning the Rally for the third successive year, his

achievements were forgotten when the rally was terminated at the second leg at Mussourie because the Prime Minister, Indira Gandhi was assassinated.

In the following years trouble was brewing in the Garwal region and finally the volcano erupted during the '88 rally. Uttarkhand supporters tried to stop the flag-off at Delhi. When this failed they resorted to throwing stones at the rally cars along the route. The rally was terminated at Ranikhet, taken in convoy to Mussourie and then restarted, but the damage had been done. Most of the foreigners never came back.

1990: Once again, a series of political turmoil which shook the country took its

toll on the rally. The anti-reservation agitation, although side-lined in the major cities, was still a big issue in the Himalayas of Himachal Pradesh. Only after hours of negotiation with student leaders the rally was allowed to go into Himachal.

The Great Desert Himalaya Raid was not held this year because the route was through 'politically disturbed' areas. In fact most people have presumed that this event might never be held again.

Therefore, the succession of events point out that the Himalayan Rally is in jeopardy. What is going to be done to protect the only international event that we can be proud of?

TIMING, A MAJOR ISSUE

APART from the usual organisational hassles which crop up when a major event is organised in India, there are a few minor problems which get overlooked, but over the years become major issues

This year's Himalayan Rally faced one of these problems regarding timings. Every year discrepancies in timings have been overlooked till some of the participants decided enough was enough. The field being tightly packed with Indian drivers, gunning for the top, this became a major issue. One of the entrants from Calcutta, Prashanta Paul and Adil Davar, were awarded 88 minutes in penalty points which did not tally with their own calculations. When the chairman of the HRA, Mr Nassir Hoosein was confronted he said, "I know there is a mistake, but right now I can't do anything about it."

This mistake meant that on the last day Paul/Davar would be the tail-enders and would have to move up at least twenty positions to come into the first fifteen positions in the Indian category, which was unfair because they were already there and all because of a computer error they were being pushed down to the end of the line.

Frustrated, they did not start on the last day and at the flag-in when Davar met Mr Hoosein once again, Mr Hoosein said, "Davar, congratulations you have done well." When he was informed that they had dropped out of the rally he exclaimed, "You were a fool. You should have finished the rally and we could have sorted out the problem here."

This was one of the few occasions during this rally that this happened. A comment made by one of the other drivers summed it up "The HRA is not bothered about our timings as long as the foreigners are happy."

It's about time the HRA took some action because problems like these could do a lot of damage to the event. But then isn't it our nature to make too much of foreigners while ignoring our own at the same time!

flagged off in the 78 position had moved into the 12th position at the end of Leg I

For some of the Indians the second day did not go the way they might have wanted it to. One sustained a broken rear axle, another a burst radiator and the third, trying to take a

short cut, went off the road. But Satnam Singh in a Nissan Jonga took the proverbial cake. He ran out of petrol. A very embarrassed man he refused to talk about it. I wasn't surprised.

Farah Wakil/Renuka Lalwani in a Gypsy were the only all-women team left in the fray for

Breathtaking scenery, but the participants had little time to look out and appreciate the beauty

the Coup Des Dames trophy. But the biggest disappointment was Nikhil Taneja/Sandeep Lal. Having won the rally twice in succession and (after the ban) aiming for a hat-trick, they steadily lost ground and moved downward while all the others moved up.

Last year's runner up in the Indian category, Koka Rao of the Indian Air Force also had to pull out of the rally on the third day because of gear-box failure.

Hard luck stories are plentiful in any rally, but the fate that befell Sushil Mehta is the worst that one can think of. Driving a Ford Sierra 4WD they were cruising along the transport section in the final leg when the car broke down. Their service team, not expecting any problems, had pushed off for the flag-in and were mortified when their car never turned up.

Out in front there was a different battle taking place, the fight for the first place. Sekhon and



Chauhan versus Farad Bathena and Farokh Commisariat

Sekhon and Chauhan both captains in the Indian Army and winners of last year's rally in the Indian section, don't travel the beaten path. They never have. Their style is not flashy and their attitude would put most tight-lipped men to shame. But if this makes one think they are staid, forget it. Their ruthless efficiency leaves very little chance for others.

The Indians tend to be overtly rampant in the competitive sections... This can be very dangerous with cars bouncing in and out over some derelict ground...but no one's complaining



to get past them once they are in the lead

On the other hand Farad Bathena has been one of the most inconsistent performers in the Himalayan Rally. He has won the National Driver's championship and is on his way to another title. He has changed navigators and tried every thing possible to win this event but till this year has had nothing to show for it. Although he couldn't beat the winning combination of

RESULTS

OVERALL

First Stefan and Michael Uhl, TOYOTA CELICA GT4, Germany
 Second Chauhan and Sekhon, Maruti Gypsy India
 Third Reithmuller and Weber Toyota Celica GT4, Germany
 Fourth Farad Bathena and Commisariat, Maruti Gypsy, India
 Fifth Jasdeep Singh and P Agarwal, Maruti Gypsy India

INDIAN

First Chauhan and Sekhon, Gypsy
 Second: Farad Bathena and F Commisariat, Gypsy
 Third Jasdeep Singh and P Agarwal, Gypsy
 Fourth. Hari Singh and Tony Gill, Gypsy
 Fifth Leelakrishnan and Jaykumar, Gypsy

PHOTOGRAPHS: KUMAR SKANDA

Sekhon and Chauhan he did manage to come in second in the Indian section. With the National award, there is another greater prize waiting for Sekhon and Chauhan next year. A fully paid trip to Germany to participate in the Hessen Rally with a rally prepared car being provided by the German organisers.

Finally the Indian drivers are getting their due. Shadows with no substance have finally taken the shape of men.



The Classic Asian Show Jumping and Horse Trials 1990

— AD 1 2000 1 2000 1 2000 —

No Show By India



INDIA fared dismally in the ITC-sponsored Classic Asian Show Jumping and Horse Trials meet at the

Harbaksh Singh stadium, Delhi. In the team-championship of the Show Jumping event, the Indian trio, Capt. Adhiraj Singh, Sub-inspector Sardara Ram and Major J.S. Ahluwalia were in with a medal chance till the end of Round B. Much was expected of them as India had won gold medals in both the team and individual events in the 1982 Delhi Asiad.

There are two rounds, Round A and B in a show jumping event. Course designer Colonel S.L. Reddy explained: "In Round A, there are 13 obstacles, with a maximum height of 1.20 metres and maximum width of 1.50 metres. In Round B, there are just ten jumps but they are all quality jumps. The rider who accumulates the least penalty points wins the individual event and in the team event the aggregate of

three riders is considered." Nine countries Iran, Thailand, Japan, Phillipines, Singapore, Hong Kong, South Korea, China and India participated.

At the end of Round A, Capt. Adhiraj Singh on Peter Pride had 13.25 points, Sardara Ram on World King 16.00 penalty points and Major J.S. Ahluwalia on Amadeus 26.75 penalty points. India had 53 points and were coming third behind Japan and Thailand. In Round B, Capt. Adhiraj Singh finished with 25.25 points and Sardara Ram had a creditable 12 penalty points only in Round B, to finish with 28 points. So India were in the medal hunt. Capt. Adhiraj Singh had said then: "A medal is expected in the team event, either a silver or bronze medal."

However, Major J.S. Ahluwalia flopped in Round B. He was eliminated with three penalties on the obstacles. So India got out of the reckoning in the team



... the rules of the championship led to a pool of 40 horses being offered to the riders. It would have been too expensive for the foreign riders to have got their own horses, so this arrangement was made

event. Major Ahluwalia is India's most experienced international rider and his elimination caused consternation and dismay amongst the large crowd in a festive mood at the Harbakh stadium.

Explaining his debacle, Major Ahluwalia said: "I had to ride Amadeus, a horse I have never ridden before. There was no co-ordination between me and my horse. Amadeus is used by lighter riders upto 48 kgs. I am used to riding

on Elixir. However, the rules of the championships led to a pool of 40 horses being offered to the riders. It would have been too expensive for the foreign riders to have got their own horses, so this arrangement was made. I was unlucky in the draw of lots and my horse Elixir which

excels in the show jumping went to Huh Jin Moo of Korea."

Elixir is obviously a good horse as rider Huh Jin Moo came fourth. Japan's trio of Yamashita, Tadayoshi Hayasi and Olympian Yoshihiro Nakono won the team championship with 36 penalty points. Thailand came second

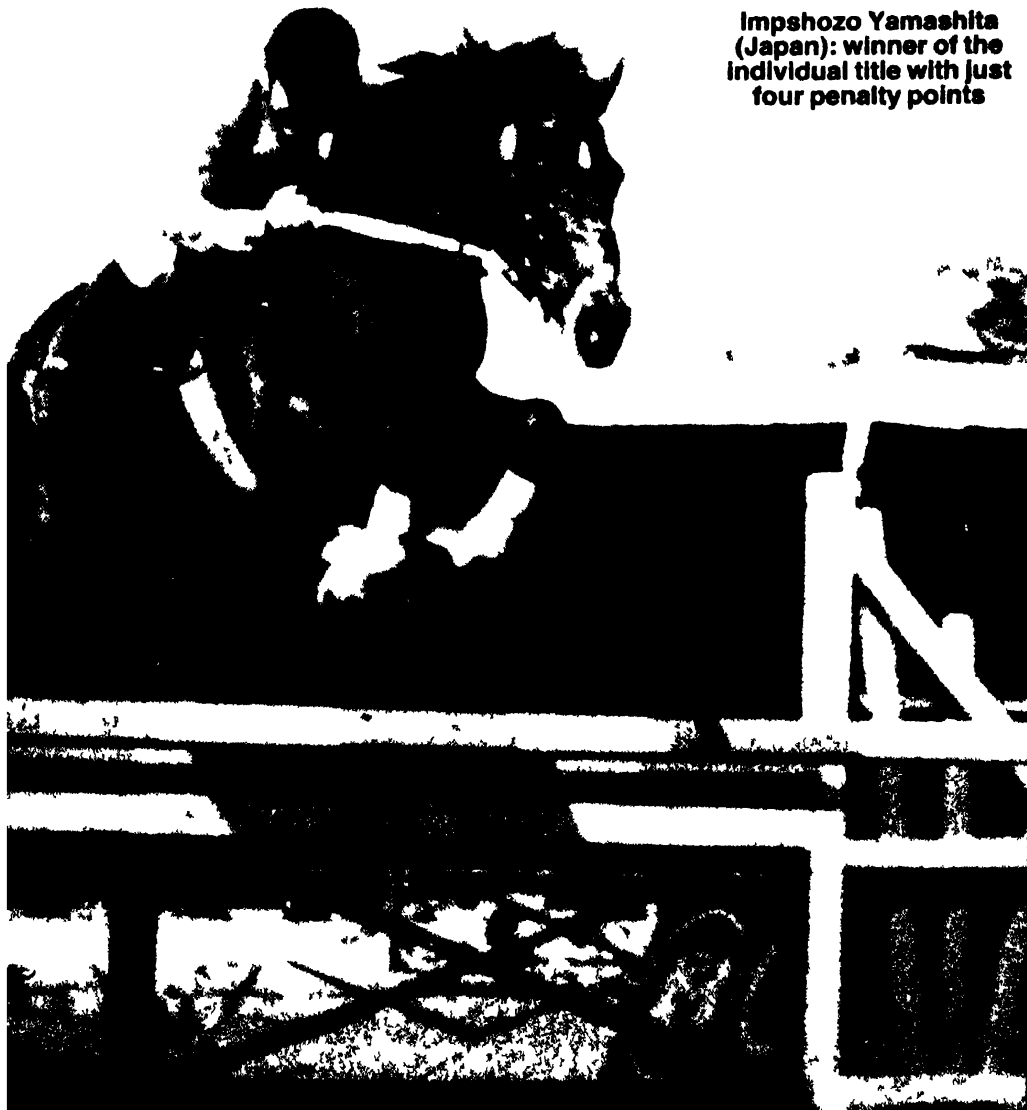
with 81.5 points and China third with 123.5 points.

In the draw of lots and lack of co-ordination between Ahluwalia and his horse Amadeus led to India's poor debacle in the Classic Asian Show Jumping competition. The other Indians were nowhere in the individual event. The individual event was won easily by Impshozo Yamashita of Japan, astride Sahazada. He had just four penalty points and in round B and was the first rider not to drop a single hurdle and have a clear round. This excellent horsemanship earned him tumultuous applause from the appreciative crowd. The other rider to have a clear round was Park Seung Su of South Korea. He came second in the individual event. The Philippines rider, J Ramon S. Anza (Jr.) came third.

Tent pegging with its displays of exuberance was a welcome sight in this competition. Sponsors ITC spent Rs. 6 lakhs on this meet and hoped to have Pakistan for the Tent Pegging. However, the troubled political climate led to Pakistan backing out. Ajmer Singh of the BSF astride Parvana won the event with 37 points. Captain N.S. Rajpurohit of ASC came second with 32.5 points. Rajpurohit astride Harrier regaled the crowd with piercing cries of "Yeah Yeah" everytime he successfully plucked a peg. Daffadar Makhan Singh on Shiela came third and amused the crowd with regimental war cries whilst riding.

Neeraj Khandia

Impshozo Yamashita (Japan): winner of the individual title with just four penalty points



CALCUTTA

Limca Book of Records

THE Limca Book of Records, 1991, was launched in Calcutta on November 8. The state's Sports Minister, Mr Subhas Chakraborty, released the book at a simple ceremony at a posh city hotel.

The book, edited by Ms Vijaya Bose, contains nearly 3,000 records updated till March 1991. Over 270 colour pictures in the 240-page hard-cover book gives the Indian version of the Guinness Book of Records an impressive look.

One-third of the latest book is devoted to sports. This section also includes such traditional games like kho kho and kabaddi.

Originally scheduled to be released in New Delhi before Diwali, the launching was postponed because of the anti-reservation stir there. Calcutta is the first major city where the book has been released.

Almost six months of hard labour has gone into this edition of the book, informed Ms Bose. Most records have been verified with Guinness and that lends almost foolproof authenticity to the book's contents.

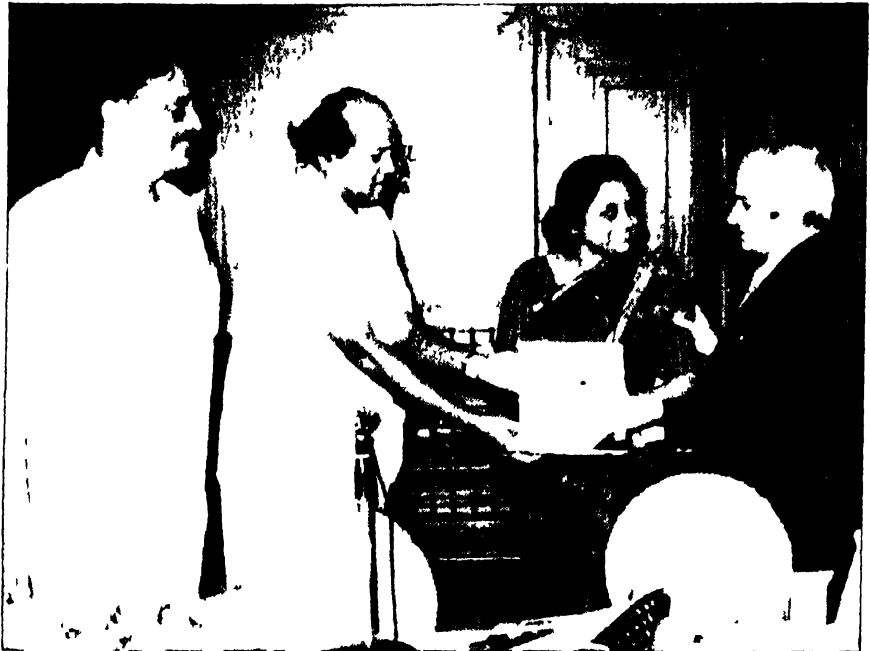
A paper-back edition of the Limca Book of Records 1991 is to hit the market soon.
Soumitra Bose

RAJKOT

Sudhakar Trophy

THE game of chess has a heartening following in Rajkot. You come across many a good player in schools as well as colleges. There has been a growing response to chess events taking place from time to time not only in the industrial capital of Saurashtra but in the whole of Gandhi's Gujarat for that matter.

The scene at Vidya Mandir recently was one of intense mental exercise for a little over a week.



Mr. Subhas Chakraborty, Minister for Sports, (second from left), releasing the Limca Book of Records. The compiler Mrs. Vijaya Bose is at centre while Parle Managing Director Ramesh Chauhan is at right.

On an array of tables and chairs, about seventy odd young men settled down to trade wits on the board with the occasion being the Sudhakar Trophy chess tournament.

The noticeable absence of Rakesh Jolly did take away some glamour but not the enthusiasm. In fact, the competition generated an overwhelming interest from the first day itself. And there were a few really fine performances, too.

It was all cakes and ale for Pankaj Jain as he wrested the title after overcoming initial sluggishness.

In the non-medallist category, Rajendrasinh Jadeja's display was magnificent. The fellow had eight victories in as many encounters. Jadeja did not commit a single blunder throughout his conquest march.

The smooth conduct of the tournament was largely due to tireless work of the organisers. They had to put off the idea of holding the championship for the

fairer sex also because the response was far from encouraging. And that was a big surprise.

Haresh Pandya

NAGPUR

State Basketball

BOMBAY regained supremacy in the five-day Maharashtra State Basketball Championship, which was organised by two local clubs here—Nutan Bharat Yuwak Sangh and Swastik Krida Mandal. While Bombay South West men retained the title, Bombay South-East ended Pune's monopoly in the women's section.

The women's final between Bombay South East and holders Pune was a thrilling affair which ultimately ended 88-71 in favour of Bombay-South East. Till 13 minutes to the close, fortunes fluctuated as both teams scored baskets alternatively. At half time the score card read 37-37.

In the second session, Bombay South-East who gradually increased the tempo widened the margin and three minutes from the final whistle, established a clear lead and walked away with the crown.

Pratibha Kumar, Celin Thomas, Radha, Elizabeth Joseph and Sonal Athale performed outstandingly, while Vaishali Pandit, Sharmishta Ranade and Kajal Shanbagh shone for Pune

Earlier, in the semi-final, Bombay South East drubbed their Central string by 59-19 points

Bombay South-West men prevailed over hosts Nagpur 55-38 to end the local challenge in the men's semi-finals. The final between Bombay South-West and Bombay Central failed to produce any excitement and the former won by 82-48 points. Mohd Saleem and Fazal Khan were the main scorers for the winners while Sudhir Mane and Manoj Tripathi succeeded in reducing the margin

Joseph Rao

MANGALORE

Inter-Circle Football

HOLDERS Madras Circle retained the title beating Bombay Circle 2-0 in the final of the State Bank of India's inter-circle football tournament held at Mangalore recently

In an even contest right winger Ashokan scored the first goal in the first half and left-winger Ricky Brown increased the margin in the second session for Madras

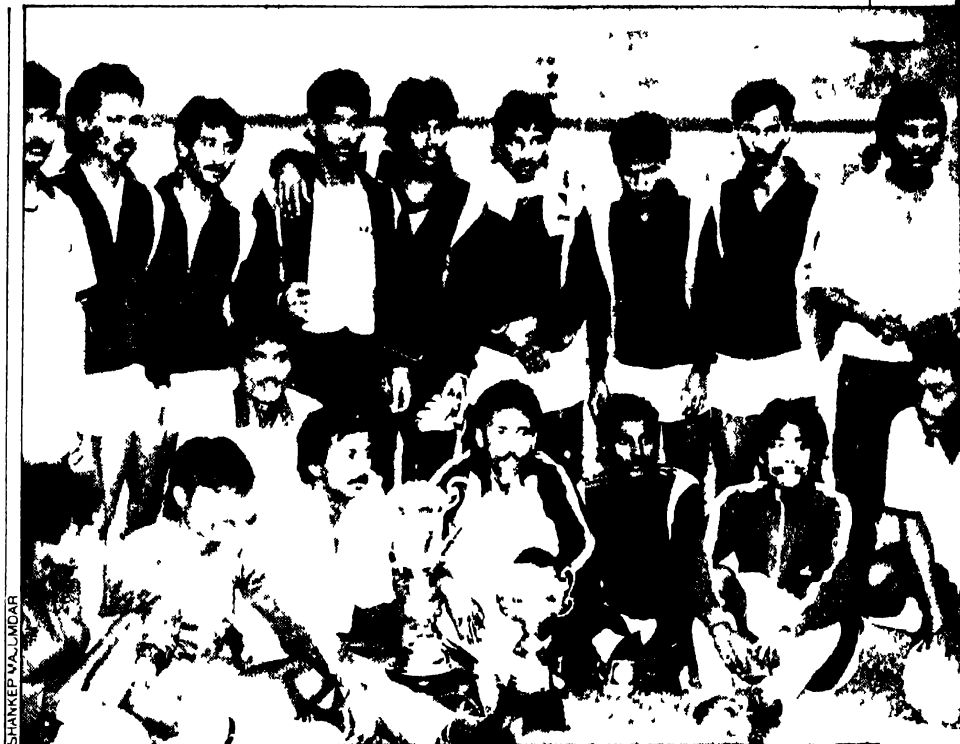
Earlier in the semi-finals, a competent Hyderabad team lost to Bombay 2-4 via the tie-breaker, while Madras beat Ahmedabad scoring twice

Bangalore, Bombay, Madras, Hyderabad, New Delhi, Ahmedabad, Lucknow, Bhopal, Bhubaneswar, Chandigarh, Patna and Gauhati circles participated in the national-level tournament. The Calcutta Circle was conspicuous by its absence

The tournament was organised on a league-cum-knockout basis, with pool matches to decide the quarter-finalists

Mr S K Amin, president of Dakshina Kannada Football Association gave away the prizes at the closing function

Michael R. Patrao



SHANKER VAJNDAR

Oil India with the Bordoloi Trophy

GUWAHATI

Bordoloi Trophy

OIL India Limited (OIL), Duhajan registered their maiden victory in the final of the Bordoloi Trophy when they beat Shillong XI (3-0)

Going by the performance of the two teams, the Shillong outfit had an edge over their rivals. In the semi-finals, they defeated Mizoram XI (2-0), while Oil India had to fight hard to beat Assam Rifles. They won 4-3 in the tie-breaker

The final, however, was a different story altogether. OIL dominated the proceedings from the word go and they scored three goals through Lucas Rava, while striker Sunil Boro scored the next two goals

This year's tourney was a disappointing one as most of the top teams did not take part and the standard of soccer that was displayed was mediocre

Shankar Majumdar

KOCHI

CUSAT Chess

MB MURALEEDHARAN of Nesamony Transport Corporation, Tamil Nadu won the third CUSAT Chess title with an unbeaten record

The tournament, with the prize money of Rs 3775, was jointly organised by Cochin University Chess Club and Cochin University Union. In all 80 players from Kerala, Tamil Nadu and Karnataka participated

Muraleedharan reached the top with 7.5 pts from six wins and three draws, took the trophy and cash prize of Rs 1000 in the nine round Swiss league competition held at Cochin University, Kochi. On the top board Muraleedharan was prevented from an outright victory in the last game in which he was forced to a draw against A N K Jose. Second and third places however were won by N A Abdul Majeed (7 pt) and A N K Jose (7 pt)

Prof Antony Issac, Principal, St Paul's College, Kochi gave away the cash prize and trophies

P. Venu Govinda Kumar

THE HEALTH COLUMN

FUNNY how healthy eating falls within the purview of this column

But healthy drinking? Now that would be a little too off the track. But come on, all of us are not desperate fitness maniacs who think a beer will ruin our figure or physique. So here's to your health. A few tips on healthy drinks. Here are some of the best tips we know for healthy drinking. Consider them something along the lines of a package insert for using what's fermented or distilled.

1. HAVE A SLOW HAND.

Many men end up drunk for the simple reason that they didn't give their first drink enough time to kick in before ordering up a second or third. It takes 20 to 30 minutes for alcohol to do its thing, so wait at least that long before having another.

2. ROTATE YOUR DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES. You really shouldn't drink seven days a week, even if you only have a beer or two a day. Daily drinkers can unknowingly build up a

tolerance to alcohol and may gradually increase intake to realize the feelings they used to experience on smaller doses.

3. AFTER THE BUZZ, CUT. The amount you can drink in an hour without getting smashed varies according to body weight, mood, what you've eaten and other factors. To make it simple, limiting yourself to one drink an hour, the rate at which most people metabolize alcohol, will help prevent you from becoming intoxicated. As researchers note, a drink is the equivalent of half an ounce of pure alcohol, the amount contained in one 12 ounce can of beer, a 1 ounce shot of 80 proof liquor or a 4 ounce glass of most wines.

4. BAD STUFF REALLY DOES HAPPEN IN THREES. Many alcoholism experts define moderate drinking as two or fewer drinks daily. Some research shows that at three drinks a day, the risk of alcohol-related problems—in particular, higher blood pressure and higher mortality rates—starts to rise.

5. AVOID THE 'GRAPE ESCAPE'.

Alcohol is not an antidepressant. If you've got the blues, booze will provoke only momentary relief that keeps you from tackling your problems, says Ethan Gorenstein, Ph.D., assistant professor of clinical psychology at Columbia University. Using alcohol as a cure is the first step toward making drinking a disease.

6. DON'T DRINK TO DE-STRESS. Rather than relieving stress, drinking can actually increase anxiety. If you're going through a particularly tough time, you should be having two drinks less per week. Researchers recommend drinking little or no alcohol on a day when you know you're going to face a stressful situation.

7. READ TOMORROW'S WEATHER FORECAST. The hotter it gets and more active you are under the sun, the more trouble alcohol can cause. Booze fast forwards dehydration. We stress to players that the night before a day game, they should limit alcohol consumption.

8. DON'T GUZZLE BEER TO QUENCH A THIRST. You've just worked out or finished a game. You've got a powerful thirst, and those beers are glistening in the sun. Wait. Do one thing at a time. Drink water to replace your sweat loss first. Beer is a lousy thirst-quencher in part because it inhibits the release of a hormone responsible for water retention. The result: frequent urination, leading to fluid loss rather than fluid

replacement. Not to mention the fact that you may inadvertently end up loaded and bloated on a few hundred unnecessary calories.

9. DRINK FROM A GLASS.

Pour your beer into a glass or mug to let some of the carbonation disperse. You won't get that bloated feeling as quickly as you will if you drink from the bottle.

10. DO NOT CHALLENGE A SUMO WRESTLER TO A DRINKING CONTEST.

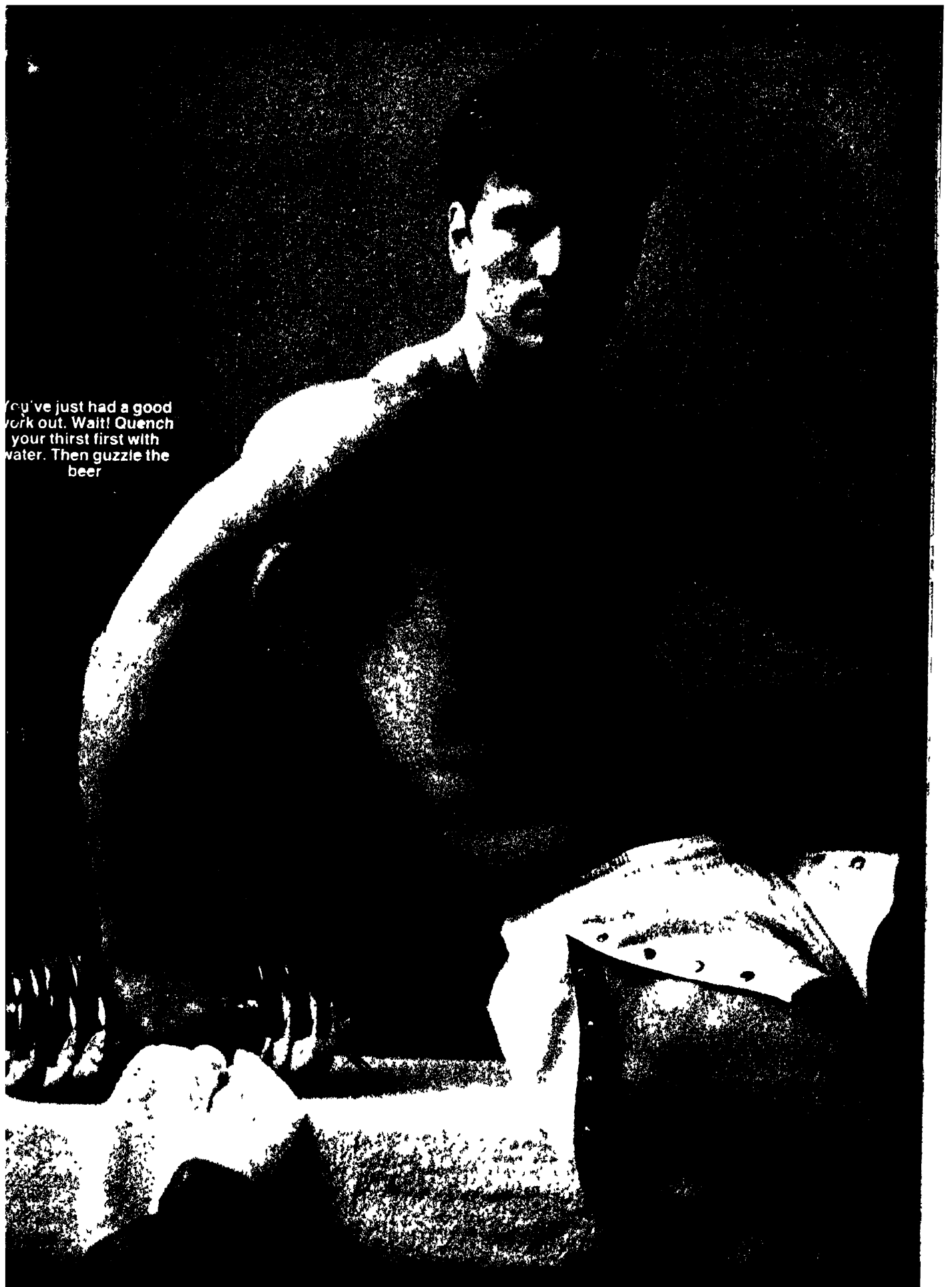
With few exceptions, there's no way a 150 pound drinker can go one on one with a 250 pound one and wake up the winner. So scale down your drinks. A 150 pound man can only handle about half as much alcohol as a 250 pounder can.

11. HAVE A COOL ONE, NOT A COLD ONE. The British and Europeans thrash us for drinking beer cold. There may be more than

Let's
drink to
your
health

snobbery involved. The closer to room temperature beer is, the better you can smell the malt, hops and yeast as you hoist it. Buy a good brand of beer and enjoy it on the room-temperature side of cold. About 45 to 50 degrees is ideal for most brands. ●

You've just had a good
work out. Wait! Quench
your thirst first with
water. Then guzzle the
beer



IME was just an year back, when opposing teams drew up special game plans and enemy defensive backs cringed in their cleats, whenever the red-liveried players of Real Madrid descended on the turf. But now, the club, which was *numero uno* in Spanish

soccer, has gone into a dizzy tailspin halfway through the current season. Lying third in the league championship, the club is in the process of total degeneration. It seems that the magic has gone out of Real Madrid, as internal strifes and constant bickerings have put on line the legend and the honour.

In a country where the game takes predominance over everything, Real Madrid has been like a holy shrine. But with the downward slide already in swing, things are looking gloomier with every passing match.

Many feel that the situation may not be as bleak as it appears to be. Real Madrid recently routed Austrian club Swarovski Tirol 9-1 in the second round, the first leg of the Champions Cup, raising hopes of a revival. But insiders say that it does not seem likely to stem for the present at least. With eight of the total 39 matches of the league gone, the club's future prospects look grim. The fact that they managed goalless draws against lowly ranked Logrones and Oviedo show the lack of penetration power afflicting Real this season.

Gone are the days when the club could win everything they wished, whenever they decided to do so. At one stage they had dominated the domestic soccer to such an extent that they won five consecutive championships, 1986 onwards. In fact the current crisis comes immediately after a glorious 1990 season when they won their fifth consecutive league title by a nine point margin, leaving the rest of the field eating dust. But this year their performance has been far from spectacular. In their last four outings, they have registered only one win, that too over Cadiz (2-1) and have scored just three goals.

How can a club which has players like Hugo Sanchez, Emilio Butragueno, Michel and Hagi falter in their relentless march to the top? Almost everyone is blaming ex-Liverpool star and Real Madrid manager John Toshack who admits, "In the last two games we have touched the rock bottom. In my 16 months at the club, this is the worst moment I have experienced." A majority of the fans say that aggressive Dutchman and ex-manager Leo Beenhakker's exit has depleted the club of its fire power. But then Beenhakker, too was constantly under fire for leaving defensive weaknesses, in a team totally committed to attack. However, he got the results, a luxury John Toshack cannot boast about.

Toshack is most likely to be replaced by Vjadin Boskav, the Yugoslav coach of Sampdoria but

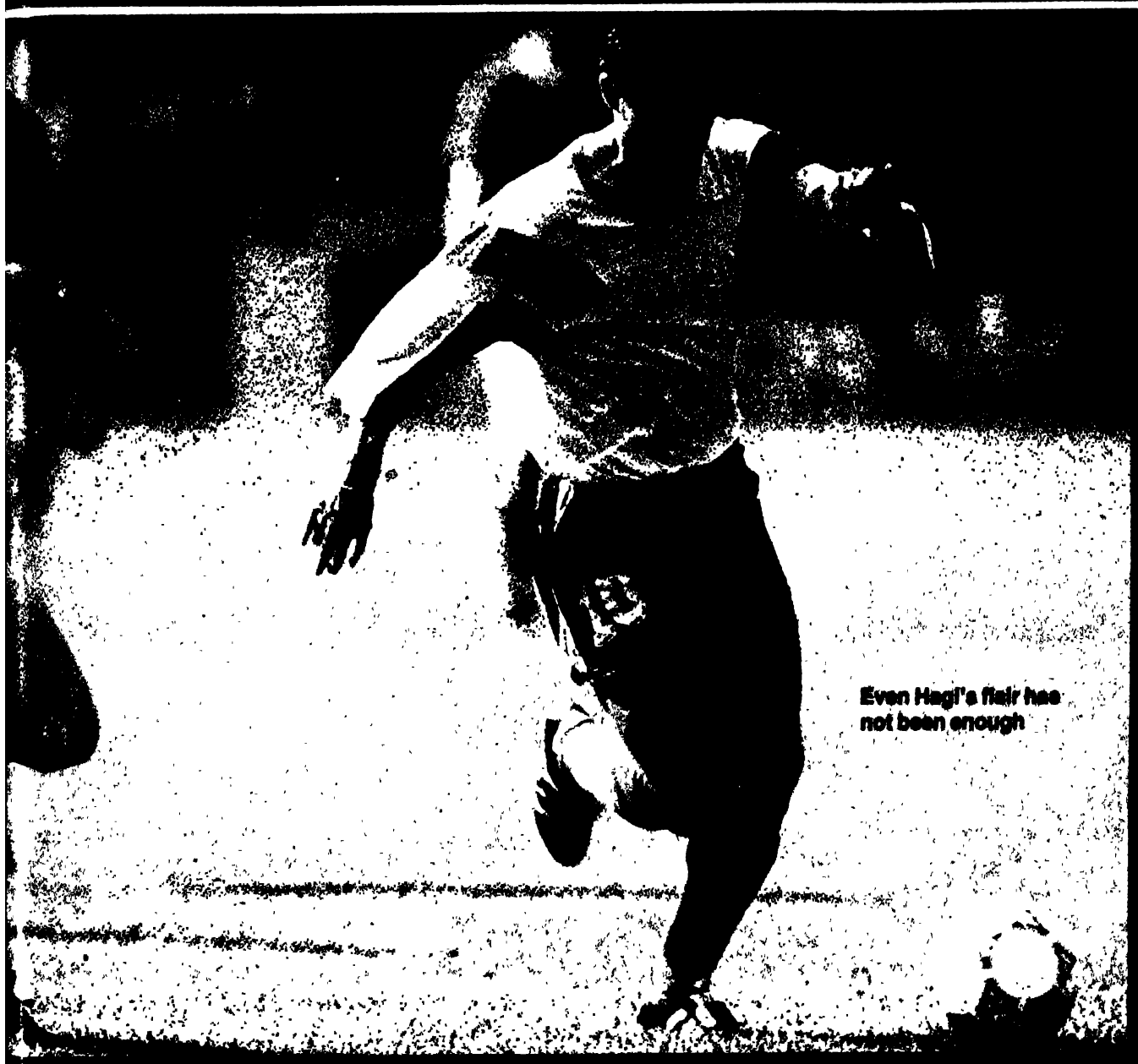
How can a club which has players like Hugo Sanchez, Emilio Butragueno, Michel and Hagi falter

R E



DO

AL MADRID



Even Hagi's flair has
not been enough

WINSLIDE!

Spain's most famous club cannot win despite a star cast



Butragueno, Michel, Manolo Sanchez and Vazquez (who has since left)

that will be possible only at the start of the next season. Meanwhile Vincente del Bosque, presently in charge of the club's reserve side is likely to takeover the mantle of caretaker manager.

Toshack's problems started the day he joined the club where a complete lack of dressing room discipline prevailed. His appointment was seen as a bad omen for the club when ace midfielder Rafael Martin Vazquez switched sides to Torino for \$6.5 million. A product of Real's highly successful youth scheme, 25-year-old Vazquez was the backbone of Madrid's mid-field. Last year, apart from defending the Madrid Zone, he scored 14 scintillating league goals. His is a loss the club is still smarting from and everyone is blaming Toshack for it.

Trouble began when Toshack rearranged the club tactics from aggression to a renewed stress on defence. The result has been three draws this season. This is in sharp contrast to last season when the team lost only two games out of 38, breaking Barcelona's record of 96 league goals by clocking a phenomenal 107-goal tally.

In fact before Toshack joined the club, Madrid had a very Spanish playing style specialising in the short, one-touch technique. Toshack on the other hand tried to incorporate both British and European ideologies, resulting in disaster. Rafael Cordillo says, "John's strategies were so new that we are having tough time adapting them. Last year we were scoring goals. This year it seems that we are only defending ours."

Founded in 1902, Real Madrid's dominance of

the domestic league shows in their 25 championships when compared to 10 of arch rivals, Barcelona. In 1920, Real Madrid was popularly known as Royal Madrid. It was in the late Fifties that the club gained the worldwide favourite status when they won the European Cup on five successive occasions. But then came a drought which seemed endless till 1955 when they won the UEFA cup and then retained it the next year.

The relentless march of Real Madrid was due to the quartet of Butragueno, Michel, Manolo Sanchez and Martin Vazquez, affectionately known as Quinta de Buitre or Butragueno's quartet. They formed not only the basis of the Madrid team but also the national side.

Technically speaking, Real Madrid was the only club which relied totally on its forward line and mid-field and yet emerged a victor. The philosophy of attack came in handy for the club in many tense situations. Despite the lack of a single ball winner in the midfield, the club had the most technically-sound midfield in Europe. The best attacking midfielder in Europe, Michel scored 14 goals in last year's championships.

The quartet's firepower and aggressive streak of former Dutch coach Leo Beenhakker were two factors responsible for the total dominance of Real Madrid on Spanish soccer. But despite his aggressive approach, Beenhakker was constantly under fire for leaving defensive weaknesses, in a team totally and wonderfully committed to attack. Beenhakker's contract expired in July and he was replaced by Britton.



The relentless march of Real Madrid before all this was due to the quartet of Butragueno, Michel, Manolo Sanchez and Martin Vazquez, known as Quinta de Buitre or Butragueno's quartet

John Toshack.

With the appointment of Toshack, Real Madrid's first British manager in 40 years, the club was expected to be injected with a new sense of dressing room discipline. Game watchers said it would mark the coming of age of the new young breed which would see Real Madrid once again rewrite the history books.

But that was not to be as midstream, Toshack changed the very tactics of the club without realising the psychological disadvantage he was putting the players to. The jerky roller coaster ride to failure had begun and Real Madrid quickly slipped to the third spot in the league table.

Alarmed at the downslide, club bosses have finally braced themselves up to firefighting readiness. The first step has been the dismissal of John Toshack. The second is the reintroduction

of the traditional attacking technique. And the third is a crackdown on the unruly dressing room squables.

However, the team bosses still squarely put the blame on the shoulders of John Toshack who they say was building up a team for European competitions. Initially his game plan paid off when Real romped home with the honours of the first two Champions Cup fixtures. But then the troubles surfaced. After losing to Milan last year in the European Cup eliminations, the manager demoralisingly voiced his doubts about his players' abilities invoking their instant wrath. What hurt them most was his comment that Real may be short on talent but not short of foul tempered players who tend to crumble when things were not going in their favour. There was a virtual mutiny and the players would settle for nothing less than his head.

Now with Toshack going, the club will revert back to relying heavily on its front line and midfield, launching an all out offensive. This philosophy of attack has come in handy for the club in many tense situations. Now that they have Hagi and Michel in the midfeild, their strike capacity is much more than what it was a couple of years back.

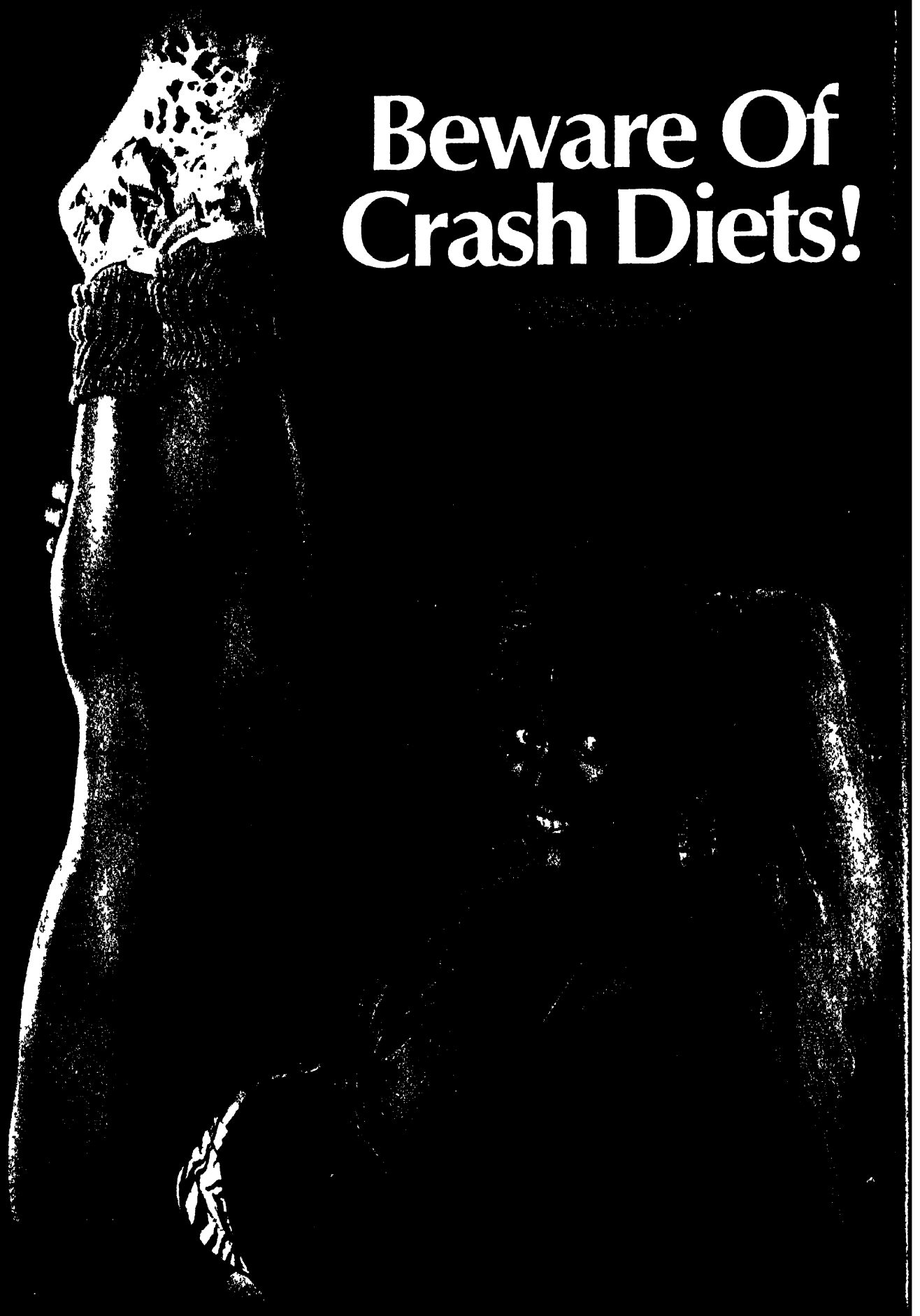
It will be hardly surprising to see Reals reds running amok on the turf once set free. And that will be the time when Madrid will once again live up to its sobriquet of being the soccer capital of the world.

—Edwin Burgess
—Newsmen Features

PHOTOGRAPHS: COLORSPORT

Beware Of Crash Diets!

by
JENNIFER L. HARRIS





TRYING to lose weight, are you? And you've got such a full day that there's just no time for exercising, right? So it's crash dieting that you're resorting to. Are we correct?

Well, we've got good news and bad news for you. The good news is that you aren't alone. There are thousands like you who are desperately trying to knock off the flab by just keeping their mouths shut. And the bad news is that you're all doing the wrong thing!

Look at what a leading medical expert has to say. "A major problem with the way people choose to diet is that too many individuals think of dieting as a matter of all-or-nothing. But when it comes to losing the maximum amount of bodyfat in the minimum time in the safest manner possible, this is not the proper way to go about it," says the president of the American Society of Bariatric Physicians.

And he's absolutely spot-on. To lose unwanted fat, you've gotta do more than just cement your chompers together. You've got to restrict caloric intake (yeah, diet, but not starve) or increase caloric expenditure by doing exercise. If you can combine both, even better.

But just shutting off the food supply to the

body is counterproductive. Not only don't you lose as much weight as you expect to, the effect on the metabolic processes of the body can be potentially devastating. Add to this, the common pitfall all dieters fall prey to—of eating the wrong type when they do eat a little.

If you're dieting to lose fat and maintain muscle, you've got to maintain a basic level of protein intake. Otherwise the lack of protein is going to tell on your lean muscle mass. You'll end up losing large amounts of fluid and muscle, and only a small amount of fat! So even if you end up looking slimmer, the fat's still there on your body.

And once you've gone off the diet, it's pretty tough to put the muscle back on. Whereas the body will automatically gain some weight once you revert to your old eating habits. So you end up lading on more fat onto your body. This is what the fitness world refers to as the yo-yo syndrome. Diet, lose muscle, eat, add fat, diet, lose muscle—you get the drift?

There is also the natural body metabolism that you have to combat. The human body is programmed to react to less food by slowing down in a bid to conserve whatever little energy it's producing. As John Lawder says on his book *The I*

N Diet: "In cases of severe caloric and nutrient deprivation, the pituitary, adrenal, thyroid axis shuts down and you go into a starvation mode with a very depressed metabolism. Everything slows down, so that you go into a relatively metabolic hypothyroid state. If this continues long enough, the hair can begin to fall out, the skin becomes dry, and the individual begins to show signs of becoming lethargic and fatigued. There is evidence of muscle wasting as the body begins to obtain more and more of its energy from its own lean body mass and increasing of the deficiencies that result from inadequate intake of vitamins and minerals. The kidneys are affected as well, since they depend on an appropriate level of nutrients. The adrenal glands are vulnerable, as are all the other glands. Often the thing that kills people who are starving is adrenal failure."

Now, while you try and unscramble all that medical jargon, let us try and simplify matters. It's very simple: actually shut off the nutrition and the body also pulls down the shutters. It's an automatic reflex. The secret therefore is to eat enough to keep the body's gears meshing and burn off more!

AS Australia at large basked in temperatures of at least 85 degrees, a wind from the Antarctic ensured that Perth alone shivered in the low 60s as England began the serious business of their tour.

Serious though it may have been, the temperature meant that we got a good glimpse of the full farce that is Australia's

freewheeling

for the team. The object of pyjamas is that the white ball shows up against them, but it being cold the England team emerged in their regular white sweaters.

overcoats or, in extreme cases, huddled together in blankets.

Just a few hundred people—not enough to cover the electricity bill for the six huge flood-

and when they were reduced to 57 for four it seemed the Invitation XI would not need to either.

Gooch defied the headline writers of both hemispheres by not getting out to Alderman, his destroyer, in the 1989 Ashes series. That was left to Larkins, who, in familiar fashion, went cheaply. It is pointless to dig up the he-should-never-have-come-anyway arguments, but a selection policy that did not give those more likely to play in the first-Test—like Atherton and Gower—an early sight of Alderman was questionable.

It was difficult to see why batting was made to look difficult—by both sides—for although the wicket had a greenish tinge the ball was bouncing regularly and not seaming around. Still, it was left to Russell and Lamb, with help from Lewis, to bring some respectability to the England score.

By mid-innings the ground was filling up a little and life came into the proceedings. There was excitement when Hemmings was given not out after an appeal for a run-out. All the stands had television monitors where spectators could watch action replays. As the replay showed Hemmings was in fact well out, the jeers echoed around much as they must have done at the Coliseum two millennia ago.

After dinner—for that was how, with no respect for the rules of polite society, the five o'clock interval was termed—the home innings began.

Simon Hoffer



day-night cricket in the pyjama-coloured gear the players must wear.

Apparently because of sponsorship negotiations, the proper spectators have not yet arrived.

It was reported that 5,000 people were present by this stage and about 4,000 of them must have been in the stands. Those who sat outside could be spotted in

lights which were later to be used—were at the WACA when play began at 1.45 p.m. England, put in by the home side, at least would not have to bat under the lights



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VOICES

"When I got 10,000 runs in Test cricket, about 20 to 30 felicitation functions were organised for me, whereas when Kapil Dev bagged 300 Test wickets, few functions were organised. He did not get his due."

GAVASKAR, on Kapil Dev



"I am not sure how they did it—whether they used their finger nails or sand paper I would not have been surprised if they used knives. They really mutilated one side of the ball and this made the ball swing about quite alarmingly."

IAN TAYLOR, the New Zealand manager, after the Pakistan tour.

"I lost control on the third or fourth stroke in a rally. I tested other rackets. But I feel at ease with my old one. Many claim that it's impossible to play tennis with wooden racquets nowadays. I know it's possible."

BORG, on the comeback trail, defends the use of wooden racquets.

"I am still at the crease, though the bowling has been pretty hostile of late. I can assure you there will be no ducking of bouncers, no stonewalling, no playing for time. The bowling's going to be hit at round the ground."

MARGARET THATCHER, in her inimitable style warns her opponents

"Of course Kasparov became great because he beat me. It is clear we are the two best players, the best of our time. Kasparov must adapt and develop his play for me, and I must do the same."

KARPOV on his greatest contemporary Kasparov

"The 'disguise' was pure freedom. I just want to have some normal experiences. I am addicted to life. I have told myself that I want to use the disguises as much as I can."

BECKER, after he hoodwinked fans and autograph hunters in Monte Carlo, wearing a black wig and dark glasses.



"Now it's between Steffi and Monica (Seles). It will be interesting, but I wish I was there creating havoc."

MARTINA NAVRATILOVA, after she pulled out of the \$3 million dollar Virginia Slims tournament

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16: The MRF World Cup Boxing in Bombay belonged almost exclusively to the magnificent Cubans With three golds and one silver, the Cubans proved once again that in amateur boxing they are untouchable The question is what makes them so good? Also the Indian challenge, Marvin Frazier, and a review of the tournament



Sportsworld

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This was the only sportsman to appear in a selection of photographs from 1990 magazine.



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COVER STORY

Known for being very erudite, India's opening batsman ARUN LAL talked to ANDY O'BRIEN on the eve of the Chandigarh Test against the Sri Lankans. The recalled batsman shoots straight from the lip in an exclusive talk



ARUN LAL

ONE MORE TIME

SPORTSWORLD In spite of the huge amount of runs you scored over the last domestic season, your recall to the Indian team has come as a surprise to a lot of people. Especially, considering the glut of batsmen in the country. How much of a surprise was it to you personally?

ARUN LAL Let's say that I was a little disappointed at not making it to the English tour and after that I was a little dejected. I wasn't expecting it. When I was playing in the Irani Trophy in Bangalore early this month, it

never once occurred to me, even after getting a hundred that I was in contention or that this would help. It never really entered my mind. In that sense it was some sort of a great comeback, even to my mind.

But why didn't it enter your mind?

Because if after last year's performance I didn't get a place, I thought that it would be almost impossible. In fact one of my friends asked me, 'Are you going to come back?' I

It's been a real rough ride. I mean you talk to some of the other cricketers and some of them in their weak moments might say that 'I'm beginning to hate the game'. It's that bad.



said 'I don't know how to, anymore'. If it's just performances—that's what I thought it was—well then it's not enough. So, I honestly felt that, I don't know how to anymore.

So you're saying that you had given up trying to get back into the Indian team? Absolutely. Absolutely. This year I was playing just for Bengal cricket.

How much did it upset you, to think that you've done almost everything there is to do but yet it wasn't happening?



happened this time. There's been only one first class game and here you are in the Indian team?

(Pause) Not a No idea Clearly it was just the weight of another performance, and another and at the end there was nothing more to do

But in your case it's always been another performance, but it hasn't really got you anywhere. Why the difference this time round?

Well, then this was it

Is the 'this' Irani trophy century?

Well could be, because again I was performing in front of all the five selectors

...And new selectors?

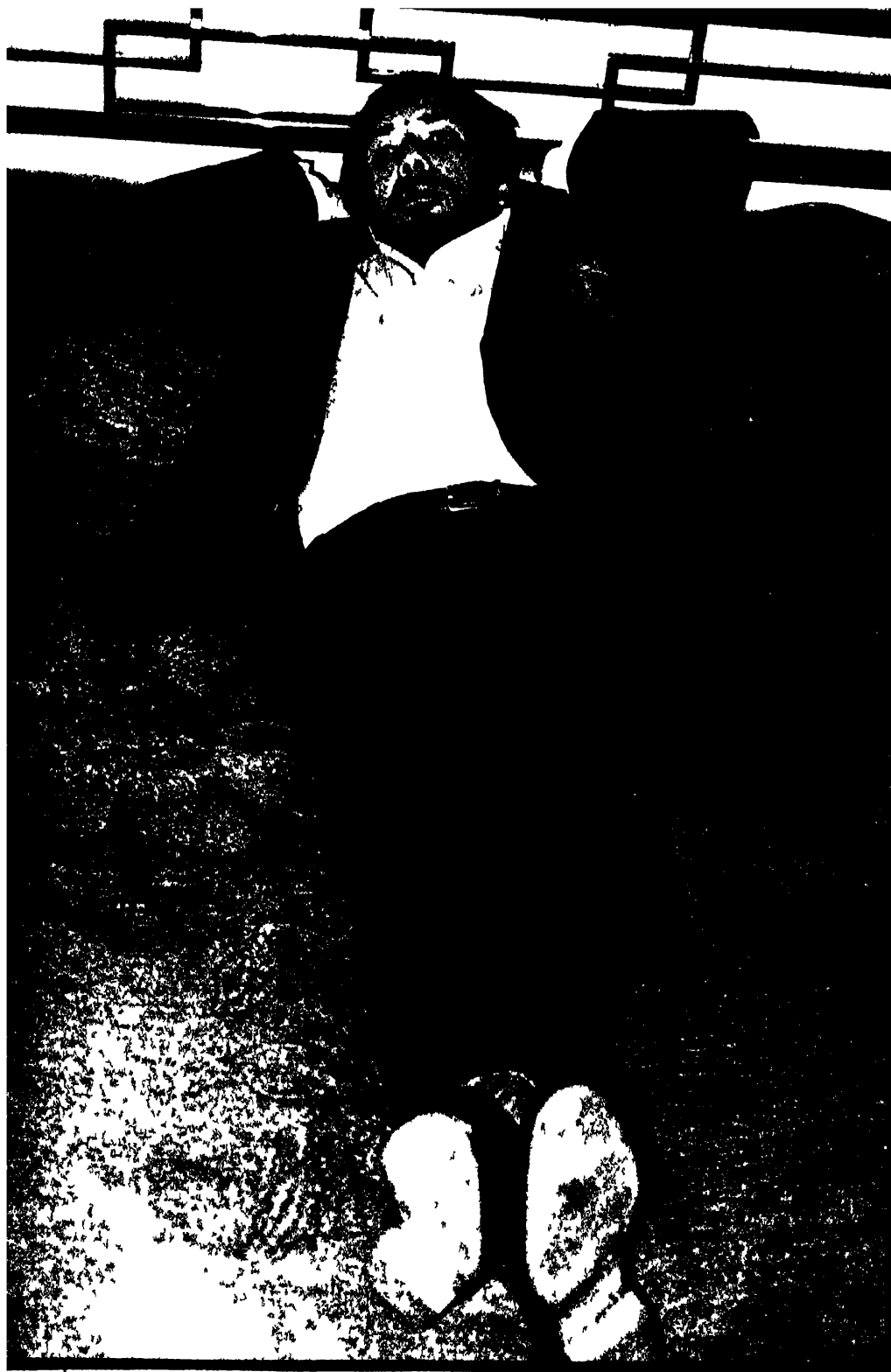
Yes And new selectors That could be one reason

What would you say are the reasons for your fluctuating career. 'In' and then 'out'.

Oh, yes, I was dejected I'm normally not the type who gets dejected at anything And I was, for about three-four days, thinking about it, whether its you know but after that I never bothered In fact, I almost came to a point where I was thinking whether it was worth playing the game anymore Because the ultimate motivation, is after all, playing for the country But then again some friends, some thoughts, pushed me again to playing just for the sake of Bengal cricket Because I have a lot to offer Bengal cricket And that is very dear to me

So it's not new to you that you've scored runs in domestic cricket and yet not been chosen. So what





More 'out' than 'in'?
I have been playing Test cricket since 1979 and now again playing in 1990. In these eleven years I've played 16 Tests, which works out to a Test and a half, every year. I wouldn't wish that on anybody.

Because over the eleven years, I have been consistently on trial. Throughout the eleven years I have had all kinds of tensions and pressures. Other than Mohinder Amarnath I don't know of anybody else who has had this

kind of a career. And what would I attribute it to, well firstly, my fault for not cashing in really strongly. That's one. Secondly, well, a little bit of bad timing. Every cricketer cannot be expected to perform at his peak throughout

his career. And if you don't get your chances at the right time, or when you are feeling up to it or when you are really confident then that's the only element of luck that I believe in, in cricket. It's not that the ball kept low or things like that. The thing is that you've got to get your chances at the right time. And unfortunately it didn't happen with me.

In 1979, I was the 12th man for six Tests and then dropped for four years. I don't know what I can attribute that to. I cannot understand how a player can be 12th man for an entire series and then not be considered for four

THAT's all, crap, yaar. (That he's a domestic run getter but cannot do well in international cricket). Face it, we play international bowlers even in the domestic scene. Then, if that were the case then the bowlers should be lucky that I am born in India and not in England, because if I was playing for England I would have been thrashing them in a Test match



years. So that had a great effect on me. And beyond that I could cite an example like the Pakistan Test in Calcutta. As far as I'm concerned, if I have scored a 120 odd runs in a Test match, I don't get dropped. Especially when I'm making a comeback!

But you were playing in place of someone else... Sunil Gavaskar?
That's immaterial. I select myself and now you select the rest ten, as far as I'm concerned. And not only that, just as I had got over the early jitters, had performed, found my feet, I just don't get a chance. Not in the rest of

A comeback is definitely higher pressure than a debut. And a second comeback even higher. The third even higher. Here I'm probably making my 12th.

ANYBODY who is considered good enough to play for the country cannot be shelved after one Test...If he can convince me in one Test that he's not good enough, then why select him in the first place.



the series, not in the one-dayers. Nothing!

Did you ever think that you were not capable?
Never. It still doesn't occur to me.

What about the opinion that Arun Lal is great in

domestic cricket but isn't capable of making it at the international level?

I'll say it again. I blame myself number one. More than 50 per cent of the blame is mine. But then there's also this weight of circumstance which I have explained

to you. And now let's see...

But what about you being a king in domestic cricket, but your flaws are not allowing you to succeed on the international scene?
That's all crap, yaar. Face it, we are playing





I almost came to a point where I was thinking whether it was worth playing the game anymore. Absolutely. (I had given up trying to get into the Indian team). This year I was playing just for Bengal cricket.



PHOTOGRAPHS: VITAL SOMVAR

international bowlers even in the domestic scene. I just played the Irani trophy against an almost-India attack. Did I not?

Yes.

Then, if that is the case then the bowlers should be lucky that I'm born in India and not in England, because if I was playing for England I would have been thrashing them in a Test match. So, I am playing international bowlers, am I not?

Maybe some of the flaws in

your batting can be taken advantage of by other international bowlers but not our bowlers?

So what you are saying is that our international bowlers are incapable of taking eh

No I'm not saying it. Are you?

Because I don't subscribe to that view that our bowlers are not international class that's why I'm not saying it. If that was the case and you believe that I'm only a domestic cricketer then what are our bowlers doing yaar for god's sake? And if I am so technically deficient that any other bowler in the world can take advantage of it then what are these guys here doing?

You've said that for eleven years you've been on trial. You go into the Test at Chandigarh on trial again. Are you aware of that?

(Laughs) yah. You see a comeback is definitely higher pressure than a debut. And a second comeback is even higher. The third even higher. Here I'm probably making a 12th

And this is just one Test. A one Test series. What do you think you should score if you need to be certain of being in for say the next Test?

A hundred. In fact that's what I want, that's what I've missed in my life. That's it.

If you had to be judged and if the selectors were to be fair, how much, how many Tests would you like. I mean two Tests or three Tests...?

Yes, definitely. Anybody who is considered good enough to play for the



country cannot be shelved after one Test. If you have selected a person then you've obviously thought that he's good enough. And you've seen maybe ten or fifteen innings by now. It wouldn't be right—and I'm not putting any pressure on any selectors or selection committee or the Board in any fashion. But if you ask me my opinion, yes. I wouldn't take a guy on for just one Test. If I was to select a person, to put him on trial just for one Test, then I wouldn't select him at all.

Because the kind of pressures it puts on him is unfair?

Not only that. If I was willing to select him only for one Test, I wouldn't select him because I wouldn't think he's good enough. Because, if he can convince me in that one Test that he's not good enough, then why select him in the first place. I

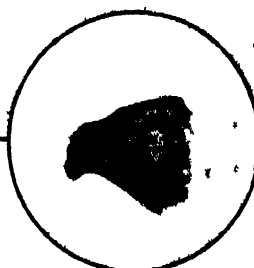
wouldn't select him.

Do you have any idea of your batting average in your last few Test innings?

I would say twenty, twenty odd.

Less than twenty! Does that justify you being in the team in the place of another player who has performed better?

YOU see there is no point in criticising an institution if you cannot give it an alternative. If I do not have an alternative in my mind then I think criticism is just for the heck of it



Now you know the reasons as to why I've given up: Arun Lal seems to tell Ayub

Definitely. Are you trying to say that tomorrow if Ben Johnson has three bad races he should never race again in his life? Is that what you're trying to say?

What I'm trying to say is that your scores haven't been enough at the Test level, so isn't it obvious for people to say that he's good only in domestic cricket? Absolutely. That's why I say the blame is mine. It doesn't mean that if a guy who hasn't done well will never ever get back again. So it (sighs) cricket is a strange game. You always hope to click, but if you don't, you don't. It does not mean that if you haven't performed you're a bad player.

You're making your 12th comeback and you don't have age on your side. So

what of the future?

I have said this again, and again and again Age should even in my mind be a criteria but not an obsession. If you have two players who are touch and go in quality, then the one who is younger gets in, he gets a little priority. The criteria should be performance, should be fitness, should be motivation, should be team spirit. Should be all those kinds of things which you look at, in a cricketer.

How emotional has this experience of being dropped, being frustrated been for you?

It's been a real rough ride. I mean, you talk to some of the other cricketers and some of them in their weak moments might say that 'I'm beginning to hate the game'. It's that bad. I've always said that there is more dejection in cricket than elation. And you just have to stick by it. It teaches you a lot and after some time when you can weather the rough and tumble a bit then you get to enjoy it as a game. With me it's a passion.

(At this point we were interrupted by a phone call from the BCCI President, Mr. Madhav Rao Scindia who called to wish Lal the best of luck)

You were talking about the frustrations of a career like your's. How do you keep re-motivating yourself through all this?

This is the ultimate. Playing for India. This is one thing that I have desperately wanted to succeed in, and I haven't



been able to, so I look at this as one more opportunity of putting my stamp on it. That should be enough, that is enough motivation. Because I don't want to live with the fact that I wouldn't like to, that whenever you are referred to, all your achievements are down-graded by the fact that...you know they say, 'Oh, he wasn't good enough'. This is one opportunity to erase that.

How would you like to be remembered then?

As a dedicated, honest,

hard trier

Has the frustration ever made you cry?

Never. Hum, well I almost came close to it once but that was early in my career.

Does it come to a stage when you become immune?

That's it. *Theek hai, nahin hai to nahin hai*, I'm quite used to it. And honestly if I wasn't in the team this time it would have been business as usual.

When I first spoke to you after you knew of your selection you spoke about

God. How much faith do you have in God when it comes to cricket?

I have great belief in God. In fact, I consider myself one of the luckiest fellows around. Sometimes I literally feel that I'm God's son. And nothing can go wrong.

Well, God obviously isn't too interested in his 'son' playing too much Test cricket?

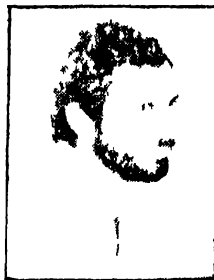
How do you explain so many runs otherwise. You know if you were to take my innings over the last two-three years and you were to take me as an example and say 'look this is a guy and



that's how he made it', I don't think very many would really attempt it. So I cannot be an example. At least I hope my career is not an example to others, because it would be a non-starter. Well it's almost impossible.

You consider yourself lucky because of the number of runs you scored in domestic cricket, but then luck doesn't get you anywhere, does it? Let me put it this way, Once before I had an interview with *Sportsworld*. That was my first Test. Okay-things have come

STOP PRESS



JUST WHEN ARUN LAL WAS SAVOURING HIS RECALL TO THE INDIAN TEAM FOR THE SRI LANKAN TEST, THE SELECTORS DECIDED TO DROP HIM FROM THE PLAYING XI TO MAKE WAY FOR ANOTHER BOWLER. LAL WILL BE THE LAST GUY TO OBJECT TO HIS EXCLUSION IF HE BELIEVES IT WILL WIN INDIA THE TEST. BUT DEEP DOWN HE MUST BE THINKING, "OH GOD, WHY ME AGAIN?"

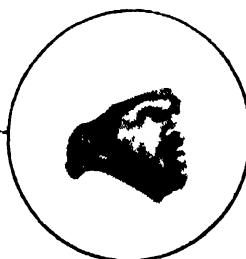
full circle, Sri Lanka again. That's when I was asked 'now that all your ambitions are realised how do you feel?' My answer was "my ambition is a happy and a meaningful life, and cricket is a part of that life and a way in which I hope to achieve it. It's not an end in itself. All

The people of Bengal have always stood by Arun Lal and have loved him

my ambitions would not have been realised even if I reached the top of cricket. 'What was misunderstood and what appeared in print was that my ambitions was not to play for India. That was a headline and definitely not what I had meant. Maybe I had not got my point across correctly. But cricket is a very major part of my life. But it's not all. And I have a life outside of it and I would like to think that I can make a success of it outside also. My ambitions is to have a happy, full, meaningful life.

Amidst all the reasons you have given about you not making it at the international level and not getting the right opportunities, you have left out one very important aspect of Arun Lal. The anti-establishment stance. Don't you think your views about so called 'player power' etc. jeopardised your career...not playing for India. I would like to believe not. But if it did then that's very sad commentary on people who can sit in judgement over people. Now that the selection committee has changed, the

YOU see, a cause is an end! A cause always has an end...I think that a players' association has something in its continuance. There is no end to it....



Board has new officials, maybe you could be more open about this. I mean it seemed more than just a coincidence that all the guys who troubled the establishment were punished in some way or the other in the long run. There's no point in being open because, I have no proof about it. No evidence to suggest. I told you. I would like to believe not. I would like to think that they actually felt that I didn't deserve it. Uh, but in case it's not, well then, it's very sad. It shouldn't be allowed to happen.

You have always been fighting for your place in the team and yet you somehow got roped in with the big fish in the banning issue. Where did Arun Lal fit into things in the company of say Kapil Dev, Azharuddin and the rest? How come, you got involved in that controversy? Don't ask me. But it's a vindication of sorts that I'm back in the team. So that's why probably I was clubbed amongst them.

I don't understand what

you're trying to say?

Well, what I felt was, like everybody else did that where do I fit in with the big boys? Now I say that's where I fit in! I fit in with them

And that's why you're back in the team?

Exactly

So you're saying that the break you had from Tests recently was because of your involvement in the banning controversy?

You know, in effect, I'm probably the only one who served the ban, yaar, because the ban was supposed to be till the end of the English tour (laughs) Isn't that a coincidence (laughs heartily)

The general opinion is 'why doesn't Arun Lal concentrate on his cricket rather than off-the-field politics.'

Oh, that reminds me There was another reporter who told me that 'you're off-the-field activities are regrettable' (laughs heartily)

What do you have to say about that?

What do I have to say about that Well if I was only so lucky yaar God knows, I don't know what you mean by off-the-field activities? I have a little off the field, I am in it?

So, this is a reference to your involvement in player-politics etc? What is politics?

Anything which has got an association at the end of it! Yeah (laughs) Well I don't think

Some on don't be naive about it.

I'm not being naive about it at all. I don't think of it like that at

all I said it before, I'll say it again I'll say it openly

What?

It's the way you look at things You know you could look at this (picks up the cigarette packet on the table) as a half empty packet and I could look at it as a half full packet I don't think of an association as politics I don't think of an association as whatever trade union No I think that as cricketers we have a lot to contribute

Yes, but why does it seem only Arun Lal is involved while the rest of the guys seem to have washed their hands off the fight

Yaar, there's somebody who has got to do it I'm the secretary Tomorrow if you or somebody else

becomes the secretary then they have to be bothered I have a responsibility to keep We have over 200 members I have a responsibility towards them

But you seem to be the only one bothered about the responsibility and in the bargain sticking your neck out for that.

Well, then cheers to me



You have a cause now which you are fighting for...

No, no

Well working on?

No, no, I don't have a cause

The AIC has...

Still not It's an idea It's not a cause And I think it's a very very honest, straight forward very logical idea which we are pursuing And I have always wanted

Arun Lal vs The CAB

My equation with him (Mr. Jagmohan Dalmiya)...we have had a lot of disagreements in the past and maybe that has put him off. But from my side, there is absolutely no problem

SPWD: What is your equation with the Cricket Association of Bengal (CAB)? You are considered the backbone of Bengal cricket, yet you're not exactly in the best of books with the administration. A strange situation?

LAL: Listen, I'll answer that very squarely. My loyalty is to my state. To its people and to my team, and to cricket. That's where my loyalties begin and end. My view of

cricket is that we are the cricketers and there is an administration that runs the game. The administration is there to see that the game flourishes, and the players flourish. To make sure that all the facilities are there, and that the impediments to cricket are narrowed down. That's how I view it. Now if everybody is out to help me how can I be scared of that? But hasn't it come to a

stage where everybody is not out to help you?

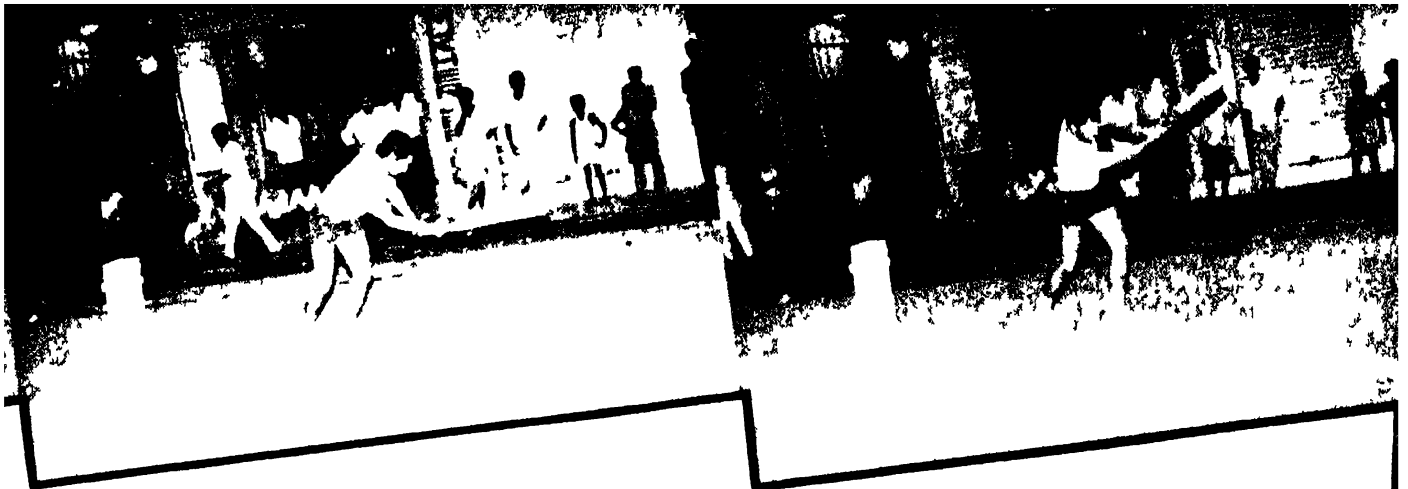
To me it's irrelevant. Today if you are not out to help me, that's your problem. Fine, I'm not going to fashion my life on what you want me to be, or what he wants me to be or what everybody else wants me to be. I'm living my life the way I want to live it.

Let's put it more directly. What would you say if there were actually people in the State cricket organisation who instead of trying to promote Arun Lal at the national level are actually sabotaging his chances?

If that is the case, then that is highly regrettable. But do you think that is the case?

I don't know. I have no evidence.

But you will agree that



to why I told you I was lucky is I consider luck as being able to lead your life the way you want to. And not the way other people want you to lead it. Now if you are in that envious situation where you are given the opportunity to be able to lead your life the way you want to that's what I call luck.

Okay you have the ideas

Since that's the word you prefer. But the ideas give you a cause right? Now if those ideas are taken away (interrupts)-You see a cause you are saying is an end! A cause always has an end. If I'm following this as a cause then Independence of India is a cause. It's got some sort of an end. I think that a player's association has something in its

continuance. There is no end to it. A cause ends with something achieved. I think the association has got to be here to stay. I think it's got to contribute and it's an integral part of the game. It's not a cause

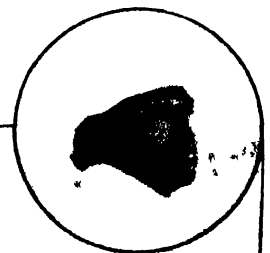
Let's put it this way. With the change in the Board-which has brought about a significant change in attitude towards the players-it's more sympathetic. If they give in to some of your demands. (interrupts)-Again ideas

Oh sorry, your ideas. If they give into some of your demands, wouldn't that sort of nullify some of your importance. If your ideas are accepted and given into then there are no more ideas to continue with?

Not at all. You know there was an article recently in your magazine, that said something like 'Perestroika and the Board'. And it kept referring throughout, to the Players association being 'phased out'. It said people would like to see it phased out, there's no need for it anymore because of the benevolence of so and so and so and so. I think that's all wrong. I'm not

Arun Lal taking time out to play night cricket in Calcutta

here to be phased out and I'm not here to be ushered in either. As a cricketer I'm here to stay and after me another



I'm probably the only one who served the ban, yaar. Because the ban was till the end of the English tour. Isn't that a coincidence?

cricketer and after him another and so on. And we would like to contribute to the game

So you don't see a new policy of 'appeasement' by the Board towards the players? No, not at all. It should not be looked at like that. I don't think anybody is looking at it like that, other than the press.

On the same topic, do you think part of the reason to

your relationship with the CAB has undergone change?

See, the CAB is such a large organisation. Ah, Mr. Jagmohan Dalmiya (who also happens to be the new secretary of the BCCI). Well, my equation with him as far as (long pause) We have had a lot of disagreements in the past and maybe that has put him off. But from my side there is absolutely no problem. If tomorrow there is some point that I would agree with I would say. 'Yes, sir I agree,' and tomorrow again if there is again something I disagree with, I will say 'No sir I disagree.'

So it's very important for you to be your own man. You're not going to make concessions?

Well, okay, okay.

Is that it?

Absolutely

You go by your own terms.

Not by my own terms

By what I think is right

You won't go beyond performance to get into the team?

Exactly

Is that the reason why you've played 16 Tests in eleven years?

I don't know. I consider myself very fortunate having played 16 Tests.

There are people on the other hand, who would be probably just as talented, just as motivated, just as dedicated, the lot. But they don't make it. On the other hand there are people who are not as talented or dedicated but who make it?

That's it. Well, cheers to them.

Andy O'Brien

bring Arun Lal back into the Indian team is to 'appease' him so that he keeps his anti-establishment mouth shut?

Are you crazy I think that's crazy That's hogwash (pause) It never occurred to me like that I've got to give it a thought (Laughs)

'you' the sole responsibility to contribute to cricket Like nobody has given me the sole responsibility to contribute

Let's put it this way. The previous Board did not appear to be too receptive to

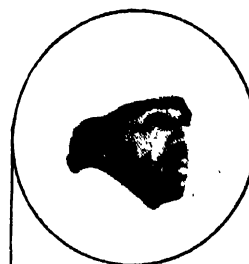
our Association in the minds of the public, in the minds of the Press and the Board But that has to change and it's changing We're not an association demanding money, yaar for God's sake!

Then what are you

world

Do you see your recall as a call for a ceasefire between the anti-establishment Arun Lal and the Board?

I think that's mirepresenting facts I think that it's misconstrued in the minds of the people



WELL, what I felt was, like everybody else did, that where do I fit in with the big boys? Now I say that's where I fit in! I fit in with them!

Who's to blame for it, I don't know!

And it upsets you?

Absolutely Absolutely. I cannot get across the fact to people that these kind of ideas or this kind of misconception will always happen if there are unilateral decisions taken and discussions not entered into You will always give a shape of confrontation if you refuse to talk to me. But if we talk we can convince each other All that I am saying is 'this is one idea sir, you tell me why it's not feasible. And if you do—come on, after all we're all human beings —we are all amenable to logic and to fact.

You think you can come out as strongly about your ideas and principles now that you



One of the few moments of glory in Arun Lal's career: holding aloft the Charminar Challenge Trophy with Ravi Shastri

But do you see less confrontation than before? It's not a confrontational situation at all. Like I say, nobody has given

the way you guys were going about things?

I've said it before that maybe it was...more than partly our fault, that in the way we did make some mistake to begin with.

What mistakes?

In the way, the fashion, in which we represented

demanding?

We are contributing with ideas. Unless you provide a big push to domestic cricket...provide some semblance of a career to the domestic cricketer we are not going to have talent. We are not going to be able to compete with the rest of the

are in the Indian team?

Sure, it's got nothing to do with that. And isn't it a vindication that I'm back? The entire thing has been vindicated by the fact that I'm back. There is nothing to fear, yaar. Cricketers don't have to fear anything.

Not even the officials.

No, not even them. Least of all the officials. Least of all the officials.

Do you see yourself in the Indian team if there was no change of hierarchy in the Board?

Why not?

Yes, ideally it should be 'why not?' But do you think that would have happened? It may have. It may have.

You were performing at the domestic level. At the same time you had assumed the role which appeared anti-establishment, though you might not think so. So it was natural to think that this confrontation was keeping you out of the team?

You see that makes very little sense because the selection committee is not judging my ideas, my thoughts or my inclinations or leanings.

But that's if the Selection Committee isn't in a position where it is dictated to by the Board.

It must never be.

Do you think it was?

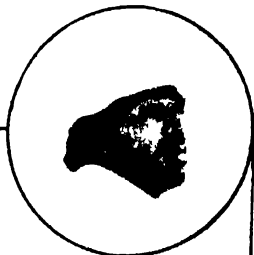
I er er (pause) I wouldn't like to believe so!

Are you soft-peddling your answer just because now you're back in the Indian team?

(laughs) You pull out an interview six months ago and I've said more or less the same thing. I've

always maintained that if it's like this, as you say, then it's very wrong and should not be allowed to happen.

But perhaps you would have answered some of my questions differently—more forcefully—had you not been in the Indian team now? You



I HAVE a belief which I have acquired over my 35 years of existence. That life is to be lead like this. I have acquired it by the force of environment. That may not be your idea, but if you are in a position of strength and I have to agree with you if I want a promotion in my job, I wouldn't...

know blasted your mouth off more?

By your logic I should then have blasted my mouth off six months ago, since I didn't know I was going to be back. But where have I? Where have I even in the height of confrontation said anything against the selectors, blasted my mouth off?

It's not the selectors but the establishment....?

You see there's no point in criticising an institution if you cannot give it an alternative. If I

do not have an alternative in my mind then I think criticism is just for the heck of it.

How come there have been instances when people have thought that you and others actually thought you had an alternative?

Are you referring to the

cricketer was attempting to form another association team to represent Bengal in the Ranji Trophy?

I'm referring to many such

C'mon give me a break, Arun Lal seems to be saying



The Statesman article (The article appeared on Nov 8 two days after Lal had saved Ranji Trophy champions, Bengal from a humiliation at the hands of the Rest of India at Bangalore. It said that a senior Bengal

examples?

No, you answer me!

My question refers to many such examples!

You answer my question. Are you referring to *The Statesman* article?

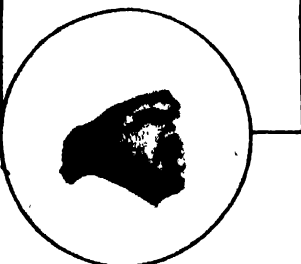


Maninder's back is given a helping hand by Arun Lal

As one example, yes, I am. Well, the less said about it the better. It's best buried and dead

Considering you had just come back having staked your claim to the Indian team, don't you think the timing of the article was

I'M not here to be phased out, and I'm not here to be ushered in either. As a cricketer I'm here to stay and after me another cricketer and after him another and so on...



incredible.

Incredible It really was incredible

But how come it's always Arun Lal who gets involved in such controversies? When you talk about anti-establishment, the first name you think of is Arun Lal. In spite of the bad press etc, that he has got we don't talk about Ravi Shastri or someone else. Why Arun Lal? He's (Shastri) his own man, yaar.

Yes, that's it. Why don't you stick to being your own man? I'm not comparing with individuals, but you know I just live and do and follow what I believe in and that is not going to be coloured by the fact that suppose today...let me explain it Suppose today, I believe in a certain...oh God how do I explain it...(long pause, during which his wife says 'it doesn't matter, it can't get any worse').

Ok suppose tomorrow I have a belief which I have acquired over my



Arun Lal imparts some technical knowledge to Vengsarkar and party

35 years of existence. That life is to be led like this. I have acquired it by the force of environment. That may not be your idea. But if you are in a position of strength and I have to agree with you if I want a promotion in my job, I wouldn't.

Because 35 years has taught me something. It

may not be right, yaar. I'm not saying I'm right. But it is what I believe in. I have never said that it is right and you are wrong.

Even the great Sunil Gavaskar had his principles which he fought for. He fought against the system and the establishment. But even he could not win. Does Arun Lal think he can do better?

Time will tell. I mean I'm not trying to win anything. I'm not trying



to achieve a goal...an end. I think it's an idea which has to stay. One Kapil Dev alone may not amount to much. But Kapil Dev along with another 200 cricketers can achieve a lot. We have a responsibility to this land we live in.

You say you have a life outside cricket so it won't be the end of the world. Now did this attitude grow because of the nature of your career, or was it something you always felt.

No, this happened from the beginning. For a time I was under the mistaken notion that I would be able to make a success of it in cricket as well as in the commercial world, an administrative post. Maybe it was some sort of a trip. I tried to get a job underplaying my cricket and there were times when I did not get a job because of my cricket. Cricket was a negative point because a

lot of companies said 'what are we going to do with you as a cricketer, we can't even tell you to stop playing because that reflects poorly on the company' So till very recently—two or three years—I thought I could make a success of both. But now I feel with the level of competition, the kind of time it requires, it's so all consuming, that it's almost impossible. I had a huge economics

degree and I thought I could make it to the top of both cricket and a job. Maybe it was an ego trip. **One last question. Would you give up your cricket career for what you believe in?** I don't think...I never thought it necessary to give up anything for it. I don't think there is a need to sacrifice at all. It's complimentary.

But what if you had to? The choice is in your mind not in mine. ●

CUBAN ART

THE Cubans have absolutely no bloody idea what problems they cause by being such good boxers. Naaah, not good boxers, let's make that beautiful boxers, beautiful as in a panther who quiets an entire jungle in trepidation and respect when his sleek body rises for a hunt. There is an earthy, deathly aura surrounding them.

But back to the problem. I even contemplated scribbling a letter of protest to Fidel (an outstanding athlete in his youth) yet somehow I doubt the cigar-chomping Castro is interested in my whining.

Are the Cubans hot boxers? Does the Pope pray? Yes to both questions. The third question is the problem: what makes them so hot? (At least we know why the Pope prays.) No point asking the Cubans, because by the time they string together their sentences in Havana-alley English we would have gone through three Prime Ministers.

COACH Alcides Segara is a decidedly large fellow, explained quickly by the fact that he was a heavyweight boxer. And having being a rather successful one at that, if he chooses not to

answer your question there is some hesitation in asking it again. Segara says his boys like to dance. I can see that too, not to mention the unfortunate others who boxed with his boys. When England's Paul Lloyd fought Cuba's Enrique Carrion, one wag screamed, 'At least hit

him once Lloyd.' Poor Lloyd, for him Carrion was his dance-date who didn't want to be touched. The Englishman managed one point.

Alcides speaks about music, about rhythm.

Juan Lemus in a ferocious embrace



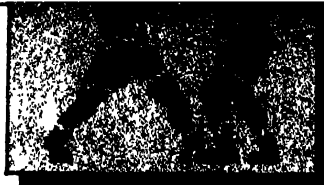
What makes the
Cuban
boxers so good?

Rohit Brijnath
searches
for an answer



Again that is apparent. Put on rumba music while a fight's in progress, crank up the volume, and it would seem that a Cuban Dance Company is in town, using a boxing ring as a set.

Segara says little else through the week. His boys train hard, is a quote I see printed in a daily. No mention though if they practise their combinations while sleeping—they are so precise in the ring it would seem so; one-two out, one-two-three-out, jab-jab, left hook right cross-out—face registering as much emotion as a wall clock, they never waver, muscles straining down their body like coils of mountain climbing rope stuck together. Dear God, what fighters!



MARVIS FRAZIER TOO IS IRKED BY THIS 'HOT CUBAN BOXERS' SYNDROME:

"THERE ARE A LOT OF GOOD BOXERS, FROM INDIA, FROM RUSSIA...I'M NOT SAYING THE CUBANS AREN'T GOOD BOXERS, BUT IT'S ALL DOWN TO ONE NIGHT AND ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN."



Castro's army: Asencio, Balado, Carrion, Lemus. Three golds, one silver

But I want answers on technique, systems, diet (what do they eat, rhino's steak or crocodile liver?). I don't want answers like 'they fight for Cuba'. Of course they do. Do Thai boxers fight for Outer Mongolia?

THE answer is the Americans—they speak English or Americanese, both understandable, they are articulate. Surely they know what makes the Cubans hot? But they don't like the Cubans, because Cuba means America has to be

second best in amateur boxing, and second is a word Americans kind of just don't like. They hate it. But it's a question that's gotta be asked.

Marvis Frazier is dressed to commentate for NBC TV, tie, trousers, shirt, shoes, but nothing can hide the heavyweight musculature of Joe Frazier's son. Sam Hickman once Indian coach, is short and wire wiry, bespectacled, with peppered hair and beard and extremely unhappy with my question. He attacks me with, 'You tell me how you can say that, if an Indian wins a gold medal. How can you say the Cuban is better'.

I say the Indians won't win and anyway they fight more on courage. It is a wrong answer, to which Hickman sneers at for five seconds before snapping, 'Rubbish. I have the courage of a lion.' Whoa, this Hickman is dangerous. He retires to a nearby chair and mutters to someone, 'This is a sore point with me, I've been asked it for 20 years.' Well the Cubans have dominated amateur boxing almost that long, so it is surprising then that Hickman can provide no explanation.

Marvis Frazier is more patient but equally unhelpful. This 'hot Cuban boxers' syndrome irks him too. His explanation is merely polite: "There are a lot of good boxers, from India, from Russia...I'm not saying the Cubans aren't good boxers, but it's all down to one night and anything can happen." Well, what is happening, is that Cubans always seem to have it together on that one night.

It is quite obvious that the Cubans are an unwanted, irritating virus in the American bloodstream. Castro and American after all share an old animosity, that often goes beyond mere ideological differences.

Heavyweight boxing may belong, almost exclusively, to the Yanks, yet they are aware, without articulating it, that the gold medals won in amateur boxing at the Los Angeles (1984) and Seoul (1988) Olympics were *por favor* of a Cuban no-show.

VERNON LINKLATER the Canadian super heavyweight, who had a fleeting taste of Roberto Balado's sublime fury before the towel came in emphasized the coaching aspect. See the Cubans don't change coaches like many other countries. Neither do they have a foreign coach they have their own man. Who they trust. Who knows a lot. So I think that's very important.

Linklater is right but also wrong for evidence exists that the Cubans initially took advantage of some East German expertise. Perhaps not in direct coaching but in setting up comprehensive selection and training systems which have been the base of East Germany's sporting success.

If you link that fact with the Americans' comment that Cuban boxers are initiated into the sport very early you get some semblance of an answer.

There is much intellect too in Cuban boxing. Each weight category demands a different blend of energy, caution, aggression and muscle and the Latin boys are archive material in that respect.

Modern sports science stresses greatly the virtue of the cerebral advantage: talent is not sufficient; an athlete must have the ability to grasp, assimilate and use information/tactics/advice. To use a tennis analogy, Australian coach Harry Hopman once explained that he could tell Frank Sedgeman anything during a match because Sedgeman possessed the ability (the game and the mind) to make the requisite changes without upsetting his own rhythm.

So too with the Cubans: their mind quickly disassembles an opponent, sending electric signals from the brain to the various parts of the body on what to do. They have their technique down pat; they have set patterns but interspersed with

variations. They have learnt well; they understand boxing. Take Enrique Carrion, surely the best, the most cultured boxer on view.

THERE IS MUCH INTELLECT TO

CUBAN BOXING: THEIR MIND QUICKLY DISASSEMBLES AN OPPONENT, SENDING ELECTRIC SIGNALS FROM THE BRAIN TO THE VARIOUS PARTS OF THE BODY ON WHAT TO DO. THEY HAVE LEARNT WELL, THEY UNDERSTAND BOXING.

Image Creator

Balado moved like an elephant on dexedrine: muscle and speed





Bulgaria's
Todorov plays
Goliath to
Carrion's
David



If some intrepid cameraman simply focussed on Carrion's legs, knees downwards you'd think he was Ali reincarnate. He has superior hand speed, his sinewy arms flicking out and in like a snake's tongue, and as lethal. And he cannot be hit, as if some invisible man. At one point against Tudorov in the final, he sways back, then sags on the ropes, leans to one side, then to another, ducks and breaks free—in three seconds, against the ropes, he has evaded five punches. If Carrion embodies style, Lemus personifies aggression and Balado some devastating quickness for a man of his weight. More the shame that they cannot turn professional.

A FINAL factor is stamina—the freshness of movement and commitment to dance that the Cubans display when the bell goes for the fifth round, is enough to destroy the already fragile psyche of their opponents. Some huff, some puff, some waddle, some stumble, some heave with leaden arms, some duck in agonizing slow motion—but the Cuban is shooting lefts faster than the first round. One guy thinks, "jeez, when is this round going to end. The Cuban has eyes smiling, wonders, 'Can't we have a sixth round?' They could dance all night under any moon, in any ring.

WHEN ENGLAND'S PAUL LLOYD FOUGHT CUBA'S ENRIQUE CARRION, ONE WAG SCREAMED, 'AT LEAST HIT HIM ONCE, LLOYD.' POOR LLOYD, FOR HIM CARRION WAS HIS DANCE-DATE WHO DIDN'T WANT TO BE TOUCHED

The question still remains unanswered though. What makes them so hot? Even if Fidel Castro invited me to Havana, to the musty, sweaty gyms where magic is taught and thoughtfully provided me with a Spanish interpreter, the answer would still elude me. The secret perhaps is the harmony within their souls. And that far no one can see. Sometimes it is better just to sit and watch and marvel at their genius. And not think, how it happens. ●

PHOTOGRAPHS RASHBEHARI DAS

Blood, sweat & tears

Rohit Brijnath looks back at a surprisingly exciting tournament

EVERY evening it was the same. As the gentle light fast faded, a sweet chaos prevailed. A cameraman screamed instructions to his crane operator, officials collided in frantic haste to get where they had to, policemen dispersed to their prearranged positions, the arena, empty seconds before, now was filling up in slow motion. And as soft strains of Mozart intruded, it appeared as if this was any old show.

Till the lights switched on making the night neon. Till the empty ring was invaded by cloaked fighters, nagging coaches, busy seconds. Till gloves were checked, the air punched in practice and the bell rung. Now the Mozart was replaced by a different music—boxing.

• 'Kill him, kill him', screeched a lady ringside. She was probably a Borivli housewife upset at the price rise. Here she was demanding blood. It was also probably the kind of thing that gave the Indians fresh courage. It also created a turbulence of such raw emotion, never felt before in India. But that is boxing.

It would happen in charged 15 second bursts, the Indian lurching out at the fifth round bell, his mouth grabbing for oxygen, yet coming in like a furious wounded bull, and the crowd swelling with emotion, intoxicated by the courage in the ring and the violence in themselves, till you could feel the hair on your arms prickle alarmingly.

The MRF World Cup Boxing was some seven day thrill.

It was an unusual tournament, like a hastily mixed salad: the Indians thrilled, then despaired, there were personalities who couldn't box, and good boxers with no personalities, there were mismatches galore in the semi-finals and the Cubans, well the Cubans were teaching boxing.

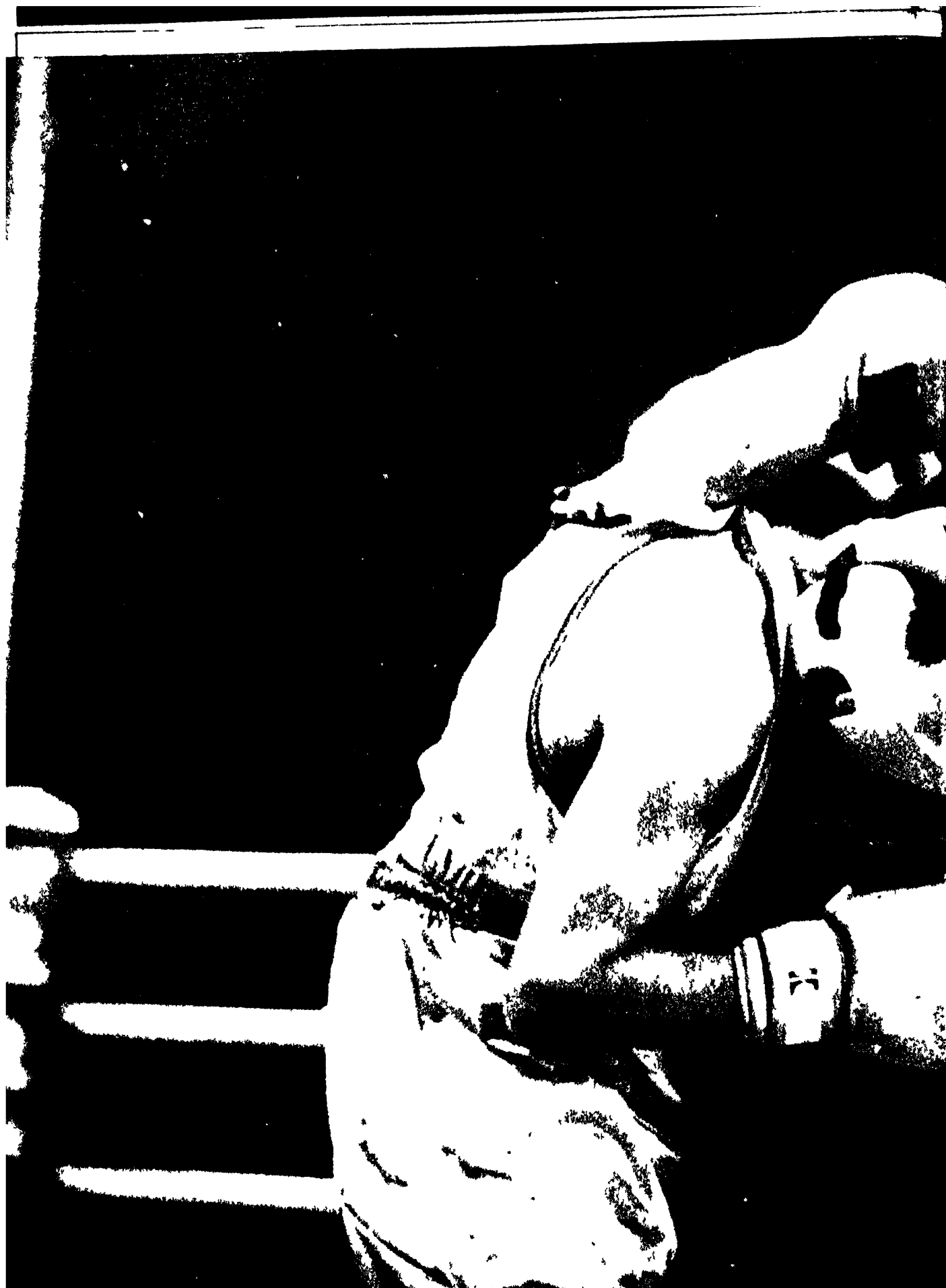
TOWELS, THANGA & THEATRICALS

Late into Friday night, semi-final night, an unfortunate series of farces unfolded—this was



Defeat, pain, confusion: the referee begins the dreaded count







Todorov ponders, his coach instructs, the exhaustion is evident

the Cup at it's worst. Four of eight bouts were interrupted by a towel on the floor - boxing's symbol of 'I give up'. Instead of waiting for the referee to stop the contest, which could mean four months of no-fighting, the coaches pre-empted the decision, allowing their wards a shot at the bronze. It was ridiculous, a mockery stemming from disastrous differences in skill and poor participation. But this is a boxing reality and no excuse for petulant, immature behaviour.

When Norwegian Ole Klemetson an ebullient fellow with a lunatic style was outclassed by Cuban, Lemus, he gallantly raised his arms in the air, accepting his mediocrity, thanking the crowd, silently grateful for the towel. As Lemus, quietly dignified, paid his respects to the Norwegian coach, the latter pulled him back and said, 'You are a great boxer'. Lemus bowed humbly and smiled. It was considering the situation, a most wonderful series of gestures.

In direct contrast, Zoram Thanga apalled. When Russian coach Anatoly Volkov threw the towel in, in recognisance of American Eric Griffin's sublime skills, Thanga threw a tantrum. He stomped his feet, threw his arms around, cried and railed at Volkov. And, if it is true as the rumour goes that he called Volkov 'stupid' in public, he deserves heavy censure.

Thanga's theatrics were not quite finished. In the dressing room, he slumped on the floor weeping and whining, 'I won't box tomorrow. Why did he stop the fight?' Thanga is a young man and an impressive boxer but there are lessons in life he is yet to learn.

Thanga won a bronze for boxing, but a gold for bad behaviour



Killekar's muscled stomach gets a taste of Cuban fury

Outside I followed a lonely Volkov as he unobtrusively slipped into a darkened corner behind the stands and tremulously lit a cigarette. 'They don't understand, they think it's my fault,' he said in halting English. 'But we have to think about the bronze medal and what would have happened if he cracked his skull or whatever. He wouldn't be able to fight tomorrow.'

The next day, when Thanga leapt into the air repeatedly, deliriously happy on winning the bronze, I wonder whether he realised and accepted that Volkov had made much of it happen.

Somehow I doubt it.

If Thanga's behaviour was inexcusable, he deserves credit nevertheless for his boundless enthusiasm. He did, after all, win India's first ever medal at a World Cup. The young Mizo, whose dictionary of life excludes everything non-boxing, is a hard boxer, not as technically gifted as Dhanmendar Yadav, his light flyweight counterpart, but far more aggressive. His desire, beat Yadav for the bronze.

THE OTHER INDIANS

Though Thanga took bronze, and almost every sponsor award, Yadav appeared the most complete of the Indian boxers. At 17 years 11 months, Yadav has imbibed his lessons well—quick, pretty with the jab and committed. He was outrageously good against Cuba's Ascension in the semi-finals, losing by a point, the margin of defeat moving him to silence and tears. Had he attacked more, he would have won, and Yadav will remember that.

The rest of the Indians almost collectively demonstrated a penchant for the big shot and an ignorance of any further boxing subtleties. Their courage was evident but boxing asks more than that.

Gopal Dewang and Mukund Killekar were the essential tough guys who don't dance. Forget the finesse, they were happy just being bar-room fighters. Which was effective enough against early opposition, but not against Canada's Downey and Cuba's Lemus, who box with a science that they couldn't grasp.

Yet it was instructive to the Indian spectators,

MARVIS FRAZIER was handicapped even before he flicked out his first jab as a professional heavyweight fighter. He was, after all, Joe's son. And being Joe's son and fightin' in Joe's still 'Smokin' shadow was as tough as life could get. Joe, short, stumpy, leathery, was the fighters fighter—in *Rocky* the film, manager Mickey tells Sylvester Stallone, "You're going to eat lightning and crap thunder. You're going to become a very dangerous man". He could have been talking about Joe. Three great fights with Ali for starters, the type of man who after 15 rounds, was still, throwing bombs with every fist.

Heavyweight boxing had no history of successful father and son fighters—Marvis was tough, but Joe was special, so they could not make that sort of history.

Marvis says, "My father didn't want me to be a fighter" and he knows why. Being black in free America and successful wasn't easy. Joe made the sacrifice—he worked hard for his family, he made it. He got both money and respectability. And so now Marvis would have to go to school.

"My grades weren't too good in school", Marvis remembers.

PERSONALITY MARVIS FRAZIER Joe's Son



"But he (Joe) sent me to a private school and the grades went up. It wasn't that I was dumb, but just that I wasn't doing what I wanted".

"And then, I said, 'Can I start working in the local gym?' and he said okay, and that was it". The fighter was born. Everybody wanted to be like Joe those days, at least many did, and so why not his son.

"Oh sure he was my idol growing up. But then, who was your idol when you were

growing up? Your father also". So it wasn't purely boxing, it began just as father & son.

But would he, could he, fight like his father? "No, I couldn't really emulate him that way. Boxing remember is a question of styles. He was short, would go in, used his left hook. I was taller with a reach, the right was my shot".

Joe was a man, everyone knew that. So there was no

question of hanging around his son's training sessions or holding his hand during fights. "But although he didn't want me to be a fighter, perhaps in the back of his mind he was happy." Perhaps proud. "I mean, he took no early interest in my career, yet sometimes he would come in (during a fight, training) look at me and go out".

Marvis' career was at best reasonable, at worst mediocre, culminating in a first round knockout by Mike Tyson on July 17, 1986. Despite having seen both Tyson and father Joe close-up, Marvis refuses to compare both genre's of fighters. "You can't compare Ali and Frazier with Tyson and Holyfield—they're two different generations and so much has changed, technology, training systems, sports science, that sort of thing. So there's no point saying 'what would have Ali done today?' It's useless".

Marvis' boxing days are over and Joe must be smiling gently. Marvis is young, articulate, bright and does not require his fists to make a living. That was Joe's present to him. So that Marvis can now look into the ring, over a microphone and be successful.

Rohit Brijnath

PEOPLE laugh at Vernon Linklater. They laugh at the incongruous sight of an orientaled long ponytailed hair seemingly gross Canadian doing a waddle-shuffle in the ring.

Writers have laughed at Vernon Linklater too, in their copy. They call him 'tubby' and 'overweight', and not fit to waddle shuffle in a ring.

Until, perhaps, Vernon Linklater got on tip-toe all 220 pounds of him, and knocked down the perfect Aryan specimen,

Schneider, all of 6 inches taller, with a left from his bar-fighting days.

Finally Vernon Linklater had become, for a very brief while Blue Wolf Man.

Vernon Linklater is the Canadian Blue Wolf Man is the Red Indian they are both the same man. A Canadian Indian with *mucho* pride.

Everything about Linklater, where he was born, what he is, where he came from, is colourful, unusual, a tragi-comedy. He was born in Edmonton, Alberta but is originally from the Couchiching First Nation, an Indian reservation. Down there at the reservation, far from his present home in Thunder Bay, Ontario they call him

PERSONALITY VERNON LINKLATER Blue Wolf Man

Rohit Brijneth



Magna Kiche Kenjse—the Indian way of saying Blue Wolf Man.

But why Blue Wolf Man?

Replied Linklater "The Blue is for the sky, signifying I can go wherever I want. The Wolf because he hunts alone or in packs and most important since he is a survivor. And Man, because I am no

longer a child."

Perhaps some tribal doctor looked deep into Linklater's soul before naming him, for Blue Wolf Man learnt to be a survivor, he learnt that he must forfeit his childhood quickly and become a man.

"My father was an alcoholic. Growing up, I would see him beating up my mother, and then

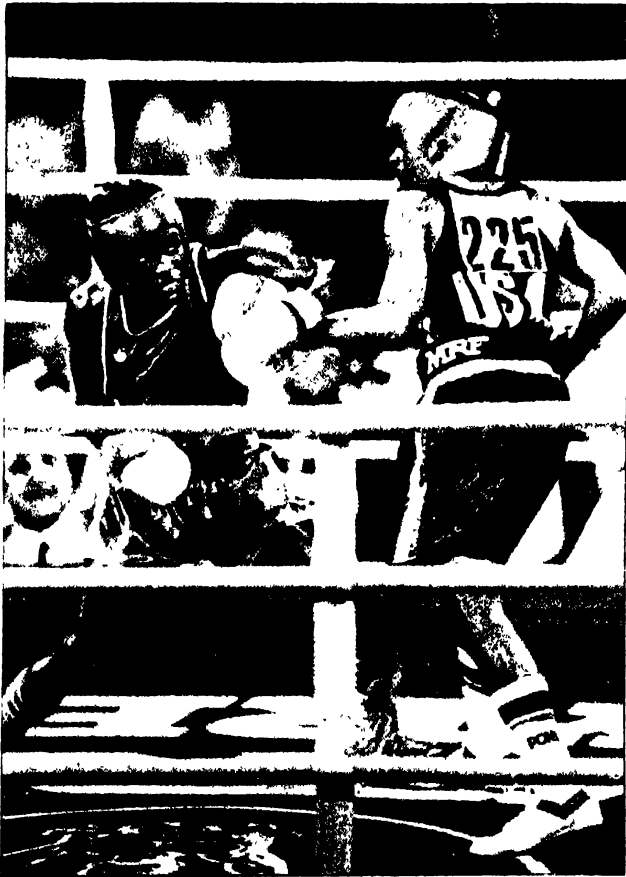
beating me up. I guess I hung around with the wrong guys then, smoked a little marijuana and became an alcoholic in my own right. I was a mean guy. I would go into bars and pick up fights and beat people up." Blue Wolf Man was not a nice guy. Those were bad times.

Then I sort of just started boxing. In those days I had no coach, no support. I would use used socks as hand wraps and stuff cotton or cloth into my mouth as a mouthpiece. Life was tough."

But Blue Wolf Man grew up and small pieces of his life started to fit into place. "I went to college and got a Diploma in child care work and that's what I am today, a child care worker."

"Boxing taught me a lot. It taught me control and how to understand my attitude. And I love it. I'm the Canadian National champion and I even won a bronze at the Commonwealth Games in New Zealand."

Vernon Linklater will never be a great boxer. It doesn't matter, boxing has got him onto his feet again. And anyway, Blue Wolf Man has a lot to do. He has a son called Cody Bear and an ambition to become a Chief. The good days have begun.



Griffin, a tooth missing, an eye cut, was America's hero when he beat the Cuban (left)

that these boys were not that far behind as we like to believe.

Manoj Pingle and Dhanasanjayan in the banatanweight division lacked speed and thrust, but even they were not as embarrassed as heavyweights Sarabjeet Singh and Raj Kumar Sanghwan

Singh was like a truck driver, seduced to box by promises of being on television. It may be a harsh simile but it is certainly not intended to be an indictment of the man, who is tough and friendly. It was just one of the few *faux pax's* made by the federation - they should have understood, and that was easy, Singh's limitations and not put him in. As it is Singh didn't fight till the semi-finals, and had to retire early in his subsequent two fights.

Sanghwan is better skilled but more content to go five rounds without throwing a punch. He owes Cuban, Roberto Balado a lunch for not knocking him out and allowing him the dignity of a 19-1 defeat.

SOME BOXERS, SOME SHOWMEN

Amidst, all the serious business of busting each other's nose and inhaling each other's sweat, was time for laughter too; for some men are boxers first and some boxers are jokers first.

Norway's Ole Klemetson was the latter. Candle slim and burning with fun, he was a clown, albeit one who could box. Whether he lost or won, he blew kisses at everyone. He danced before a fight with arms raised, and danced after a fight with arms raised. The result be damned. He came in with a Norwegian flag and left with a bloody eyebrow, but the smile remained. He fought Germany's Schenk with a madman's fury, slinging hooks from eight feet behind, telegraphing the punch four seconds before it was to come. High enough on stamina and force to win that, he was too low on technique to bother Cuba's Lemus.

He won a bronze on a walkover and smirked in delight, "Boy, that was a close fight".

Less riotous, but as appreciated were Canada's Robert Downey and the Bulgarians Todorov and Russinov. (The Cubans story is on Page 20)

All three lost finals to Cubans. Downey to Lemus, Todorov to Carrion, Russinov to Balado. But none were embarrassed.

Downey, a silent Canadian, face young enough to require identification at a liquor store is a southpaw of promise. He fights with clean combinations, sturdy and never scared. But against a boxer of such arrogance as Lemus, who leads with his right - unheard of, absurd, incredible—what chance had he?

The Bulgarians though were the best of the rest. Todorov, face so impassive as if some surgical knife has sliced his facial nerves, stood straight and used a jab like a lance. Thup, thup, thup, he was playing tunes on Irish, Wayne McCullough's face. Fast in scoring points, deft in evading blows, he took Carrion far and left behind great images of classy boxing.

Russinov heavy, hairy and hard has a shot like a torpedo with a six inch swing. Tough in the clinch, he rattled Balado, but was too defensive in the early rounds.

Eric Griffin, light flyweight world No 1 and a bundle of dangerous, bristling energy salvaged some pride for the Yanks. The absence of Cuba's world No. 2 Roger Marcelo effectively put that weight category into the no-contest zone—the other Cuban. Ascencio did some damage in the final, but if he was talented, Griffin was God.

A STORY TO END WITH

On the last day Cuba was smiling. The World Cup was theirs, having won 10 of the 12 weight divisions in the three legs at Havana, Dublin and Bombay. AIBA president Anwar Chaudhury was also smiling.

On the first day, Roberto Balado was to be suspended for shoddy behaviour at an earlier tournament. The Cubans threatened to go home. Chaudhury offered a deal, apologise and be forgiven. Balado complied, the Cubans stayed, the tournament worked.

Otherwise.... ●

Waqar Younis was like a musical conductor with a baton, capable of bringing out tunes just by a twitch of it. He, however, conducted to a rather bewildered orchestra and by the end of it was wondering why they couldn't play to his tune

MA



DESMOND HAYNES is a very worried man. He and his bunch of boys have in a very dramatic turn of events, been revealed as mortal, capable of feeling the hurt of defeat of failure. And Desmond Haynes is also helpless, a feeling which is very unusual to him, which is why he cannot cope with it. The captain of the West Indies team had only one strategy for battle, a strategy which worked unfailingly for

ten long years and now, as if suddenly, it has fallen flat. He has failed in trying to follow the glorious footsteps of his predecessors.

The battle plans for the West Indian cricket team for the last ten years has been simple. blast the opposition to Kingdom Come. Father Time finally decided to alter things a bit, too many players had taken premature retirement. Justice had to be done and the responsibility

fell on Pakistan. A Pakistani outfit that could match the Windies firepower for firepower.

To take away everything from Desmond Haynes would be slightly unfair. He like a true captain did not abandon ship while it was sinking, he went down with it... fighting.

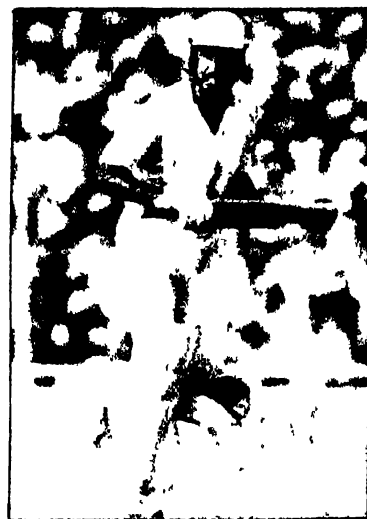
The first day of the first Test between Pakistan and West Indies started with all the ingredients of an *Indiana Jones* thriller. Fast, pacy and

unpredictable.

The fireworks started early when Haynes on winning the toss decided to bat, on a wicket which was as plain as a baby's bottom. The decision was made obviously keeping in mind the effectiveness of Messers Akram & Co. Haynes however, did not recognise the services of leg-spinner Mushtaq Ahmed. Mushtaq was in no hurry to get into the act... it was Younis who drew first blood when he trapped Greenidge early

GNUM FORCE!

Salim Malik:
always in a hurry
after marriage.
His knocks clearly
suggest that



That is what the West Indies were hit by in their first Test against Pakistan

in the innings. The
downside had begun

To be fair to the
visitors it would be
proper to mention that
there were two instances
when Haynes genuinely

tried to stop the flow of
regular players to the
pavilion his
partnerships with
Richardson and Logie
were cases in point. But
Mushtaq had the final

**Desmond Haynes must be wishing that he was
not captain of the best cricket team in the world**



word when he spun out
Richardson and Carlisle
Best in quick
succession. The
partnership with Logie
for the fifth wicket
realised 55 runs but
Wasim Akram recalled
by a rather impatient
Imran promptly spoilt
the show.

Waqar Younis on the
other hand was like a
musical conductor with
a baton capable of
bringing out tunes just
by the twitch of it. He,
however, conducted to a
rather bewildered
orchestra. A steady
stream of players
followed as one by one
they left the stage and
by the end of it Younis
was wondering why
they couldn't play to his
tune. His figures read
like a dream 18-0-68 5.
His bloodlust was
satisfied. Haynes played
a captain's knock and by
the end of the first day
had he notched up his
fifteenth Test century.

With the score
reading 208/4, Haynes
must have been
confident that his
bowlers would take care
of the embarrassing
situation that was
imposed upon
them but tomorrow

was another day.

The next morning saw
the Windies tail getting
mopped up, and Waqar
Younis led the fielders
off the field as the
highest wicket taker.

Things went
according to plan for
Haynes and his band of
merry men when
Pakistan came into bat.
The hosts were soon
reeling in the face of a
fearsome barrage from
Bishop and Ambrose.
The score read 27/3 and
the smile was back on
Haynes' face. It didn't
stay there very long,
because Shoaib
Mohammad and Salim
Malik got into their act.
Their innings were of
contrasting styles while
Shoaib batted as though
he was planning to pitch
a tent and spend the
night at the grounds,
Salim Malik batted as if
he was in a hurry to get
home to his newly
wedded wife.
Irrespective of their
approach, the result was
effective. Shoaib dug out
a painfully slow 48 in
five and a half hours
while Malik composed a
fiery 88 in half that
time. Note Shoaib
during his innings
almost made Mudassar

SCORECARD

PAKISTAN (First Innings):

	Second Innings:	
S. Mohammad c Richardson b Marshall	86 not out	32
Rameez Raja b Bishop	0 lbw b Walsh	7
Zahid Fazal c Logie b Ambrose	7 c Richardson b Walsh	12
Javed Miandad c Dujon b Bishop	7	
Salim Malik c Dujon b Marshall	102 not out	30
Imran Khan not out	60	
Salim Yousuf b Ambrose	5	
Wasim Akram c Richardson b Walsh	9	
Mushtaq Ahmed c Richardson b Ambrose	3	
Abdul Qadir c Dujon b Ambrose	0	
Waqar Younis c Hooper b Bishop	5	
Imran Khan not out	73	
Extras (b-7, lb-14, w-1, nb-26)	48	Extras (lb-8, nb-9) 17
Total	345	Total (two wickets) 98

Bowling: Ambrose 34-7-78-4, Bishop 37-2-81-3, Walsh 19-0-50-1, Marshall 24-5-48-2, Hooper 28-6-65-0, Best 1-0-2-0

Fall of wickets: 1-15, 2-56

Bowling: Bishop 7-0-21-0, Ambrose 2-0-4-0, Marshall 5-1-8-0, Walsh 12-2-27-2, Hooper 11-2-30-0

WEST INDIES (First Innings):

	Second Innings	
G. Greenidge lbw b Younis	3 st Yousuf b Qadir	11
Desmond Haynes lbw b Akram	117 c Yousuf b Younis	47
R. Richardson st Yousuf b Mustaq	26 lbw b Younis	11
C. Best c Raja b Mushtaq	1 lbw b Mushtaq	8
C. Hooper lbw b Younis	8 lbw b Akram	0
G. Logie c Yousuf b Akram	25 not out	58
J. Dujon c Miandad b Younis	17 b Shoaib	1
M. Marshall b Younis	13 b Akram	21
C. Ambrose lbw b Younis	2 lbw Akram	21
I. Bishop c Yusuf b Akram	22 b Waqar	0
Courtney Walsh not out	6 b Akram	0
Extras (b-6, lb-6, nb-9)	21 (b-10, lb-8, nb-6)	24
Total (in 83.3 overs)	261	Total 181

Fall of wickets: 1-4 2-77 3-81, 4-96, 5-151, 6-178, 7-200, 8-204, 9-243

Bowling: Akram 23 3-1-61-3, Younis 22-0-76-5, Qadir 20-2-56-0, Mushtaq 18-3-56-2

Fall of wickets: 1-47 2-85, 3-86, 4-90, 5-110, 6-129, 7-166, 8-174, 9-174

Bowling: Akram 20 3-6-39-3, Waqar 17-3-44-4, Qadir 8-1-22-1, Mushtaq Ahmed 15-5-38-1, Shoaib 6-1-15-1, Malik 1-0-5-0

Pakistan won by 8 wickets Man of the match: Salim Malik

Nazar's record for the slowest century pale in comparison

Shoaib picked up from where he had left off the last evening. The crowd must have been thankful to see his dismissal when it came. His 86 came in 478 mins off 315 balls. He hit two fours. Malik left earlier but only after he compiled his eighth Test ton edging Marshall to Dujon. It was the call for the Khan. Imran Khan.

He did not disappoint. The man who was genuinely feared the world over for his controlled pace bowling has developed into an elegant batsman over the recent years. A judiciously compiled 60 was scored as he steadily ran out of partners. Pakistan lost their last five wickets for the collection of only 35

runs

Ambrose got a major share of the killings -- it was as if he had attached a turbo to the ball -- and finished with four for 67. His efforts went to nought. Pakistan had taken a first innings lead of 84 runs.

On the fourth day the pace and spin weaponry of the Pakistanis played havoc. It was Younis again who initiated the rush to the pavilion.

The visitors started the second innings on a rather peaceful note and lunch was taken with the score at 47 for no loss. It was only after lunch that things went a bit haywire. A gale blew over the stadium. Hurricane Younis, they called it and they lost two quick wickets in one over. Younis had scalped both Haynes and Richardson. Soon after Younis

limped off the field after sustaining a groin injury and his captain (Imran) who had been hit on the thigh while attempting to field a shot decided to give his old bones a rest too. He knew he could well afford it. Things were under control.

There was no let up and Wasim Akram soon struck and left the visitors reeling at 90 for 4. It was only Logie diminutive little Augustine Logie who decided to take up the fight. He scored 58 while the rest around him were being laid around the chaff. The end came at 181. The obituaries had already been written. The burial was just a formality. Waqar Younis had taken no prisoners and finished with 4 for 44.

Pakistan clinched victory with eight

wickets to spare. They lost the wickets of Rameez Raja and newcomer Zahid Fazal cheaply. Their selectors must have ignored that. The Windies did not look like the most dominant Test team like they were during the last 10 years. They had been bested at their own game, pace vs pace. They were, to put it simply *outbowled* though blasted would have been more fitting. Waqar Younis had match figures of 9/120, two wickets short of taking the fastest 50 wickets in Pakistan's Test history. Younis had 48 wickets from nine matches and Pakistan seem to have taken the first step for a series win against the West Indies. Desmond Haynes is clearly a very worried man.

By A Correspondent

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE WEEK



UTPAL SORKAR

TIME TO BLOW THE WHISTLE ON DRUGS

THE drugs problem has again raised its ugly head. Just when you might have thought it was safe once more to talk about the noble art of track and field, two leading athletes were caught by

the testers and are now banned for two years

This comes after one of the finest European championships, in Split, for many years. Their quality may have had much to do with the

Flo-Jo then: during the '84 L.A. Olympics. Notice how thin her arms looked



OPINION



BY SEB COE

crackdown on drugs in the last two years. We take one step forward, and then another one back.

It is fair to say that many of us had long suspected that, beneath the surface, there were problems in American athletics at distances up to 400 metres.

Carl Lewis' recent comments (in and out of his book) seem to have been supported by events. I suppose you have also to say that we can now understand the ups and downs in Harry "Butch" Reynold's form. In the case of Randy Barnes, the shot putter, we are transported back to the days when the public believed that all the putters were on drugs anyway. No doubt those old suspicions will resurface, affecting

everyone doing the event and that will be an extra and unfair pressure on many good and responsible athletes.

What do these two new cases mean, for the sport? What is the "state of play?" I do not know the details of these cases, so I cannot make a definitive comment.

Measures like random and independent testing and greater stringency all round are good. But, the heavier responsibility rests, as ever, with the sportsmen and women themselves, as well as with their managers and advisers (and, I would say, their family and close friends)—and, of course, the administrators of the sport.

It is two Americans who have been caught, so some may argue that it is only the United States officials who have an inquiry to run. Historically, the United States was slow into this vital field of drug testing.

In 1984, when Los Angeles was preparing for the Olympic Games, there was both pressure and embarrassment between the United States and Lausanne because the Americans did not have a single accredited testing centre.

However, can we dismiss this fresh outbreak as just a little local, American, difficulty?

I doubt it: that doubt may make me unpopular with British officials, and others in the international federations, but modern sport at the top is a global village.

Figures of the stature of Reynolds and Barnes

Flo-Jo now:
the change
in her
structure is
remarkable



PHOTOGRAPHS
TOMMY HINDLEY

have friends and "colleagues" everywhere, because they travel extensively, particularly in Europe. It seems unlikely that there are only two offenders in the sport and they both just happen to be American.

I hope nobody will make that too comfortable assumption, either here, or elsewhere. Investigations ought to be general. They should also be thorough.

The problem with drugs in sport is two-fold. First, they can affect performance—at least, in the short term. They are to cheat in sport what the marked card is to the crooked poker player. Second, they can be hard to trace



If you are as close as athletes get to each other in training or competition you are not likely to miss changes: the public may not retain the same images from six months earlier.....

and detect. The unscrupulous can take careful precautions and thus evade suspicion, perhaps for a long time. When I was

competing, rumour was part of the conversation at the track, in the hotels, and so on.

Athletes are not stupid. They quickly

notice abnormal physical changes in another athlete from one season to another. Suddenly, "X" has shoulders that would carry him or her through five rounds with Marvin Hagler.

If you are as close as athletes get to each other in training, or especially in competition, you are not likely to miss changes of that kind. The public may not retain the same images from six months earlier, or at least not as sharply.

Sometimes, such changes may be the butt of jokes or there may just be a discreet silence. But one athlete will not "shop" another. In any case, in such a serious matter, we all know that hard evidence is needed.

Beats
P E N N E D I

PILOT



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BALL POINT PENS



Plastic barrels:
Left to Right
Ranger, Monami and Trendy
Metal barrels:
Left to Right Jotter, Crota, Sterling,
Chromatic and Goldline.

MARKERS

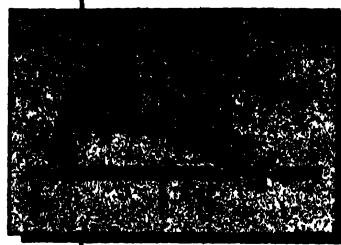


Left to Right Luxor Excel
2-in-1 Marker, Monami
Oil Magic, Twin Dual Marker,
Excel Metal Body Permanent Marker
in fine (bullet) and broad
(chisel) tips.

When such physical changes have happened, they have usually escaped comment from television commentators, or journalists—who may not hesitate to point out other alterations in a person's appearance, for example, in hairstyle or clothing.

The solutions lie in administrative action and also in attitude.

The penalties have to fit the crime; cheats cannot prosper and that includes competition two years later. I remain in favour of lifetime bans because the drug user has, in my view, offended the spirit and nature of sporting competition. He or she has irrevocably let down himself, or herself, club and country, friends



Athletes notice abnormal physical changes in another athlete from one season to another. Suddenly, "X" has shoulders that would carry him or her through five rounds with Marvin Hagler

and family and the sport and its traditions.

It is not just the ban. The records have also to be changed. We learn that Reynolds and

Barnes will retain their world record status. That is surely the wrong decision and one unfair on all the other competitors in their

events.

Second, administrators must give the testing regimes the right authority, priority and investment

Yet, probably, attitude is the major issue. Sport from the top to the bottom, has to decide that drugs and drug users are beyond the pale. We all have to make that very, very plain. Uncomfortably so I'm not talking about a witch hunt, because that would be irresponsible, but perhaps there has to be some form of discreet enquiry whenever, there are grounds for suspicion.

Perhaps competitors themselves have at last to start to blow the whistle on this particularly offensive form of foul play ●

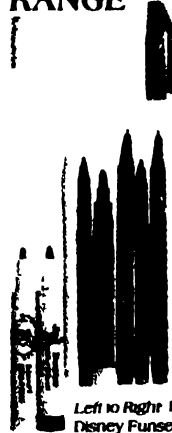
ellers
Y L U X O R

GIFT SETS



Left to Right: Sterling and Vintage. Also available gift set of Coda.

CHILDREN'S RANGE



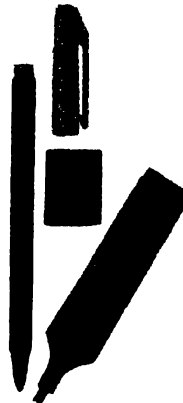
Left to Right: Luxor Disney Funset Colour Pen, Luxor Bambino Colourset Pen, Disney Incolour Plastic Crayons, Luxor Donald Duck Magicset Colour Pen, Luxor Sign Pen, Luxor Mickey Mouse Sketch Pen and Luxor Colour Pen.

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Left to Right: H-roller, Finewriter, Graphic 05 and Stylo microtip

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WHEN Roger Milla, 38, banged in all those marvellous and sometimes controversial goals in Italy last summer, people had to revalue their views that youth must be served

Here was a player whom many thought to be pushing 40 over, scoring goals which were not simply the result of subtle positioning, the fruit of experience, but the consequence of dashing, powerful bursts past bewildered opponents.

A famous Italian athletics coach, Vittori, opined that Milla's musculature had much to do with



Peter Shilton: goalkeepers go on forever

all this. Coming from the Cameroons, he was a happy blend of two types of African, the coast dweller and the man who came from the interior, his muscles guaranteeing him both stamina and explosive pace. Not to mention, no doubt, longevity.

That goalkeepers go on forever we all well know. Peter Shilton was playing in the World Cup at over 40 and made some glorious saves, not least against the Cameroons. Dino Zoff, who won a World Cup medal in 1982, had also passed 40 by the time he retired.

The achievement of veteran

SPEED OF FOOT CANNOT BEAT SPEED OF THOUGHT

goalkeepers is not to be sneezed at. They may not have to run about, but agility is paramount, and it must get harder and harder over the years to take the constant injuries and risks that are part of the keeper's lot.

Belgium, unlucky to go out to England in Bologna, had two splendid veterans in their team: Eric Gerets and Jan Ceulemans. At 38, Gerets, was an astonishingly mobile and adventurous right-back, as ready to break forward in attack as ever he had been in his younger days.

Ceulemans, only a few years younger, transformed the team when he brought on to the field as substitute in its opening match. Tall and powerful, once a striker, now an attacking midfielder, he stayed on to play outstandingly well.

Hard to forget the way, in Bologna, he beat England's much younger defender, Mark Wright, to a ball only to crack his shot against the post, with Shilton beaten.

All these distinguished, elderly players surprise us because we are constantly being told that football has never been so fast, that players have never been so fit. In these circumstances, there should really be no room for the ageing player; the pace of the game should pass him by. Yet somehow or other it doesn't seem to happen.

Football has always been getting "faster". It is all relative. Just after the last war, one was forever hearing that the pace of the game was killing real football; killing thought, skill, flair.

Yet, there were players such as Pat Beasley, once an Arsenal and England left winger, still flourishing in the supposed whirlpool of the League game. Beasley explained that it was just too easy. Younger players ran

about but didn't think. Older players who did think simply took up the correct positions and used their heads.

Which may explain the success this season of 32-year-old Sergei Baltacha, the former sweeper of Russia and Dynamo Kiev, with St Johnstone. Scottish football, whose pace, once gentle and measured, is now far more frantic even than England's, is hardly the place where you would expect the skilled, deliberate Baltacha to do well, after he had clearly failed at Ipswich Town in the Football League.

This season, however, joining the newly-promoted St Johnstone, he has flourished from the first, giving the defence cool confidence, and hitting splendid passes more than 40 yards or so, to feed his attack.

There is no doubt at all that the present frantic pace of British football has militated against skill and imagination, but no doubt either that good players who are not young and not very fast can still survive.

Looking at such games as the famous Matthews Final of 1953—when the hero, Stanley Matthews, was already 42 years old—it seems almost comically slow. No wonder Matthews

Younger players ran about but didn't think. Older players who did think simply took up the correct positions and used their heads

Roger Milla and others
have proved
that age is no barrier to
performance...

flourished, some might say. But at the time, such football seemed fast, and Matthews' success was still as extraordinary as would Milla's be in 1990.

Matthews' acceleration over the first 10 yards, after he had beaten the full back with his matchless swerve and flick of the outside foot, remained phenomenal. In that Cup Final, he helped Blackpool beat a depleted Bolton 4-3. Three years later, at all of 45, he utterly destroyed Nilton Santos, then known as the best left back in the world. And Santos himself, be it noted, was at left-back for Brazil in the World Cup Final of 1962 in Santiago, at the age of 36. I saw that match, and cannot recall him ever being in trouble.

So we have examples of midfield players, wingers, strikers and goalkeepers. If you want the example of a centre-back what about the elegant, immaculate Alan Hansen of Liverpool and Scotland who, till injury kept him out for much of this season, still looked one of the most accomplished, composed defenders in Britain, even though much of his pace had gone at 35?

It is surely comforting to think that in this speed-obsessed football, older players whose thought is swift and whose technique is sound can still flourish.

Back in 1974, in the exhilarating days of Total Football, the best player on the field when Holland met West Germany in the World Cup Final in Munich was Wim Van Hanagem, Holland's inside-left and surely the slowest outfield player in the game.

Speed of thought can still compete successfully with speed of foot.

By Brian Glanville



BLOWING IN THE WIND

TODAY, 20 years after Neil Armstrong, the first man on the moon, inaugurated the Ballooning Club of India by waving off Vishwa Bandhu Gupta and the Boesmans in their hot air balloon Nimbus, this gentler version of the adventure sports seem to have come a long way.

Young Rajeev Gupta, making a solo demonstration flight in a self designed indigenously manufactured balloon was the undisputed star of the Mela. His balloon used liquid petroleum gas instead of the more expensive buntane or propane which is used by balloons manufactured abroad.

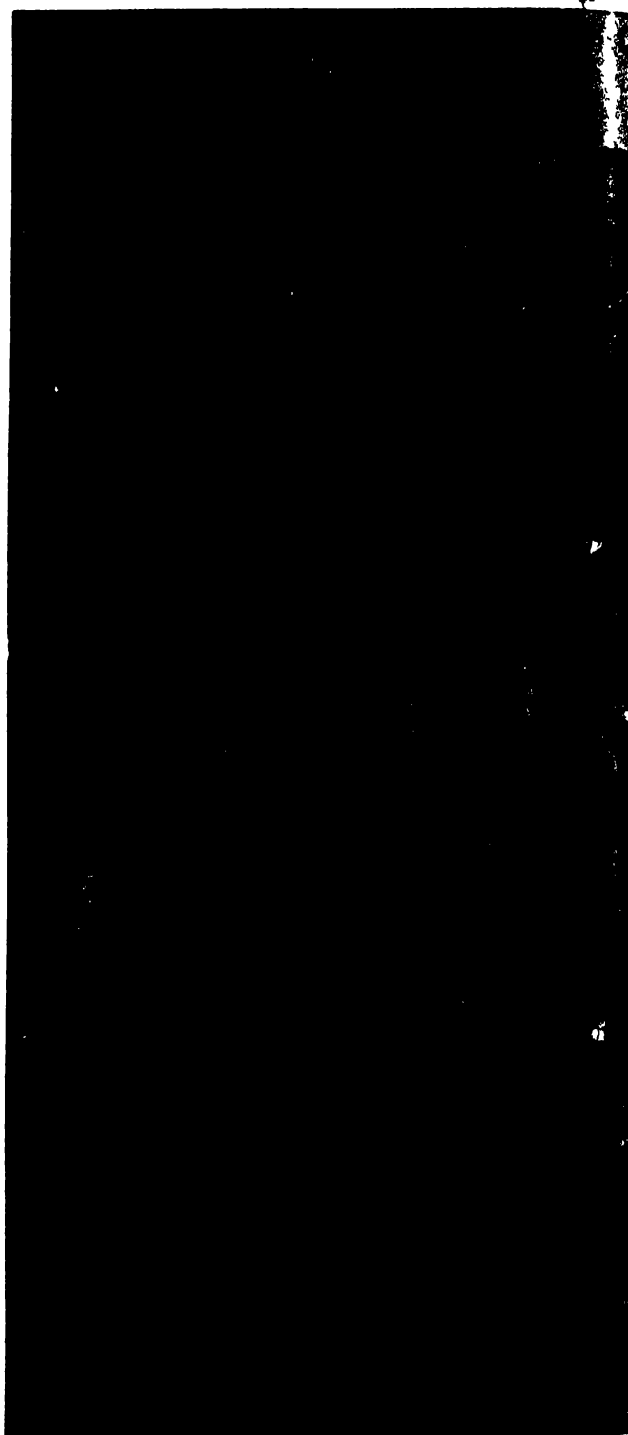
The countries which participated were England, Austria, Denmark, Germany, Hong

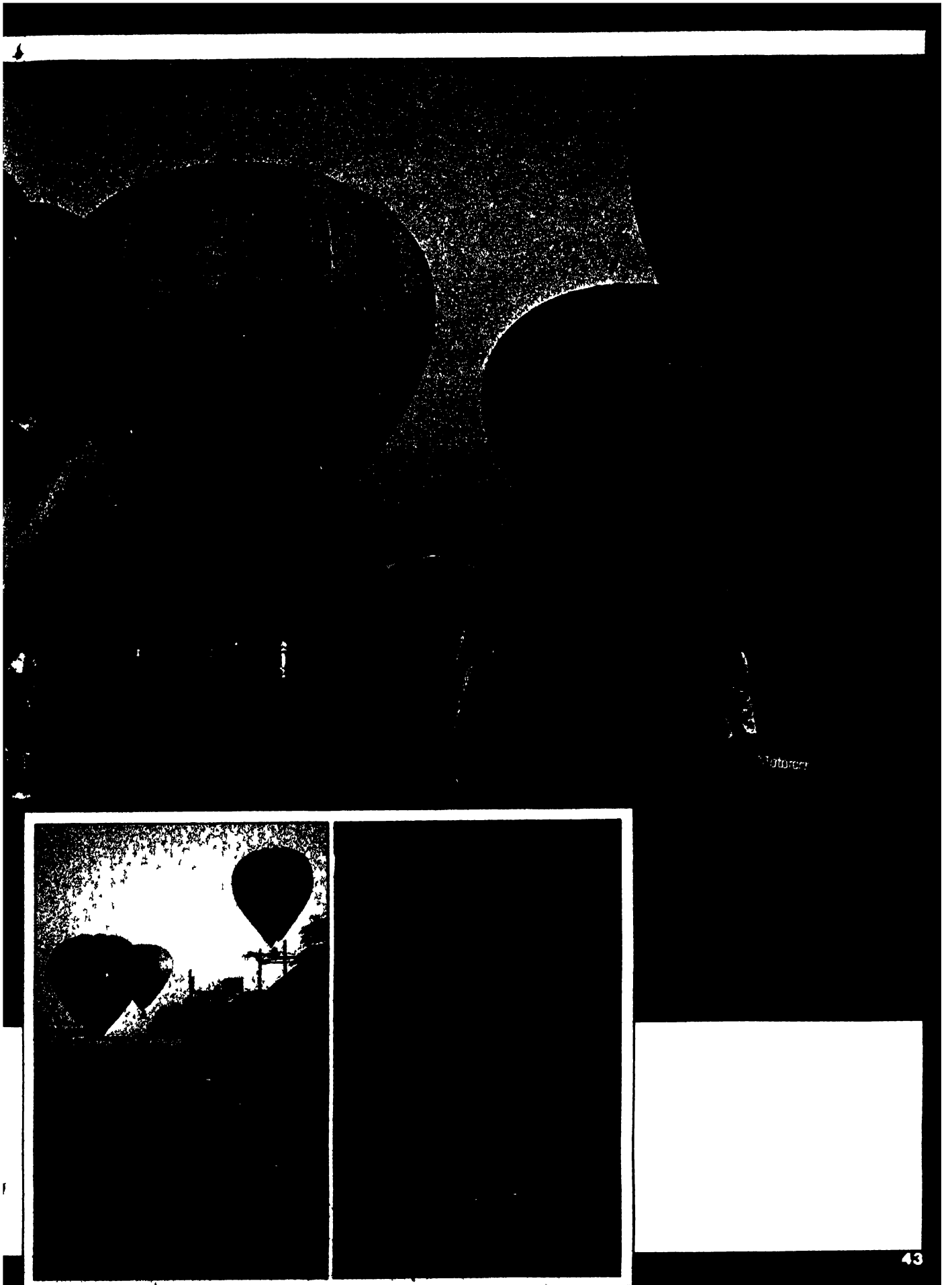
Kong, Poland, Norway, Spain, USA and India including an all-women team from Germany.

The multi coloured balloons presented a spectrum of colours as they drifted into the horizon. There is something about these balloons which is very difficult to explain. Something to do with elegant beauty and the silence of floating amongst the clouds looking down on the world below...

And just when one thought that these balloons were a lot of hot air, Vishwa Bandhu Gupta offered to fly out L.K. Advani to Ayodhya before he could get arrested in Uttar Pradesh in the course of his Rath Yatra. If that offer had been taken we would have known for sure that hot air does rise...to the occasion!

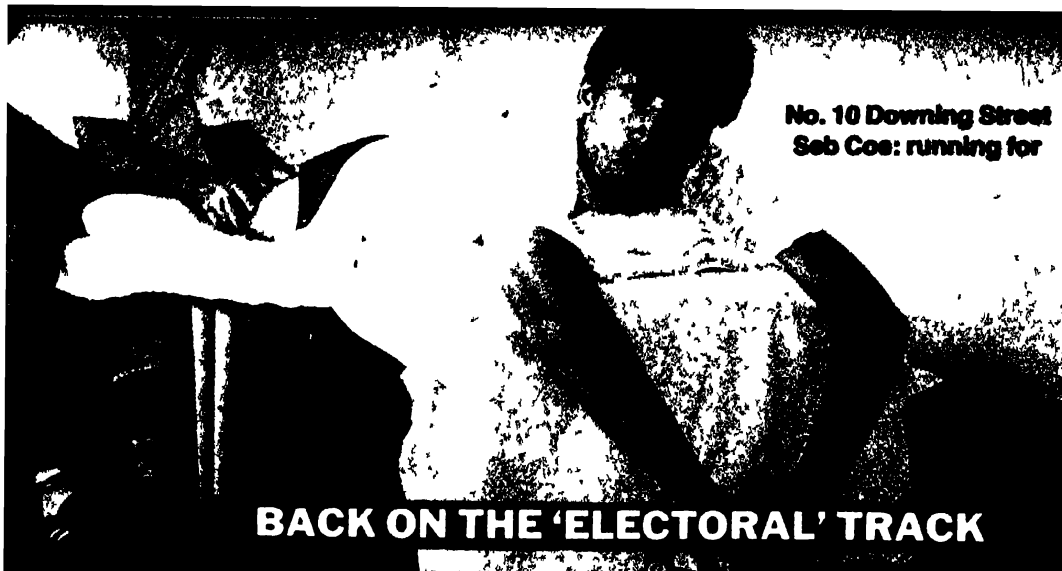
Photographs and Text by
Kumar Skanda





Motorway





No. 10 Downing Street
Seb Coe: running for

BACK ON THE 'ELECTORAL' TRACK

HERE'S nothing much going on in Britain. Everybody's gone underground except for...Sebastian Coe. He's preparing for his electoral campaign. Coe is doing this in a rather unique way as he rates his chances on winning a seat for the Conservative Party as rather high.

Coe has started a column in, of all things, a newspaper with leanings towards the Labour Party. The gall. The column is titled "Dear Seb" and is meant to cater to the grievances of the people from his constituency.

Fund-what should I do?" Answer: "I would learn to run very fast, become fabulously rich like me, and then you'll be able to afford several cooks, or as we Conservatives call them—chefs."

Fairness or subtlety has never been part of political debate. It is rumoured that Coe may not do too well in the oncoming elections at least not like he did on the track. The chances of him running for Number Ten are as good as Thatcher doing a sub-five minute mile.

THE 'SON' WILL SHINE

PELE, the all time king of soccer recently celebrated his fiftieth birthday. But rumours from Rio claim that he is not a happy man. In fact, he's hopping mad. That's the latest on the *garam khabar* that we've received.

The King is upset because he wants his son Edinho, 20, *not* to take up soccer. Edinho, on the other hand is a stubborn young man and he wants to be a professional soccer player like his father: nothing more, nothing less. But Edinho is not going to be a goal scoring forward like his dad. He, ironically, wants to be a goalkeeper.

He recently declined an attractive offer to enter an American university, all costs fully paid by his millionaire father. Said Pele: "I realise how difficult things can be if you don't have the proper education. I am able to offer this privilege to Edinho, but all the kid talks about is playing soccer, of being a goalkeeper."

The son not to be outdone shot back: "My father has made it big as the world's best soccer player, so why should he now object to me trying to earn my living in the same way?" It's like Pele who has a 25-year-old girlfriend telling his son not to have one of the same age.

Pele's cholesterol has gone up since.



DIFFERENT STROKES

D'ART OF DRINKING

DARTS and drinks just cannot get along. This was proved recently when darts ace Eric Bristow got the rap in court.

Bristow is something else when it comes to darts. His credentials are impeccable. He is an MBE and has five world dart championships lodged firmly under his German Gottre (oops)!

Recently Bristow faced charges of being drunk and disorderly in Covent Garden: he pleaded not guilty. He has been remanded on unconditional bail till December 17 for his misdemeanours. The point we are trying to make is that Bristow may be a world champ at darts but it is darts that got him in this mess in the first place.

In Britain, darts is a game played in pubs. Beer and darts are almost synonymous. In pubs, apart from a dart board you get lots and lots of beer. By combining booze with darts, chances are you would get drunk and boisterous. And yet ironically the darts master was hauled up for what he probably does second best...drinking beer.



Bristow on his way to court.

combination

ACQUITTED BY 'PUBLIC' RULING

YOU may think that boxers are relieved when they come out of the ring. Terry Marsh was a boxer with a difference.

Facing a stiff sentence for the attempted murder of his former manager, Terry was acquitted of his charges after a stiff legal battle.

Marsh has a lot of fans in Britain and when the judge gave his verdict the crowd leapt to its feet and cheered lustily. Even the warden who was in charge of Marsh broke into a grin and gave a clenched fist victory salute. Other court officials were also emotionally affected. Soon after, Terry got his first taste of freedom by covering his head in a leather jacket and being bundled into the back of a van. He was then hauled over a wall and into a restaurant where his family were waiting for him. His adventure had begun. His lawyer Henri Brandman then got down to the business of finding the highest bidder for his clients' story.

It was always maintained that Terry was a great man of the people and the judge who acquitted Terry went by the name Joe Public. Life is full of pleasant surprises...sometimes.

Terry Marsh hands shielding his face. Relieved to be out of the dock



Cellulite Dreams

Can You

CELLULITE. If there was ever a beauty problem that most women can identify with—this is it. Those lumpy, bumpy, stubborn bulges that make you dread the onset of swimsuit season are all too common. Everyone identifies dimpled skin on hips, thighs, buttocks, even knees, by the catch-all phrase cellulite, but, really, what is this stuff, anyway?

The fact is, an exact definition for cellulite is as hard to get as it is to wish it away. Ever since the beauty focus has shifted to body beauty, cellulite has become the cause of heated debate.

While doctors, cosmetic companies and exercise experts disagree as to what cellulite exactly is (even clashing as to if there *is* such a condition) one thing is for sure...over 80 per cent of all women have cellulite and desperately want to be rid of it.

There are two main schools of thought on cellulite: some say cellulite is just plain fat while others contend it's a medical condition in which fat cells trap toxins, waste and water. Variations to these themes exist in multitudes...everything from theories that cellulite is

hereditary and stress-related to explanations that it's a gel-like substance held together by collagen *sibrils*.

Dr Steven R. Weiss, Assistant Professor of Dermatology/Medicine at the UCLA School of Medicine insists 'cellulite' is a media term. According to him, cellulite is simply the puckered appearance of unevenly distributed fat cells. "The cause of what many people refer to as cellulite is genetic...some women are just genetically prone to collect fat in certain areas," says Dr Weiss.

Skin care expert Anushka, whose Dalon offers a cellulite reducing program of nutritional advice, anti-cellulite treatments and manual cellulite massage, takes a different stand. "Cellulite is not ordinary fat. If it was it could be easily dieted away," Anushka explains. "Cellulite is deposits of water, toxins and fat incarcerated in the body's connective tissue."

What's ironic in the great cellulite debate is that doctors don't buy the medical theories which most cosmetic companies and salons

recite. The consensus among the medical community is that cellulite is an uneven distribution of fat, or in slim people a lack of skin elasticity which causes ripply skin. While M.D.s agree that beauty treatment products geared for cellulite may improve the outward appearance of problem areas and smooth skin, most are skeptical of some cosmetics companies' and spas' claims that their specific treatments break down fatty deposits. As the cellulite controversy continues...women everywhere are busy elsewhere, seeking the way to a slimmer and smoother shape. Luckily, the recent focus on cellulite has gained us a wealth of answers and theories on how to go about the quest.

In the battle of the bulge, the first plan of attack should be to nix those unhealthy habits which contributed to cellulite in the first place. No surprises here, the idea to stay away from all those things you know you shouldn't be doing anyway. Things to avoid include a sedentary lifestyle, insufficient exercise and

nutritional no-nos like refined sugars, salt, caffeine, alcohol and fats.

These unhealthy habits eventually show up as flabby skin. Other factors which have been said to aggravate a cellulite condition include menopause, liver malfunctions, birth control pills and pregnancy. However, these factors fall into the realm of controversy, as their effect on cellulite is yet to be thoroughly researched.

No matter what you may have heard, read, or prayed for, there is no miracle cure to cellulite. The only route to a slimmer, smoother body appearance is a three-part strategy of balanced nutrition, regular exercise and the added care of massage and specialized body beauty treatments. While you may notice an improvement with just one part, quicker, better results are to be had if you stick steadfastly to all three.

It's never too early—or too late—to gain control over curves. Armed with the facts about cellulite, it's easy to stick to a well-rounded body care routine that will inspire your sleekest, leanest figure ever. Here's some



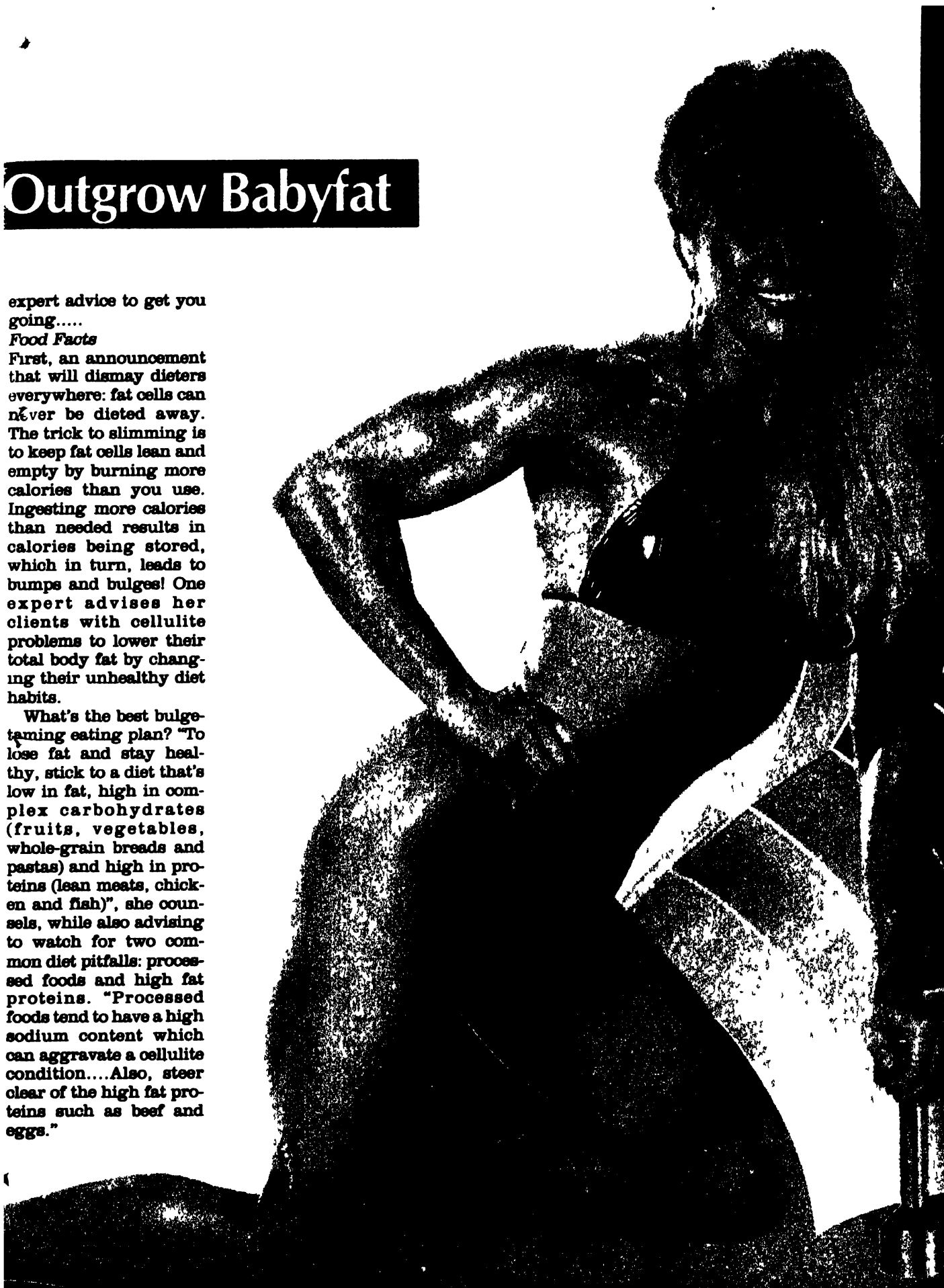
Outgrow Babyfat

expert advice to get you going.....

Food Facts

First, an announcement that will dismay dieters everywhere: fat cells can never be dieted away. The trick to slimming is to keep fat cells lean and empty by burning more calories than you use. Ingesting more calories than needed results in calories being stored, which in turn, leads to bumps and bulges! One expert advises her clients with cellulite problems to lower their total body fat by changing their unhealthy diet habits.

What's the best bulge-taming eating plan? "To lose fat and stay healthy, stick to a diet that's low in fat, high in complex carbohydrates (fruits, vegetables, whole-grain breads and pastas) and high in proteins (lean meats, chicken and fish)", she counsels, while also advising to watch for two common diet pitfalls: processed foods and high fat proteins. "Processed foods tend to have a high sodium content which can aggravate a cellulite condition....Also, steer clear of the high fat proteins such as beef and eggs."



The Not So Merry-go-round

TRAVEL broadens the mind. Or so it is often claimed. It also heightens one's awareness of the insularity of many who, through choice, design or circumstance, remain in one place throughout their days, innocently tending their misconceptions of life elsewhere.

For example, there was an occasion recently when I returned home, tired and unshaven, from Philadelphia. My neighbour, the one in insurance, arrived back simultaneously from his office three miles away. "Lucky Devil," he said enviously. "I bet you've spent the past week sunning yourself beside some pool." Nudge, nudge...wink, wink.

Pool? In Philadelphia? In January? It snowed non-stop for 12 hours before I got out. Mountains of the stuff. It was cold enough to freeze the knocker off a door. Or worse. We aborted our first take-off (not funny). I missed the London connection at JFK, and ended up in Frankfurt the next morning.

Admittedly it's not always that gruesome—occasionally one does arrive on time at the specified destination. But the point is that what those earth-bound, home-loving dreamers tend to refer to as 'the glamorous jet-set life'—you know, non-stop parties, bikini-clad lovelies, blazing sunshine and exotic poolside cocktails—is in reality or for the most part, a very tiring and often tedious routine.

"Now don't go giving me that hard-luck story," chided a friend when I put forward the alternative view of a tennis traveller's life. "You see the world." And one has to admit that's true: if you can get a window seat and there's no cloud cover restricting the view from 35,000 feet. But it's pretty repetitive. From that height, where even air ports seem inhabited.

In decades of globe-trotting I have been over some of the most wonderful sights on earth, but almost sitting on the wrong side of the aircraft. On the right-hand side the captain (you can see the Grand Concourse) and the world's greatest landmarks. I'm on the left. And the Eastern Your

People think that tennis correspondents have a good time, hopping from continent to continent.

**David Irvine
begs to differ**

Seat Belts light is on. It was just the same when I flew by Mount Fuji as the sun was coming up!

Yet air travel must be acknowledged as the greatest single factor in changing the face of tennis. Before the war tournaments followed the sun along the same path as they do now, but at a far more leisurely pace. It took a long time to go, say, from Los Angeles to Melbourne and, because of that, big international events were few and far between.

Now a player can contest a final in Stockholm and make the first round of another tournament in Johannesburg or Memphis or Sydney two days later. And then be off to yet another continent the moment he loses.

Frankly, I envy my journalistic predecessors who took a week to cross the Atlantic in the *Queen Mary*. Not for them the hassle of the quick dash to, and the long wait at, those oh-so-familiar airports. Not for them the unpleasant effects of

WHAT those earth-bound, home-loving dreamers tend to refer to as 'the glamorous jet-set life'—you know, non-stop parties, bikini-clad lovelies, blazing sunshine and exotic poolside cocktails—is, in reality or for the most part, a very tiring and tedious routine





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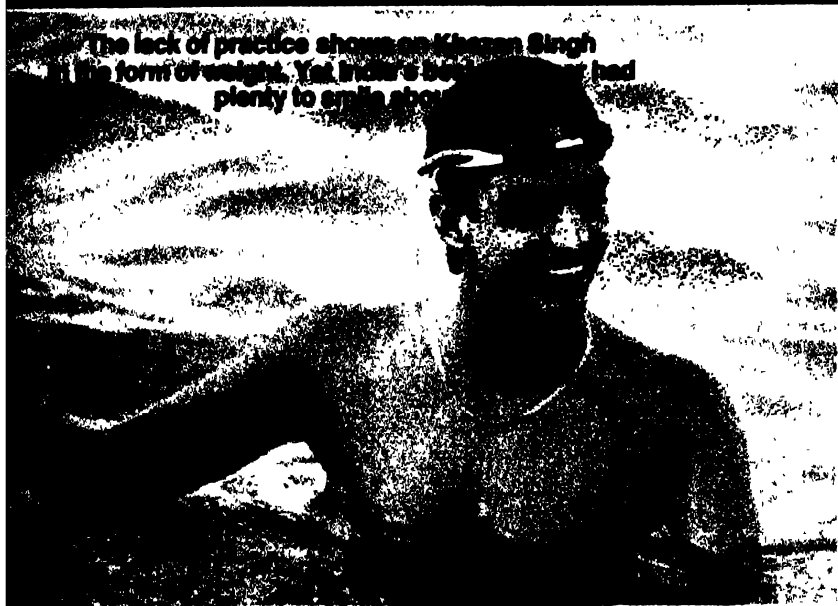
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CHAMPIONSHIPS

INDIA'S SWIMMING CAPTAIN

The lack of practice shown on Khazan Singh in the form of weight. Yet India's best swimmer had plenty to smile about



Will Pallavi Shetty of Maharashtra take over the Anita Sood mantle?



The two best all-round swimmers of the meet (left) Sebastian Xavier and Maharashtra's Vishal Kapoor

In the absence of teammate Lorraine Verghese, Karnataka's teenaged Sangeeta Rao showed a high standard in the women's section. She beat Urmila Chettri in the 400m individual medley

THE 46th senior national aquatic championships did not promise much for the future. Which in itself sounds like an age-old refrain. The fact that the national circuit is still ruled by the likes of Khazan Singh Tokas, Wilson Cherian and Bula Chowdhury, only highlights that Indian swimming is stagnating.

The backdrop of the nationals was the dismal Indian performance at the Beijing Asian Games. The hangover was still evident in Bombay. But at least two youngsters—Railways' Sebastian Xavier and Maharashtra's Vishal Kapoor—left some hope for Indian swimming. Between them, they had the only two individual national records to fall in the 46th senior nationals.

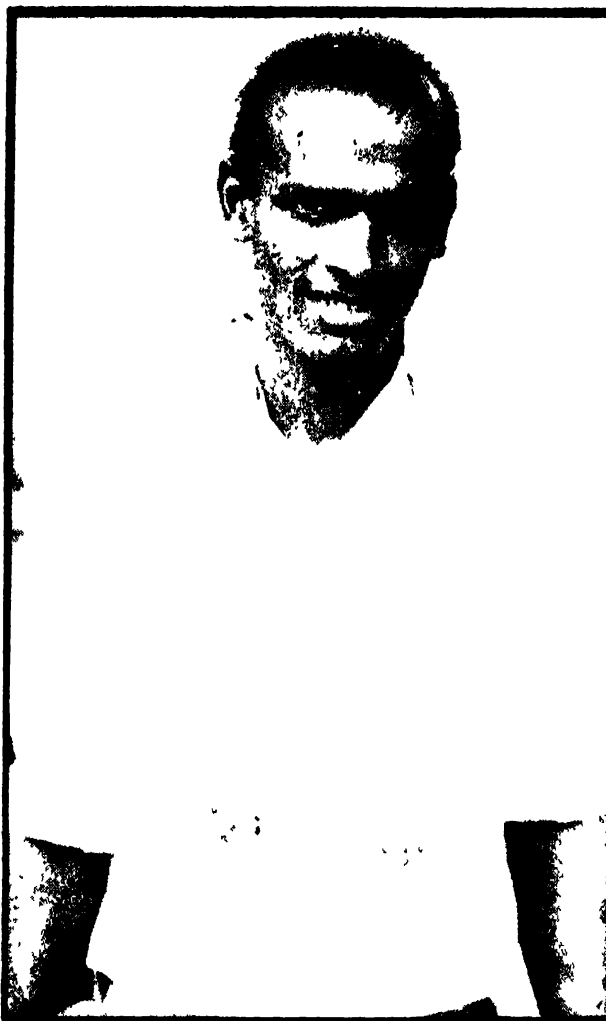
On the distaff side, Karnataka's 15-year-old Sangita Rao, was the find of the nationals. In her first full fledged senior nationals, unheralded Sangita left fancied Pallavi Shetty and Sonali Rege of Maharashtra in her wake as she led the women's standings till the penultimate day of the six-day meet. Sangita was ultimately beaten by Bula Chowdhury, representing Bihar, for the individual women's title by a solitary point.

Lorraine Verghese's absence due to jaundice deflated Karnataka's chances as also denied the ladies section a much finer competitive edge. Lorraine, who won 11 medals at the

previous nationals in Trivandrum was largely responsible in keeping Karnataka's flag flying head and shoulder above the other states, especially Maharashtra, which has been the major producer of classy women swimmers in the country for the last

Karnataka.

It was rather a one-sided affair in the men's section. Railways were invincible and only Vishal Kapoor offered some serious challenge to the title holders. Police, who finished runners-up in Bombay, could not throw the



three years

In Lorraine's absence, the Maharashtra women were tipped to sweep the medals, but Sangita Rao stopped them. Sangita's three gold medals were however, not enough as Maharashtra won the women's team championship with a tally of 111 points, five more than second-placed

**Sebastian Xavier:
multiple medallist**

same kind of challenge to Railways as they did in Trivandrum last year. Though they were assisted by international ace Khazan Singh Tokas, the CRPF DSP skipped most of the events except his favourite 100m and

200m butterfly events where he struck gold again, albeit not as impressively.

Vishal alone contributed 47 points to the hosts, from the men's side. These points proved crucial when it came to deciding the overall standings. Maharashtra won the overall championship, gaining a total of 166 points, Railways took the second spot with 138 points (all these coming from the men, as the Railways do not have a women's squad) and Karnataka finished third with 109 points, the bulk of that score coming from the women's team.

The men's water polo, generated the usual neck and neck battles from the semi-final stages. Like last year, holders Railways, Services, Maharashtra and Bengal broke little sweat to reach the last four stage of the tournament.

Bengal's run ended at the hands of Maharashtra. The hosts drubbed a new-look Bengal side 13-4 to gain the title round.

Railways pipped a fast improving Services team 9-8 in the other semifinal. The Railways team, half of which comprises ex-Bengal players, had a tough match against the army men. Prabhakaran Nair (four goals) and Sanjay Jaiswal (three) were the architects of the Railway win.

Maharashtra and Railways, having played each other with regularity were never quite aware of each others initiatives. The result was a fascinating final. It was a low



Khazan Singh: winner of the 100m butterfly gold

with three goals, Railways were more of a joint effort with goals coming from Ajay Aote (two), Kanai Roy Prabhakaran Nair, Mahesh Mangani and Sanjay Jaiswal

There were seven teams in the women's water polo championship this year, more than last year. Bengal's monopoly in women's water polo continued as they easily outmanoeuvred the opposition. They dismissed Maharashtra nine to nothing in the final, while Kerala beat Manipur 11-2 for the bronze medal.

For some reason, perhaps the dismal standards, diving rather paradoxically has never attracted much spectator interest. Conducted before a subdued crowd, Gujarat and Uttar Pradesh split the honours in the women's section while Railways and Services dominated the men's competition.

Railways' Taraknath Hait did a Greg Louganis when he won the men's springboard silver despite a head injury. Hait, a Railway recruit from Bengal, suffered a deep gash at the back of his head during a practice session the day prior to the finals. The wound required six stitches, not enough to stop Hait from taking part. Mahipal Singh Shekhawat of Police took the springboard gold with the bronze going to Services' S Jambhulkar.

Railways' Kirti Prakash Misra clinched the men's highboard gold ahead of Rajnarain



The Railway quartet which won the gold in the 4x100m freestyle and 4x200m freestyle

scoring final, but generated great excitement for the motley crowd at the Andheri Municipal Sports Complex pool.

The first quarter produced the lone goal in Railways' favour. The holders consolidated the lead (4-1) by the end of the second quarter. The

third quarter produced deadly stuff as Maharashtra wrested the initiative and shared the four goals. Despite taking the last quarter by the odd goal in three, Maharashtra were just snuffed out.

While Ravi Thakkar was the hosts' top scorer

Anuja Ghosh: gold in the highboard section

Singh of Uttar Pradesh. Pushpa Misra pipped Gujarat's

England-trained Anuja Ghosh in the women's springboard final.

Anuja, who holds the national mark in this event, lost the title on a controversial last dive and had to settle for the silver. Bengal's Sudipta Dutta got the bronze in this event.

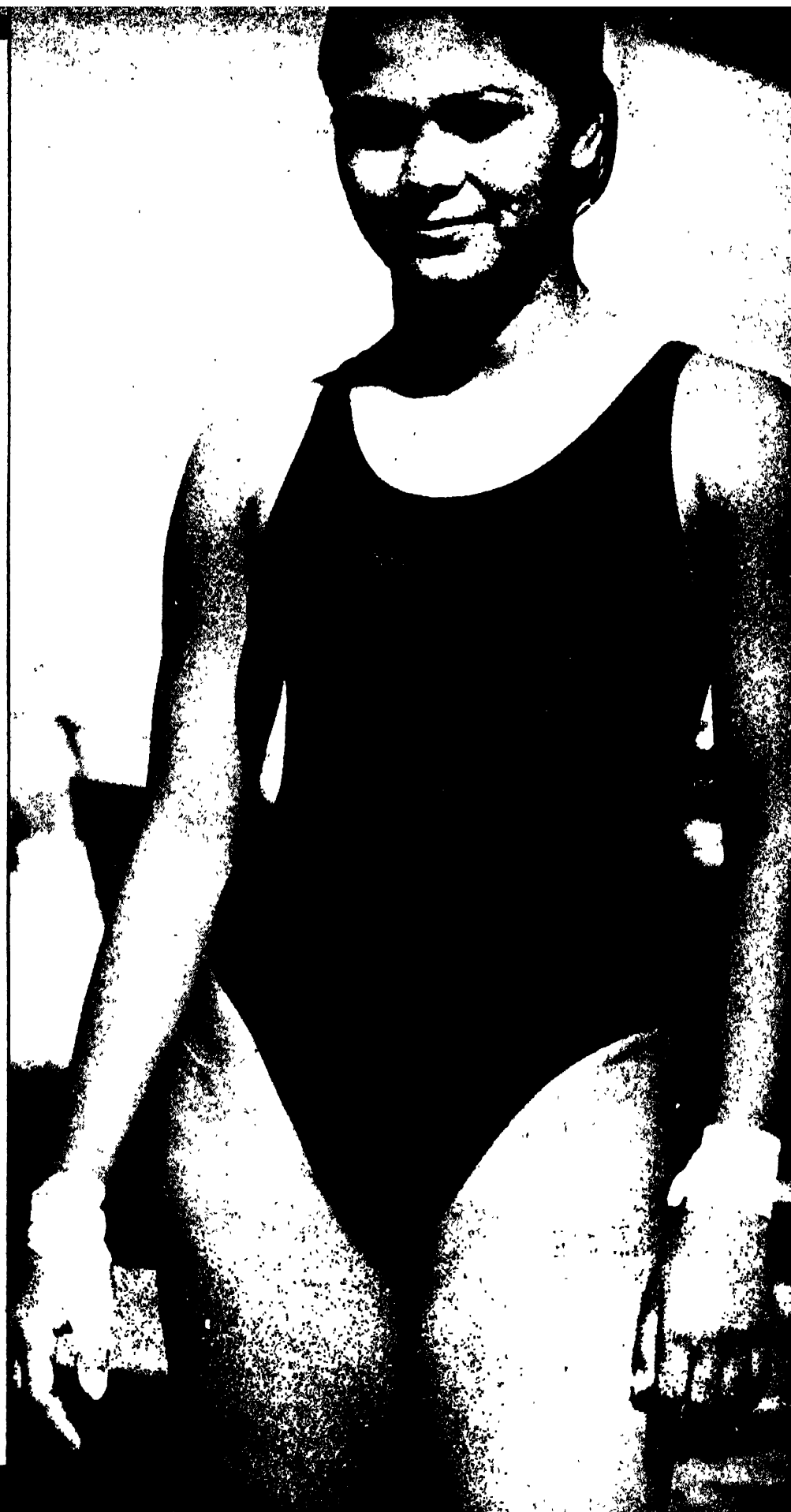
Anuja was too good in the highboard section,

There were two national relay records and both were created by the Railway foursome in the relays - the 4×100m freestyle and the 4×200m freestyle. The Railways quartet, spearheaded by Sebastian Xavier, Sanjib Chakraborty, Josef Chhabra and newcomer R. Kumar were far superior than the others

winning easily while Bengal's Ishani Ghosh grabbed the bronze medal.

Coming back to swimming, bad planning on the part of the Railways team cost Sebastian Xavier, who clocked a personal best of 54.34 seconds at the recently concluded Beijing Asian Games, the national record in the 100m freestyle for men.

The 20-year-old Sebastian over-exerted in the 200m individual medley and was thus visibly tired in the 100m



freestyle, held within 20 minutes of the medley. He did win the gold, clocking 55.66 seconds, but failed to break Khazan Singh's national mark of 54.67 seconds set in the Calcutta nationals two years ago.

School boy Vishal Kapoor won the championships first gold medal in the 200m medley ahead of

breath of fresh air. Sebastian hurtled through the men's 50m freestyle beating Khazan's record of 24.61 seconds with a memorable timing of 24.50 seconds. But his national record was not better than his 24.18 seconds which he clocked in the final of the 50m freestyle at the Beijing Asian Games.

ex-national 100m freestyle champion Josef Chhabra and new comer R. Kumar, were far superior for the others. International P. Sanal Kumar replaced Sanjib in the 4x200m freestyle relay team.

In both the frontcrawl relays, Railways bettered their own mark. The new records stand at 3.47.56

freestyle timing of 1.04.41 seconds, was nowhere near Anita Sood's national record of 1.01.05 sec.

Sanjita proved a better freestyler over longer distances as she licked Pallavi hollow in the 400m freestyle and 800m freestyle. Sangita's win in these two races only highlighted that



Five gold medals with the silver in the 100m freestyle as a bonus, is evidence that Bula is a remarkable talent. Ironically, Bula had to don Bihar's colours, when she is "at heart, a Bengali". But that's a different story.

Pallavi's nine-week training at the Pinecrest Swimming School in Florida was not enough. But to be fair on Sangita, she was too good for Pallavi in the long distance freestyles as she won her races with plenty to spare.

It was truly a fairy tale comeback for Bula Chowdhury. Out of competitive swimming for an entire year (last year she double-crossed the English Channel), she put in merely three weeks of strenuous training with the Railways team in Madras. The results were staggering.

Five gold medals with the silver in the 100m freestyle as a bonus, is evidence that Bula is a talent. Ironically, Bula had to don Bihar's colours, when she is "at heart a Bengali". But that's a different story.

Sounitra Bose, Bombay

Sebastian Vishal grabbed two other gold medals in the tournament, but reserved his best for the final day to crack the national mark in the 400m freestyle. Vishal, 15 years old on October 23, sunk Reza Shirazi's 1985 national record of 4.20.61-19.76 seconds.

The second individual record was set on the penultimate day of the meet and it came like a

Bula Chowdhury: the overall women's champion

There were two more national records and both were created by the Railway foursome in the relays—the 4x100m freestyle and the 4x200m freestyle. The Railways quartet, spearheaded by such heavyweights like Sebastian, Sanjib Chakraborty,

seconds in the 4x100m freestyle and 8.24.87 seconds in the 4x200m freestyle relay.

In the women's side, Maharashtra's much fancied Pallavi Shetty just managed to keep her reputation intact winning the 50m and 100m freestyle golds on the last two days of the championships. While she touched in at 29.88 seconds to win the 50m freestyle, her 100m

All's well That Ends Well

ROVERS CUP



ALL's well that ends well That could be the view of not only East Bengal, but also of the relieved organisers of the Centenary Rovers Cup football tournament at Bombay's Cooperage ground. For, till the Calcutta club's players relented and acceded to the request of the All-India Football Federation president, Mr. Priya Ranjan Dasgupta, and coach Syed Nayeemuddin there was every likelihood of the

final being abandoned and the trophy being shared

That would have denied East Bengal a coveted honour. Back in 1972, they became the first club to win the IFA Shield, the Durand Cup and the Rovers Cup in the same season. But they had gained only a

half-share in the Rovers Cup as they were joint-winners with Mohun Bagan, who incidentally, performed the feat five years later and by winning all three events outright. Thus East Bengal had the added incentive to make sure of annexing the Rovers Cup to the IFA

East Bengal survived a mini riot in the final to win the centenary Rovers Cup football and achieve the rare distinction of winning the three major tournaments

Babu Mani being intercepted by Mahindra's Nandu Kotiya

Shield and the Durand Cup

What led to the suspension of play for a little over an hour, was a debatable decision of FIFA referee M G Suvarna to go by linesman Bosco Pereira's signal for off-side against Debashis Sarkar and invalidating a goal with about ten minutes to go for the final whistle. Pereira's flag had gone up even as Sarkar darted for the cross from the right flank by wing back Ilyas Pasha. Sarkar's volley beat Mohammed

Qadeer in the Mahindra and Mahindra goal

When Suvarna stood by Pereira's view the East Bengal supporters behind the Mahindras goal went berserk, hurling stones, bottles, wooden pieces and other missiles on to the pitch. Some from the east stand also joined in the demonstration. The police were caught unawares especially as the tournament thus far had gone on without any trouble they were without helmets and shields to deal with situation that increasingly became riotous.

It was at this time that the spectators in the west stand hurled missiles at the East Bengal players, the match officials, who all were joined by Mahindras' players in the scramble for the safety of the dressing room.

Meanwhile the decision to pull Sarkar for off-side was debatable. Many felt that as the Mahindras' defender, Farooque Ahmed, was slumped on the ground near the goal area, Sarkar could not be off-side. But a few others averred that as Farooque had been out of the play, though on the field, even as the ball was switched to the East Bengal half, from where the ball was brought back, he could not be considered to be one of the two defenders required for Sarkar to be on-side. Like an attacker who is not interfering with play does not put a colleague off-side, so too, a defender who is out of play does not put a rival on-side.

East Bengal were unwilling to resume. They would not for a long time heed the appeals of the organisers, the Western India Football Association, or the AIFF president. Finally, after Nayeemuddin assured them that he would take on the responsibility for whatever happens, the East Bengal players agreed to take the field again.

And it was just as well. They got over the effects of the untoward happenings and the stoppage of over an hour quicker than Mahindras. Four minutes after the

resumption Mastan Ahmed headed home a flag kick of Krishanu Dey, who soon after had a swift, snap shot that a surprised Qadeer let bounce off his chest.

EAST BENGAL took time to find their feet, and had a hard time in their first match in the quarter-final pool against last year's runners-up Dempo, who dominated the mediocre first half and got the only goal eight minutes after the interval through a brilliantly volleyed goal by Mauricio Afonso from the right edge of the

box, a thundering attempt that beat Atanu Bhattachajee hands down.

The transformation in the play of the IFA Shield and Durand Cup champions was perceptible in their next game, against Mahindras, whom East Bengal had beaten by the odd goal in five in the Durand final. Their quickness to move to the ball at the most vital moments, besides the pressure they stepped up almost at will, clearly showed them to be superior to the Thane District champions. Though there could be some dispute about



Chima's goal towards the end, as he had fouled two defenders before moving into the box, there could be no disputing the merit of their victory

East Bengal's concluding match in Pool B quarter-final league again underlined the swiftness with which they could strike. The lone goal, fashioned by Bikash Panji, Babu Mani and Krishanu Dey for Chima was yet another instance. And when the midfield also touched its wonted form against East Rafa in the semi-final, East Bengal's 13th entry into the final of this tournament

became virtually certain

Mahindra struck a purple patch in their first match in the quarter-final pool. They just seemed incapable of doing any wrong as they ripped apart the defence of DCM runners-up and Federation Cup champions Kerala Police to score a 3-0 success.

Mahindras were not able to play at this terrific pace in the next two games nor in the semi-final because East Bengal, Dempo and Salgaocar could and did keep play more to the midfield. After their loss to East Bengal, 1-3, Mahindras were fancied

to mow down a Dempo side dependent heavily on veterans. But it was Dempo who took the lead through newcomer Vitorino Fernandes from a flag kick of Mauricio. However, Mahindras took more than an hour to come abreast of their rivals through Nandu Kotiya, who got the winner, 2-1. The victory put them at the top of the pool and helped in avoiding a semi-final clash with East Rafa, who had dispelled the poor impression of their opening quarter-final pool tie against Salcete Football Club.

East Rafa, the only

foreign side to take part—Esteghlal of Iran and Mohammedan Sporting of Dhaka were replaced by Kerala Police and Mohun Bagan and Royal Nepal Airlines in the pre-quarter-final pool by Salcete Football Club, perhaps were the best equipped team to test East Bengal.

But the Bahrainis cut the grass from under their own feet in the semi-final by bringing in Talal Hassan for the first time. Before they could adapt themselves to the new roles, they were put under constant pressure by an improved East Bengal midfield and attack. They never really got into their stride.

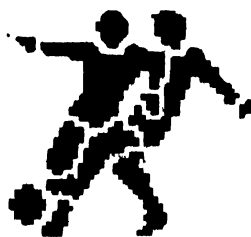
Last year's winners, Salgaocar, were not able to dominate any of their rivals—Mohun Bagan, East Rafa and Salcete in the quarter-final pool and Mahindras in the semi-final.

Salcete were both lucky and unlucky. Lucky to be included in place of Royal Nepal Airlines in the pre-quarters pool, which they topped, unlucky because they were definitely better than East Rafa and Mohun Bagan and had as much of the scoring chances as Salgaocar in the quarters pool.

Mohun Bagan, a last-minute replacement flown from Calcutta, began impressively against Salgaocar and then faded away. They failed to score a goal. Likewise, Kerala Police also disappointed. Perhaps weary after their campaigns in the Durand and the DCM

A Correspondent

East Bengal were unwilling to resume... Finally, after Nayeemuddin assured them (WIFA/AIFF) that he would take on the responsibility for whatever happens, the East Bengal players agreed to take the field again



Bagan keeper Bhaskar Ganguly blocks a close-range drive by Salcete striker Ronaldo Gomes



HERE is a quiz question for you what is common to Ron Meades

Harry Wright (of England) Dietmar Pfeifer (GDR) and Milovan Cirk (Yugoslavia)? Answer They are all foreign coaches who have trained Indian football teams in the past In April 1990 Josef Gelei the Hungarian was added to that list when he came for the long term training of Indian age group and senior football teams

After a protracted struggle the AIFF managed to procure the required foreign exchange for payment to Gelei Immediate results have not been very edifying The Indian sub junior team scraped past Nepal in the qualifying round In the final round at Dubai the Indian boys lost two matches to UAE 0-3 and China 1-3 but beat Jordan 1-0 In the junior championship final round at Jakarta India lost to both North Korea and Qatar and got eliminated Gelei coached both teams which bring us to the million-dollar question which seems to be on everyones mind is Gelei or for that matter any foreign coach truly necessary, especially considering that the monthly expense on them is about a lakh of rupees Gelei who represented Hungary in the 1966 World Cup explained to *Sportsworld* why according to him Indian football is stagnating and needs outside help **SPORTSWORLD:** You coached both the sub-junior and junior Indian teams.

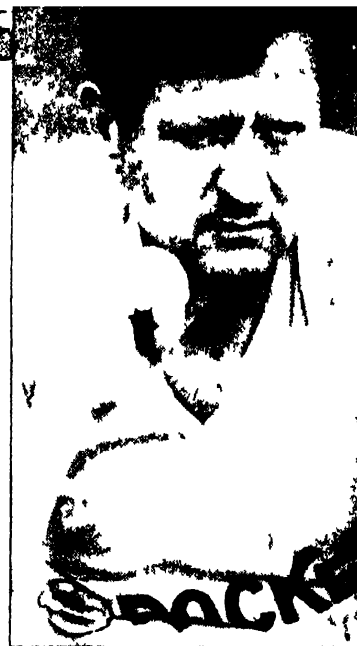
What improvement have they shown? Their performance in the Asian Championship final rounds was not impressive

GELEI Firstly, I have not spent much time in India Moreover, I have had to spend my time coaching different squads the Indian sub junior team, junior team and the senior squad So I have not had time to concentrate enough on one particular squad However must admit that I tried to give extra attention to the

sub-junior and junior teams as they were to participate in the Asian Championship final rounds

How do you rate the Indian sub-junior team? They lost two and won just one match in the Asian sub-junior championship

The performance of the sub junior team does not indicate their talent displayed India has many talented players but the coaching must be systematic for teams of different age groups In each State teams of



Programme

Badly Planned:

Gelei



The running off the ball of the Indian player is very poor. They play with too many touches. To be more effective in modern football, a player should be able to play in all positions at top speed and often with one touch or just two touches

under-14, 16 and 19 years should get regular coaching, only then will the standard improve. Players in this age-group do not get adequate competitive experience. The Indian sub-junior team lacked adequate match practice.

You have observed junior tournaments in India. Are

they well organised or is there a need for improvement?

I have only seen the Subroto Mukherjee Cup for schools in India. This tournament was for the champion school team of all the States and Union Territories of India. I would have preferred to see the National School Games in which all the talented players from the States took part. More talent could have been unearthed from such a competition. There should be greater co-ordination between the different age-group tournaments in India.

Coming back to the Asian sub-junior championship, are you satisfied with India's performance?

India did not perform as well as I had expected in the final rounds. However, they won their qualifying group in Nepal, quite well. I feel that India should start training soon for the next Asian sub-junior championship. An Under-14 team should always be kept ready, to be make immediate replacements for the Under-16 team. The



The Indian coaches feel that an expensive foreign coach is just a status symbol and a needless fetish. Former Indian sub-junior and junior coach Syed Nayeemuddin, currently the coach of East Bengal Club, made a scathing attack on the All

India Football Federation's colonial fetish for a foreign coach.

Nayeem laughed when he heard Gelel's reasons for the Indian age-group teams not performing well. He revealed the following to *Sportsworld*.

Nayeem Gelel says he did not get enough time to prepare the Indian teams for the Asian sub-junior and junior championship final rounds. Well, he got about three months with both teams. However, when I was the coach of age-group teams I got just three weeks time to prepare them. Half of my time was spent screening the players. I coached the Indian sub-junior team in 1985 and the Indian junior team in 1986 and 1988. We never got more than a month's preparation and little competitive training. Yet in the 1985 Asian preliminary group, we played so well that AFC secretary Peter Vellapan praised the team and said, "I have never seen an Indian team play such consistent attacking football. They played modern football." The stars of that team were

Foreign Coaches: A Status Symbol

Shanta Kumar and Francis Baruah (both playing for Mahindras now)

So do you think a foreign coach is required?

Not at all. There are many Indian coaches who can deliver the same results if given the same facilities. The AIFF spends nearly Rs 1 lakh per month on Gelel. I got just Rs 2,000 per month and I had to take leave from office. I have never been paid an adequate amount that I can concentrate fully on coaching. If I, or many other Indian coaches, get the same payment and facilities as Gelel, we could do as well if not better. We understand the Indian players and their psychology better. For instance, I think Gelel used Aquil Ansari (India Under-19 team), the talented Mahindra player wrongly in the midfield. Aquil does not have the staying power to be effective in midfield. He is better as a side back, moving into the attack quickly.

I have taken the most advanced coaching courses in Brazil, Hungary and Germany. There is nothing new in what Gelel is saying. Give us the time and we can do the same. I have always said that India should have Under-14, 16 and 19 years teams. Now that a foreigner is saying the same the AIFF is listening.

Under-16 team can be groomed for the Under-19, from next year onwards, and so on.

What do you think is lacking in Indian football?

All those who saw the 1990 World Cup on Doordarshan will realise that Indian football, I'm sad to say, is many years behind the modern game. The running off the ball of the Indian player is very poor. They play with too many touches. To be more effective in modern football, a player should be able to play in all positions at top speed

and often with one touch or just two touches.

A major weakness, I have observed is that Indian players, even the teenaged ones, always wait for the ball. They wait for a pass instead of moving up to a ball. Modern football is too fast and you have to go for the ball instead of waiting. Also, the recovery of Indian players is extremely poor. There is inadequate commitment to win back the ball, once possession is lost. I have tried to teach the players movements off the ball and the urge to win back the ball, but

then all this takes time.

You have been six months in India, what is your observation about the future of the game here?

Talent and potential no doubt is there. Look, I think, as regards the Indian Under-16 years and Under-19 years teams there is not much difference with the European teams but there is a big, big difference between the Indian senior players and senior teams of Europe. Senior Indian footballers play too much football. They get no resting time. This is not good. If the players

don't get the resting time, they will soon burn out.

In Europe too professionals play about 80 to 100 matches a season, but the matches are well spaced out. During the rest season, they remain fit as they are professionals. In India, the programme is badly planned. Top players from East Bengal and Mohun Bagan had to play three major tournaments in a month or about three matches a week. This is bad planning and not good for quality football.

Navy Kapadia



AN ANGLER WITH A 'REACH'

Is Bob Nunn

IF BOB NUNN were an athlete with just a slight dose of fame, his face would be decorating endorsement hoardings all over the world. No such luck.

Nunn is not just an ordinary man. He is the world champion angler but is wise enough to know that this sport would get him few rave reviews.

Bob was conferred the title of 'top angler' during the world coarse fishing championships in Yugoslavia. And guess how he won the title? With a 17 metre fishing rod. Something that big is not very often seen in fishing circles but Bob used it and effectively too to land the title from among 124

competitors.

Competing among 24 nations, Bob who hails from Essex managed to hook 20 fishes in two, three hour sessions. His total catch weighed in at about 2 665 kilos. This feat fetched him approximately £15,000 to £20,000 in sponsorship and endorsement deals.

But Bob does not let all this bother him at all. He's rather philosophical about the whole thing (that is the lack of recognition). You come to accept that you're not likely to get on TV in this country (Britain). You just have to accept, we're a boring old lot really.

He isn't exactly fishing for compliments.

KASPAROV Is..

Too good for himself

GARRY KASPAROV is a wiz at chess. He is also a proud man. Even though he lost the seventh game in the world chess championships, he refused to admit that it was due to his personal deficiencies.

'I made the worst mistake of my career,' he claimed. 'It's unbelievable!' The instant I took my hands off the queen, I wanted to resign. I believe this move was the result of psychological tiredness. He also said that Karpov was no longer a challenge for him. In fact, he's

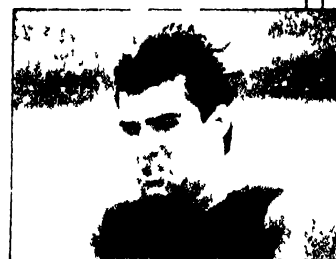
so good, so he claims that he believes he's a threat to himself. 'So far in the match I've been fighting myself as much as I have Karpov. Every game we played was of a high quality. In fact, I was so pleased with the quality of chess, I forgot that art could save the match.' Since that defeat, Kasparov has made a number of errors falling into Karpov's defensive trap with unfailing regularity. Was it because he was trying to switch over to artistic chess and thereby sacrificing the high quality of the games?

ORFEO IS..

One of a kind

THIS is one story with a difference. We're featuring a unique ski-jumper who goes by the name of Orfeo Ceconato. Ski jumping is one of the few breathtaking sports in the world and it requires not only guts but a high level of fitness. Orfeo has loads of the former quality but we don't know about the latter.

He lost both his legs in a freak accident three years ago, but that did not stop the sports-crazy teacher from strutting his stuff. Orfeo had never experienced the thrill



of ski jumping before, but went ahead and did it all the same in a unique, Australian custom made ski built specially for amputees.

Twenty-year old Orfeo took to his skis like a fish takes to water and did a little bit of showing off, thumping through the water behind a boat. This special ski is the only one of its kind in the world, but then, so is Orfeo.

NEWS FROM THE WORLD OF FOOTBALL

EXTRA TIME EXTRA

THE soccer family has expanded, recently. Within months of achieving freedom, Namibia, long under the iron knuckles of the South African regime, has now joined the FIFA as the world's newest footballing nation.

Namibia has also become a member of the Confederation of African Football. One of the largest countries in the world, a vast arid land of 823, 144 square kms, Namibia can accommodate Britain, West Germany, Italy and the Benelux countries combined. Yet, for geo-climatic reasons the country has a tiny population of 1.3 million which will now be throwing up the nation's first soccer talents to make the country's entry into the football world noteworthy.

The country's soccer activities are more or less confined in the urban areas, especially capital Windhoek which alone provides nine of the country's 12 premier league teams.

REMEMBER Morten Olsen, the great Dane? He always said he loved the game not just as a game, but as a performing art. Hence, he would be associated with it just as long as his body would allow as a performer and not as anything else. Morten Olsen always insisted he would never sit on the sidelines to manage a team. He would only play.

But then circumstances change and so did Olsen's mind. And now after some initial hesitation the former Danish star has launched his life on the soccer hot seat.

And Morten Olsen's club Brøndby performed fairly well, ever since they overcame the initial shock of losing their first outing under their new boss. Brøndby eventually went on to win the league title under Olsen with a 1-0 victory over the traditional giants of Danish soccer KB.

And Morten Olsen's competence as coach was vindicated at once.

RUMOURS have it Maradona is in a financial mess. His business interests have been hurt through neglect and bad advice, while his Argentine advisor Guillermo Coppola has stabbed him in the back. And amid all this speculations Diego Maradona abruptly flew back home after firing his hitherto trusted agent Coppola.

Meanwhile, another bombshell burst when Argentina's new manager Alfí Coco Basile insisted that he wants Maradona to reconsider his decision to quit international soccer, though

Maradona never really said in as many words that he has made up his mind about quitting. Of course, he did say time and again that he has begun to feel the slow, but inexorable forward march of 'age'. Did Maradona confide to Basile exclusively that he had made up his mind to call it a day?

Basile, however, keeps on talking as if all that Maradona needed to come back from retirement was the awareness that "even though by the time the next World Cup comes around he will be well past his peak, he would be an asset to any side." Well, Maradona did you ever really reckon that?

EVEN though peace no longer has a chance to survive in strife torn Lebanon, football has continued to thrive amid the death and destruction. Latest reports indicate that the country's league has expanded from eight clubs to 14, with representatives from Sidon, Tyr, and Tripoli now trying to break the dominance of the Beirut sides.

Unfortunately, however, all the members are situated in Arab communities, Christian clubs, which once dominated Lebanese football, refuse to leave their own, small localised competitions, although several clubs (including the previously powerful Homenmen and Recing from east Beirut) have been invited to participate in the FIFA recognised league.



TIME EXTRA



LUCA DE MONTEZOMOILO, the low profile, but incredibly efficient management expert, and secret behind the success story of Italia 90, is concerned about the heavy price soccer is going to pay for staging the 1994 World Cup in the USA. He is worried that the American TV networks are going to exact a very high price for their coverage. And, as everybody knows, without the American network coverage and financing the US World Cup is a non-starter running the risk of very poor gates.

So, whatever, changes in the rules of the game the TV tycoons deem necessary are sure to be endorsed by FIFA.

And considering the wild and mindless suggestions that FIFA bosses are now making to make the game exciting enough to the Americans, one does have reasons to worry about the future of this beautiful game.

Undoubtedly, the craziest of all the ideas that have come so far is making the goal bigger to pave the way for more frequent scoring. Well, the idea has already been under tremendous fire from all sides, and chances are FIFA will now have to shelve its controversial project, no matter how much they may have to endure from American TV bosses.

SOCCER in Czechoslovakia has all of a sudden been hit by a mass exodus problem. The economic constraints of the country have reached such an unbearable stage that footballers, like men from all other walks of life, are migrating to what seem to them as relatively greener pastures.

In fact, the problem has become so serious that a commission has been set up by the country's FA to consider ways of stopping the constant exodus of leading players to foreign countries.

But at present there seems to be none in sight, given the economic desolation that has got the country in its grip.

SOCCER's ultimate hero Pele is convinced that he would outdo all his footballing rivals in terms of longevity as he did on the field of play. Now 50 years of age, Pele recently told the Press, "Some times I don't really know what age I am. I live the same life that I did at 25, do the same things-- except for the playing. I think when I'm 100, I'll be kicking the first ball at a game in 'Maracana.' And Pele gives the reasons behind his strong convictions. "My family all lived a long time. My father's mother lived to 97. I've an aunt of 82, my father is 73 and very active. Yes, I'm going to live to be 100. The only problem is that all my friends will be dead."

Nowadays, Pele spends four or five months of each year in New York where he has an apartment, about the same time at his home in Santos, and the rest travelling in Europe and Asia. "I do more travelling than a lot of pilots," he says, "I'm one of the few who can say, I'm a happy man."



ALAPPUZHA

State Club Football

TRAVANCORE Titanium, Thiruvananthapuram won the Kerala State Inter Club Football Championship for the Kerala Kaumudi Trophy, for the second year in succession. The contest was held at the S.D.V. Stadium, Alappuzha.

In the last encounter of the 18th edition of the championship, Titanium denied the chances of Kerala Police, the All India Inter Police Football and Federation Cup Champions, to complete a treble in a calendar year.

After the scoreless draw the fate of both the teams was decided in the tie break and the holders Titanium emerged victors again by a 4-3 margin.

P. Venu Govinda Kumar

NEW DELHI

BSF Hockey

PUNJAB and Sind Bank won the Border Security Force (BSF) silver jubilee hockey tournament which concluded at the Shivaji Stadium in New Delhi.

The bank team, with several leading players in its ranks, won their second title in a span of one month. The PSB team won the Sanjay Gandhi tournament at the same venue although the final was abandoned after it turned violent.

PSB drowned the hopes of the hosts BSF whose team lost the final in an exciting match that was watched by important functionaries of the Border Security Force.

Olympian Gundeep Kumar put the PSB team ahead in the first half but Simon Bage restored parity and the tussle for the title turned intense. Finally, Ram Saran struck the match-winner to decide the fate within the regulation period.

Earlier in the semifinals, PSB defeated Mahindra and



The Travancore Titanium team, which won the state club championships

Mahindra, Bombay 3-0 while the BSF downed star-studded Indian Airlines 3-1 to book a final berth.

Several leading teams of the country including Air India, Bombay PSB, BSF, Indian Airlines and Mahindras took part in this tournament organised by the BSF to mark their silver jubilee year.

However, the standard of some of the matches involving the top teams was not as high as one could expect from the ones which boasted of having internationals in their ranks.

Indian Airlines with several stars, including some of the past, could not make much impression and the absence of centre-forward Jagbir Singh due to injury also added to their woes.

Air India, coached by the famed Cedric D'Souza did not even qualify for the semi-final stage from their pool, which had five teams playing the round-robin.

On the other hand, Mahindras with stars like Marcellous Gomes, Joaquim Carvalho, Mark Patterson, and Harindra Singh to name a few played well but were outplayed in the semi-final by the PSB team who showed good

coordination.

Mahindras were 'stroked out' by Indian Airlines in the hardliners match after they were tied one-all from halftime through extra time. Custodian Mark Patterson tried his hand at the penalty flick but got a taste of his own medicine when Ashish Ballal, his contender for the place under the India bar, denied him any chance to score.

Indian Airlines which won 4-3 in a third place match, had in the tournament relied on the left winger Zafar Iqbal who showed patches of brilliance but clearly lacked the speed to sustain good play. Youngster Mukesh Kumar, who played for India two years ago, gave a good account of himself.

K.P. Venkat

JAMSHEDPUR

Inter-Zone basketball

TAMIL NADU won the National Inter Zone basketball championship for the first time in 16 years when they beat last year's runners up and nine times champions Bihar by nine points (84-75), in a keenly contested final played at the United Club court,



Jamshedpur

Tamil Nadu's skipper B Saravanan, K Radha Krishnan, F Polson and S D Sindhuwaran maintained their good form right through the championship. In the final too Polson and Sindhuwaran, 18 points each Saravanan, 17 points, and Radha Krishnan, 16 points, dashed Bihar's hopes of winning the trophy for the tenth time.

Playing to a well chalked out game plan, the agile Tamil Nadu players thwarted Bihar's ageing forty-three-year-old, 7'2" tall Sunil Panda's attempts at tapping the ball into the basket.

Bihar were rather unfortunate as Shaid Qureshi, the 19-year-old international, went down with high temperature on the eve of the final. Qureshi and Rajesh Srivastava had combined well for Bihar in their matches up to the semi-final against Delhi.

In the first semifinal, Bihar beat Delhi, 84-72 while the second semi-final saw Tamil Nadu beat Andhra Pradesh, 79-53.

Delhi was placed third as Andhra Pradesh pulled out the match for the third and fourth positions.

Arun Kumar Thakur

HAZARIBAGH

Club Football

MUZAFFARPUR Police Club clinched the 'President Cup' when they defeated Tata Sports Club, West Bokaro Colliery (Hazaribagh), in the third Bihar State champion club

championship held here recently.

In the tough final, Muzaffarpur Police Club won the match in sudden death after the teams played a goalless 90 minutes. After that, there was a tiebreaker and still no break in the deadlock (3-3). Finally, in sudden death, Bhupendra Prasad Singh scored the goal.

Anil Kumar Singh

TRIPUNITHARA

All India Pooja Cricket

P.C. Naresh, the skipper of the State Bank of India receives the Rama Varma Kunjuni Thamparam Memorial trophy for the All India Pooja cricket championship from Mr. P. Gopinathan Nair, the Director General of Police, Kerala. State Bank of India, Madras defeated United Bank, Calcutta by four wickets.



FOLLOWING the remarkably high scores in England last summer, the Test and County Cricket Board has declined to be rushed into making changes to restore a better balance between batsman and bowler. Apart from seeking a greater uniformity in the colour, the leather used and tautness of stitching, the basic specifications for the ball next season will remain unchanged.

The board's cricket committee announced that the nine-strand, lower seamed ball--introduced last year, in place of the 15-strand version--would be used again.

It was felt, a further season was needed to monitor the full effect because of the part played in the batsmen's dominance by the exceptional hot weather. The committee felt that there was nothing wrong with bowlers being made to work harder for success.

THE retired head coach of MCC, Don Wilson looking back over the various ground-staff boys who worked for him, recalled one lad who was with him for six months in 1977. "I though he couldn't bowl,"

Wilson said. The lad, of course, was Ian Botham. "What a mistake," Wilson mused.

THE only time that camel racing featured in the news was when children were kidnapped and tied onto the backs of camels for the amusement of rich sheikhs. But it looks like

SPORTING TRIVIA

camel racing has come of age. The first full camel racing championship was held in the semi-arid north

Australia. Though quite what these countries have to do with camels eludes me.

With over 70 riders

taking part, there are plans to increase the racing distance so that the race can take place over 1,000 kms--a more accurate reflection of a camel's genuine ability than a quick gimmickey sprint.

Suggestions have also been made to ban the intensive and lethal Paris--Dakar Rally, and replace it with a camel marathon!

JAHANGIR KHAN'S physical breakdown has already translated into deteriorating professional form. On the new world ranking issued by the International Squash Players' Association, Jahangir has dropped to second place behind Jansher Khan, the



eastern province of Kenya.

Called the Maralal International Camel Derby it was contested by riders from Britain, USA, Germany and

A controversial tournament involving prize money is being held in Paris. Like in the movie 'Best of the Best' the Europeans are taking on the South Korean judokas



world champion. Jahangir Khan, the man who led the world game almost without interruption since 1981 must now face the prospect of losing contact with the top ranking forever.

Ever since he won his ninth British Open title in April '90, he has constantly been dropping out of major tournaments while Jansher Khan has been winning them.

It looks like the coronation of a new king is finally about to take place

THE leading European judo fighters and a team from South Korea

Accidents like this have prompted FISA to set up a watchdog committee

COURTESY SQUASH WORLD



The defeated look on Jahangir Khan's face says it all

will compete for prizes totalling \$27,500 in a controversial competition in Paris. After the competition was announced by Kurt

Kucera, president of the European Judo Union, he said, "It is an experiment, but there is more commercial involvement in all sport now and judo cannot ignore that!"

Despite an official EJU invitation, the Japanese

have flatly refused to take part. The founders of the sport think it will demean the sport.

Jean-Luc Rouge, technical director of the French federation which held a similar tournament said, "Whether we like it or not, money in sport means publicity and judo needs the publicity."

FISA the governing body of motorsport has set up a "special safety enquiry commission" to investigate the 1990 Formula One season after Ayrton Senna's controversial World Championship win in Japan. A report to be compiled later this year, will 'judge the role of all participants—organisers, stewards, officials, teams and drivers,' and will be used to decide who gets a licence for next season. The watchdog committee is because of technical developments and the behaviour of certain drivers in recent months.

The move also came after Peiro Fusaro, president of Ferrari, complained to FISA about the Brazilian's clash with Alain Prost at Suzuka. FISA said that there have been, 'incidents and accidents implicating certain drivers' and that "the image of the world championship, which should be exemplary for the sport, has deteriorated."

The commission will investigate all aspects of the past season's races and will also look at possible rule changes for 1991. ●



WHEN TIME RAN OUT!

A review of the series of games held in New York as our focus shifts to Lyons, France for the second round in the Clash of the Titans

AT the halfway stage of the world championship match, a lot of speculation has arisen about Karpov's chances of pulling off a major upset. The focus has now shifted from New York to Lyons, France.

Contrary to predictions, the match is tied at six points each after 12 games, with one win racked up by each player. Karpov (people feel), must be on a high having definitely had the better of the exchanges so far.

The break should also be more useful to the 39-year-old Karpov than to the 27-year-old Kasparov. That is the view of one school of thought. Others say the world champion has survived playing some of the worst chess of his career. He will probably be able to use the break to muster his re-

Karpov has received a fresh lease of life restoring his confidence

sources and recover his form.

Kasparov probably put undue pressure on himself, by trying to win the match by the largest possible margin, rather than just win. His confidence will have taken a beating but he has always shown the ability to learn quickly from his errors. Now, his supporters feel, he will review his mistakes and put his head down and win.

Frankly, there is a lot to be said for this point of view. Kasparov has an astounding ability to raise his game at the critical moment. He came back from four games down in his first world championship match way back in '84. He won the last game to tie the Seville match in '87 when he had to win. His nerves have never let him down when he has his back to the wall.

Karpov may be feeling confi-





dent. Then again he too has made uncharacteristic errors having had serious winning chances in eight games and converting only one of them into a full point. Karpov has also been forced into making moves in the face of time pressure something which he dislikes excessively. The former world champion may well be feeling disappointed he is not actually leading.

The games have been a strange mixture of the good, the bad and the obscure. Every world championship match has featured blunders which can only be explained by excessive nervous tension. This match has, however, had far too many of them.

The first four games could be classified as among the best ever played. Karpov kept a slight advantage in the first against Kasparov's Kings Indian Defence.

KASPAROV'S supporters say Garri has played as badly as he has ever done. He can only improve. Karpov on the other hand has played above himself and can only slide downhill. Whatever the beliefs, it should be an interesting second half

but the world champion made a well timed pawn offer to equalise.

In the second Kasparov used the Spanish opening and a powerful new idea to pull off a brilliant victory against Karpov's permanent Zaitsev variation.

The third was the most interesting. Kasparov re-employed the KID which seems to be his main-line defence for the match and sacrificed first the exchange then his queen for a well coordinated position. After reaching a winning position he let Karpov back into the game and a fighting draw resulted.

The fourth was the first of Karpov's serious slip ups. Kasparov

Kasparov had no competition except from himself. He panicked



Kasparov and Karpov: Another time, another place..

overreached trying to blast the Zaitsev defence away. He sacrificed his entire queenside but Karpov blundered in time pressure allowing a perpetual check in a totally won game.

After this the standards dropped. Incidentally Karpov who used to be a king's pawn opener is relying totally on the queen's pawn with white. Kasparov who used to prefer the queen's pawn has so far only played the king's pawn in this match.

The fifth and sixth games were uneventful draws. After the titanic struggles of the third and fourth both players may have wanted to avoid risks here. The seventh game featured an amazing mistake by Kasparov. Defending yet another KID he was labouring under a slight disadvantage. Despite having plenty of time on his clock he produced a queen move that led to an obvious forced loss. Karpov was apparently dumbfounded but he wrapped up the point like a true professional, to equalise the match.

The eighth game will probably be regarded as the psychological

turning point of the match if Kasparov retains the title. Unlike other great players Garry Kasparov always does his utmost to win the very next game after a loss. This can make him terribly vulnerable and he has several times lost two or three games in a row as a result.

Karpov was completely outplayed in the Spanish Opening once again. Having reached a winning position and driven Karpov into desperate time trouble Kasparov started making mistakes after mistakes. He missed something like half a dozen easy wins and adjourned in a dead lost position.

The second part of the drama came after adjournment as the nervous tension got to Karpov. Karpov tried for eighty odd moves but he could not force a win in a major piece ending. Kasparov was not just extremely lucky to scrape a draw, he must have experienced a huge lift psychologically. This particular miss will haunt Karpov for the rest of his life. If he had won the eighth game he would probably have been unstoppable.

The errors continued in the

ninth and tenth games. The ninth remember was played off while the eighth was still unfinished. Both players blundered a pawn and the position equalised. The tenth was inexplicably drawn in a complex position when Karpov held the advantage.

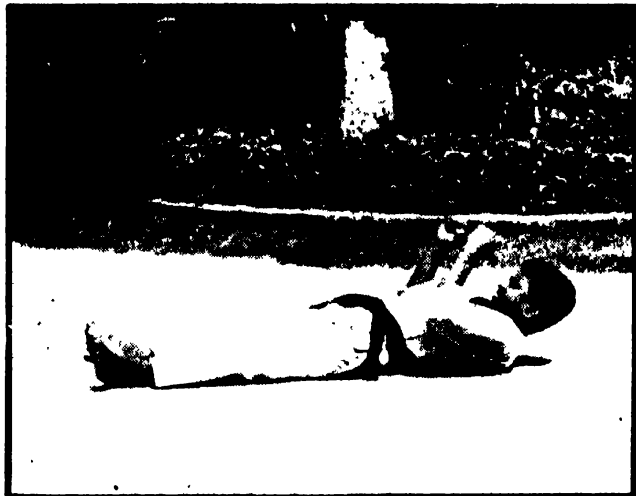
The eleventh and twelfth games met the same fate with Karpov holding the edge both times and accepting the proffered peace pipe when he had everything to play for. True he was under time pressure but still he cannot win the World Championship this way.

So the championship transfers itself to Lyons with the situation equal. Kasparov, one must note will retain the title if the match ends at twelve games. All Karpov's camp feel their principal will inevitably convert his opportunities and win the second half.

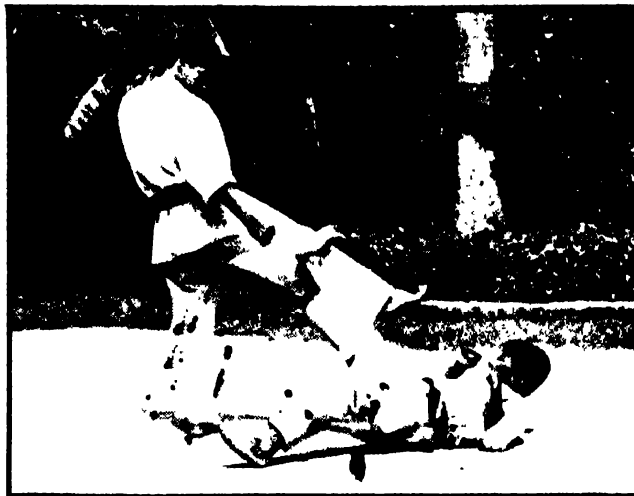
Kasparov's supporters say Garry has played as badly as he has ever done. He can only improve. Karpov on the other hand has played above himself and can only slide downhill. Whatever the beliefs, it should be an interesting second half.

BY DEVANGSHU DATTA

THE POWER OF THE EMPTY HAND



From the prone position ▲



▲ Move your leg from the inside to the outside blocking the kick



◀ Use the other leg to execute a low kick



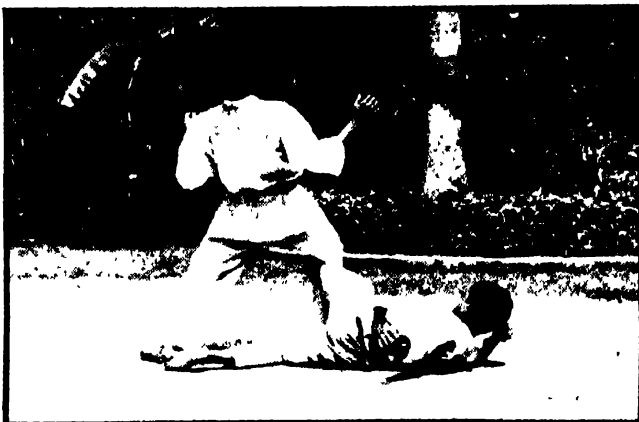
▼ Aimed at the region behind the leg.

THIS week we are going to discuss how to block a kick using 'uchi mawashi giri' from the prone position and then bring down an attacking opponent with a *gidan mawashi giri* or the low kick.

From the prone position, move your right from the inside to the outside in a circular motion with the edge of your foot forming a knife's edge. Block the kick aimed at your solar plexus/groin making contact near the knee.

When your opponent's attacking foot touches the ground, use your other leg to execute a *gidan mawashi giri* aimed at the region behind the knee. This will result in your opponent losing balance and falling backward to the ground. You can try this combination using your other foot.

By Shivaaji Ganguly
Kyokushinkai Karate
PHOTOGRAPHS RAMAN BHALLA





and in short, it was a job well done. Keep up the good work.
UTTAM KUMAR BOSE,
Darbhanga.

KUDOS to *Sportsworld* for coming out with the exclusive interview with Sunil Gavaskar. Both Rohit Brijnath and Mudar Patherya deserve a ton of thanks for their excellent work. The readers also got to see some of the best photographs of the 'Little Master'.

S HUSSAIN,
Dibrugarh

KUDOS for presenting the exclusive tete-a-tete with the Little Master. The interview was really engrossing and provided the readers a kaleidoscopic glimpse into Gavaskar's post-retirement life. SMG has played a stellar role in uplifting Indian cricket by his sporting acumen. Gavaskar's determination and never say die spirit shall always serve as an example for the future sportspersons of India. Three cheers to the living legend of Indian cricket.
SHASHANK SHEKHAR
Meerut Cantt

SUNIL GAVASKAR, with his interview made a comeback of sorts. This was maybe the most extensive interview carried in *Sportsworld*. Nevertheless we enjoyed every bit of the interview. The issue was surely a memento to preserve. Sunny deserved it all right.
ARTA MISHRA,
Cuttack

Extraordinary

THE 31 Oct 6 Nov issue of *Sportsworld* was in one sentence 'beyond compare'. Every feature in the issue was praise worthy. Every question asked by Brijnath was interesting and SMG impressed with his very intelligent answers. Gautam Patole also did a brilliant job with the camera. Freewheeling gave us the background of the interview.

A Helping Hand

CAPITAL NOTES mentioned the assistance given by us to Sharad Joshi for his benefit match in Jodhpur. May we, through your columns, request all senior cricketers to get in touch with us for any help they may require for their benefit match. We are in the process of trying to assist some who have already written to us and we are looking to do for as many as we can.

May we reassure them that there is absolutely no obligation to us for this help. The AIC wishes to express its members' wish to reciprocate to senior cricketers for what they have put into the game.
S GUHARROY, CO-ORDINATOR
Association of Indian Cricketers

READERS' QUIZ

QUESTIONS

1. He won 4 singles, 9 doubles and 8 mixed doubles titles at the All England Badminton Championship. He was 'knighted' for his contribution to the sport. He also became the national chess champion of Great Britain. Who was he?

2. In the 19th century, which sport was jocularly known as 'Hockey at the halt' and 'Scotch croquet'?

3. According to Greek mythology, who is the goddess of chess?

4. In his choice of World XI, Jim Laker nominated Ray Lindwall as one of the opening bowlers. Who was the other?

5. Which cricketer said, "Captaincy is 90 per cent luck and 10 per cent skill. But, for god's sake, don't try to be captain without that 10 per cent"?

6. With which sport is the term 'Hog's back' associated?

7. In 1977, who won the singles title at the first ever Asian Tennis Championship for

ANSWERS

1. George Tomas, after whom the Tomas Cup is named
2. Golf
3. Caisa
4. Bishen Singh Bedi
5. Richie Benaud of Australia.
6. Equestrian. It is an obstacle with a high rail set between two lower ones
7. Kiran 'Crane' Bedi, the famous IPS officer, beat Susan Das 6-2, 6-0 in the final.
8. Stefan Edberg and Steffi Graf respectively.
9. Pele.
10. Calcutta Cricket Club (estd. 1792).
11. Ian Woosnam
12. G.M. Trevelyan, the great historian.
13. Illie Nastase.
14. Miruts Yifter, whose age was guessed to be anything from 26 to 46 and, in fact was 37 when he did the 'double' in Moscow, '80.

THIS QUIZ HAS BEEN COMPILED BY:
SUBRATA HALDAR,
B.C. MUKHERJEE ROAD,
P.O. TRIBENI,
DISTRICT HOOGHLY,
WEST BENGAL.

RATING TEST

ABOVE 12: Wish you were part of our quiz team.

BETWEEN 9 AND 12: You are not too bad.

BELOW 9: Sportsworld reading recommended.

All answers to the quiz has been sent in by the contributor

women?

8. In 1984 at the Los Angeles Olympics, tennis was a demonstration sport. Who won the men's and women's singles titles?

9. Frontier guards of Red China came to Hong Kong to see him. A ten-day truce was declared in the Biafra-Nigeria war so that people in both countries could see him. Name the person?

10. Which is the second oldest cricket club in the world?

11. Which golfer is nicknamed 'The Welsh Dragon'?

12. Who wrote, "If the French nobility had played cricket with their peasants, there might have been no revolution"?

13. Who won the Indian national tennis singles title in 1968 and then again in 1969?

14. Which Olympic athletic champion remarked, "You can steal my pigs, steal my goats, but you cannot take away my age"?

DIEGO MARADONA

NO LONGER A PRIMA DONNA

This is the most bizarre episode in even his stormy days at Napoli...

DIEGO MARADONA finally caught up with his Napoli colleagues in Moscow, two days late. He even came off the substitutes' bench to score a goal in a penalty shoot-out, but Napoli are out of the Champions' Cup and now he looks to be headed for his final split with a club that has surely tired of his tantrums.

Maradona's six years with Napoli have been racked by rows but this one was always going to become the most bizarre from the moment he told them he could not travel to Moscow for the match against Spartak because he did not fancy playing in the cold and snow. It was also thought he regarded Moscow as the last place he wanted to spend his wedding anniversary.

Three other players called at his home, where he had locked himself in, to plead with him to change his mind. But Maradona refused and Napoli left without him. The next visitors to knock on his door, at midnight were two leaders of the fanatical "Ultras," the supporters' club. What they told him will perhaps never be known, but it is fair to assume they said "Either you play, or Naples will be too hot to hold you."

Maradona, wisely, left for the airport with his wife, business manager, trainer and bodyguard and flew out in a private jet, landing in Moscow on Wednesday, 40 minutes after midnight.

Corrado Ferlaino, president of Napoli, said "Anyone who doesn't travel with the team, doesn't play." But Alberto Bigon, the coach, said "What is more important? Losing dignity, or losing the cup?"

They resolved their problem by going halfway and putting Maradona on the subs bench. This, remember, is the man they pay around £1.6 million (\$2 million) a year, plus bonuses. And there he lingered as the teams, who drew 0-0 in the first leg, struggled to give the 102,000 fans a goal.

It made no difference and the match went into the shoot-out. It revived memories of Maradona missing a penalty for Argentina against Yugoslavia in the World Cup finals last summer, but this time he scored. Too late, though, to save Napoli and they went out 5-3 so now they have lost their chance of winning the cup as well as their dignity. He has frequently challenged the competence of Bigon, the coach and, in February, 1989, he seemed on the brink of a move to Marseille.

Napoli could easily decide they have had enough and they could quickly solve the problem of getting rid of him. The Japanese have offered Maradona £10 million to play for one year in 1991, when they start their first professional league. Already one of their companies pays him £1 million a year to sponsor orange juice, so the £10 million needed to buy up his contract with Napoli is nothing but small change.

Maradona said as he left Moscow (with the team) "I have plenty of things to say to Mr Ferlaino."

And Mr Ferlaino, undoubtedly, had plenty of things to say to him.

PAUL HOUSE

Courtesy The European

The Japanese have offered Maradona £10 million to play for one year in 1991. Already one of their companies pays him £1 million a year to sponsor orange juice, so the £10 million needed to buy up his contract with Napoli is nothing but small change..





Liz Smylie (right) and Mary Joe Fernandez: You don't get noticed just by playing tennis



IN VOGUE

In camera

WHAT do tennis stars do when they're not playing tennis? They're playing upto

the camera, that's what. A few of the sexy ones chuck or rather get out of their tennis togs and transform themselves into perfect models. That is the in thing.

This sudden surge to get a new image off court seems to be the new fad amongst the pro-tennis players of the WITA (Women's International Tennis Association). In their spare time they hang up their tennis rackets and undergo a rather fascinating (but beautiful) transformation. Remember Steffi's

revealing pictures in *Vogue*? Or gawky Monica Seles, who made you chew your nails in awe.

Two products of this beautiful change are pros Liz Smylie, who shoulders-arms in a black tafetta outfit and Mary Joe Fernandez who makes you wish like pulling up a chair for her. No doubt, you'll agree with us that the women of the WITA are a little more than just calendar girls.

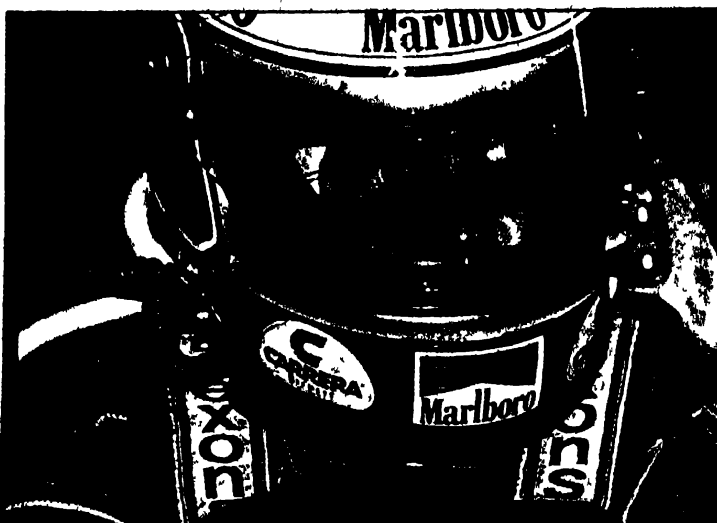
Sorry we couldn't show you the rest of them.

FORCE IS WITH HIM

Cops behind Senna

WE'VE got the latest from Brazil. Formula One racing has a world champion who goes by the name of Ayrton Senna. He is also famous for his on the track crash ups with another gentlemen who goes by the name of Alain Prost...

That's enough of the F1 scene. The news is that Mr Senna is in a spot of personal trouble and this time the place is Brazil, his very own territory. Police officials have agreed to provide him with just that extra bit of security because he might be kidnapped. At



WE LOOK
WHERE
WE'RE NOT
SUPPOSED TO



SHOWING SOME LEG

Out of view

PAKISTAN'S female athletes are not too happy with the treatment that is being dished out to them. Medal winners they may not be but what they want is a degree of liberalism in their respective sports. This is the primary reason why most of them are quitting. The problem is simple: they've forgotten what it is to race in shorts!

The last time this kind of miracle took place was way back in 1979. But ever since the Muslim fundamentalists took over, the track suit age was again introduced. With the coming of Benasir's government the belief was that women's athletics would undergo a dramatic change (of clothes) but with Benasir being toppled by the new government it will be back to baggy suits.

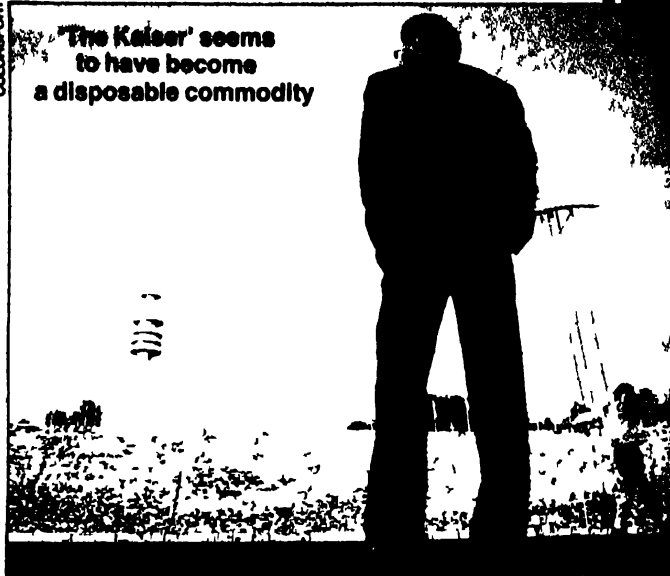
What's more men will be banned from watching sports like women's hockey and track and field, not to mention swimming. The rules are simple: only those disciplines of sport could be watched where the minimum amount of flesh (or rather skin) is exposed. The rest of the disciplines are open to viewing. And no pun intended on that one.

MONEY FOR NOTHING?

Kaiser krunch

COLORSPORT

"The Kaiser" seems to have become a disposable commodity



AFTER a high, there is in most cases the inevitable low. And this is exactly what has happened to Beckenbauer. The man's credibility is on the line in France. Marseille, the defending French league champion club has had to face three consecutive defeats in six matches as a result of which they have been toppled from the top of the league table.

Bernard Tapel the owner of Marseille, is beginning to question the wisdom of hiring the services of the Kaiser to run the club. When he signed up the Kaiser he admitted to have had taken a risk, when the club was not doing well. "Given Franz's competence I regarded the risk as zero."

But Marseille has lost three out of six league games and all with teams from the bottom half of the standings. A very frustrated Tapel, said: "I wanted him to impose a different type of football. My problem is to know whether this different approach will pay off before it's too late."

On the other hand, Auxerre, a low budget team from Burgundy has in the meanwhile dethroned Marseille. Their coach, took a pot shot at the competence of Beckenbauer, saying, "Obviously money is not all that matters in football," he said.

For some people it is

Senna: A victim of his own fame

least that is what police chief Antonio Fernando Costa said, "He is a person of great national fame and will always be a perfect target. From now on he will have constant police protection when he is in Brazil." He also went ahead and confirmed that there was a plot to kidnap Senna who arrived home in his private jet at the end of the F1 season.

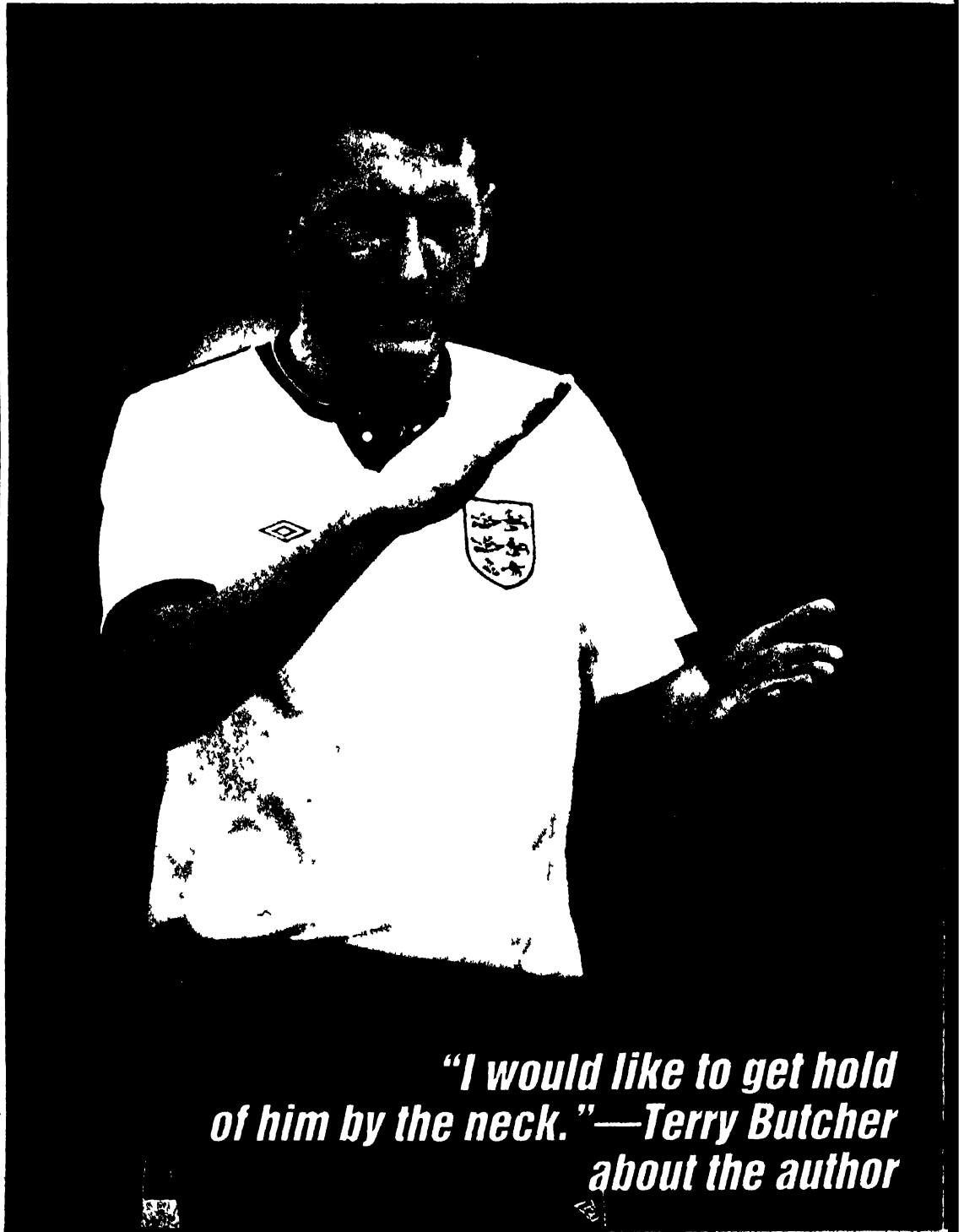
Seems like Senna's brushes with danger have become common. We have to see whether he comes out of this one. Or shall we just blame it on Rio.

**SPORTSWORLD
SPECIAL**

SHAME AND

Journalist-novelist PETE DAVIES

■ Pete Davies has achieved instant celebrityhood. His method: dubious but simple—he pulled off the biggest journalistic betrayal of our time. For a year he mingled with England's World Cup squad, drank their coffee, hitched lifts in their cars, ate at their tables and watched television in their hotel bedrooms... And now the players find themselves variously portrayed in Davies' recent book as money-grabbing, racist, foul mouthed or drunk...



"I would like to get hold of him by the neck."—Terry Butcher about the author

SCANDAL IN THE FAMILY

pulls off the biggest betrayal of our time....

ENGLAND'S World Cup squad is regretting its one own goal of the Italia '90 tournament: allowing a punk novelist into its camp. His newly-published book is causing the greatest anguish in team circles since Chris Waddle's penalty shot went over the bar in the semifinal against West Germany.

The 471 pages of *All Played Out* have so far attracted three threats of libel action. Players, officials, agents and sports journalists are complaining Pete Davies has betrayed their trust by repeating private conversations.

For a year Davies drank their coffee, hitched lifts in their cars, ate at their tables and watched television in their hotel bedrooms while researching what he boasted would be the "best football book ever." They now find themselves variously portrayed as money-grabbing, racist, foul-mouthed or drunk.

Bobby Robson, England's former manager and the man who gave Davies privileged access to his players, is furious at finding an off-the cuff remark he made about an Irish player ("That McCarthy—he's a dirty bugger") in print. Robson had invited Davies into his hotel room and the pair were watching a match between Ireland and Romania when Robson made the comment.

"It's the type of football jargon you use every time you look at football. How dreadful he is printing such private utterances," said Robson. "Pete Davies has been very selfish and let everybody down."

Robson's anger is shared by Andy Roxburgh, Scotland's manager, who last week telephoned Terry Butcher, England's centre-half, demanding to know why Butcher is quoted in the book as describing him as a "ned", a Scottish slang word for hooligan. Butcher was forced to apologise.

The player, who captained England in the losing semifinal, is himself considering legal action against Davies. The book has him confessing to being "blotto" on champagne at Luton airport



***Bobby Robson, is furious
at finding a remark about an
Irish player in print:
"That McCarthy, a dirty bugger"***

Penalty Clauses

This is how BRIAN GLANYVILLE reviewed the Pete Davies book in *The Sunday Times*



Paul Gascoigne celebrates England's second goal against Scotland in Italy: torrents of foul-mouthed abuse

Yet he has worked hard, seen much, tells the truth about England's embattled, often maltreated fans, and captures the frenzy of those turbulent weeks. I strongly recommend his book, but with the strongest reservations...

When England lost their World Cup semi-final in Turin last July to West Germany, Paul Gascoigne wept on the field, and Pete Davies wept in the Press box. The image was significant. A hybrid figure, Davies was neither fan nor journalist but an amalgam of both. Fans don't, or shouldn't, sit in the Press box. English football journalists are not known to weep. Perhaps, as one English journalist suggested, what Davies truly represented were the "fanzines", the unofficial clubs, curious blends of bile, loyalty, outrage and affection.

Though often wilfully ugly and coarse, Davies's writing is, on the whole, far better than that of the fanzines; but there's a similarity of tone, a sort of green-eyed flickering. Beneath the moral outrage and superiority, a little voice is calling, "I could do it better than you."

Ironically, Davies, in his book, does do it better than any journalist who covered England in the World Cup. What he had, and what they may well be green-eyed about, was total access to the players and their manager. Often he used it well. Sometimes he abused it. Depending on where you stand, he may be regarded as a gifted observer, a novelist turning his gaze on a curious, hermetic world, or a spiteful little sneak.

If the book has been read for libel, one wonders, aghast, what can have been left out. But then, hardly anything seems to have been left out. Among Davies's undoubted gifts, concision does not figure. A slave to his tape recorder, on which he has got many a fascinating interview, he throws each one in wholesale, often destroying the rhythm of his book. Plunged into the maelstrom of the World Cup, wondering what will happen next, what our hero will be up to, we are as likely as not to be taken back in time to the team's English retreat, for pages on end of an interview Davies just cannot bear to throw away.

Access was guaranteed to him precisely because he was not a journalist. Relations between the Press and England's players, well before the World Cup began, were appalling, a subject Davies writes about frequently and, finally, with objectivity, though he never sees the picture quite whole. With Press relations breaking down to the extent that in Bologna, Gascoigne threw a cup of Coca-Cola at a colleague who was talking to journalists, Davies increasingly became persona grata to the team.

His grasp of football is sufficient for him to ask relevant questions and get some very revealing answers; not least those from the two gifted wingers, Chris Waddle and John Barnes, on the subject of Bobby Robson's inflexible, frustrating 4-4-2 tactics.

Robson himself is sympathetically and vividly pictured in all his confined decency, a man still obsessed by the last war and its images, stumbling from one expedient to another, rewriting football history as he goes.

Dick Wragg, former chairman of English FA's international committee is quoted as telling the author that his friends "don't like to see a lot of black people in the teams"... Wragg says "It's a bloody lie"...

Yet, would even a rotter, let alone a football journalist, have written this: "When we got back to Heathrow from Stockholm, I went to use a phone and Gascoigne, by chance, was on the next phone along. He was calling someone who'd had the temerity to go out while he'd been away—he'd called but no answer, where'd she been?—and the torrent of foul-mouthed abuse that ensued was just staggering. It was an ugly display of really noisy immaturity."

Terry Butcher, England's centre half, may well be far from pleased by Davies's portrayal of him, and to find himself, among other things, denigrating Scotland's team manager Bobby Robson, incautiously inviting Davies to watch Ireland play on television in his room, is quoted as calling the Irish centre half "a dirty bugger".

The journalists, inevitably, fare far worse, though Davies very properly rebukes the players on their double standards; as when they refuse to speak to the press unless they receive large sums of money for their ghosted columns. He also admonishes the players for failing to distinguish between one kind of journalist and another, not least between the football reporters and the "rotters".

Davies himself is not immune from double standards. He writes of a monumentally expensive conference about football, held in Florence, which I myself attended. Funded by the European Community, it seemed a kind of outdoor relief for obscure provincial academics, mumbling their banal, peripheral papers. A scene perfectly fitted, one might have thought, to Davies's unforgiving pen; but he seemed to feel at home there.

Yet he has worked hard, seen much, tells the truth about England's embattled, often maltreated fans, and captures the frenzy of those turbulent weeks. I strongly recommend his book, but with the strongest reservations.

and discussing the Italian words for various sexual acts.

"I would like to get hold of him by the neck," said Butcher. "He was allowed into places where nobody else could go. Everybody was so good to him."

John Holmes, agent for Gary Lineker, England's new captain, gave Davies a lift in his taxi from the team hotel in Bologna. They chatted during the brief journey. Holmes bought the book and found himself referring to Peter Swales, the chairman of Manchester City and now chairman of the Football Association's international committee, as "walking round like a football yob."

Now both men are furious. Holmes said he had no idea the conversation would be quoted: "There is a difference between a jokey remark and something that is put down in print and then sounds like a serious allegation," he said.

Other FA officials are also impaled by Davies's prose. Dick Wragg, 80, who retired after the World Cup as chairman of the international committee, is quoted as telling the author that his friends "don't like to see a lot of black people in the teams." Wragg said: "It's a bloody lie. Never in this world did I say that. It's a nasty business: this book will upset a lot of people."

At the moment, Heinemann, the book's publisher, is collecting favourable reviews ("Davies... has come tantalisingly close to doing for English football what Tom Wolfe did for spacemen in *The Right Stuff*," said *The Independent*) as its lawyers fended off the threat of legal action.

Davies, whose previous book, *Dollarville*, was a novel peopled by dope-smoking astronauts and psychopathic policemen, is unrepentant. He wrote the book in 56 days after returning from Italy.

"We have had three feeble threats so far, but I can't imagine any player suing," he said. "I have quoted from conversations where I think it is relevant to show what people's attitudes are. I don't think I have let anyone down."



Rep. of Ireland's McCarthy: 'a dirty bugger'

By MAURICE CHITTENDEN

IF Munshi Premchand had been around, he might have bought a Rs 20 ticket and sat out in the sun watching Sachin Tendulkar at the Srigra Stadium, Benaras, on 13 and 14 November.

Benaras was hosting its first important cricket tournament for the Krishi Export Trophy ('Mahaa Kumbh mela' said one of the organisers in a fit of rhetoric). There was just the *masala* you needed to write a novel on the intricacies of Benarasi spoken-literature, the inhumanity of police action on teenaged autograph hunters, the gentle sway of 'bhaisaas' (cows, I mean) holding up a convoy of cycles, Marutis and rickshaws at the entrance to the stadium, and no-entry signs being put up just about where the police failed to control the *tiraafek*.

Oh Benaras! Having toured the world I can safely say that for sheer audio spice no cricket venue, save Antigua, has been more amusing. I remember having emerged jetlagged in the Caribbean and having gone on to the last one-day international in somewhat of a daze. Suddenly, 1000 watt-speakered music blared, the well-muscled Rastafarians swung their hips, boozed and hicced as early as 9 am and what we had was a crazy carnival masquerading as a one-day international.

Since then I realised that the best way to judge a cricket centre was by ear. Literally. Close your eyes, tune the body's audio in and sample the sounds at a crick-

freewheeling

et ground.

I did exactly that in Benaras. This is what I heard: "*Ab maidan me taas* (rhymed with farce) *ke liye dono kaptaan jaatey hue*" on the ground megaphone. A lavishly-oiled teenaged head shouted 'Abbey motka' at Ashok Malhotra. What amused me no end was how the Benarasis added their own suffix to just about every word they spoke. For example, Sachin became 'Sachinva', Arun Lal became 'Lalva'. Furthermore, someone went to the extent of shouting: 'Ari oo ka late-cutva maaris!' (What a late-cut!).

What one had completely overlooked was

that the Benarasis are capable of abusing as well. A suitable occasion wasn't an important prerequisite for choice words; as long as ten spectators jointly felt like it, they shouted 'Bhaag, bhaag, bho.... ke!' Just no-reason-please-yourself shouting. It would never have happened in Calcutta. I told observers nearby. The culturally upright Bengali would have argued that it would be mighty 'oshobho' (unrefined) to insult a guest. In Banaras, the public shouted, the police laughed, the player laughed. Amazing.

Just about as amazing was the intensity of interest in what was essen-

tially a piddly, semi-competitive tournament. A capacity 12,000 crowd turned up both days to watch; the general conversation seemed to drift in the direction of 'Arrey, Gopalva (Sharma) ka ganit gendbaaji kar rahil ho' (how well Gopal Sharma is bowling); whether Dhruv Pandove would make the Indian side this season or the next or never; whether Rajinder Singh plays for East Bengal or Mohun Bagan in the Calcutta first division; and (hold your breath) whether the host captain should have tossed the coin or the visiting one at the start of the match.

It's an amazing thing, walking the bylanes of Benaras and overhearing bets being laid 'Oo Manjrekar bhaiyya sanchuri karoga! Bees rupiye ki baaji lagao!' (Manjrekar will score a century. Anyone caring to bet Rs 20?).

The tradition in Benarasi betting is that whoever wins doesn't take the bread home; a round of *mithaais* is ordered and everyone, from shopowner to bystanders to passersby, shares the treat.

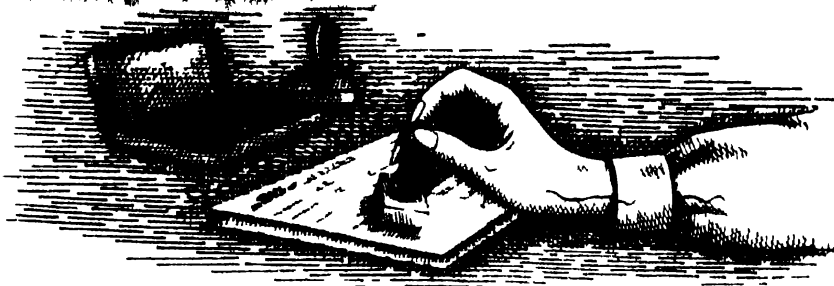
Each summer a night-long tournament is played on the historic ghats of this temple-city with each shot into the Ganges disqualifying the batsman from further strike.

Oh, I could keep writing of Benaras...perhaps I could keep reading too, provided Mr Premchand had been there as an anonymous spectator on those sunlit afternoons in my memory of mid-November.

Mudar Patherya



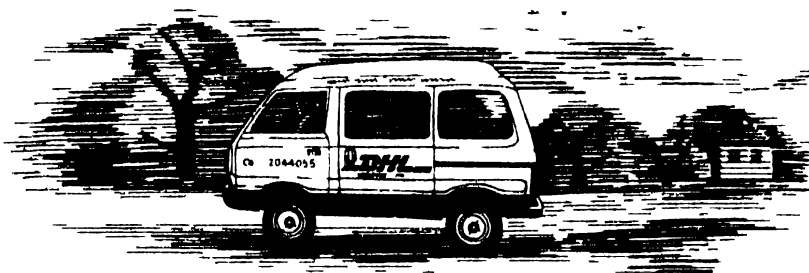
Each summer a night-long tournament is played on the historic ghats of the temple-city with each shot in the Ganga disqualifying the batsman from further strike



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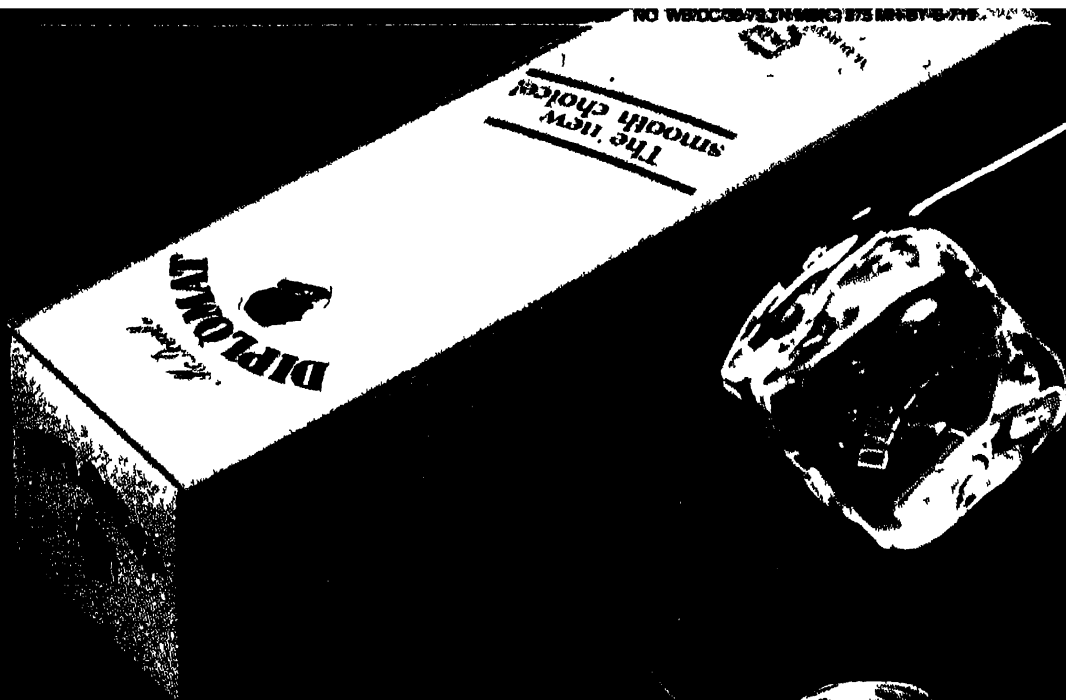
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Sportsworld

VICTORY

AT LAST!

After two years and 14 Tests,
India beats Sri Lanka to finally
win a Test match

INTERVIEW:

MOHD AZHARUDDIN



RAVI SHASTRI DURING HIS
KNOCK OF 88
IN CHANDIGARH



FREE POSTER: ALLAN BORDER



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"He (Tyson) will have to wait his place in the line. Our next fight will be against George Foreman in March or April. Beyond that who knows?"
DAN DUVA, manager of Holyfield, at a Press conference.

I feel every time I walk on wheels against anyone I should say, 'I play like I did, at the (US) Open all the time, the city's the best.' PETE SAMPRAS, the kid who's finding the pressure too tough to handle.

"We certainly will be making a point of saying to the blacks, they should make sure they are travelling at 100 per cent and not worry about what the opposition are up to and what the Press is saying. It's a danger. We've got to be really wary of that creeping into our thought processes."
Australian captain, ALLAN BORDER on the eve of the series, warning his team not to underrate the English.

"It makes me sad. Napoli have lost their hold on the title. I don't believe in witchcraft but we probably had a witch against us."

DIEGO MARADONA, after his team Napoli suffered a 4-1 defeat against Sampdoria.



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11 VICTORY AT LAST:
The Sri Lankan cricket team may be the babes of international cricket, but India's win over them was important, inasmuch that it was our first Test win after two years and 14 Tests. Andy O'Brien writes from Chandigarh on India's heartening performance. Also: an exclusive interview with Mohd. Asharuddin, and the tragedy of Arun Lal

36 THE UNKNOWN LIFE OF ROGER MILLA.
For a long agonising spell, life for Milla was stranded in mid-passage because of a series of personal tragedies. Then came Italia '90 and the resurrection. Suprakash Ghoshal reports the exclusive story of Roger Milla's return to glory.



The agony of the moment captured forever: Mohd. Azharuddin tells Arun Lal that he is being dropped. This was while Arun Lal was practising at the nets half an hour before the start of the Test match

BECKER VS CBS

Idiot vs the 'idiot box'

BORIS BECKER has been calling quite a few shots on the tennis court. Off it, he's been giving it a good try as well. Furious with the organisers of the US Open, Becker has threatened to call a players' strike at next year's Open against what he calls 'dictatorship of TV in tennis!'

Speaking to the

German magazine 'Stern', he said, "I find it incredible that at Flushing Meadows we can have only one night of rest between a hard fought semi-final on Saturday and an equally hard final on Sunday." The reason, CBS.

CBS is the reason why Becker is a household name in the US today,

but Becker has already warned the TV company that, if things don't change by next year the four semi-finalists should refuse to play. Adding that, "I would like to take part in a strike in any case. It would be a strike against TV greed and for better tennis."

Now what was that about cutting the branch one is sitting on?

Becker: No. 2 player but No. 1 cribber



PRIVATE EYE



WE LOOK
WHERE
WE'RE NOT
SUPPOSED TO!

FIFA'S LATEST GOAL

Widen the goal-posts

THE FIFA has been receiving a lot of flak lately. Things got worse when they announced recently that the size of the goals may have to be increased in order to put an end to the goal drought that had been witnessed during Italia '90.

No sooner had this controversy died down, FIFA dropped their own exclusive bombshell. The idea according to the latest FIFA bulletin was not their own but the brainchild of (hold your breath) the Scottish Football Association. And if that isn't enough, a trial game was played with 'slightly larger goals' in what it calls (rather unfairly) "the football hinterland of France", and stressed that a person of the calibre of Beckenbauer (no less!) is all for taking a look at this question!

And just as a fresh lot of discussions are about to begin in this context Mr Beckenbauer comes up with another problem. He believes that reducing a team from 11 to 10 players

DON SCHILLACI

And his shady connections

SALVATORE SCHILLACI is in the hot seat. I mean what do you do if you are a star, stay in Rome and someone on the field slaps you during a game. You scare them with your connections that's what. You threaten them with their lives...

That is exactly what 'Toto' Schillaci did after a league game in Italy. Allegations were made that the Juventus star threatened to have Bologna defender Fabio Poll 'shot' after a tense Italian league game. The Italian Soccer Federation has instituted an enquiry into the incident. Now at least we know that behind Schillaci's maniacal look there lies a murderous mind.

Newspaper reports claim that Poll slapped Schillaci as they left the field after the match which Juventus won 1-0. Schillaci livid at being struck threatened Poll saying, "You are through now, I'll have you shot." Does Schillaci have connections with the Mafia?

Well, he was born in Sicily, the home of the Mafia.

You don't mess with Toto on his turf



For Gazza, cuddling with Maggie has had its bad effects

GAZZA AND MAGGIE

Cuddle for a cause

THE BRITS love their heroes. Paul 'Gazza' Gascoigne definitely qualified as one after the World Cup. But the Brits also love to bring them down (via the tabloids) when they have a chance. And so Gazza fell.

It all started when he paid a visit to Maggie Thatcher (the ex-prime minister) when the chips were down for her as well. Thatcher, ever the shrewd politician cooked up the meeting using Gazza as a last straw. Thatcher and Gazza cuddled for a photograph and it was enough to send the British newspapers in a tizzy. This gesture has since received wide publicity in Britain. The reason for Thatcher's move was quite simple as some (self proclaimed) experts say it was to fight the claims of a group called Militant Tendency who called Gazza a friend because of his working class Geordie roots and because his mum was refusing to pay the poll tax. Gazza has now been labelled a turncoat.

The front pages of the Militant Youth newspaper were full of stories about how Gazza had sold out by helping Thatcher when she was desperate for a publicity boost, and says that Bobby Robson was right to dub Gazza, "as deft as a brush."

PERSONALITY

HE'S JUST four months away from his 31st birthday, lost his coveted No 1 world ranking during the summer after a remarkable 80 weeks at the top and, as everyone keeps reminding him, still hasn't won Wimbledon. But suggest to Ivan Lendl, now very much a veteran in

an age of teenage tennis, that he's getting too old for a fight and he snaps back with a bark as convincing as that of his five German Shepherd dogs back home in Greenwich, Connecticut, in the United States.

"You ask Stefan Edberg or Boris Becker and they will tell you that if I play my best I'm going to beat anybody," said Lendl, whose five titles this year, including the Australian Open, increased his career total to 88, second only to Jimmy Connors' record of 109 in men's tennis.

"If you take care of your body and do a lot of rehabilitation, you can slow the ageing process down. I'm still No 3 in the world and kicking pretty hard. Don't write me off yet."

A few years ago, when he was unfairly perceived as an uninteresting player with no personality, Lendl might have replied in a seemingly dismissive way, wary as he was of media motives.

But now that he has mellowed with age, he shows not only politeness and frankness but also demonstrates a smiling, friendly touch that many of his fellow-professionals sorely lack. When a Dutch journalist addressed him as Mr Lendl, he replied: "It's Ivan, by the way."

So what about retirement? "I play because I enjoy the exercise, working out and competing. I don't enjoy the travelling. That's

**Ivan Lendl,
whose
last big win
was the
Australian
Open
in January,
says,
'If I play my
best I can
still beat
anybody'**



**IVAN
LENDL**

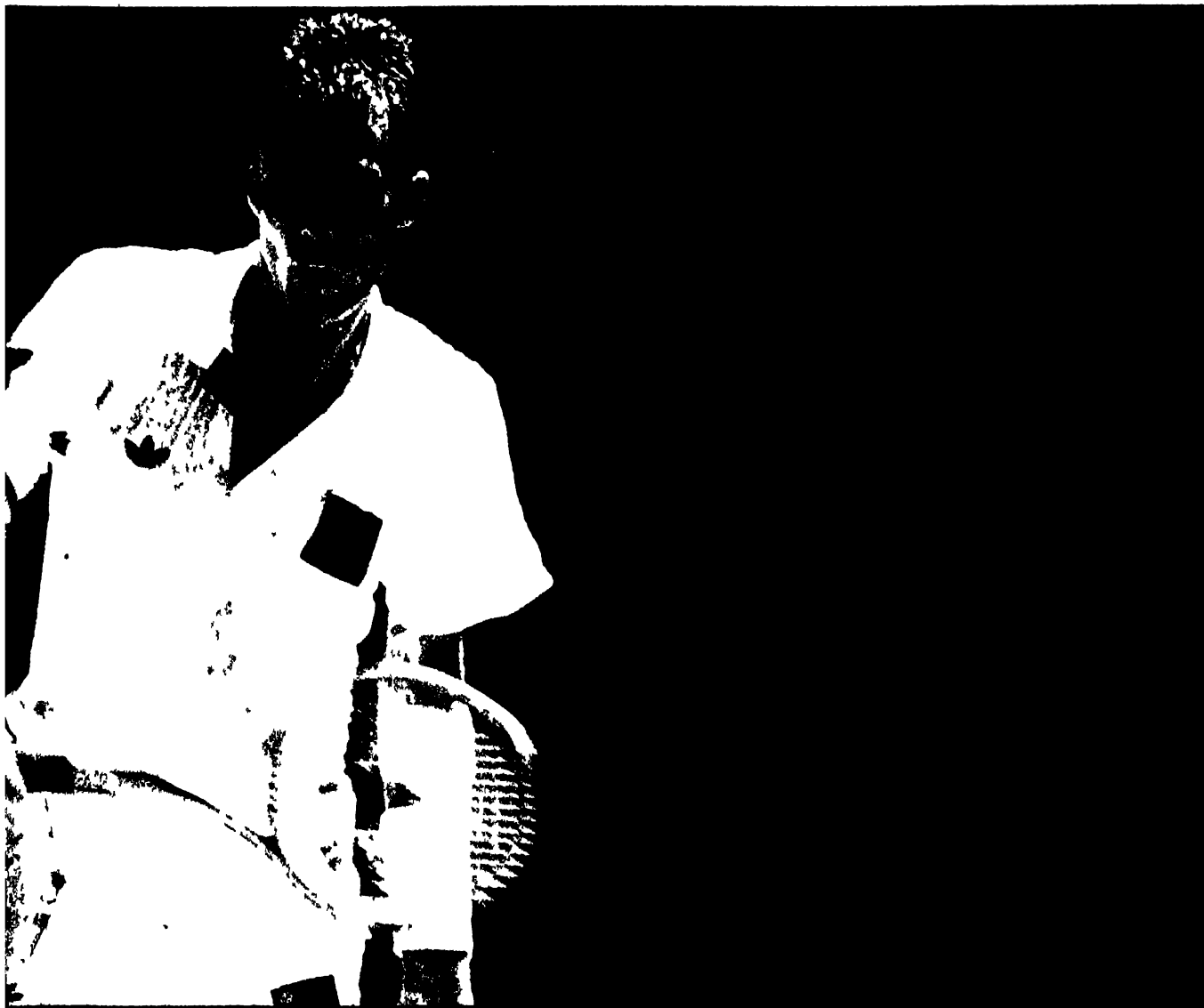
three positive to one negative. It's very simple: as long as I enjoy playing and am doing reasonably well, I'll carry on. That means being in with a chance to win the Grand Slam tournaments.

"If I was playing poorly but still enjoying it, it would be a tough decision what to do. I'd either have to compromise on the quality or quit. But I can tell you that if I was

still playing well but was not enjoying it, I would *definitely* quit."

"My world is not wrapped around tennis, that's a popular misconception. I treat tennis as a job which also happens to be my hobby. Like those who work nine to five, I go to my office and the moment I finish work, I don't worry about it.

'Don't



Write Me Off'



"I play with my daughter, who is now six months old, maybe go golfing or play with the dogs. People who don't know me may be surprised by that. But I really can put my job behind me. When it's over for the day, it's over. Then I just lead a regular life like everyone else."

More than a slight exaggeration, perhaps, especially

"My world is not wrapped around tennis, that's a popular misconception. I treat tennis as a job which also happens to be my hobby"

as Lendl earns more for a few hours' work at his particular job than many of us are ever likely to make in a whole working lifetime

He said. Of course I'm grateful for the money.

It means security for the rest of my life. But even if there was no money in tennis, we'd all still be playing. We

started because we loved the game."

Yet love of the game is hardly the reason why Lendl and 15 other top pros have signed up to compete in the Grand Slam Cup, a \$6 million extravaganza organised in Munich by the International Tennis Federation, and regarded in some quarters to be a deliberate attempt to upstage this ATP finals, formerly known as the Masters.

Becker, who recovered from a leg injury to play at the ATP finals, and John McEnroe, have both refused to take part in the Grand Slam Cup, saying the \$2 million top prize is out of proportion to the event.

Lendl seized on the statement. "Is that why they play all those exhibitions?" he asked "If they think the money is so disgusting, they can always play and then give it to someone who needs it."

He admits however, that no tournament, not even the ATP finals which he won five times when it was the Masters, can match the four Grand Slam events, regardless of the sums on offer

"The Grand Slams have the tradition. Fifty years from now, when we can barely walk and our grandchildren are looking at what we achieved, no one is going to talk about, say, the Grand Slam Cup unless it develops into something huge. But they are still going to know about the French Open, Wimbledon, the US Open and the Australian Open". Lendl already has eight of those to his name—three French and US Open crowns, and two Australian titles.

"It's true the one I would love to win is Wimbledon, but a lot of players achieve greatness without it—look at Ken Rosewall. I still feel I have several more shots at Wimbledon. It's not as demanding physically as the others because the rallies are much shorter."

Acutely aware that his gamble of skipping the entire clay court season this year to concentrate on Wimbledon backfired—he lost in the semi-finals—Lendl has still not made up his mind which strategy to choose in 1991.



He certainly aims to play at least three clay events, including the Italian Open. "Only then will I decide about the French Open," Lendl said. "If I'm unfit physically or mentally, I'll pack my bags and head straight for the grass of England."

Lendl knew that by by-passing the clay court season, his world ranking would slip. As it happened, it slipped two places, the first time since April, 1985, that he had been rated as low as third.

"I had to finish being No 1 sooner or later. It was a gamble I was prepared to take."

With his American home, American wife and love of golf and ice hockey, Lendl is firmly established in the United States. But he still has fond memories of his homeland.

Earlier this year, after the

political revolution, he went back to Czechoslovakia, where his father is president of the national tennis federation, for the first time since 1985. He played an exhibition match against Miloslav Mecir and was warmly received by the Prague fans.

"I feel very much better about the situation in Czechoslovakia than I did two or three years ago," said Lendl, whose US citizenship should come through in about 18 months.

"I never felt anything against the actual people, who were always great to me and still are. But I consider myself now almost as an American."

As the interview drew to a close, Lendl was asked for his thoughts about life after his tennis career had ended. "Old Stoneface," as he was once cruelly dubbed, gave perhaps the most significant insight into what a strict, but caring, perfectionist he is.

He said he was looking forward not to *walking* his dogs but to *working* them.

"I want to compete with my dogs, to teach them obedience and protection. Every dog is different. With some you can be tougher than with others. It's like people, they have their own characters and you have to understand them and deal with them."

Just like tennis players. •

Andrew Warshaw

The European



"If you take care of your body and do a lot of rehabilitation, you can slow the ageing process down. I'm still No. 3 in the world and kicking pretty hard. Don't write me off

ANDY O'BRIEN writes
from Chandigarh on
India's first Test victory
after a gap of two years
and fourteen Tests

It's funny, you know, the kind of things we take for granted!.

Last week was no different. Everything seemed so predictable: 32 killed in the Punjab...terrorists gun down fifteen in Jullandhar...religious leader shot dead in Chandigarh. Sri Lanka follow on...India beat Lanka by an innings and 18 runs.... Blood flowed all over the Punjab. Chandigarh's Sector 16 stadium was no exception...knee deep in the blood of innocent Sri Lankan batsmen.

But outside the Indian dressing room it was champagne that flowed. Predictable you would think, considering it was India's first win after two years and 14 Tests?

Wrong! Instead of India captain Mohammed Azharuddin popping the cork, it was Kapil Dev. and he wasn't merely going through the formalities of victory like a Formula One driver on the podium. No, this was an emotional celebration. So emotional, that Kapil threw formality to the wind, grabbed the green bottle to his lips and took a slug...a slug for history. History as in 376 wickets, the world's second highest wicket taker.

Very literally, the Indian victory had taken a backseat. While his frontline fast bowler sprayed bubbly froth all over the balcony, skipper Azharuddin relaxed on a couch inside the confines of the Indian dressing room. It was probably more out of relief that victory had indeed been achieved, rather than out of any disrespect for the *paaaji* (elder brother) of the Indian team.

The last four days may have belonged to Azharuddin's team, but the hour belonged to Kapil.

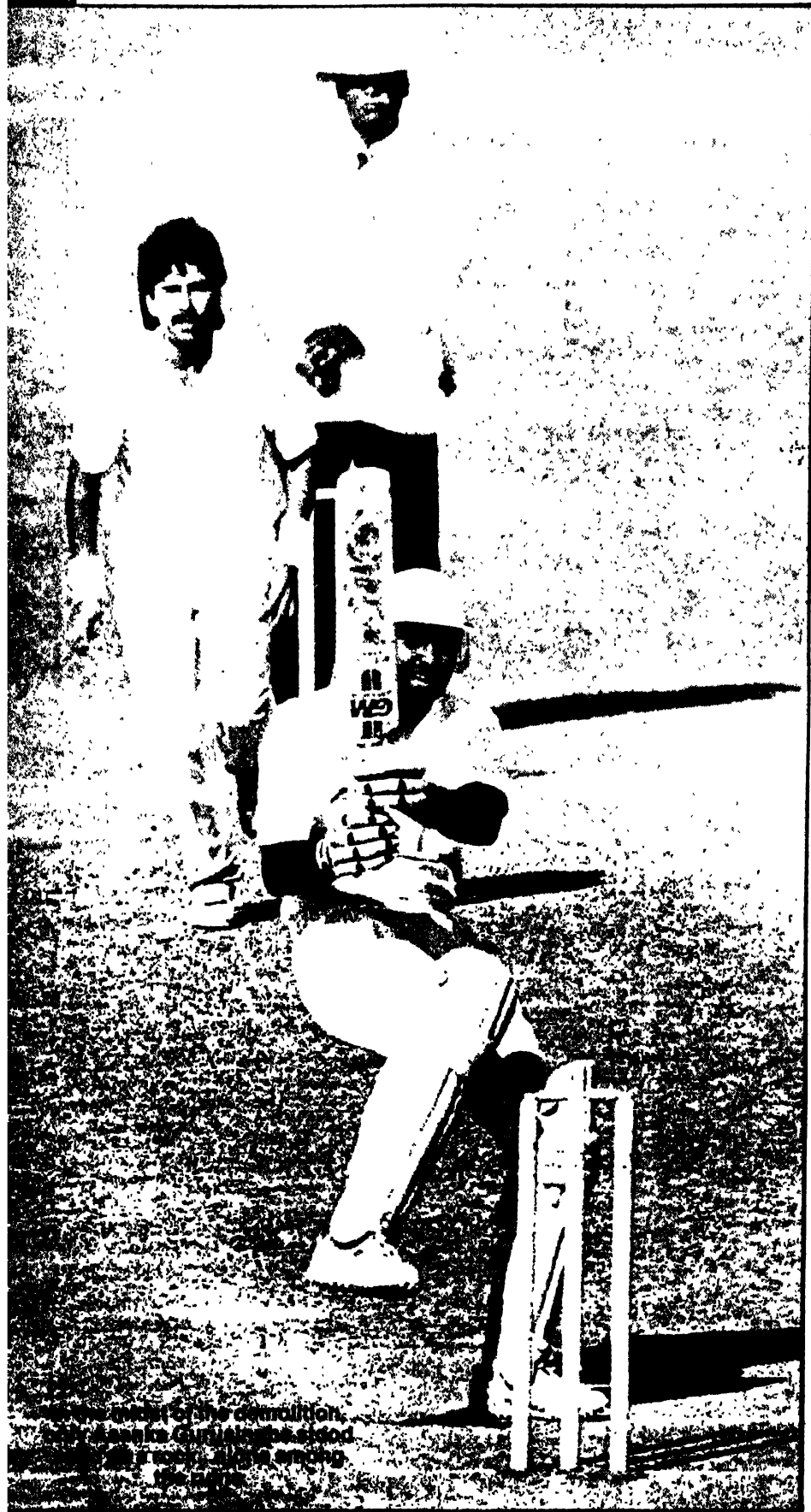
VICTORY AT LAST



Over for Sri Lanka and becomes the second highest wicket taker in Test history

Though self praise is usually considered unnecessary immodesty, even Kapil's words weren't sufficient for the occasion.

"If you consider the kind of wickets I've done most of my bowling on then, I think 376 wickets is a great achievement.



Also I have not missed a single Test because of physical fitness. That is an achievement also." The face that seems to wear a permanent smile was beaming. "Perhaps if I had been born in England or Australia it would have been far more than 376 by now." Perhaps

Again, perhaps, it is no coincidence that the renaissance of Indian cricket in the 1980s coincided with the glory days of Kapil's career. And fortunately for Indian Cricket, those swigs of champagne on the balcony that afternoon have not quenched Kapil's desire for success

Even though the 'Hurricane' has lost some of its force, there remain sporadic gusts of wind, sufficient enough to cause considerable damage. One such gust putting an end to the Lankan resistance on the fourth day of a match, in which only one team played while the other masqueraded as an opposition. Even captain Arjuna Ranatunga agreed that 82 runs in an innings was "bad for any Test side". The Lankan batting in the first innings resembled a procession of Sunday morning cricketers, in a hurry to get to their beer after a few minutes in the sun. Even a father has more application while playing beach cricket against his young sons.

As Venkatapathy Raju went about demolishing the Sri Lankan innings, the ball stayed low, sometimes straight and shooting through and sometimes turning menacingly. One batsman followed another, some of them scoring a couple of runs, most of them not. But Asanka Gurusinghe stood there solid as a rock... alone among the ruins. Yet in the second innings even his resilience surrendered to the lost cause his team was trying to defend.

"Had we won the toss it would have been a different story," claimed Ranatunga. The truth is, larger doses of application from his batsmen might have marginally altered the scrip, but the ending would always have remained the same.

India had virtually made sure of

that when their strong batting line up struggled, but still came up with 288 runs in the first innings. Shastri's 88 transformed the 'hai hai's' to more positive slogans. Kiran More's valuable 37 late in the innings shut Nayan Mongia out of the reckoning for an extended period while Vengsarkar's seven run contribution puts him under pressure to score at the very next

glanced, and flicked with ease and sublime grace. Off one ball from the off-spinner Warnaweera—who almost bowls at medium pace—Manjrekar played the shot of the match. He waited, leaned back, rolled his wrists as the ball turned and came in towards him, the bat making contact with ball at the very last instant, caressing it to the boundary.

Shastri's approach differed. He

cursing myself when I got out. I thought a century was there for the taking," India's new-found opener admitted. But he had done his bit. After Raju, with a little help from the wicket, weaved patterns to baffle the Lankans' eye, they had folded up their innings six runs short of Shastri's individual score and 206 of the Indian total.

Ranatunga labeled the pitch as

THE Lankan batting in the first innings resembled a procession of Sunday morning cricketers, in a hurry to get to their beer after a few minutes in the sun. Even a father has more application while playing beach cricket against his young sons

Sri Lanka captain, Ranatunge joins the procession and adds to Raju's list of victims

opportunity he gets. Even the eleven runs Sachin Tendulkar scored in his first Test appearance at home had class stamped all over it.

Manjrekar's small innings was like watching a careful painter going about his work. A cautious dab here and there, sometimes with sudden flourishes of inspired artistry. On a wicket that was as unpredictable as John McEnroe's moods, he cut, square cut,

was cautious but opportunistic, improvising but sensible. The *chappati* shot, so dangerous on such a wicket, was dumped in the garbage. A new weapon—almost a sweep-cum-heave that took the ball from outside the off stump to the mid wicket or square leg boundary—was used to counter the deadly artillery of Warnaweera. "My coach won't like it when he sees the tapes, but it got me plenty of runs. I was really

'very poor for a Test match', and true, the strip of earth in the middle of the Sector 16 stadium did have its moments of indecision. But it was sporting enough to give everyone an opportunity. If a batsman played sensibly, waiting for the loose balls to unleash the big strokes, as Shastri, Gurushinghe and Tilakaratne did, then there were runs to be got. If the spinners used the turn and odd bounce of



SCORE BOARD

INDIA (First Innings)

Ravi Shastri c de Silva b Warnaweera 88
 Manoj Prabhakar lbw Warnaweera 31
 Sanjay Manjrekar lbw Madurasinghe 39
 Dilip Vengsarkar lbw Ratnayake 7
 Mohd Azharuddin c Labrooy b Madurasinghe 23
 Sachin Tendulkar lbw Madurasinghe 23
 Kapil Dev c de Silva b Warnaweera 4
 Kiran More not out 37
 V Raju lbw Ratnayake 14
 Gopal Sharma lbw Ratnayake 0
 N Hirwani run out 0
 Extras (5 b, 10 lbs, 19 nb) 34
 TOTAL 288 all out
 Fall of Wickets 1/58, 2/134, 3/158, 4/201, 5/208,
 6/220, 7/240, 8/276, 9/278

Bowling Ratnayake 21 5-3-60-3, Labrooy 12-1-59-0,
 Warnaweera 46-17-90-3, Ranatunga 5-2-4-0,
 Madurasinghe 26-6-60-3

SRI LANKA (First Innings)

Mahanama c More b Kapil 1
 Samarasekhara lbw Prabhakar 13
 Gurusinghe not out 52
 De Silva b Raju 5
 Ranatunga b Raju 1
 Tillekeratne b Raju 0
 Aattapattu c More b Raju 0
 Ratnayake lbw Raju 0
 Labrooy b Sharma 0

Madurasinghe run out 2

Warnaweera b Raju 0

Extras (b 1, lbs 2, nb 5) 8

TOTAL 82 all out

Fall of Wickets 1/14, 2/34, 3/50, 4/54, 5/54, 6/54,
 7/60, 8/65, 9/77, 10/82

Bowling Kapil 8-3-14-1, Prabhakar 9-0-27-1, Raju
 17 5-13-12-6, Sharma 17-5-26-1

SRI LANKA (Second Innings)

Mahanama c More b Kapil 48
 Samarasekhara c More b Prabhakar 5
 Gurusinghe c Sharma b Prabhakar 0
 De Silva lbw Hirwani 7
 Ranatunga c Azharuddin b Raju 42
 Aattapattu lbw Kapil 0
 Tillekeratne c Shastri b Kapil 55
 Ratnayake lbw Raju 0
 Labrooy b Kapil 0

Madurasinghe b Prabhakar 11

Warnaweera not out 0

Extras (nb 10, b 5, lb 15) 30

TOTAL 198 all out

Fall of Wickets 1/14, 2/14, 3/47, 4/110, 5/110,
 6/135, 7/135, 8/136, 9/196

Bowling Kapil 29 4-15-36-4, Prabhakar 15-4-44-3,
 Raju 36-25-25-2, Sharma 20-7-39-0, Hirwani 20-9-34-1

MAN OF THE MATCH Venkatapathy Raju

the wicket, as Raju and the Lankan spinners did, then there was purchase to be got, if the medium pacers maintained their line and length, as Kapil did in the second innings, then with a bit of luck they too could benefit

The amount of pleasure or solace India should take in this victory depends on whether you are an optimist or a pessimist. A pessimist would point to the total ineffectiveness of the two Indian spinners, Gopal Sharma and Narendra Hirwani, while doubting the credibility of the Indian bowling attack both in its balance and performance. Hirwani did not bowl in the first innings. Shastri didn't throughout the match. Hirwani managed one wicket in the second innings as Sharma had done in the first.

Of the nineteen wickets taken by the Indian bowlers, eight went to Raju and nine to the two pace bowlers. All this, after sacrificing an extra batsman and the

Shastri used a new weapon—a sweep-cum-heave shot



INSTEAD of Indian captain Azharuddin popping the cork, it was Kapil Dev....this was an emotional celebration. So emotional that Kapil threw formality to the wind, grabbed the green bottle to his lips and took a slug...a slug for history

Sachin Tendulkar falls lbw to Madurasinghe for 11 in his first home-Test appearance



opposition surrendering like a defenseless man does in the dark back-alleys of New York. And good God, Raju only made the team because it was decided to drop Arun Lal and play three specialist spinners (Raju being third choice).

Of course the optimist would

prefer to sweep all this under the carpet and admire the handiwork on the surface. After two parched years, any win is a good win. It was, after all, victory at last!

PHOTOGRAPHS: NIKHIL BHATTACHARYA

CONTROVERSY

Bishen Singh Bedi's mouth is as big as his heart. He's like a brash cowboy who walks into a bar, nonchalantly shoots a few guys and then drawls, 'the drinks are on me, gentlemen'.

Problem is, after the damage, not too many people want to take up his offer.

So when Bedi was packing his bags for Chandigarh, he slipped in his holster amidst his many colourful turbans. And he struck again.

Though no Indian cricketer is incautious enough to put it on record (Bedi would call that 'cowardice'), there is an obvious anti-Bedi feeling prevalent in the Indian team. "He's such a man...he's not easy to convince", commented skipper Azharuddin, who admitted to differences with Bedi when he was cricket manager. "But it's over now", continued Azhar, "and I don't want to look back. Why start it again".

Yet, if the players are not particularly happy over Bedi's stint as cricket manager, Bedi too is not hesitant about voicing his opinions about the players. Or for that matter on any other topic.

In fact, give the man a microphone and he'll create an issue. Give him a drink and he'll be the life of the party.

Which is exactly what happened, in Chandigarh.

When Bedi was handed the microphone to announce the Man of the Match award at the end of the Test, he had journalists scrambling desperately for their sharpened quills.

While congratulating Ravi Shastri on his 88 in the first innings, he couldn't resist adding, 'though he refused to bowl'. Now this was treading on dangerous ground, because the topic of Shastri not being considered a spinner, and the resultant effects on selection was taboo. In private, people spoke of it in hushed tones—yet, so typical of Bedi to bellow it in public.

The reaction from Shastri was immediate, and perhaps inevitable. He strode out of the Indian team huddle, taking up position right next to the victory stand, waiting for Bedi to finish.

The very instant Bedi stepped away from the microphone, Shastri walked upto him, and the following conversation took place.

Shastri: 'Paaji, next time please get your facts right before you say anything'. It was said with a firmness bordering on rudeness.

Bedi: 'It was meant to provoke you'.

Shastri: 'Well, you're provoking the wrong chap. I'm not one of the younger guys to whom you can say anything you feel'.

Bedi: 'Beta, if I were you, on this wicket, I would have grabbed the captain by the collar and grabbed the ball from his hand, and said *Challo*, let me bowl'.

Shastri: 'But please check your facts next time, before you go public'.

That particular exchange ended there, but the

argument continued later that evening at a party to celebrate Kapil's 378 Test wickets. Journalistic ethics would normally forbid repeating in print such a conversation, but this was no private conversation. It was a volatile exchange of words, witnessed by a large gathering of players, officials and the Press. It went like this:

Bedi: 'How are you beta.

Shastri: 'Fine'.

Bedi: 'You're angry. That's it, that's what I wanted. I wanted to provoke you and I've done it'.

Shastri: 'You should have checked your facts, and you shouldn't have said it in public. And anyway, you're messing with the wrong guy'.

Bedi: 'It was meant to get you mad, so that you will



SHOW

There is an obvious anti-Bedi feeling prevalent in the Indian team. "He's such a man...he's not easy to convince," commented skipper Azharuddin...Bedi too is not hesitant about voicing his opinions about the players



DOWN

prove me wrong and bowl in the next match'.

Shastri: 'I'm a professional. I know what's good for me and what I have to do. And you needn't have said anything in public. You could have come to the dressing room—that's if you had the guts to—and talked it out'.

Bedi: 'On that kind of wicket I would have grabbed the ball out of the captain's hand and bowled'.

Shastri: 'We won, didn't we'.

Bedi: 'Is that what you regard as a win'?

Shastri: 'We did it very convincingly'.

Bedi: 'Is that what you call convincingly.. the second innings'.

Shastri: 'We won and that's it that's what counts'.

Bedi: 'But don't forget you started your career as a bowler'.

Shastri: 'True and now I'm a opening batsman. You're a professional, I'm a professional I know what I'm doing Cricket is my bread and butter You don't have to tell me what to do. And definitely not in public I'm not one of those guys who'll take anything lying down You're mistaken I've played enough Test cricket to know what to do I've even played more than you So don't tell me what I should do or what I shouldn't'.

Bedi: 'I hope I've provoked you enough for you to go and prove me wrong?'

Shastri: 'I told you, you're messing with the wrong guy'.

AT THIS POINT SHASTRI WALKED AWAY

Surprisingly, inspite of the general indifference towards Bedi among the Indian cricketers, the relationship between Shastri and the former Indian captain has generally been cordial Right through the Bedi-Gavaskar mud slinging match, Shastri, although a close friend of Gavaskar's remained quietly neutral Maybe he felt this time Bedi had gone too far

On one hand, perhaps Shastri has been provoked enough to actually grab his captain's collar and ask for the ball in the next Test On the other hand, Bedi may have finally alienated yet another Indian cricketer

As it is, the day before, at a national hockey debate, Bedi had said, (on the microphone again) that, "the Indian team doesn't need one manager. They need sixteen different managers, one for each player"

One gets the feeling from all this, that Bedi is a man of malice That he does not care That he is a man who thrives on controversy Who loves to shock But that remains an unfair assessment of the man. He does care for Indian cricket he merely has a startlingly obtuse way of showing it After everything is said, if you peel away the veneer of bluster, there lies below, some substance

Bishen Singh Bedi does not fire only blanks ●

SPORTSWORLD: It's not the right question to ask a captain who has just won his first Test match, but isn't the win in the Chandigarh Test a bit hollow because it came against a side who couldn't really put up a fight. Okay, a Test win is a Test win, but this was too one sided to be a win to celebrate over?

**The Indian captain
spoke to
SPORTSWORLD
after his first Test
victory as captain**

AZHARUDDIN: No, I think it was a very pleasant win mainly because we had not won a Test match for such a long time. Not only that, but I've always regarded Sri Lanka as a good side. On their day they can be

MOHAMMED AZHARUDDIN



very good. That hasn't happened very often, but when you look back to examples like when they beat us in the Sharjah Cup. They had to make 55 runs in the last five overs. They played very well and they got those runs. So I've never rated them as a depleted side. I mean it's a Test game, whichever side you play it doesn't matter. And they have gained recognition as a Test side, so it's a win over a Test side.

India played with five bowlers after a long time. Was there any particular reason you opted for one less batsman and one extra bowler in this Test? Because we were playing with too many batsmen all this time. I felt that if you have too many batsmen you tend to pass on the buck. For example, it's like this I'm batting, I've scored

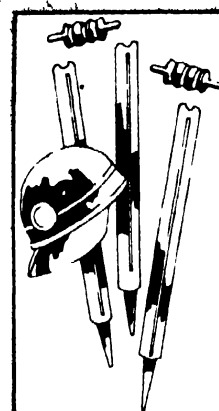
**"I DON'T
BELIEVE IN
THE TEAM OF
THE
NINETIES"**

40 or 50 odd runs and then I think *ki chalo thek hai*, I've done my duty. Someone else is there, let him come and do the rest. When you have extra batsmen you tend to do these things. But when you have five batsmen then you know that you are five—if you are not going to do well then nobody is going to

attacking. Is it just a temporary thing which you will change when you meet stronger opposition?

To be frank, no. I don't want to change. Five batsmen are enough. If Ravi Shastri does well with the ball—he's suffering from a lack of confidence or whatever—but if he performs well then it

England he didn't bowl well. Maybe it was lack of confidence or maybe there was a lot of pressure on him because he was opening the batting. It's very difficult you know, opening the batting and then concentrating on bowling. But I would like to have five regular bowlers. Because it gives



do well—it's a fact. Okay, maybe the all rounders.

Also it is the bowlers who are going to win a match. I think it is a very good idea to have five bowlers in the eleven so that when some are tired they can be rested to become fresh again.

Did we use five bowlers only because the opposition was Sri Lanka? It was worth taking the risk and be more

will be a bonus for us. Then I can bowl him also. But with him opening the batting I don't think he's concentrating on bowling. No doubt he's a very good bowler as his record shows. But I personally will want to stick with five bowlers.

Shastri has 150 odd Test wickets and Chandigarh was a helpful track. Yet you didn't bowl him. Why? In the past—like say in

you a chance to win Test matches. As I told you, it's the bowlers who win Test matches.

If as you say, you want to continue with five bowlers and five batsmen and Shastri doesn't bowl, then you will have a bowler opening the innings? Then, we have to open with Manoj Prabhakar, I suppose.

But if Shastri cannot open the batting and then bowl

Our bowlers have to be more mentally strong. They should not just get carried away. If you get carried away with one or two good performances then you tend to relax. They think that 'ek series main 20-25 wickets lay leya theu' I will play for the next two series. That's a very wrong attitude.



I feel that most of our players go around asking for tips from too many people which is not right. You know the basics, you just have to work hard on those basics. One day they'll come and ask you to point out what they are doing wrong. Next day they go to someone else. So that's not good because it plays in your mind....

as you say, then how can Prabhakar?

Well actually it depends on the nature of the wicket. For instance this wicket in Chandigarh I felt demanded five bowlers being taken. It also depends on which side you're playing.

But if you are keen to have five bowlers and have to end up opening the batting with another bowler, we'll have in effect two all-rounders opening our batting. The simplest solution would be to get Ravi back into the groove of bowling well at least as the fifth bowler?

Yes, that would be a very big bonus for us. I mean he's got more experience than the other spinners.

Have you tried to solve Ravi's 'lack of confidence problem'? Have you tried to convince him to bowl?

I knew he was not bowling well since England. He had not bowled in the Iran Trophy also. It was very interesting that match in Bangalore. He could have bowled there. I don't know why he didn't bowl there. I certainly feel that he has a lack of confidence so even if he was to bowl in Chandigarh we would have still looked another way for our fifth bowler.

But if you feel so strongly about Ravi's bowling being a big bonus for the team, as the captain why don't you throw the ball to him?

I can tell him you know because this was only one Test match so we could have tried him out. It would have been a fair idea.

Why didn't you try it out?

No, I told him. You know because I think he will

get back to his old form. I'm sure.

Apart from the Indian win, one other talking point of the match was the dropping of Arun Lal. Wasn't it badly handled?

I feel very sad for Arun Lal because he was doing well. But I think the team's interest is first and foremost to be frank you know. We were looking at that point.

Fair enough, but what about the manner in which it was all done? You recall a veteran and a specialist opener saying that he was going to open the innings and then minutes before

the start of the match he's told, 'thank you for coming but please sit in the pavilion'.

As I told you, team interest comes first so there have to be some sacrifices made.

So Arun Lal had to make the sacrifice?

It's unfortunate. I feel sad about it. I can't help it. The team winning is everything. But he shouldn't think that he won't be selected again. There are a lot of matches left. So there is time. I mean this time we didn't know the nature of the wicket till we got here.





But isn't it odd that you are playing in a home series and yet you don't take advantage of that. You select the squad without knowing anything about the kind of wicket you will get. Especially this time since there was only one scheduled Test?

I only got to know about the wicket from what I read in the Press. The newspapers said that it would be green. helpful to spinners. But when I came here I found it was totally different.

Yes, that's my point. Shouldn't you first know the kind of wicket expected before you announce your squad...even if it means

announcing it a few days before the Test. Well, basically take advantage of being the hosts?

What you mean is that we must know actually what the nature of the wicket is. That's sure, that's fine. Yeah. I agree to your point.

Coming back to the opening slot. Who would Azharuddin rate as the best opener in India today.. apart of course from Shastri, since he's already in?

Well I still rate Sidhu. I mean he's got a lot of talent. I think he has some problem with his neck. I hope it is alright now.

And Srikanth, you've always said you rate him highly?

Srikanth. I have always wanted him especially in a one day game. People talk about his technique which I think is not fair. If you drop a man you just say that you've dropped him because he's not doing well. But if you point out his technique then he might never do well because it's always there at the back of his mind. There's no need for people to talk about him being vulnerable to the outgoing ball. I mean he's played cricket like that. you should not have selected him in the first place if his technique was bad.

But where does all this wanting of Sidhu and Srikanth fit into your scheme of five bowlers?

No. I'm just saying you know just saying. If he does well he's the one man any team would like to have. It's just that he's not doing well now.

If as captain you want to play with five bowlers, does it mean the team will do so. Or is it just a recommendation?

I don't know. it's upto the selectors also. I can only put my views forward.

On a tour abroad the captain and others select the final playing eleven. Why is it the selectors choose the final eleven when we play at home?

I don't know, I mean I'm not sure. I don't know because the selectors feel. you know that they come and watch the game and all.

How much say does

Azharuddin the captain have in team selection?

I can only put forward my views. I mean I can only. everybody has to agree.

Have you put forward your views, like Sidhu is the best opening batsman and Srikanth is a must in the one-day team?

Yes I have already put forward those views.

When was that?

This was at the last selection committee meeting. The one in Bombay before the England tour. Yes before the England tour.

But there is a new selection committee. That was Raj Singh Dungarpur's committee.

But only two selectors have changed. The others know how I feel about certain players.

But there is a new chairman and new selectors. So shouldn't you have let your views be known to them even if it has to be repetitive?

Yes I will do that next time.

What about finding a good off-spinner?

I think an off spinner is a must for any side. I think it would not be right to say that we don't have a good enough off-spinner in the country. Why, take even Bengal's Saradindu Mukherjee. He's good but needs to play more games. He's got everything and all he has to do is work hard. Just because he's taken one hat-trick you can't have him in the Test side. It is not good for him. it is not good for the country. I basically

feel that what we are doing is that when a batsman scores just one hundred in the beginning of his career we say he's very good etc. The person might be very good but let him do it for another one or two years. Of course Sachin is a different guy you can't have anyone like him very often. I feel that they should play Ranji Trophy for at least two years so that they can mature before they come into the Test side. You can't take a player after just one or two Ranji Trophy performances of his career. It's not good for the individual also. He feels *ki arre* after one Ranji Trophy match I'm in the national camp so that complacency sets in.

Talking about new players, the Indian middle order has undergone tremendous change. Almost like one era has ended and another has begun. There's your Sachin, Manjrekar and now talented players like Praveen Amre. Where does Vengsarkar fit in into all this?

That's what I'm saying, you know. We are getting a lot of new players. So it's very hard, everyone has to perform. There's a lot of competition now. So if you perform you're there, if you don't then you're out, because there are a lot of guys pressing for a place in the team.

But that's not the case with the Indian bowling. Yes, I agree there is not that much of competition, oh, yes we have talent but I feel that after they do well in one series they take it for granted that they are going to do well in the

next series also. No it is not true because you have to keep working hard all the time.

Are you talking about the spinners or the fast bowlers?

I'm talking about the fast bowlers. I feel very sorry. I mean I'm very unhappy that Vivek Razdan after doing well in Pakistan was just not able to bowl in New Zealand. I don't know why this happens. The same thing goes for Atul Wasson also. I'm not trying to criticise them. I'm just telling them that you have to work hard for it, because bowling is one thing where you are constantly there for the whole day. If a batsman has a bad patch, one ball and he's back in the pavilion. But if a bowler is off form he has to continue through the whole day. So the whole thing is on you, they must really work hard. They should not think that they've achieved something. I think they have to keep their minds very stable.

But doesn't the fact that these bowlers are used, then discarded, then used, then discarded, doesn't that affect them negatively? But then what do you do if he performs at one instant and then doesn't the next? Take the example of Razdan in New Zealand. He wasn't bowling well at all, so if I had persisted with him in the team, say as the fourth or fifth bowler, and if he didn't perform then straight away I'm short of one bowler. So you have to look at it that way. You have to perform. I agree that not everybody can perform

always but then don't take things easy. Work hard. I feel that most of our players go around asking for tips from too many people which is not right. You know the basics, you just have to work hard on those basics. One day they'll come and ask you to point out what they are doing wrong. Next day they go to someone else. So that's not good because it plays in your mind. '*arre* my arm is not coming this way'. You have to put the ball in that place that is the most important thing.

With all these problems of not having fast bowlers and the lack of real good spinners, how difficult is it to captain India?

My job is restricted if everyone does well. But even if one chap is not doing well, then comes the problem. It becomes difficult to set a field. Sometimes you set a field on the off side and they keep bowling on the leg. I don't mind if they are hit for a four, bowling on one side of the wicket. Then you have to give credit to the batsman. But if you keep bowling all over the place it's very difficult. Even if you have 100 fielders you can't do anything.

If a captain has good bowlers, then all his job is to throw the ball to the bowlers and it's done. Take the case of Clive Lloyd—he used to throw the ball and everyone did their job *thak thak thak*. And it was all over.

It was all a question of rotation and everyone obliged, and that's why they were such a great team. If we had two bowlers like Waqar Younis and Wasim

Akram even we could be a major force to reckon with.

How come Pakistan produces such good fast bowlers—and so many of them—and yet we can't. I mean the conditions are more or less the same. So why the difference?

I can't understand. I'm not able to figure out why. I feel it is only mental. Our bowlers have to be more mentally strong. They should not just get carried away. If you get carried away



with one or two good performances then you tend to relax. They think that 'ek series main 20-25 wicket lay leya then I will play for the next two series.' That's a very wrong attitude. Would you have felt better if you were given the captaincy a little later then you actually got it? The captaincy was a pleasant surprise. I didn't expect it, at least not for another four-five years. But I feel that if things are not going well and you are able to

lift the team then you get more credit. It was a very crucial stage for Indian cricket when I took over, and I'm just trying to build up the team.

When is this building or rebuilding of the Indian team going to end?
I think we only started building with the New Zealand tour. So we are still building. Now we have to find new bowlers. Okay Manoj and Kapil are there, but there has to be some

back-up. Nowadays, fast bowlers win games, not spinners. There aren't too many spinning tracks made, except of course at home.

When will the team of the 90's be ready?

I don't believe in this thing about the team of the 90's and all these things.

Of late everyone's being saying 'we have a very good side, very good batting side.' But unless you win matches you are not a good side. If you don't win you are not a very good side. That's the way I see it. You might be a very good side on paper, but it's winning that is all important. Talking... I don't believe in talking much. You know it's all about performance and winning... not talking.

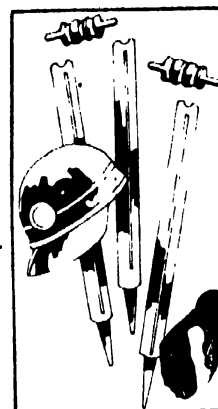
When you came back from England you went on record saying you were not satisfied with the attitude shown by some of the players. Has that changed or does the problems still exist?

Your attitude is your basic outlook to the game. And as I said.... I don't want to name them you know... but I felt that they were not up to the mark. And I hope they have got the message.

Do you think they have?

They have. I suppose they have to, because not only is it good for the team but it's good for themselves also. You must not forget that you are playing for India. Your country comes first and then later on yourself.

**Interview by
ANDY O'BRIEN, Chandigarh**



We were playing with too many batsmen all this time. I felt that if you have too many batsmen, you tend to pass the buck..... Also it is the bowlers who are going to win a match. I think it is a very good idea to have five bowlers in the eleven....

ARUN LAL

ANDY O'BRIEN,
CHANDIGARH

SHATTERED DREAMS

NOVEMBER 22, 9.30 pm Shivalik View Hotel, Chandigarh. That's the dateline for this story. A story of how hope and determination ended in a tragedy of shattered dreams and

unfulfilled desire. It is not a case or a defense for any particular individual. It cannot be. Because no defense would be comfort enough for a man who built his cricket career with the enthusiasm and determination of a child building a castle in the sand. The waves rushed in repeatedly damaging certain portions of that castle. Yet, it was always repaired diligently and then in one sudden sweep all that is left behind was a heap of sand.

This story is being told, primarily to reveal the system and how it functions. Good or bad is immaterial. The old proverb of ends and means is what all this is about.

We go back to the scene of the drama; the posh Chandigarh hotel on the eve of the Test. Arun Lal has just returned from dinner with his parents. His father, known locally as 'Dewan saab' is a rich landed farmer from Kapurthala, only a few hours drive from Chandigarh.

It is after ten years that the parents have come to see their son on the cricket field. Having wished his parents goodbye in the lobby, and confirming the time they would be picked up to be taken to the ground the following morning, Lal then dropped into one of the rooms of the much guarded fifth-floor camp for the

Indian team. He had merely gone to pick up his keys which he had left behind for his roomie Kiran More. Instead, he was drawn into a conversation with the Press about the wicket, the opposition, the toss...every conceivable topic. The topic of the final eleven or Lal's chances of playing the match didn't even apparently warrant discussion.

In the midst of the discussion, Lal excused himself saying he wanted to get to bed early. I followed suit. Not that I was opening the Indian batting the next day...but then neither was he. (We walked down the corridor and Lal reached his room first, turned, said 'bye' and added, 'remember me in your prayers tonight'. I promised I would. The door closed. Arun Lal had just shut himself off from the deadly drama that was to transpire over the next few hours. While he lay in bed in the darkness of his room, trying hard to overcome the nerves that resulted in insomnia, Lal prayed.

He prayed that skipper Azharuddin would win the toss so

This is the worst, I don't know what to say. I mean, I really don't know what to say...or do.



NICKEL SHATTACHARYA

that he could have the first go at the unpredictable wicket. And Lal finally lapsed into sleep, oblivious of all around him. The props for the drama had of course already been laid out. The team think-tank had, after seeing the wicket, decided to recommend to the selection committee that three spinners be played. But where were the selectors? They were to arrive only late that evening from Delhi.

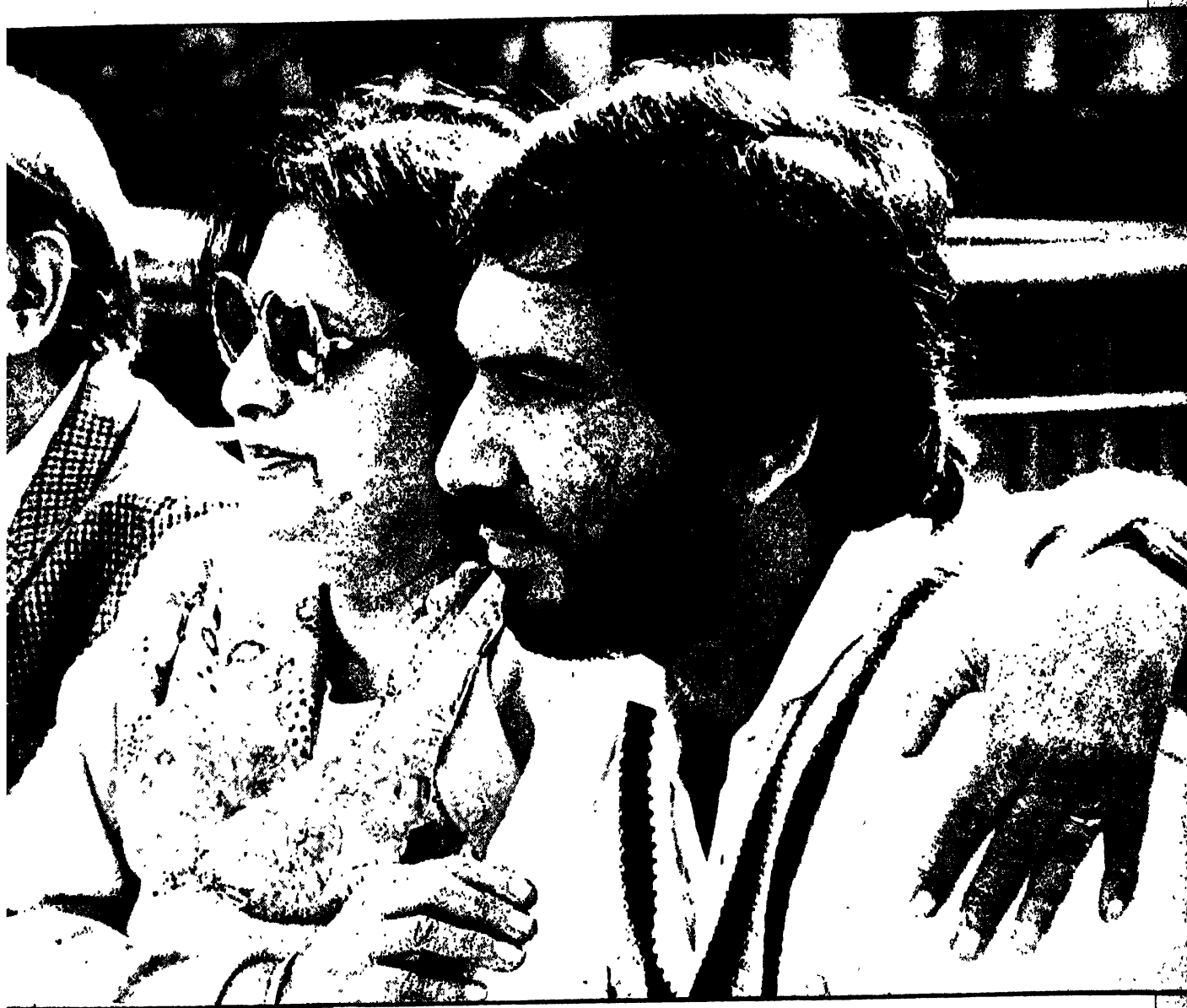
When the gang of five eventually arrived, they had no clue (at least most of them didn't) that they would have to partake in a job much tougher than the one they had undertaken a week

with three specialist spinners, all hell broke loose.

Tamanhe told the other four selectors that he wanted the selection debate reopened. And with Shastri's left arm more

been that of the only left arm spinner in the team.

If that was unfair to a man who had concentrated all his efforts and time on his batting, it was equally ridiculous too. For if



earlier in Delhi. As far as they were concerned their major problems had been overcome with the announcement of the squad. Lal and Shastri to open; and a toss up for the eleventh player, either a third seamer or a spinner depending on the nature of the wicket. It was a clear-cut-no-problem situation. But when chairman Naren Tamanhe was informed by Azharuddin of the desire to play

confident of holding a bat turning over in the role of the third spinner, the problems had only just begun.

Now comes the funny part. Much as it may seem that Shastri's crisis of (bowling) confidence unbalanced the team, the truth was that Shastri had reasons to suspect his own bowling capabilities. After all, if he consented to take on the responsibility then it would have

Shastri was to bowl as the third spinner, then Venkatapathy Raju, was to be left out.

Whether Shastri was to bowl or not, was in this case immaterial. How could anyone even think of dropping Raju for whatever the reason. Raju is presently not only a superior bowler than Shastri, but is in fact the best spinner in the country today. And this mind you is not a case of being wise after the event. Anyone with a

semblance of knowledge of cricket would have rated Raju thus after his performance in the Bangalore Irani Trophy match. Yet, the

selectors—all of who were there and watching at Bangalore—were all but ready to count Raju out to accommodate an extra batsman.

THE Gods sitting in the box marked 'selection committee' were pleased.

Arun Lal had been sacrificed at the altar of team interest but the reward was a Test win. Had Lal played, Man of the Match Venkatpathy Raju would have been accompanying the drinks

BCCI(S) Versus BCCI(D)

**How Arun Lal's dropping
will affect the two
factions of the Board**

trolley, rather than leading the Indian team back to the pavilion. The Lal neck was found to be the most slender... the most convenient one for the guillotine.

The Lal episode might have deeper connotations. And if politics and the conjecture, rumour and power struggles that go with politics are to be believed, then the dropping of Arun Lal could further polarise the almost two-party BCCI.

Though it might not be time to have a BCC(S) and a BCC(D), the Lal case has highlighted the rift within the two factions of the Board. The war ended at the Board elections in September, but the Cold War continues unabated.

It is no secret that the Board secretary, Jagmohan Dalmiya, (who rules the Cricket Association of Bengal) and Arun Lal have over the years

shared a love-hate relationship. Of late, there has been no semblance of the former.

It is also no scoop, that Dalmiya and Board president Madhav Rao Scindia are not the kind of buddies who would meet in the evening over a quiet drink.

Lal is credited of having played his own little role on behalf of the Scindia camp in the September elections. Whether that is true or not, it is but natural to conclude that Lal's leanings are towards Scindia primarily because it is diametrically opposite to Dalmiya.

There are even those who doubt whether it was Lal's consistency at the domestic level that was the sole reason for his recall. They talk of the 'president's directive' and 'outside pressure' on the selectors. When told that dropping Arun Lal would earn them the wrath of Mr Scindia, one selector remarked 'good, so what?'

What is surprising in that statement is not the challenge it portrays, but the implied denial of any absence of pressure from Scindia.

On the other side of the coin are accusations that Lal's elimination was, as one senior cricket official put it, "a carefully planned conspiracy". If one were to read between those lines, it says that Lal's dropping was a preconceived operation which waited till the end to kill the patient.

But there is an interesting colollary to this story. The only way the selection committee can successfully counter the allegations of 'hanky-panky' over Lal's dropping, is by actually giving the man a fair trial in the next Test series. Only then, it seems, will fairness prevail. **Andy O'Brien**

No doubt the selectors were in a unenviable situation, but with Shasri not being considered a specialist spinner and Raju coming into the team, the problem was somewhat simplified. One batsman had to go. And Lal was the easiest to get rid of. Not many selection committees have the courage to drop the elegant and experienced Vengsarkar, and with Prabhakar capable of opening the innings it was Lal's head that was placed on the chopper.

It was past midnight by now. The permutations and combinations had been hotly debated, but they were to be slept over. The final decision was to be made in the morning, just before the match. And so, while Lal was getting his eye in with a few practise shots at the nets a half hour before the match, Azharuddin walked up and with one pat on the back and a couple of words brought Arun Lal's world crashing down. The man has suffered great injustices, but this was for the benefit of Indian cricket.

This was a man, for whom, reversal was a catalyst for greater determination. And here he was walking around shell-shocked and pale faced like a zombie who didn't know what had hit him.

This was a man who was tremendously intelligent and erudite. But here he was fumbling for words as he said holding back the tears, "This is the worst I don't know what to say. I mean I really don't know what to say... or do. What else is there left for me to do."

This was a man who had looked forward to this match like a child does a Christmas gift. And here he was sitting in his room, morose as a monk wishing away the hours of penance. It would be unfortunate if the Chandigarh episode is the final sword that has pierced Arun Lal's courageous cricketing heart... this time to bleed to death.

Pity is, had the whole thing been handled a little more delicately and diplomatically there would have been less hurt...and probably no bloodshed. But then, that's another story. ●

READERS' QUIZ

QUESTIONS

1. Which sport was known as 'Minnonette'?

2. He wanted to be an opera singer but didn't make it. Moved over to chess and won the world championship in 1957. Who was he?

3. With which sport would you associate the word 'Sushins'?

4. In which sport is the term 'crestfallen' used?

5. Which tennis player after losing in the first round of the US Open in 1985 said, 'I hate coming to New York. I hate the city. I hate the tournament and I hate Flushing Meadows. They should drop an A-bomb on this place'?

6. Which West Indian cricketer was nicknamed 'Electric Heels'?

7. In Vedic ages a sport was played on horse-back called *Chaugan*, which according to many is the origin of a modern day sport. Name the sport.

8. What are the two favourite sporting pastimes of the people of the Nicobar Island?

ANSWERS

- 1 Volleyball
- 2 Vasily Smyslov
- 3 They are the judges during a judo bout
- 4 Cockfighting
- 5 Kevin Curren
- 6 Learie Constantine
- 7 Polo
- 8 Canoeing and pig fighting
- 9 Chess
- 10 It is the name of the scoring system in Decathlon which was in use till 1985
- 11 Channel Nine
- 12 Rajaram Ghag in 88
- 13 Ronald Weigel, the GDR 50 km walk winner when asked why East German women performed better than their male counterparts
- 14 Budhwa Oraon in the same event
- 15 David Freeman in 1949

THIS QUIZ HAS BEEN COMPILED BY:
DEBASHISH ROY,
AMRUDDI LANE,
ARYA KUMAR ROAD,
PATNA-800004.

All answers sent in by the contributor

RATING TEST

ABOVE 13: Wish you were part of our quiz team.

BETWEEN 10 AND 13: You are not too bad.

BELOW 10: Sportsworld reading recommended.

9. Cafe de la Regency was a centre of sporting activity of the intellectual like Rousseau, Voltaire and Robbespiere. Name the sport?

10. What is a 'Portuguese Table'?

11. Which organisation uses this line in their advertisement, "Only the umpires have a closer view"?

12. Taranath Shenoy, the handicapped Indian swimmer, crossed the English Channel. There was another handicapped Indian who achieved this feat. Who was he?

13. Who said, "Perhaps their husbands are better than our wives", and on what occasion?

14. In the 800m at the Seoul Asiad, Shiny Abraham switched tracks before the 200m mark. Another male Indian athlete did the same thing. Name the athlete.

15. Who is the only American to win the men's singles title at the All England Badminton Championships?

WHEN East Bengal's Babu Mani neutralised Joseph Akongo's goal

with a right footer in the Mohun Bagan Centenary Gold Cup soccer final it signalled the entry of Roger Milla's Cameroonian World Cup colleague. And it was Fentemba's presence that almost immediately galvanised the Diamant FC into positive action. Fentemba provided a slight change in the game strategy posing problems for this year's triple crown winners, East Bengal, who, with their steam running out fast, began to backpedal. Resulting in their downfall.

It was the local team which initially looked more domineering. Even when Akongo scored it didn't deter the morale of the players who did a lot of purposeful running, showed better cohesion and thrust to find the equaliser within eight minutes.

But the trouble is, that we lack the necessary strength and stamina (an old complaint with no remedies in sight) and that was principally East Bengal's undoing towards the end. These were discernable signs of strains and at this precise juncture, Diamant exploited the situation. Sunday scored the match-winner, no great goal but merely a deflection off Mastan Ahmed's legs. A miserable anti-climax, if anything.

Luck was really with the African team. Luck was also with their coach Michael Kaham.

CAMEROONIANS COMMAND

He said a couple of days before the final that his team would win the trophy by displaying some tactical changes. But not surprisingly Diamant dished out what they played earlier. They were

simply, quite amateurish.

And all the talk about Italia '90 star Roger Milla and Diamant. Surprise, surprise, Milla for starters doesn't even play for Diamant. In fact, Milla has been

club-less since the World Cup. The truth it seems, is that Milla was here especially to visit Mother Teresa, and as he was around opted to play for Diamant of course after much persuasion. After his



spectacular success at the World Cup, Milla's arrival created much excitement, but his abrupt departure (the official version is a sick son, others say he demanded unacceptable amounts of money) left the tournament cold.

How good were the Diamant FC team? Nothing much to talk about, although quite attuned to the needs of modern soccer, which was conspicuously noticeable in their opening match against hosts Mohun Bagan. What a contrast

Bagan's performance was static. Certainly a pitiable sight compared to the Cameroonians fluid off-the-ball movements.

Initially the Bagan team was defence-oriented. Unnecessarily ultra cautious. Then they would counter-attack ineffectively because they lacked penetration. However, if there was a spoilsport, it was veteran Subrata Bhattacharya. His frequent foul-ups landed Bagan in dire trouble. Belle Belle in fact

embarrassing him, leaving him stranded, to score the third goal.

Mohun Bagan has had a pathetic season. Besides the IFA Super League title they have nothing else to boast of. Fans were optimistic that a "revamped" Bagan would restore the shattered image (in the IFA Shield, Durand and Rovers) when PK Banerjee again took charge. But the gloom remained. The question is: when will this sequence of gloom culminate.

They then had another

stiff obstacle to redeem themselves: against East Bengal. If they were to play the Cameroonians in the finals the hosts had to win at all cost. In a way it was, advantage Mohun Bagan, because of the inadequacies that confronted their arch rivals the absence of Bikash Panji, Krishnanu Dey and Monoranjan Bhattacharjee. However the speculation proved to be quite inaccurate. Cheema Okerie with his brilliant backvolley once again unfolded Bagan's miseries. And when East



Diamant FC doing the victory lap at the Salt Lake stadium

Babu Mani (not in pic) scores the equaliser past Kilana, while Cheema Okerie (22) looks on. Diamant FC won the final against East Bengal 2-1.



But the trouble is, that we lack the necessary strength and stamina (an old complaint with no remedies in sight) and that was principally East Bengal's undoing towards the end

Bengal was on the verge of consolidating their position, substitute Subrata Bhattacharya headed in the equaliser off a Sishir Ghosh lob. Though Bhattacharya was pardoned for his earlier errors he couldn't help Bagan to continue the challenge as East Bengal was ahead by one point.

East Bengal has had the best year. They were in high spirits and beaming with confidence even after playing non-stop soccer over the past few months. They still

An outstretched Bagan keeper Debashis Mukherjee fails to save a Nsima Paul Mango penalty conversion. Diamant won the first match 3-1

looked inexhaustible when they challenged the might of Diamant. With better thrust than Mohun Bagan, East Bengal troubled the Diamant defence continuously. The Calcutta side were very energetic and played a paced game and were just unlucky not to wrap up the match.

But then there was the danger of giving in. Just team spirit and confidence could not help East Bengal win the final—ecstasy ended in agony because of fatigue. This, however, shouldn't dishearten coach Syed Nayeemuddin and his boys. I think Nayeem did a fantastic job. In fact, he has shown enough credentials to get the reckoning for the national team for the ensuing Nehru Gold Cup.

Subhash Sarcar

HOW EAST BENGAL WON THE TRIPPLE CROWN TWICE



1972: Captain:
Sudhir Karmakar

IFA SHIELD

Quarter-final Group League

East Bengal	1	Rajasthan	0
East Bengal	4	B N R	0

Semi-final

East Bengal	2	Selangor (Malaysia)	0
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Final

East Bengal	0, 0	Mohun Bagan	0, 1
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Champion — East Bengal.

When Mohun Bagan was leading 1—0 the re-played final match was abandoned due to torrential rain. But then, Mohun Bagan did not play and East Bengal were declared winner.

DURAND CUP

Quarter-final Group League

East Bengal	10	Delhi B B Stores	0
East Bengal	3	Sikh Regimental Centre (Meerut)	0
East Bengal	2	Madras Regimental Centre	0

Semi-final

East Bengal	1, 7	Simla Youngs	1, 0
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Final

East Bengal	0, 1	Mohun Bagan	0, 0
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Champion — East Bengal.

ROVERS CUP

Quarter-final Group League

East Bengal	0	Dempo Sports Club	0
East Bengal	0	Vasco Sports	0
East Bengal	2	Leaders Club (Jalandhar)	0

Final

East Bengal	0, 0	Mohun Bagan	0, 0
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East Bengal and Mohun Bagan were declared joint-winners

For the first time in Indian soccer, East Bengal won the tripple crown, but the Rovers Cup was shared by Mohun Bagan.

HARI PRASAD CHATTOPADHYAY



1990 Captain:
Cheema Okerie.

IFA SHIELD

Quarter-final Group League

East Bengal	1	Port Trust	0
East Bengal	0	Mohun Bagan	0
East Bengal	2	AIFF Youth	0

Semi-final

East Bengal	3	Tata Football Academy	2
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Final

East Bengal	1	Mohammedan Sporting	0
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Champion — East Bengal.

As Mohammedan Sporting withdrew their team midway through the finals, the IFA ceased their runners-up title and also had suspended the club.

DURAND CUP

Quarter-final League

East Bengal	2	Sea Rock	0
East Bengal	1	Kerala Police	0
East Bengal	0	J.C.T.	0

Semi-final

East Bengal	3	B.S.F.	0
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Final

East Bengal	3	Mahindra and Mahindra	2
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Champions — East Bengal.

ROVERS CUP

Quarter-final League

East Bengal	0	Dempo Sports Club	1
East Bengal	3	Mahindra and Mahindra	1
East Bengal	1	Kerala Police	0

Semi-final

East Bengal	1	East Rafa (Bahrain)	0
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Final

East Bengal	1	Mahindra and Mahindra	0
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Champions — East Bengal.

This time East Bengal created history in Indian football, by lifting the tripple crown twice as the lone Indian team.

THE NEW IBM SCORECARD

DO NOT WRITE ABOVE THIS LINE		VER DATE 8/14/90	TOSS	ELECTS
PLAYER 1	CHRIS PRIDHAM		X	R
PLAYER 2	TOMMY HO			
TOURNAMENT	STARS OF TOMORROW			
ROUND	FINAL	BALL CHANGE	7	9 (4)
DATE	OCT. 21, 1990			
COURT #	STADIUM	FINISH	1829	DUR 1:30
START TIME	1859	UMPIRE	KEITH CROSSLAND	
WINNER	Ho			
SCORE	76(2) 64			
SIGNATURE	Keith Crossland			

1st
SERVE PNTS

2nd
SERVE PNTS

ACE

SERWER
WINS

RECEIVER
WINS

DOUBLE FAULT

PENALTY
POINT

SET 1	PLAYER 1	PLAYER 2	SERVES FIRST	HP	NOTE
1	H	P		10	
2	P	H		20	X
3	H	P		30	
4	P	H		31	
5	H	P		41	
6	P	H		42	
7	H	P		43	EX ³
8	P	H		44	
9	H	P		54	
10	P	H		55	
11	H	P		65	
12	P	H		66	
13	H	P		7	
14	P	H		6	

Code Violation(s) Given _____
 Time Violation(s) Given _____

Comments

IN the unusually warm September of 2040 A.D., an animated discussion was taking place in Room 444 of the Peking Hilton. Zhou Chen Me, product of the world's largest democracy, had just won the US Open title. So, how good was he was the subject under debate.

Did he, for example, have a more effective serve than that mean-mouthed Yank John McEnroe who won his fifth Open in 1991, 49 years ago?

McEnroe now 81 but as vitriolic, had on television given his answer to the same question. No (a'c' *£(a way.

Peking's senior citizens having once watched McEnroe on the telly, voted for the Yank. The younger ones disagreed. No-one was getting anywhere, till Yang Sang, Zhou's coach plucked his lab-top computer from his Proline bag and dialled into the IBM AS/9000 computer at the ATP Tour international headquarters at Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida.

The computer's reply was the answer. In cumulative statistics through the two-week Open (seven matches) showed that while Mac's first serve percentage in 1991 was 68%, Zhou's in 2040, 73%, Mac's percentage of first serve points won was 75% and Zhou's 69%, Mac had 45 aces, Zhou 63, Mac's percentage of second serve points was 62% while Zhou's was 56% and finally Mac's percentage of service games won was 80% while Zhou's was 71%.

MatchFacts

IBM's new computerized scorecard for chair umpires will allow us to find out in 2001, how many aces Becker served in 1991

Which sort of in the end gave McEnroe the edge? So silence descended on the Peking Hilton.

All this may appear some futuristic fantasmic rubbish but no, IBM has suddenly made all this a realistic scenario. No longer will players of different generations be judged by memory or film clips. No longer will players be forced to rely on circuit wisdom regarding the strengths and weaknesses of their opponents. No longer will players ponder over which facets of their game are underdeveloped. For IBM's MatchFacts system based on a computerized scoring card for chair umpires,

will allow for statistics on 3000 matches yearly to be stored for posterity.

Detailed statistics were available at tournaments in the past few years but once the umpire submitted his paper scorecard, and the media had used them for that specific tournament, they were forgotten. This computer scorecard, to be marked with a black dot in specific places will be stored and updated, which allows players, officials, journalists continuous access to match statistics. These statistics, in effect, become a major part of an individual's play.

Again, statistics like

first serve percentage, percentage of points won on first serves, aces etc were available at certain tournaments worldwide. Yet, MatchFacts provides a slightly more comprehensive look at a player's performance by presenting a cumulative record of performances through a tournament or even through the year. Additionally, they have enlarged their base by promising these such information on 77 ATP Tour tournaments. A further attraction is allowing non-attending journalists access into their data banks through computers. So now, you can sit in office in front of a computer, dial the ATP computer's number at the various data banks and learn how many aces Lendl served at Wimbledon or how many double faults he had through the year.

Arthur Ashe commenting on this innovation was both impressed and developed. As he recounted the night before he beat Connors in the 1974 Wimbledon final he herded a group of friends into a London discotheque where they spent their time discussing tactics and Connors' own strengths and flaws. Had MatchFacts been available in 1974, Ashe could have danced instead of discussing. Perhaps that is the best way to put this system into proper perspective. ●

Tony Roche's singular Grand Slam win in Paris, 1966 has left memories but no statistics



KARATE

THE POWER OF THE EMPTY HAND



From the prone position ▲

Look back and transfer your body weight onto the left leg ▼



If you have been thrown to the ground and are lying on your stomach, the *ushiro giri* is a convenient kick to use in self defence.

From the prone position (lying on your stomach), get into the squatting position with your body weight balanced on the tip of your toes and your fingers. Look back. Move upwards with your body weight concentrated on the left leg and finger tips. Use your right leg to kick out, aiming the kick at your opponent's lower face/collar bone area.

Try the same kick using the left leg with the body weight shifting onto the right leg.

By Shivaji Ganguly
Kyokushinkai Karate

PHOTOGRAPHS RAMAN BHALLA

▲ Get into the squatting position with your body weight balanced on the tip of your toes and fingers



Kick out with your right leg ►

The Unknown Life Of Roger Milla

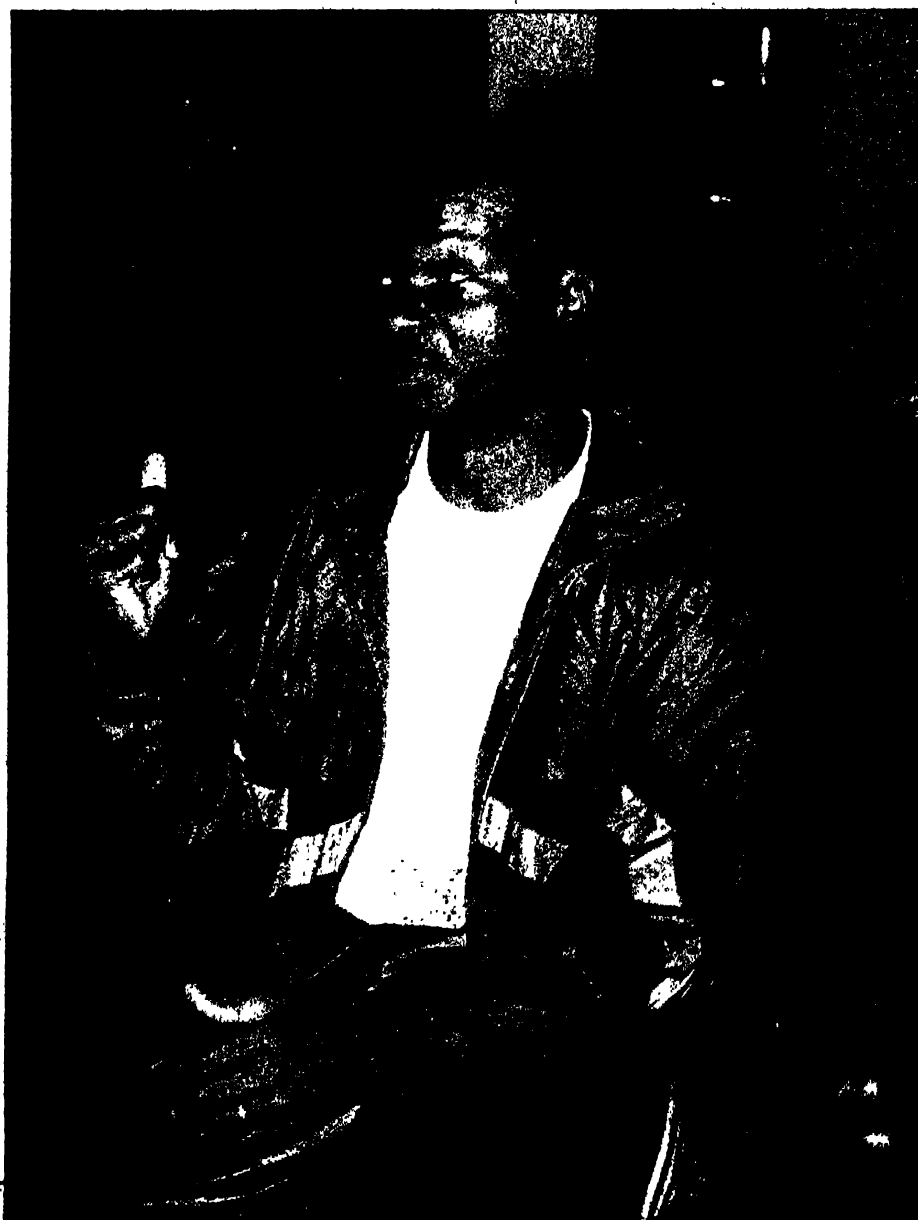
NOT everyone can live the full trajectory of life. Nor live life to its greatest possibilities, wading through all the obstacles, hardships and the quicksands of fate's inscrutable uncertainties. For most, life—its potential—remains stuck in midpassage sometimes through destiny's diabolical designs, sometimes through sheer lack of will.

For Roger Milla, life—its enormous promise—got stuck in midpassage, abruptly, two years ago, when football all of a sudden became anathema to him, amid the pain and anguish of a personal tragedy. And betrayal too.

In 1988, Roger Milla, then Cameroon's most spectacular soccer hero, had gone on a tour abroad as a member of the national team, for which he was undoubtedly the greatest source of inspiration. Back home he had left behind his aging mother, critically ill. Roger Milla loved his mother like no other person in the world, and he left the country on the condition that the Cameroon Football Association would take full care of his 70 year-old pain-stricken mother.

When Milla returned, horror awaited him. His mother had died—and most painful of all—in the wretched misery of total neglect and even maltreatment.

"It seemed as if football itself



killed my mother," Milla would later say, "and the failure of the football bosses to keep their promise was so upsetting." So Milla quit football, in pain, in anguish and in the shocking awareness of the satanic face of soccer and the men who run it in Cameroon. Now, the enormous but unfulfilled promise of Roger Milla the footballer quietly began to sink into obscurity, into oblivion, as time slowly dislodged him from football's fleeting memory.

But being destiny's favoured child the path of Roger Milla was not bound towards insignificance, but glory, even if that meant being reborn from the womb of oblivion to return to face history's

hero-worship.

"People normally wish a happy ending," says Milla now, in his fluent French which always requires him an interpreter for communications with the outside world. "But when I retired, it seemed my

football life came to a terrible end. I retired in disgust, in shock, almost hatred for those who gave me so much pain," Milla recalls.

"I've played football since I was

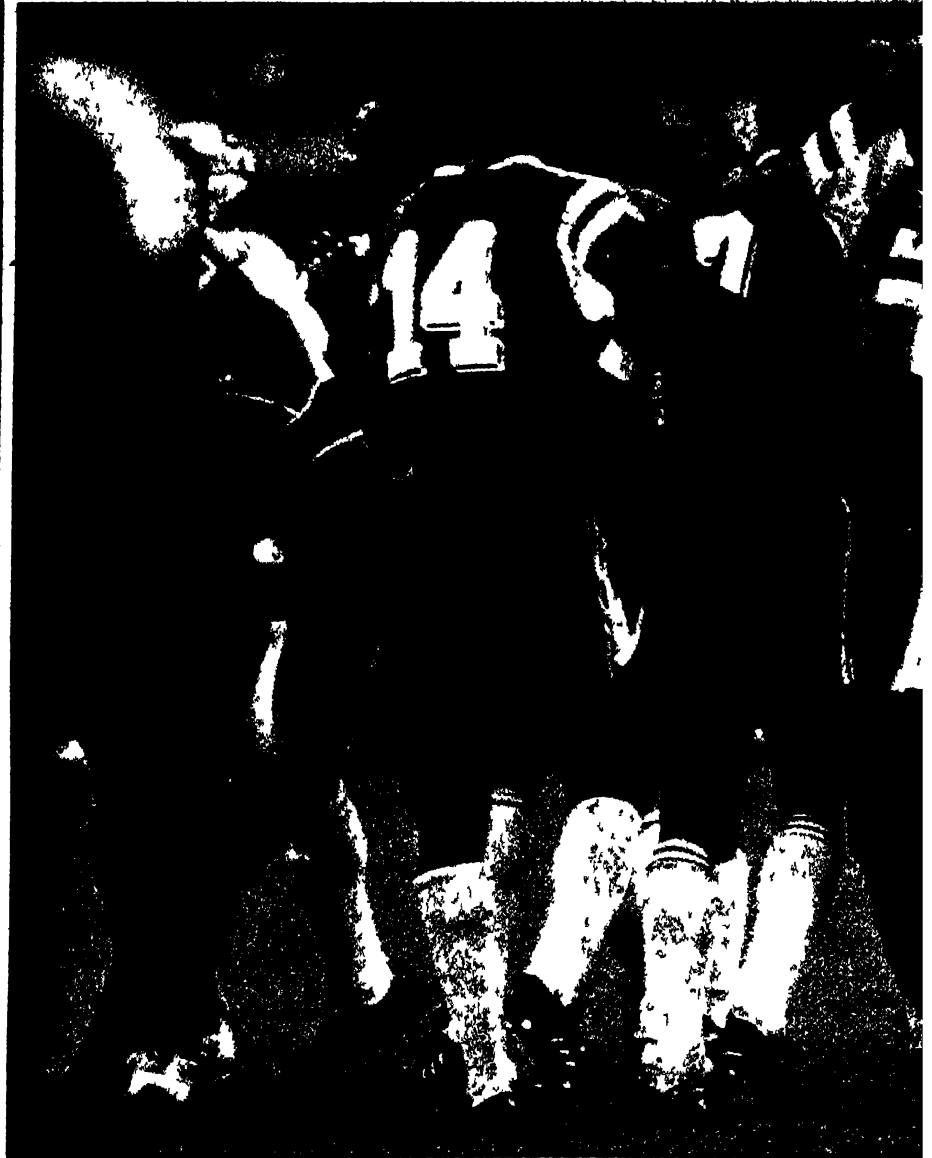


Milla greets Milla. Veteran footballer Subrata Bhattacharya, known as Milla of Mohun Bagan, presents a club emblem replica to the Cameroonian star.



"Success always looks like a fluke, when it comes in a rush or all of a sudden. In my case success has come much too late, in fact, after I returned almost from the dead. But when it came, it came all of a sudden. That's why it looks like a fluke..." Roger Milla

Now, the enormous but unfulfilled promise of Roger Milla, the footballer quietly began to sink into obscurity, into oblivion, as time slowly dislodged him from football's fleeting memory...



13, and I was always successful. So, I was a happy man and I was sure that my future would be happy too. But it so happened that my retirement came so unexpectedly, so shockingly, and

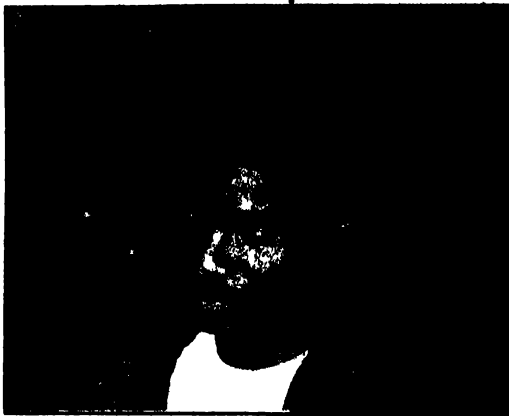
so painfully. It was the most disappointing thing in my life."

It took the Cameroonians nearly two years to wake up to the fact that one of the country's greatest footballing assets was lying in

decay, so tragically insulated in his personal cocoon of hatred and disillusionment—just when the nation was preparing for the World Cup in Italy.

And as public demand rose for his return, Milla was in the news all over again with the Cameroonian President himself intervening to persuade Milla to return to the game.

"But the hurt was deep, and it was difficult for me to say 'yes', because the memories of my mother's death was still so upsetting," Milla continued. "The federation promised that I was not to worry; that while I was away they would take care of everything. When I got back, my mother was dead. And not only





happened so inevitably, as if everything was preordained from before. Perhaps, my mother has now had some peace in heaven"

Yes, Milla's success in the World Cup came like one inexorable, inescapable dream sequence. Making his appearance as a second-half substitute Milla, like a powerful catalyst, raised Cameroon to unexpected heights of efficiency and fluidity, and eventually did the all-important job of scoring through guile, great physical prowess and of course, opportunism.

We can all remember his two late goals that pulverised Romania, his swift unstoppable and gleeful move to surprise and ruin Colombia's over-confident Higuita, and how his untiring efforts took Cameroon so close to overtaking even England in that heart-stopping quarter finals.

Can all this be a fluke, as many an expert whom Milla calls his 'detractors' suggest?

Perhaps, the heady mix of Italia '90 has now given Milla an inner strength to face such charges with a stoic nonchalance. He answers with the calm,

had no one taken care of her, they even refused to pay the hospital bills and also insulted me. As if I were a beggar. And remember, I had left my dying mother behind just on their promise. I just did not want to see their faces any more. The whole thing, football itself, you know, became so bitter, so sad, so emotionally draining.

After much persuasion from friends and fans, Milla eventually overcame his grief and joined the World Cup squad just a few months before the tournament began. "It was a good decision, now I realise. Perhaps, it was all 'written'. That's why everything

**Milla with wife Evelyn at the
Muhun Bagan centenary
celebrations**





unflappable confidence of one who knows his mission has already been accomplished.

Milla says, "Well, success always looks like a fluke, when it comes in a rush or all of a sudden. In my case success (of World Cup proportions) has come much too late, in fact, after I returned from the dead, but when it came it came all of a sudden, all too unexpected. That's why it looks like a fluke. But I think if Italia '90 was a fluke, then fluke means success."

Unfortunately for Milla the worst denouement of his World Cup achievement has come from his own colleagues. In a recent interview one of Cameroon's more prominent stars, François Omani Biyik has sought to

Milla praying with Mother Teresa in Calcutta: "I owe my success only to God"

underestimate Milla's performance, saying, "If he had not had players around him who did an enormous amount of work, he couldn't have done what he did. Milla's colleagues sacrificed themselves and their game to serve him."

Milla's reply: "I wonder why Biyik suddenly took so much pains to show me in poor light. If what he said was true, then the whole world would have seen it happen, and Biyik would not have required to point it all out to everyone."

"Even so, many football writers were there. They have not written

such things and football is a team game; there is no such thing as hundred per cent individual achievement. Of course they all made a contribution to my success. One of the biggest problems of African football is that there is too much bickering, too much bad blood, too much acrimony."

The crux of the matter is that even the Soviet coach Nepomniachi's contribution was denied its due credit. On the flimsy ground of Nepomniachi's lack of command over any African language, most of the Cameroonian World Cuppers have in their post Italy interviews slighted the Soviet coach's role in their successful campaign.

"Well, I owe my success, my everything only to God. And I am not really very good at analysing things in that way, you know. These who are saying such things may be having a better understanding of things. So that's



why they are keeping on giving their opinions on any damn thing. I'm no expert really. I did what I was supposed to do. So 'I'm happy.'

Yet, there is that unmistakable note of hurt in Milla's voice when one talks about the criticisms that have come from his own comrades. The pity is that Milla is constantly and painfully aware that his age does not give him a second chance to prove, sort of reconfirm his Italian exploits

"So I must not get angry, because if I get angry people will say, 'do it again and prove all that was no fluke.' I'm too old to do it again. I don't know what will happen to me in the next four years before the US World Cup. I wish I could guess."

Truly, where Milla will be in four years' time is anybody's guess. Roger Milla, at the moment is drifting midstream in the whirlpool of fame and rekindled ambitions. He has been reported to have negotiated and then rejected a contract with Puebla in Mexico,

and also making controversial statements, describing the French football authorities where he played before as a "bunch of slave drivers, with no respect for human dignity".

Yet, Milla is happy, not just because of his own success, but the fact that his fairy tale story is now being looked up on as symbolic of oppressed Africa's upsurge in the realm of human dignity

"Cameroon's success is actually the result of the resurgent spirit of new Africa," he would say. "And I'm sure the stir that our success has created will provide a new impetus to the African youth for venturing towards new heights in all spheres of life."

So, Roger Milla now basks in that comforting sense of fulfilment he had been pining for all his life. His life, its potential, was disrupted in midpassage. Now, he knows he has lived his life to its fullest possibilities. "It was all written." ●

...was disrupted in midpassage. Now, he knows, he has lived his life to its fullest possibilities. "It was all written."



RANDY MAMOLA

THE JOKER

RANDY MAMOLA, the Clown Prince of Grand Prix motor bike racing, is 31—and it has been a delayed coming of age for the happy-go-lucky Californian. The man with a highly developed sense of mischief has been given one last chance.

His professionalism and dedication to winning at all costs faded so dramatically after four championship runners-up placing that he was discarded as a viable entity by the major teams.

It is obvious, that his reputation as a fun-loving joker was not the image required by serious riders such as Kenny Roberts, his teammate at Yamaha or Giacomo Agostini, of Italy, in the rival Marlboro-Yamaha team, or for that matter at Honda or Suzuki. And the easy rider slipped from the rankings.

Cagiva—run by the two Castiglione brothers—dispensed with Mamola's services and the fortune they were paying him by announcing that they were quitting racing altogether and then changed their minds a week later. They were so desperate to get rid of him that they didn't even allow him to make a sign-off race in

Australia.

At the same time they courted Eddi Lawson, USA, the three-time world champion, with a blank cheque. When

news got to Mamola, that Lawson had tested the 500 CC bike in Yugoslavia, he put 'for sale' notices on his flamboyant motorhome.

He said, "It shocked me when Cagiva said they were packing up racing. I thought that was that, but what I heard after that, hurt."

Salvation came in the form of the French Sonautu-Gauloises-Yamaha team, who having lost Christian Sarron, the French racing folk hero to a timely retirement at the age of 35, signed him up.

They know that his

It seems as if the fun-loving joker's image is not what the Cagiva wanted and this resulted in Mamola being sacked



innate talent, his bravery and his crucially important technical knowledge are not in dispute: his readiness to stop his clowning maybe, but insiders are confident that the winner of 13 Grand Prix will finally behave himself.

On the new team, Mamola said, "It looks almost certain that I will be riding the Sonauto-Yamaha next year, and that's a great

THE only aspect of life about which a Mamola is extremely serious is his exhaustive charity work for Save the Children Fund...

chance for me. I'm still full of confidence. I know I can do a good job

for them."

"It's what I've needed for a while—and I know I can get myself up there among the top guys like Rainey, Lawson and Wayne Gardner.

"This is one really great bike, it's got all the good works stuff on it and, as Christian Sarron showed last year, it can be a real trouble to the front running guys.

"Sarron had a couple of bad falls this season, but he was never far

from the front. With that sort of machinery for me, I think people will see a new Mamola next season."

The only aspect of life about which Mamola is extremely serious, is his exhaustive charity work for Save the Children Fund. He labours tirelessly worldwide for the charity and when he got a big pay rise several years ago, donated a percentage of it to the fund.



CAGIVA dispensed with Mamola's services and the fortune they were paying him by announcing that they were quitting racing altogether and then changed their minds a week later...

"I really enjoy doing things for under-privileged kids. I get a greater kick out of that than with any win I've ever had on the track. It really is a big thrill to know you've done something that could help somebody far less privileged than yourself." ●



THE HEALTH COLUMN

Drinking only on a full stomach is probably the single best thing you can do besides drinking less to curbing the severity of a hangover. Food slows the absorption of alcohol.

IT'S ALL HERE, BABY

Drinking only on a full stomach is probably the single best thing you can do besides drinking less to curbing the severity of a hangover. Food slows the

absorption of alcohol.

BY GARY L. COHEN, M.D.

QUICK TIP: Avoid smoky bars. A substance called acetaldehyde, found in alcohol and formed by smoke, and it can make a bad hangover worse.

BY GARY L. COHEN, M.D.

QUICK TIP: Drink less.

It might be common sense, but with me, it isn't. In the three years since I've been drinking, I've learned

that the only way to stay sober is to not drink at all. I've learned that the only way to stay

drunk is to drink as much as I can. I've learned that the only way to stay sober is to not drink at all. I've learned that the only way to stay

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Moderate drinkers are



1) EAT THEN DRINK: Bread and lots of butter would be the ideal thing because the butter acts as a buffer on the walls of the stomach and slows down the absorption process of the alcohol into the blood stream.

3) PARTY SMARTLY: At a party follow each drink with a glass of soda or a soft-drink. you'll always have something in our hand to sip, and others won't know the difference. Most important you'll counteract alcohol's dehydrating effects.

5) THE BOTTOM LINE IS, *DRINK IN MODERATION.*

tastes foul and you wish you had not drunk last night. Don't reach out for the aspirins yet.

Aspirins are the worst antidote for hangovers and anyway the relief is just temporary.

Jump (hic) out of bed and head straight for the shower. Stay under a cold shower till you no longer feel the 'buzz' in your head. Top it up with a shave and you'll once again be glowing. Psychologists claim that the best way to feel fresh is to 'get' fresh.

Take it easy on the breakfast and keep it to bread and plenty of fruit juices and water, because your stomach will need some time to recover. During the day put in lots of fluids because alcohol leaves your body dehydrated and your skin looking toneless. Hence the stress, on increasing the fluid intake. These easy to follow tips should see you cruising through another day.


In the evening when you reach out for that 'just another' drink, think of the time when you got out of bed, unless you are one of those who follow the axiom, 'To avoid hangovers, stay drunk.'



THE BEST OF TENNIS WRITING

*The story of a croaky man, a
breathtaking player, of the
end of his career*

BY PETER BODO (1981)



IS fantastic, no? Ilie Nastase asked me, as he waved at the cluttered table that stood like a defiant gesture against the stark, contemporary furnishings of the hotel room high above suburban

Memphis. Nastase's voice filled with wonder: 'I never see nothing like it—never I don't even know how it works.' Nastase laughed and then added: 'But it's fantastic, I can't stop looking at it.'

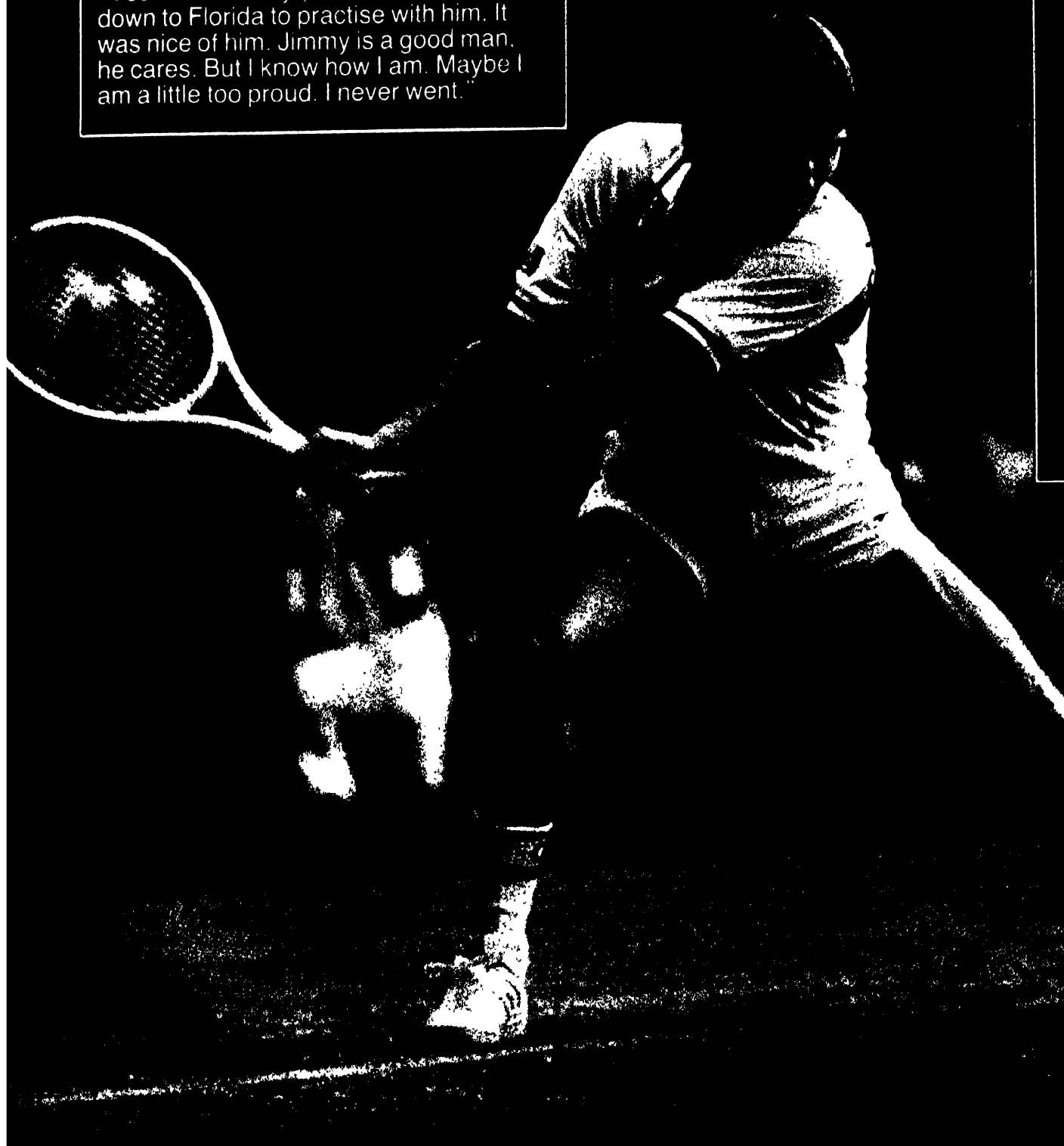
Nastase was talking about a clock, one of the three he had purchased on an impulse a few days earlier in Chicago. The 'fantastic' one was encased in a horizontal chrome cylinder about eight inches in diameter. The face of the clock lacked numerals. Instead, two lines—set at right angles like the crosshairs of a rifle sight—quartered the clock's face. The hour and minute hands were mere black slivers, and the second hand wasn't even a hand; just a disc as big as a silver dollar freely wandering around the clock's face. The most fantastic part of all was the way the clock's face changed colours, from passionate red to orange to magenta to melancholy blue.

Still dressed in his wet tennis clothes, Nastase flopped into a white wire chair. Just an hour earlier, he had lost in the first round of the US National Indoor Championships, lost in straight sets to Jim Delaney, a qualifier who ranked 270th in the world. Nastase looked at the television, but he couldn't resist glancing over to the clock. 'You should see it in the night,' he said. 'If I wake up in the dark and see the clock, it is really something—strong, like the sun...'

Nastase popped out of his chair. The only two rackets he had brought to Memphis fell to the carpet. The rackets were different models. Neither of them had a cover. The room went dark as Nastase switched off the lights, leaving it illuminated only by the vivid, slightly disconcerting light of time passing in colours—time passing for the vibrant, unforgettable genius of a tennis player whose career, like his moods, has been a sequence of dramatic colours.

The clock slowly turned blue, deep blue as the days have been for Nastase for well over a year. In the darkness, I could hear the words

"You know Jimmy (Connors) invited me down to Florida to practise with him. It was nice of him. Jimmy is a good man, he cares. But I know how I am. Maybe I am a little too proud. I never went."





Pete Fleming had spoken earlier in the day, in the locker room of the Racquet Club of Memphis: 'Look, I know that everybody thinks Nasty's a big joke now. I know they say he's gone off the deep end. But I wish he'd get his stuff together. Physically, he can still play. Maybe he is a basket case mentally. I don't know. But I know he's better than number 70 in the world. And there's no need to trash him, he's good man.'

Suddenly the lights went on again. Nastase returned to his chair and began to strip off his shirt. His eyes settled on the television that is always on to ward off the loneliness of a hotel room. Besides, he was going to talk about his troubles. And if you are going to reveal some of your deeper feelings to a guy like me with a notebook, it is easier for both of you if there is something to look at besides each other.

'I lost a little speed, maybe a step or two, and I lost some confidence,' Nastase began without benefit of a question. 'When you lose your confidence, everything else goes. You eat bad, you sleep bad, you don't practise.' Nastase paused. He continued in a quicker, anxious tone: 'One day, I'll wake up and decide I won't play any more. I don't enjoy losing. But I would miss the tour too much. The tour is something inside me.'

It was the fierce confession of a man who has spent almost two full decades playing tennis, playing more demanding, mentally debilitating tennis than any man alive. Many people feel he played too much, left too much of his fluid, poetic game on overnight flights between continents, and in cow-towns all over the world.

Nastase is 35 now, and critics whisper that his nerves are shot, burned to cinders like the elements of an overused appliance. Harold Solomon says he hasn't seen 'competitive fire' in Nastase for about four years. But Nastase doesn't see the cost of his fame and wealth in those terms. To him, it is more painful, more desperate.

'Tennis is a very dangerous life,' he said sombrely. His tanned, youthful face grew old and sad. He let the wet shirt fall to the carpet. 'Tennis cost me my family because it isn't normal life,' he went on. 'To spend nine years with a person (his wife Nikki) and to have a child... to lose them because of a game, is a big, big price to pay.'

'But what can I do, kill myself? I am not the first person to go through this.' Nastase's voice went flat. 'So I am losing now, I have no confidence. I suffer when I lose, but I want to be where the show is... because tennis is my life. I know people say I should retire, but what do I do then? I don't care about opinion; it's my own life. To tell me to retire tomorrow is like saying I must die tomorrow. And I don't want to die.'

The spark of defiance in Nastase's eyes died. He began to undo the laces of his shoes.

Some of Nastase's friends worry about his health. His frame of mind has been constantly coloured by the divorce proceedings that have dragged on in the French courts for nearly a year. Despite the state of his game, the promoters of tournaments and exhibitions line up for Nastase's services because he is still a big name. And no matter how far his ranking drops, he can still get into tournaments as a wild-card entrant admitted at the discretion of the promoters. But the way he has been playing drives him deeper into himself. Earlier, Gene Mayer had said, 'If Nastase stopped playing for a while, he'd probably realize how unhappy he is. But the circuit, it's like a fantasy, like college—an escape from the real pressures of life.'

Struggling with a lace, Nastase addressed his shoetops: 'Tennis is the strangest game ever. It is all in your head. Little things can bother you, destroy your game. So think what a big thing can do.'

The big things, like losing the companion of your best years. It was a storybook romance between Ilie and Nikki, a courtship played out across the verdant lawns and sun-dappled verandas of tennis clubs around the world, culminating in marriage when Nastase was at the zenith of his career. For a few years, Nikki was a delightful apparition at tennis tournaments, as cool and distant as Nastase was hot and close. After bearing their daughter, Nathalie, who's now six, Nikki stopped going to tournaments. Her husband did not.

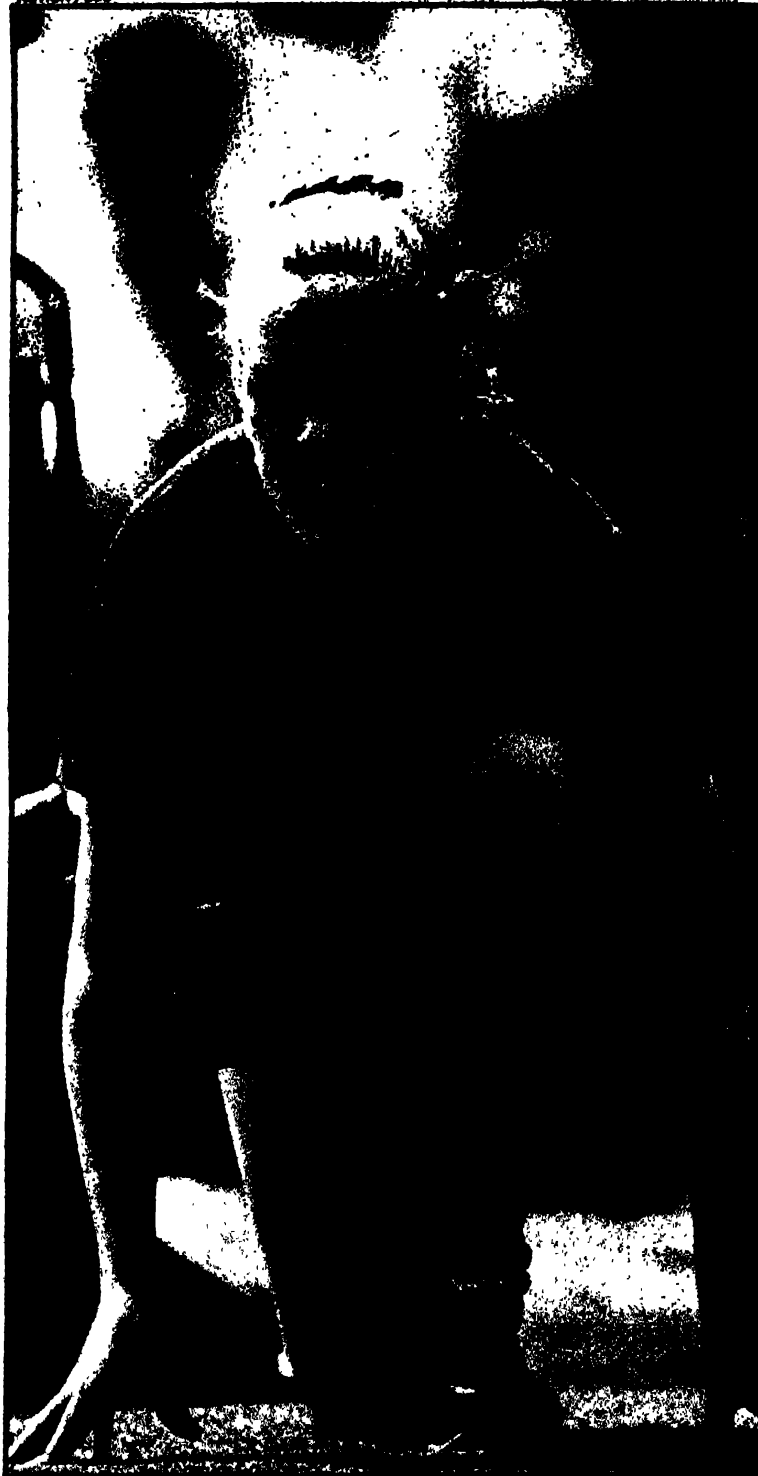
'Exactly how do the big things affect you on the court?' I asked.

Nastase threw a shoe over toward the middle of the room, where a suitcase lay with its contents exploded all over the floor. Nastase calmly replied, 'I know I can't be on top anymore, but I know I shouldn't feel confused on a tennis court, and I do. Sometimes when I'm playing, I feel like the court is not my place anymore. It makes me sad and I just think, "OK, this is bad, so just finish the match anyway".'

After a minute he continued: 'I don't feel the pressure before matches now. Now when I go into a match, I'm not so nervous like I used to be and I miss that very much. When I was playing my best, I was never aware of the people, the fans. All I want was to win, and I played well when I was down. I fight like hell, that's how I was. Now I am there just to be in the game. It is like a fashion for me. But I have to be there or else the people, they forget you.'

I almost asked Nastase why he didn't just go home, but I remembered about the divorce. According to Nastase the fickle French, who adopted him so eagerly years ago, have all but

ACTION PLUS



Nastase tells the ball girl: 'Sometimes they get scared. You don't have to be scared of me. I'm a OK guy.'

abandoned him Yannick Noah, the top French player, had told me, 'It's true the French love you when you are winning, but when you begin to lose, they have no more respect. But still, everybody knows him. Every time I take a taxi, the driver asks me about Nastase.'

One of Nastase's lawyers, Peter Lawler of Donald Dell's firm, told me that his client was booked to play for 47 weeks this year. The figure is preposterous, the itinerary of a homeless man. But that's how Nastase wants it. He admits he's a 'yo-yo' and claims that if he stops for two weeks, he gets sick.

Nastase's income will be enormous and the job of Dell's firm, as Lawler put it, 'is to make sure he doesn't end up sitting on a bar stool when he's 70, without a penny to his name.' Nastase had made some financial errors in his past. There were many 'friends' who came along offering spectacular deals that only trimmed Nastase's bank account. For a while, Nastase was managed by his brother-in-law. But money never occupied Nastase's mind.

'Is it normal for me to go in the street and buy three clocks?' Nastase asked, laughing. 'The people who work for me, they are more

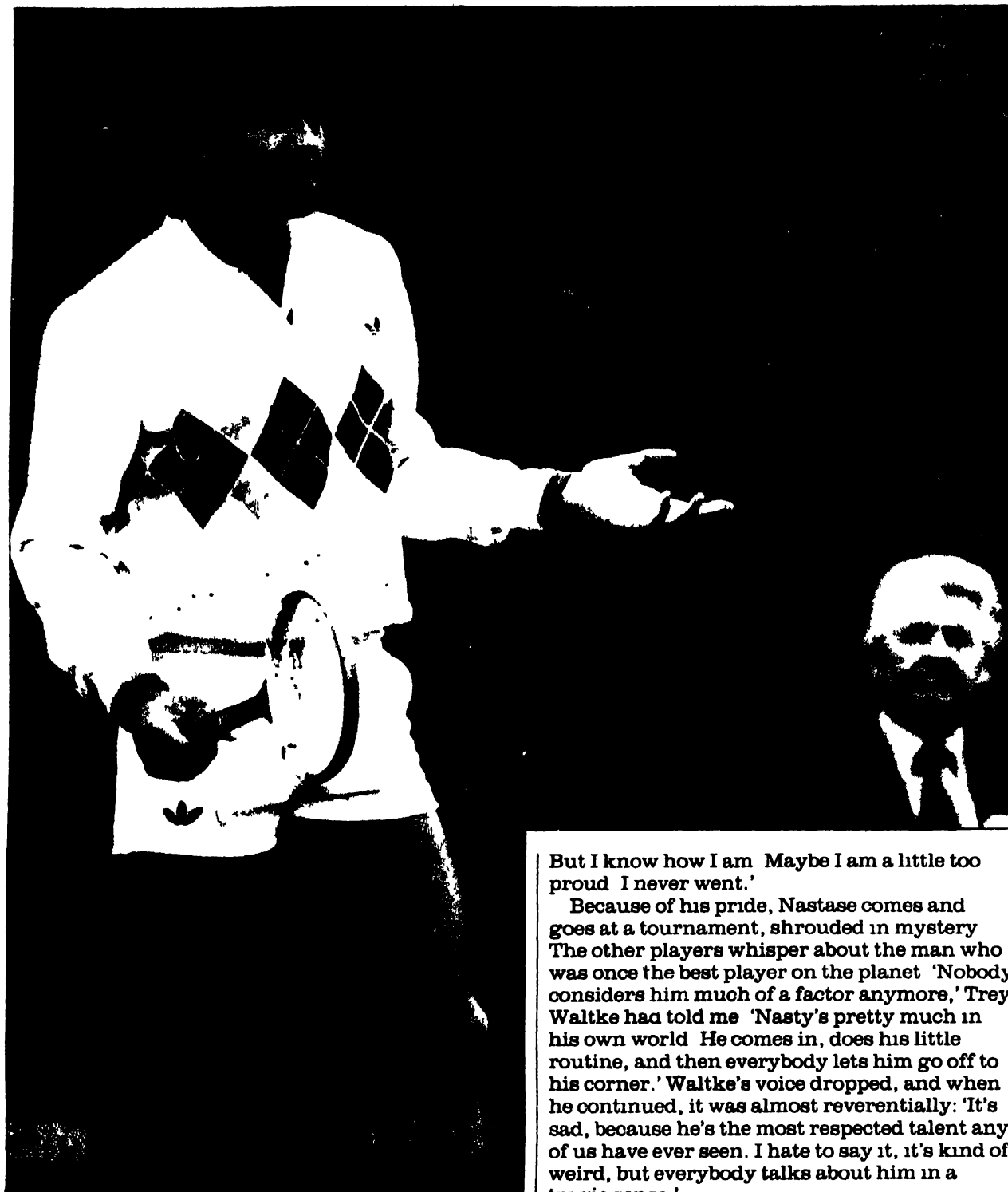
nervous than me about the future. In France, I have to pay a \$25,000 fine because I have a Mercedes-Benz with German plates, a Ferrari with Italian plates and a pick-up truck with American plates. So I am crazy, just like on court. But if my plane goes down tomorrow, I don't want to be the richest guy in the cemetery. I want to go down in a good mood.'

The atmosphere in the room momentarily lightened. In a drama on the TV screen, Evita Peron stood before a cheering throng. Nastase watched her, with the eyes of a man who knew the same intoxication. But like most professionals, the respect of his peers has a deeper meaning than the cheers of the crowd for Nastase. That's why he feels bitter toward John McEnroe, who often makes fun of Nastase, denying him the respect Nastase feels he deserves.

'The ones who understand me are the ones who saw me at the top, who knew how I could play,' Nastase said. 'Arthur (Ashe) understands me. So does Borg. Jimmy (Connors) too. You know, Jimmy invited me down to Florida to practise with him. It was nice from him. Jimmy is a good man, he cares

Nastase (extreme right) has an altercation with a stranger (extreme left) at a discotheque. The stranger objected to Nastase looking at his girlfriend





"Wimbledon", Nastase paused. He was obviously haunted by his failures in his two appearances in finals there. "I can't think about Wimbledon because I had too many other good tournaments"

But I know how I am. Maybe I am a little too proud. I never went.'

Because of his pride, Nastase comes and goes at a tournament, shrouded in mystery. The other players whisper about the man who was once the best player on the planet. 'Nobody considers him much of a factor anymore,' Trey Waltke had told me. 'Nasty's pretty much in his own world. He comes in, does his little routine, and then everybody lets him go off to his corner.' Waltke's voice dropped, and when he continued, it was almost reverentially: 'It's sad, because he's the most respected talent any of us have ever seen. I hate to say it, it's kind of weird, but everybody talks about him in a tragic sense.'

The great moments, the titles, won't be forgotten, though. When I asked Nastase about them, his craggy, mobile features relaxed. The mention of his four Masters titles brought a sheepish grin to his face. 'I don't know what I was doing to win four Masters titles,' he said. "I can't say. For me the nicest memories are always the jokes. How happy people were when I was in the dressing room."

'Wimbledon,' Nastase paused. He was obviously haunted by his failures in his two appearances in finals there. 'I can't think about Wimbledon,' he continued, 'because I had too many other good tournaments.'

'What else are you proud of?' I quickly asked.

'That I am professional,' Nastase answered. 'In almost 20 years of tennis, I average about 35 tournaments a year. I played non-stop and I never defaulted from one tournament. I had one broken ankle and one kidney stone and that was all. I did my job pretty good, I think.'

Pensively, Nastase picked up one of his rackets and began to heft it. He looked trim and fit, wearing just his shorts and the smile brought on by memories of better times—times when his nerves were like the strings of a violin and his game served as a bow to bring forth some of the most melodious tennis any mortal has ever witnessed.

'Everybody thinks it was easier for me with my attitude,' he said. 'But I don't think so. All the extra things took the energy out of me. When I was younger, I didn't realise it. I just go out to play. But I see it now, how much it hurt me in some big matches.'

Nastase let the racket drop. He muttered, 'I know I can still win, but I'm not strong enough to say, "OK tomorrow I will win the tournament." Even when I was No. 1, I never thought I could win for sure. It was always maybe I can, maybe I cannot. I wasn't a killer, maybe I had too much fantasy. I had to feel how my game was going, then I could say, "OK, today I win."'

I forgot what I wanted to ask Nastase next because a little incident that occurred just after he lost to Delaney occupied my mind. We were upstairs and had decided to skip the locker room, he was just cooling off before going back to the hotel. A ball girl reached through the crowd around us, hoping Nastase would autograph a ball. She finally had to touch him to get his attention.

'You work my match?' Nastase said as he took the ball. 'Were you scared?'

The girl bravely shook her head, pretending that she hadn't been scared at all.

'Good,' Nastase said. 'Sometimes they get scared. You don't have to be scared of me, I'm an OK guy.'

A ball boy from the match stood nearby, munching a corndog, staring. Nastase grinned at him, saying, 'You were so slow tonight because you didn't eat, yes? Next time, you eat a big dinner before you ball boy. Then you'll be the best.' The boy shyly smiled.

Nastase's life is full of such vignettes. He has always craved communication, hungered for the touch of passionate feelings in his relationships with everyone, including umpires. Yet he has made very few close



The good days: Evert, Connors, Nastase

friends, as if such a relationship would inhibit his freedom, cramp his need to express his individuality on the stage that is both larger and smaller than life.

I remembered something that Solomon had said: 'Nastase always avoided real close relationships. That's probably been the chief thing missing in his life. Nastase's reaction was always to put others down. It was a way of keeping people at a distance.'

Then I remembered what I'd wanted to ask Nastase. It was, 'Do you think you'll ever marry again?'

'No, I don't think so,' he replied. 'It would be nice to have a child who likes to play tennis, I would like that.' Crestfallen, he added, 'My daughter, she is not interested in tennis.'

'And the future, what do you want people to say about you in the future?'

Nastase pondered the question. The fantastic clock was silent, but the disc kept moving and the cross-hairs were pointing right at the almost naked man sitting in the wire chair. 'I was a crazy player, a fantasist,' he finally replied. 'I don't want them to say that I was the best, just how I really was—a complicated player. Now there is still the controversy, but I know that in some years all that will be gone. The titles, they will stay.'

It seemed like the right time to go. Nastase saw me to the door. When it softly closed behind me, I had to beat back an impulse to knock again, to go back inside and throw all those clocks out of the window, especially the 'fantastic' one that kept turning blue. ●

Ryder Cup

Threatened

Deep divisions and allegations of greed, envy and bitter personal feuds involving Europe's millionaire golf stars has surfaced and threatened to tear apart the "gentlemen's game" In an intense and often angry dispute, in which even the wealthiest of them all, Severiano Ballesteros of Spain, has been accused of "blackmail," doubt was again thrown over the future of the prestigious Ryder Cup competition between Europe and the United States

The Cup itself—a small, solid gold trophy bought for just £250 in the early 1920s—is at the centre of the storm Who owns it and therefore has control over the biennial contest that now generates so much money and passion?

Historically and legally, it belongs to Britain's Professional Golfers Association (PGA), which accepted it from a businessman who dreamed up the competition and sent the first team across the Atlantic to do battle with the Americans

Today, though, the British PGA no longer represents the men who play in the competition. Its members are club professionals who make

a living running golf shops, coaching and mending equipment

They are distant "cousins" of the household names—Ballesteros, Nick Faldo, Ian Woosnam, Jose-Maria Olazabal, Bernhard Langer and the rest—who are represented by the European Tour And the tour resents the Ryder Cup being controlled by people who play little part in it

Those resentments surfaced when the Johnnie Walker Scotch whisky company announced it would sponsor the European team for the next match and pledged to invest between £3 million and £4 million over the next four years

As they did so, at what should have been a joyful occasion for both sides, it became clear that the peace between the PGA and the European Tour was an uneasy one

They cannot agree on who will control the next match, at Kiawah Island, South Carolina next September Indeed, that problem may be tougher than the new Kiawah Island course, which is said to have been designed for masochists by architect Pete Dye, nicknamed

Bitter personal fueds involving Europe's millionaire golfers who threatened to tear apart the 'gentlemen's game'

"the Marquis de Sod "

But whether the match will take place remains uncertain, with the two sides locked in dispute over finance

The Tour has offered the club pros £750,000 in exchange for television rights, with any other income split equally The PGA is tempted by the deal, but do not want to do business for more than a 12-year period—a situation unacceptable to the Tour, which wants the row resolved immediately

Ken Schofield, the Tour's executive director, insisted this week that if the American match is to go ahead, there must be agreement by February, when Europe's pros begin playing for places in the 12-man squad

That agreement will come soon, according to John Lindsey, executive director of the PGA He

said "Negotiations with the European Tour are close to success I believe we will send our best possible team to face the Americans There should be no difficulty about European players starting to qualify for inclusion in the side "

"It was necessary and correct to have discussions with the European Tour The Ryder Cup represents a £10 million turnover It is proper to protect and secure this investment I am only disappointed that our talks have received so much publicity" Lindsey insists that all major issues with the European Tour have been settled In future the PGA and the Tour will alternate in choosing home venues There is only "fine detail" to be completed on finance

"We have still to agree a few points, like the



Tony Jacklin with the Ryder Cup

stage the Ryder Cup Faldo wants it held on one of Britain's great links courses, and there is a strong lobby for Ireland

Whatever the arguments, Jacklin insists "Tour pros cannot be dictated to by people whose interests are quite different Cash has become paramount in the Ryder Cup

"The Spanish contribution to the Ryder Cup has been magnificent It is only justice that the Cup should go to Spain preferably before Seve is too old to play in it "

Ballesteros, who is 33, campaigned hard for the Club de Campo in Madrid as the 1993 venue

Now he says "I feel disillusioned My desire in the Ryder Cup may not be the same Spanish golf deserved better than this "

And it is that hint that Seve may be losing his motivation that brings cries of "blackmail" from traditionalists who want the matches to remain on British soil

The solution? All the aces are held by the star players Without them, the Ryder Cup would deteriorate and TV and sponsors would vanish

Jacklin says "The Cup may end up as a museum piece "

For almost 30 years no-one cared who ran the Ryder Cup

Today Europe's golfers, acclaimed the best on earth, are close to losing the Ryder Cup all by themselves

Bill Lawton and Peter Donnelly
THE EUROPEAN

structure of the match in future," adds Mr Lindsey "But I am very hopeful this will happen soon "

So far only the captain of the European team is known—Bernard Gallacher, the Scot who assisted his predecessor Tony Jacklin in three successful campaigns

Yet before a ball is struck, Gallacher is

offering his resignation Shattered by the power struggle, he says "This has been the worst year of my life It has ruined my own golf There has been no chance to concentrate on putting together a team

There is also deep anger that The Belfry, near Birmingham in the heart of England, has been chosen as the

European venue of the competition for the third time in succession

Though it is a proven money-spinning course and the PGA has its permanent offices there, the one-time potato field with a featureless landscape finds little favour with the European team

Ballesteros argues that Spain is overdue to

Zamindars From Sonepat

AS dusk descended on Delhi on Nov 20, the serene atmosphere at the Shivaji Stadium was suddenly shattered. Jubilant schoolboys pranced and danced on the hallowed astro-turf, ignoring all pleas by the Junior Nehru Hockey Tournament organisers to quit the playing area. The schoolboys of Chottu Ram Zamindar Senior Secondary School, Sonepat, like Devi Lal's, Green Brigade in political rallies in the capital had taken command. The police were hapless

The schoolboys of Chottu Ram Zamindar had waited a long time for this memorable triumph

spectators

Sports fans at the Shivaji Stadium, were huddled near transistor sets, listening to the fate of the Rovers Cup final at the Cooperage, East Bengal vs Mahindras. In Bombay, the spectators at the football final, were agitated due to a disallowed goal. They invaded the field in anger. In welcome contrast, the sprightly schoolboys of CRZ

School, Sonepat romped and cavorted on the field in sheer jubilation. Their alma mater had stroked out holders Municipal HS Panposh (Orissa) 4-3 in the tie-breaker. The match had ended in a 1-1 draw. They trailed 1-2 after three sessions of the tie-breaker but their greater nerve and commitment enabled them to emerge victorious. It was their

first triumph in this prestigious junior tournament.

Coach Narender Kumar Gautam, a former Punjab State Electricity Board (PSEB) player in an elated tone said. "I have coached this school for the last three years and have waited a long time for this day. It is a great moment for Haryana hockey. We have shown that some of the best junior players in the country are from our State. Our tactics of using the aerial pass and accurate scoops paid dividends. We attacked



in speed in short spells and this proved effective."

The improvement of CRZ school is remarkable. This Sports Authority of India (SAI) adopted school had participated in the Junior Nehru (under-17 years) hockey tournament for the last three years. They had never progressed beyond the quarter-final stage. Last year, they had lost 2-3 to runners-up Sports College Lucknow, in the quarter-finals. Stout defender Surrender (Sr.), agile custodian Surrender (Jr.) and speedy forwards Rajesh and Sunil Dhaya starred in the memorable triumph.

As usual, the Junior Nehru Hockey Tournament was sponsored by Hindustan Organic Chemicals Ltd. to the extent of Rs. 2.31 lakhs. The pattern of the distribution of prize money was revised from this year. The prize money intended for institutions was given only to the non-sports and non-SAI adopted schools. Thus the CRZ school got only Rs. 40,000 as diet money. In contrast, runners-up Municipal HS (Panposh) got Rs. 64,000. The diet money award was Rs. 24,000 and the share of the institution Rs. 40,000. Two other schools, Mayaikoibi HS, Imphal (Manipur) and St. Mary's HS Simdega (Bihar) also got Rs. 40,000 each. Their performance was the best amongst non-sports and non-SAI adopted schools. Both these schools reached the quarter-final stage. The Imphal school lost 0-3 to

Medical Tests Needed

THE Junior Nehru hockey tournament does not have stringent medical tests like the Subroto Mukherjee Cup. However, two teams were scratched this year in a major cheating imbroglio. Sarabjeet Singh, inside-forward of State School of Sports, Jalandhar, turned out for the Indian High School, Dhubai in a super league match.

It was a conspiracy by the two coaches. Sarabjeet was not recognised by the tournament authorities or the opponents BSHS Sundergarh. The Udai Partap school recognised this fraud and forced the Sundergarh team to lodge a protest. The protest was upheld and the Jalandhar and Dhubai school teams was scratched.

Udai Partap which lost to SSS Jalandhar in the quarter finals got another chance. But the unexpected gift was of little help. They had to play their quarter-final with BSHS, Sundergarh in the morning and the semis the same afternoon. No wonder the talented Varanasi team lost 0-1 to runners-up Municipal HS, Panposh in the semis.

runners Municipal HS Panposh (Orissa) and St. Mary's in an all-Bihar clash lost 1-2 to St. Ignatius, Gumla. N.G. Motilal the coach of the Imphal school, praised this distribution of money and said it would lead to an all round development of the game in many schools.

St Mary's HS, Simdega got the best disciplined team trophy donated by the SCCB. The Anup Trophy for the best talented young player went to Mumtaz Ahmed of Bhonsale Military School, Nasik. Six best players got Rs 1,500 each. They were custodian, L. Priyobrata Singh of the Mayaikoibi HS, Imphal, full-back Mariannus Toppo of St. Ignatius HS, Gumla, centre-half Rajender Samria of Municipal HS, Panposh, centre-half Joles Tigga of St. Mary's

HS Simdega, Bihar, inside forward Harpreet Singh of Guru Nanak Khalsa School Sriganganagar, Rajasthan and inside-forward Sunil Dhiya of winners CRZ Sr. Sec. school, Sonapat.

The selection committee for the best players is undoubtedly competent but some of their choices makes one question their impartiality. The most talented team in the tournament was third placed Udai Partap Inter College, Varanasi. Their stickwork and clever passing was the best on view. Yet no player from their team was chosen amongst the best six players. Also their coach Prem Shankar Shukla was surprisingly overlooked for the best coach award, given instead to B.S. Randhawa of St.

Ignatius, Gumla.

An incensed Prem Shankar Shukla said: "At least four of my players were in contention for the best player awards. Full-back Sohan Singh, the top scorer with nine goals from penalty corners, goalkeeper Ambuj Kumar, centre-half Amit Kumar and inside-right Hasrat Qureishi were the most talented players on view but were ignored due to the regional bias of the selection committee." Hasrat and Sohan certainly merited better treatment

Of the four semi-finalists, three were SAI schools, an apt indication that their hockey training scheme is progressing well. Two of the four semi-finalists, St Ignatius and Municipal HS, Panposh were all adivasi teams. So Indian hockey's future hopes is presumably dependent on these precocious adivasi teenagers. The talent is obvious, the trapping of the Panposh boys was the best in view.

However, Panposh coach Amulya Nand Bihari made a revealing remark. He said, "adivasi players are excellent all-round players but lack the fighting spirit. They succumb under pressure. Maybe social factors are responsible for this." A rather disparaging remark on the temperament of these adolescents. But Amulya should know. He has trained Panposh boys who live in the Sports Hostels of Orissa and are financed by the State Government.

Novy Kapadia, Delhi

SPORTING CALENDAR

SUNDAY

30 Eng vs Aust Second Test Melbourne Sr Nat Basketball Calcutta Sr Nat Volleyball Ghaziabad Nat & Eastern India Squash Calcutta Federation Cup Soccer final round Kinnur

2 B & H World Series Cup Aust vs NZ Adelaide WI vs Patron s XI, Islamabad Fukouka Marathon Japan World Cup Volleyball Champ Milan Asian Jr Volleyball championships, Bangkok Sr Nehru Hockey Delhi Jr Nat Badminton Udaipur Federation Cup Soccer Zonal championship

9 B & H World Series Cup Eng vs Aust Perth WI vs Pak Third Test, Sialkot World Club Cup Soccer Final AC Milan vs Olimpia Tokyo World Doubles Tennis Championship London Asian Jr Volleyball Bangkok Honolulu Marathon Hawaii Sr Nehru Hockey final, Delhi East Zone Ranji, Bengal vs Orissa Calcutta Sr Nat Tennis, Digboi Gujarmal Modi Hockey, Meerut

16 B & H World Series Cup Aust vs Eng Brisbane Tennis Grand Slam Cup, Munich National Hockey Jammu Federation Cup Soccer final round Kinnur

23 European Football Championship (qualifying) Malta vs Holland (gp-6) Nineve International Cross Country Meet Belgium National Hockey, Jammu All-India Syed Modi Badminton Gorakhpur National & Inter-State TT Federation Cup Soccer final round Kinnur, Sub Jr Nat Boxing, Jabalpur Inter-State Squash, Calcutta

MONDAY

31 Sr Nat Basketball, Calcutta Sr Nat Volleyball Ghaziabad

3 WI vs Patron s XI, Islamabad Asian Jr Volleyball championships Bangkok Sr Nehru Hockey, Delhi Jr Nat Badminton, Udaipur Federation Cup Soccer Zonal Championship ITC Inter-Zonal Jr Athletics, Delhi Sr National Tennis, Digboi (Assam)

10 Inter Continental Hockey Kuala Lumpur Tennis Grand Slam Cup, Munich East Zone Ranji Bengal vs Orissa, Calcutta Gujarmal Modi Hockey Meerut

17 National Hockey, Jammu Federation Cup Soccer final round, Kinnur Inter-State Squash, Calcutta

24 Sr National Basketball, Calcutta All-Ind Syed Modi Badminton, Gorakhpur National & Inter-State TT Federation Cup Soccer final round, Kinnur Jr National Gymnastics, Salem (Tamil Nadu) Inter-State Squash, Calcutta

TUESDAY

4 Eng Tour of Aust Eng vs Prime Ministers XI Canberra WI vs Patron s XI, Islamabad Asian Jr Volleyball Championship Bangkok Tiberias Marathon, Israel Sr Nehru Hockey Delhi Jr Nat Badminton, Udaipur Federation Cup Soccer Zonal Championship ITC Inter-Zonal Jr Athletics Delhi Sr Nat Tennis Digboi

11 B & H World Series Cup Aust vs NZ Melbourne Eng vs Bradman XI Bowral WI vs Pak Third Test Sialkot Inter Continental Hockey Kuala Lumpur Tennis Grand Slam Cup Munich Gujarmal Modi Hockey Meerut

18 B & H World Series Cup Aust vs NZ, Hobart National Hockey, Jammu Federation Cup Soccer final round, Kinnur Sub Junior National Boxing, Jabalpur Inter-state Squash, Calcutta.

25 Sr National Basketball, Calcutta All-Ind Syed Modi Badminton, Gorakhpur National & Inter-State TT National & Eastern India Squash, Calcutta Federation Cup Soccer final round, Kinnur Jr. Nat. Gymnastics, Salem

WEDNESDAY

5 Ind vs SL One-dayer, Pune European Football Championship (Qualifying) Rumania vs San Marino (gp 2) World doubles Tennis Championship, London Asian Jr Volleyball championship Bangkok Sr Nehru Hockey, Delhi Jr Nat Badminton, Udaipur Federation Cup Zonal Soccer Championship Sr Nat Tennis Digboi Gujarmal Modi Hockey, Meerut

12 WI vs Pak Third Test, Sialkot Inter Continental Hockey Kuala Lumpur Tennis Grand Slam Cup, Munich UEFA Cup Third Round (second leg) matches Gujarmal Modi Hockey Meerut

19 European Football Championship (qualifying) Spain vs Albania (gp-1) National Hockey, Jammu East Zone Ranji Bengal vs Tripura, Calcutta Federation Cup Soccer final round, Kinnur Sub Jr Nat Boxing, Jabalpur Inter-state Squash, Calcutta

26 Eng vs Aust, Second Test, Melbourne Sr. National Basketball, Calcutta, All-Ind Syed Modi Badminton, Gorakhpur National & Inter-State TT Nat. & Eastern India Squash, Calcutta Federation Cup Soccer final round, Kinnur, Jr Nat Gymnastics, Salem

FOR DECEMBER 30

THURSDAY

6 World Doubles Tennis Championship London, Asian Jr Volleyball Championship Bangkok Jr Nat Badminton Udaipur Sr Nehru Hockey, Delhi Sr Nat Tennis Digboi Gujarmal Modi Hockey Meerut

13 B & H World Series Cup Eng vs NZ, Sydney Inter Continental Hockey Kuala Lumpur Tennis Grand Slam Cup, Munich Gujarmal Modi Hockey Meerut

20 Eng vs Victoria, Ballarat Sharjah Cup, Pak vs SL, Sharjah East Zone Ranji, Bengal vs Tripura, Calcutta National Hockey, Jammu Federation Cup Soccer final round, Kinnur Sub Jr Nat Boxing, Jabalpur Inter-state Squash, Calcutta

27 Eng vs Aust, Second Test, Melbourne Sr Nat Basketball, Calcutta All-Ind Syed Modi Badminton, Gorakhpur Sr Nat Volleyball, Ghaziabad National & Inter-State TT Nat & Eastern India Squash, Calcutta Federation Cup Soccer final round, Kinnur Jr Nat Gymnastics, Salem

FRIDAY

7 B & H World Cup, Eng vs NZ, Perth WI vs Pak, Third Test, Sialkot World Doubles Tennis Championship, London Asian Jr Volleyball Championship, Bangkok World Light Heavyweight championship, Dennis Andries (Eng) vs Guy Waters (Aust), Adelaide Sr Nehru Hockey, Delhi Jr Nat Badminton, Udaipur East Zone Ranji, Bengal vs Orissa, Calcutta Sr Nat Tennis, Digboi, Gujarmal Modi Hockey Meerut

14 Inter Continental Hockey, Kuala Lumpur Tennis Grand Slam Cup, Munich National Hockey Jammu Gujarmal Modi Hockey Meerut Federation Cup Soccer final round Kinnur

21 Eng vs Victoria, Ballarat Sharjah Cup, Pak vs SL, Sharjah National Hockey, Jammu East Zone Ranji, Bengal vs Tripura, Calcutta National & Inter-State Table Tennis Federation Cup Soccer final round, Kinnur Sub Jr Nat Boxing Jabalpur Inter-state Squash, Calcutta

28 Eng vs Aust, Second Test, Melbourne Sr Nat Basketball, Calcutta All-Ind Syed Modi Badminton, Gorakhpur Sr Nat Volleyball, Ghaziabad National & Inter-State TT Nat & Eastern India Squash, Calcutta Federation Cup Soccer final round, Kinnur Jr Nat Gymnastics, Salem

SATURDAY

1 Benson & Hedges World Series Cup, Eng vs Nz, Adelaide. WI vs Patron s XI Islamabad SL vs Ind, One-dayer Nagpur World Club Volleyball Championship, Milan Sr Nehru Hockey, Delhi Jr National Badminton, Udaipur Federation Cup Zonal Soccer championship

8 WI vs Pak, Third Test, Sialkot Ind vs SL, One-dayer, Goa World Doubles Tennis Championship, London Asian Jr Volleyball Championship, Bangkok Sr Nehru Hockey, Delhi East Zone Ranji, Bengal vs Orissa, Calcutta Sr Nat Tennis, Digboi Gujarmal Modi Hockey, Meerut

15 B & H World Series Cup, Eng vs NZ, Brisbane Inter Continental Hockey, Kuala Lumpur Tennis Grand Slam Cup, Munich National Hockey, Jammu Gujarmal Modi Hockey, Meerut Federation Cup Soccer final round, Kinnur

22 Eng vs Victoria, Ballarat European Football Championship (qualifying) Cyprus vs Italy (gp-3) National Hockey Jammu East Zone Ranji, Bengal vs Tripura, Calcutta All-Ind Syed Modi Badminton, Gorakhpur National & Inter-State TT Federation Cup Soccer final round, Kinnur Sub Jr Nat Boxing, Jabalpur Inter-state Squash, Calcutta

29 Eng vs Aust, Second Test, Melbourne Sr Nat Basketball, Calcutta All-Ind Syed Modi Badminton, Gorakhpur Sr Nat Volleyball, Ghaziabad Nat & Inter-State TT Nat & Eastern India Squash, Calcutta Federation Cup Soccer final round, Kinnur

OTHER EVENTS

Western India Squash, Bombay Dec 1 to 8 Maharashtra State Squash championship, Bombay, Dec 9 to 15 J & B Rare Scotch Whiskey, Baroda Cup Polo tournament, Dec 4 to 9, Italian Ambassador Cup Polo, Dec 8 Baria Cup Polo, Dec 10 to 16 Eastern India TT, Aizwal (Mizoram) Dec. 21 to 29,

TELEVISION

Live telecast of Sri Lanka vs India one day internationals, on Dec 5 and 8 Live telecast of final of national hockey championships on Dec 23 and of Federation Cup football final on Dec 30 Live telecast of final of Nehru hockey tournament at Delhi, on Dec 9 Live telecast of final of national basketball championships on Dec 31 Superman of Soccer series on Thursdays, Dec 6, 13, 20 and 27

RADIO

Running commentary in Hindi and English on Sri Lanka vs India one day internationals on Dec 5 and 8 Running commentary on national hook up of semi finals and final of National hockey championships and semis and final of Gujarmal Modi hockey tournament on Dec 14 and 15 Running commentary in Hindi and English on semi finals and final of Nehru hockey tournament on Dec 7 8 and 9

SECOND TEST, FAISALABAD

STATE OF SHOCK

The Pakistanis are still reeling with shock after the stunning 7 wicket drubbing they got from the visitors...

And finally they made it happen. It was supposedly, the duel that would decide the best cricketing nation. The one-dayers and the first Test were won by the Pakistanis with such ridiculous ease that it made Lance Gibbs and his men look decidedly amateurish.

But then life is so full of ironies. At the start of the Faisalabad Test no one ever dreamed that the visitors would create history at the Iqbal

Stadium. It was Pakistan's first Test defeat at home after four years, when they were defeated by the West Indies by an innings in the second Test of the series at Lahore.

It was ironic that West Indies should avenge their first Test defeat, at Faisalabad, because it was at this venue in 1986 that Vivian Richards and his pack were defeated by 186 runs. In the second innings of the same Test, West Indies

recorded their lowest ever score against the Pakistanis when they were dismissed for just 53 runs.

Destiny had it chalked out that Desmond Haynes, deputy to Viv Richards, would avenge that defeat. Imran Khan won the toss and elected to bat on a wicket that was devoid of grass and brownish in colour. There were cracks all over the pitch and experts had opined that the fast bowlers would receive assistance from the pitch only in the initial phase.

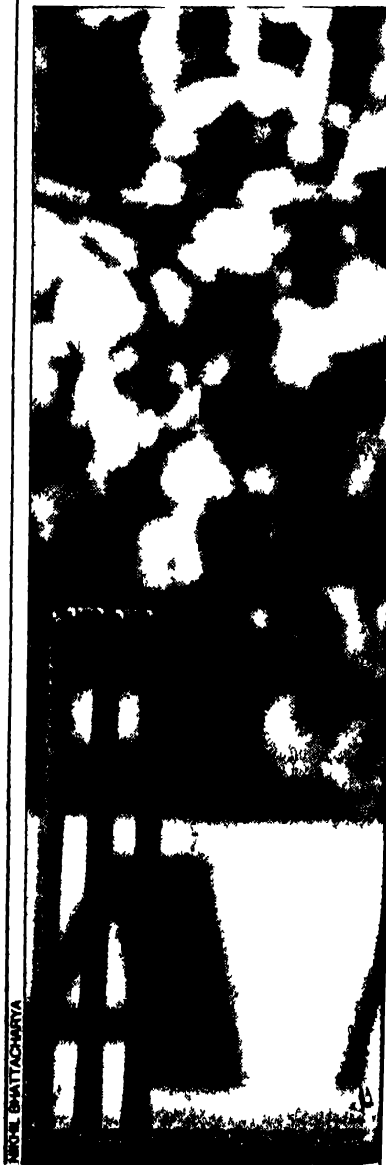
Imran was left rueing his decision as the hosts crumpled cheaply. It began with debutant Saeed Anwar being sent back by Ambrose for nought. Fourteen runs later Shoaib Mohammed also went back with his score reading 7. Trinidadian Ian Bishop (4 for 72 in 17.2 overs), Courtney Ambrose (2 for 47) and Courtney Walsh (2 for 38) were the main havoc wreakers. For the hosts, Salim Malik fought on relentlessly, putting in a polished knock of 74. His innings, made in 113 balls, was spiced with 10 fours. This knock took Malik past 3000 runs in

Test cricket. Moin Khan, the debutant wicket keeper and Zahid Fasal were the only other

Malcolm Marshall was the one man demolition squad that came between Pakistan and victory



RAJESH KUMAR DAS



MOH. SHAIKH

► batsmen who reached double figures with 24 and 32 respectively

The second day of the match saw the 'burewala bombshell' (as Waqar Younis is called by the Pakistani Press) sending the statisticians scurrying for their pens as he broke the record for the fastest 50 wickets taken in Pakistan Test history, by capturing 5 wickets for 46 runs. He broke the record set by Khan Mohammed in the '50s. The visitors were made to call it a day, when the score read 195

Ritchie Richardson was the highest scorer with 44 runs. Malcolm Marshall with 20 was the only other batsman to salvage some runs. For the hosts Wasim Akram with 3 for 63 and Akram Raza with 2 for 52 were the other successful bowlers.

The exultation in the Pakistani camp was short lived because before stumps were drawn Pakistan were 3 wickets down for 38, with Saeed Anwar, Shoaib Mohammed and Zahid Fazal back in the

pavilion. Following the footsteps of Martin Crowe, the West Indian skipper Haynes also had a talk with the umpire and Imran Khan regarding the 'outlook' of the ball.

It was a confident pair of Pakistani batsmen who took the score from 38 for 3, to 144 for 4. And then it was a downslide. A downslide so dramatic that all present were shell shocked. Just 10 runs after lunch and the Pakistani team was back in the pavilion thanks to

a one-man demolition squad called Malcolm Marshall, who wrapped up the innings, capturing 4 wickets in just 15 balls. Salim Malik's knock of 71 was the only highlight of the innings. Imran Khan, Wasim Akram and Akram Raza were out for duck.

Chasing a target of 130 to win, the visitors lost the wickets of Haynes, Carlisle Best and Gordon Greenidge in quick succession for only 34 runs, all wickets courtesy Wasim Akram. The resurrection came in the form of Ritchie Richardson and Carl Hooper who put in an unbroken 96 run partnership. Richardson impressed with his unbeaten knock of 70 off 84 balls that had 11 fours. Hooper with a solid 33 off 66 balls gave support at the other end and West Indies cruised to a 7 wicket victory.

The contest is still wide open and the final

Salim Malik with splendid knocks of 74 and 71 was the main anchor man for Pakistan



SCORE CARD

1st Innings			
Pakistan-	170	West Indies-	195
2nd Innings			
Pakistan-	154	West Indies-	130 for 3

**West Indies won by 7 wickets
Man of the Match-Richie Richardson**

Test will see the vendatta reach unsurpassed heights. Imran Khan and his men after this jolt, will not be too composed nor confident and the visitors will go all out now that they have tasted blood.

Expect the unexpected.

By A Special Correspondent

HEAT'S ON, DO

The Battle for the Ashes heats up with Australia winning the first Test

IF GRAHAM GOOCH were in England, he would be making plans to buy the Christmas turkey and do the shopping for his family while England

would be in the midst of its cold and damp winter. Under normal circumstances, Gooch would be guzzling gallons of XXXX beer in Australia and playing a little bit of cricket in front of a boisterous crowd. But not this time: Gooch can't get his beer arm to work. And maybe, he doesn't mind one bit.

Not this time. Gooch must be secretly chuckling to himself and thanking the Gods for having injured his arm and infected it to boot at the most opportune moment. He at this point would prefer to be in dreary England rather than get sizzled Down Under.

What makes Gooch think this way? After all, wasn't the morale of his team at full mast before the tour pown Under got underway? So what if they did badly in a few first class games (or should we call it practice games) on the buildup to the first Test. The point is that they thought they were steady and oozed confidence. So who rocked the boat?

On the first day of the first Test at the Gabba, it was Bruce Reid who did it. Reid is no longer a 'has been'. He has come out from the depths of obscurity, a plight he had to face because of a serious back injury. Reid lumbered up on his stilt like legs and literally blasted the English batsmen away.

His style has been altered a bit—due to a serious back injury that almost put a stop to his career—with a shorter run up to the wicket. As Reid says: "After undergoing surgery, I thought there was no way I was going to bowl again. I was in so much pain, there was no hope."

There was hope (ironically) It came in the form of Mike Atherton

when he was trapped lbw by Reid for just 13. The Ashes had started.

The end of the day saw Reid collect four wickets at the cost of 53 runs in 18 overs. England all out for 194 realised that though their confidence was at a 'high', their performance was sub par. Allan Border's men had done their job well, finishing with clinical precision. The English batsmen flopped, with the sole exception of David Gower who compiled a painstaking 61 and shared a stand of 74 with captain Allan Lamb. This incidentally was Gower's 38th Test half century and must have convinced the selectors that he plays better when he is not captaining the country.

There was Greg Matthews making a comeback for the Aussies, bowling with a great deal of control. It was a mature Greg Matthews at the Gabba. Gone was the punk cut, jive talk and the ever present Walkman. All that is *passe*. It is performances that matter and Matthews put in a



BRIEF SCORES

ENGLAND: 194, 114
AUSTRALIA: 152, 157/0
MoM: TERRY ALDERMAN
Australia won by 10 wickets



Alderman got his act together just when the English thought the 'whisper' had died down

WIN UNDER!

ENGLAND
VS AUSTRALIA,
FIRST TEST

in three days

Under normal circumstances, Gooch would have been guzzling gallons of XXXX beer in sunny Australia, and playing a little bit of cricket. but not this time. Gooch must be secretly chuckling to himself and thanking the Gods for having broken his thumb at the most opportune moment

good one, economy being the keyword

If the Aussies laughed on the way back to the pavilion, they could just about manage a smirk of resignation when the English gave them a taste of their own bowling. Allan Lamb led his men out for the job ahead. At close of play, Australia were all out for 152 which was 42 runs short of the English total.

England's total of 194 was well defended by Small and Fraser in the first session when they sent back five batsmen before lunch for only 72 runs. Chris Lewis then took over and the trio finished off with three wickets apiece. The only time the Aussies managed to get their bearings was during the 46 run partnership between Greg Matthews and wicketkeeper Ian Healy. The scores were even at this point.

But not for long. On the third day things took an ominous turn. Just when the English were heaving sighs of relief that Terry Alderman was playing low key, he decided to prove them wrong. 'Whispering Death' struck with that maniacal grin that unnerves most batsmen. And he struck with venom. His six for 47 saw England all out for 114, giving Allan Border's men a victory target of 157. They reached it without the loss of any wicket.

It was the eleventh time in 14 Tests that Alderman had taken five or more wickets in an innings against England. His performance of 8/91 won him the Man of the Match award. The match if it's any consolation for those following the nitty gritty finished in three days.

"It was a very strange game and the bowlers did well on both sides," said captain Allan Border. No summary could have been more appropriate.

By a correspondent

The hero of the last Ashes series, Steve Waugh feels the heat.

CAPITAL NOTES

THE other day quite inadvertently, I chanced upon a news item dumped in a corner on page 3 of the newspaper The Lieutenant Governor (LG) of Delhi Arjan Singh, the report said quoting UNI, promised sports facilities to the residents of Mayur Vihar

On one condition—the boys should not play cricket

The LG said that in these days of competition there is heavy academic pressure and there was no reason for the boys to play cricket and waste time Yes, Arjun Singh, we are very touched by your concern for young boys and totally endorse your views that time should not be wasted But boys wishing to waste time in Mayur Vihar will waste time Cricket or no cricket

MADHAV MANTRI, back from Toronto after watching the Rest of the World/West Indies game, raved about the indoor stadium there "It accommodates 50,000 persons and can be opened in 20 minutes The entire field is covered with a synthetic surface The pitch, also of artificial substance is good for batting The bounce, even though, somewhat slow "

Mantri, a special invitee of the Canadian Board, also described Tendulkar's innings Only in superlatives "It was unbelievable The people there could not believe that he is only 17 I said he may not look 17 when he is playing but just see his face You will know "

Some more on Tendulkar Says a team-mate from the CCI,



Sachin Tendulkar: in a class of his own



Bombay "Sachin's concentration is hundred per cent. It's amazing the way he can focus totally on cricket, and exclude everything else."

Tendulkar is special, in his opinion, because like all good players he makes batting look very simple. What marks him out is his exceptional judgement of the ball's length. He knows exactly when to play back or forward. You won't find him playing forward to a short ball.

In Haryana, the captaincy has shifted to Chetan Sharma, from Amarjit Kaypee who asked not to be considered in order to concentrate on batting. Kapil is Haryana cricket's undisputed don but he is expected to be away (playing Sri Lanka, Asia Cup, West Indies, Pakistan etc), hence the so-called volatile, injury prone Chetan has landed the job.

SINCE Ravi Shastri's Test debut many seasons ago his career has been rather eventful. Initially he was a left arm spinner who could hardly bat—but quickly made a Test hundred against Imran, opening the Indian innings. Now, with two centuries in three matches against England, he is a full-fledged opener. And hardly any bowler. One member of the team sees it like this: Ravi Shastri is very popular. Except, unborn babies, all kids in the country have learnt how to shout Shastri hai hai. They learn this even before a b c.

Does this affect Ravi? Perhaps not. The man is too seasoned and

Tendulkar is special, in Mantri's opinion because like all good players, he makes batting look very simple. What marks him out is his exceptional judgement of the ball's length. He knows exactly when to play back or forward. You won't find him playing forward to a short ball.



Ravi Shastri: making his way back brilliantly into the Indian team

toughened to be really bothered. On the contrary it may even help by peppering him up. Each time he is booed he is provoked to prove the detractors wrong.

THE sons are rising in Punjab cricket. Their Ranji opener is Ajay Mehra (from St Stephens College, Delhi) son of Vijay Mehra (former Test cricketer and national selector). The other opener is Dhruv, son of MP Pandove (secretary of the association). The third is the son of Dronacharya, Desh Prem Azad, famous for producing what he himself calls the 'Haryana Hurricane' Kapil Dev.

By all accounts all three are very fine players. Ajay has already scored two Ranji hundreds. Dhruv is immensely talented, has good scores in Ranji, and made a favourable impression in Delhi this summer.

By Amrit Mathur

RANCHI

Police Sports

THE Bihar Military Police, South Zone won the overall title in the Bihar Military Police sports championship held here recently. Central Zone and East Zone got the second and third places, respectively.

Lekh Bahadur Kunwar of South Zone was adjudged the fastest man when he won the 100 mtrs race in 11.05 seconds. The individual gymnastic championship went to Manoj Thakuri of South Zone.

The following are the final standings.

Team championships.

Football—1. BMP East Zone, 2. BMP South Zone.

Hockey—1 BMP East Zone, 2. BMP South Zone

Volleyball—1 BMP East Zone, 2. BMP North Zone.

Basketball—1. B Athletics— 1. BMP South Zone (123 points), 2 BMP Central Zone (41 points).

Wrestling—1 BMP Central Zone (45 pts), 2 BMP East Zone (30 pts).

Gymnastics—1. BMP South Zone.

Judo—1. BMP Central Zone, 2. BMP South Zone.

Anil Kumar Singh

MADRAS

Inter-Bank Chess

AN All India Inter-Bank chess tournament should normally be no more than a "family affair" but when the participants include International Masters Pravin Thipsay, Sekhar Sahu, V. Ravikumar and Gopal Hegde, several National 'A' players and a national junior champion, then it takes on the stature of a National level meet.

And so it was not surprising that the first All India Inter-Bank



The Bihar Military Police, South Zone: winners of the police sports championships

chess tournament, organised by the Karur Vysya Bank, at Madras from 19-24 November saw several keen matches and a generally very high standard of play.

About 70 players from 23 public sector banks, private sector banks, foreign banks and the Reserve Bank of India took part in the five-day meet.

A look at the composition of the participating teams on the eve of the tournament made Union Bank of India the favourites. And with their all conquering team of V. Ravikumar, Sekhar Sahu, Pravin Thipsay and Gopal Hegde, they duly claimed a double crown.

Leading from start to finish, Union Bank won both the team and the individual titles. They won the team championship with a tally of 17.5 points. Indian Bank who had in their ranks National 'A' players KV Shantaram, V Hariharan, TS Ravi and the National junior champion V. Saravanan finished second with 15.5 points.

In the individual championship, Gopal Hegde and Pravin Thipsay tied with six points each. But Hegde edged out his Union Bank teammate for the top spot on better progressive scores.

Thipsay finished runner-up while Ravikumar, also of Union Bank, was third with 5.5 points. There was in fact a five way tie for third spot with others in the fray being Sekhar Sahu (Union Bank), AR Saravanan (Indian Bank), Neelakantan (Central Bank) and KV Shantaram (Indian Bank). But Ravikumar was awarded the bronze on technical counts.

The tournament was played on a seven round Swiss system for individual players. The points scored by a maximum of three top players from each bank was added to arrive at the team score of each bank.

TT School

FOR a former international to coach youngsters is a service to the game. But when he coaches poor youngsters it is a service to society. That is exactly what G. Jagannath has been doing for 12 years in the city. The former Indian captain, now 45, has been working with slum dwellers and those boys and girls who are from the economically weaker strata of society. That way, not only has Jagannath succeeded in keeping the youngsters away from crime and other seedy aspects of society into which they could well have

fallen out he has also been able to produce champions. From around 200 boys and girls he has coached since 1978 nearly ten have represented Tamil Nadu at the senior, junior or sub junior level.

Though Jagannath, who represented India in six World Championships from 1965 to 1975, is credited with the training of the less fortunate youngsters, the initial idea was the brainchild of Rev father Gerard, Director, Don Bosco Youth Centre. The centre is situated in Basin Bridge in north Madras, a locality which is underdeveloped. The area consists mainly of slums and is generally populated by the economically weaker sections of society. Ever since the Centre was started in 1952, the object has been to transform vagrant youth into good and honest citizens.

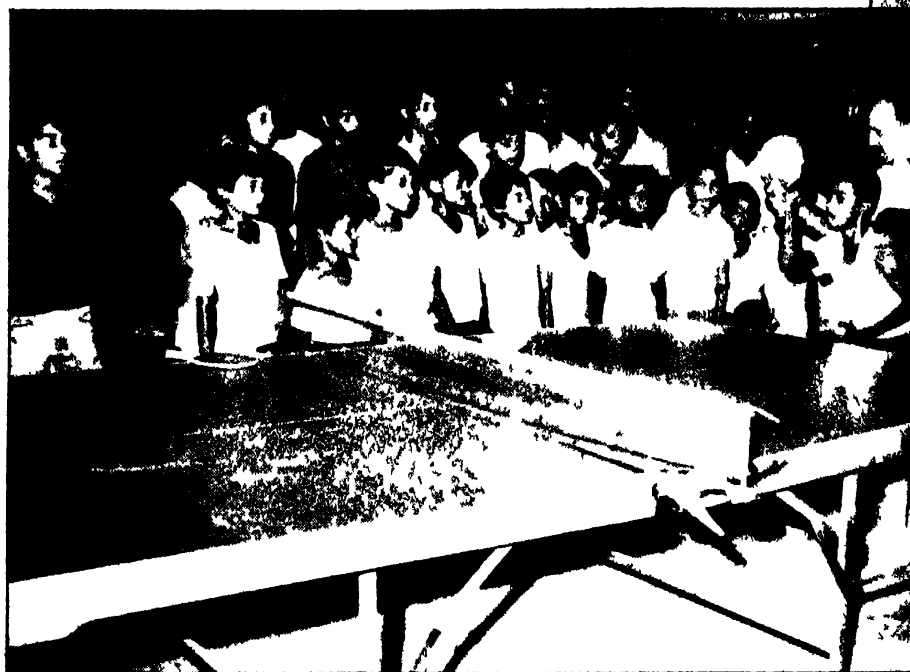
The campus now thrives with activity with youngsters playing football, basketball, volleyball, table tennis and carrom. The Centre's football team is in the local third division league but mainly due to the efforts of Jagannath, table tennis is the most popular of the games.

Jagannath admits that he undertook the task reluctantly. 'When I was first approached to coach youngsters of the underprivileged class, I was hesitant. I was not sure whether the scheme would be a success. But when the director of the Youth Centre persisted I too saw the noble purpose behind the programme and agreed to coach the youngsters.'

But there was one immediate problem—finance. With the scheme charted out as being a free one—the poor boys could not afford to pay for the coaching—where would Jagannath and the Youth Centre get the money?

In 1978 sports sponsorship had not yet taken off.

Fortunately, thanks to the efforts of Rev Father Gerard and Jagannath's table tennis connections, a few local industrial and business houses came forward with patronage. And through the Eighties, internationals like Indu Puri, Sejal Shah, Kamlesh Mehta, Sri



Former International G. Jagannath coaching poor youngsters in his table tennis coaching school

Ram, Sujay Ghorpade and Uday Gurjar came forward with regular donations. They had not even seen the Centre but on Jagannath's request and keeping in mind the noble nature of the scheme, the Indian players sent in donations that kept the programme going.

Today 12 years after Jagannath started his coaching, the programme is on solid foundations. There are five tables in a big hall and the lighting is good. There are enough bats, rubbers and balls. Jagannath has an assistant coach and at any one time there are more than 30 boys and girls undergoing training.

Though the donations have been regular, the process of requesting for them repeatedly year after year has become embarrassing for Jagannath, "though not for the donors" he adds quickly. So now Jagannath is on the lookout for one major sponsor who can promote the programme. At present the Centre's Director is Rev Father Lawrence whose interest in sports and in the laudable scheme of coaching poor youngsters is no less than father Gerard's. Both Father Lawrence and Jagannath are sparing no

effort in searching for a sponsor and they are optimistic that given the nature of the scheme as also the success of the programme a big business or industrial house will come forward to offer patronage in a big way.

Partab Ramchand

TRIVANDRUM State Aquatics

ONCE again Trivandrum District dominated the pool and bagged the overall championship with 378 pts. in the 21st Kerala State School Aquatics at the Water Works Swimming pool. Seventeen meet records were sunk during the meet.

In the 200M Individual Medley for senior girls, S. Ushakumari of Trivandrum won the gold in a record time of 3 m 14.71 seconds. She also came first in the 100 mts freestyle clocking 1 m 15.20 sec. Usha went on to claim the individual championship. While in the senior boys, B. Kumar also of Trivandrum sparkled collecting golds in both the 100 mts (1 m 21.27 sec) and 200 mts (3 m 0.92 sec) Breast-stroke.

Jeffy Joy of Trichur district won a record double in the junior girls

She clocked 3m:07.74 sec. in the 200m Breast-stroke and 33.40 sec. in the 50 mts freestyle.

K. Premakumari representing sports division created three new marks in the sub-junior girls section. Making a splendid effort, she won both the 100 mts. (1m: 36.56 sec) and 200 mts. (3m: 27 11 sec) breast-stroke and 50 mts. freestyle (34 28 sec.).

In the 100m breast stroke for Sub junior boys, K. Ashok Kumar found a new time (1:27.92 sec.) erasing the existing mark by 5.04 sec

Sajeev Kumar T.K.

NEW DELHI

'India Today' Squash

WHAT is it that makes the India Today Masters Squash Championship so unique? Is it the prize money, or the sustained competition, or is it just the magical name of *India Today* that gives this tournament its special appeal. Perhaps it is the hazy, lazy, crazy time spent in the



Arjan Singh receiving the winner's memento from Mr Aroon Purie, Editor, India Today

pleasant Delhi November sun that gives that festive touch to the tournament.

Whatever it be, young budding players, eager to make a mark, vie to get invited to this tournament where the top 16 players of the country play on a continuous knock-out basis until the 1st to 16th positions are decided. The top 8 seeds automatically get into

the main draw while another 8 qualify from 24 contenders. All 16 get prize money, the champ collecting a cool Rs 10,000 from a total of Rs 35,000.

Ray Malik had little difficulty in getting past me in the semis, while in the other semi final, Arjan Singh had to get over early deficits in the first two games to subdue the plucky Bombay star Dev 'Jamaica' Malani.

So that set up the final clash between the two Services stalwarts who had met earlier in the Services final in August. Ray Malik's lithe movements and his consistent game, against an erratic Arjan Singh fast getting frustrated by his unforced errors, saw Ray jump to a 2 games to love lead with a 5-1 lead in the third. It appeared to be a repeat of the August encounter, and seemed all but over.

But not quite!

Arjan Singh began to claw his way into the third game. His attacking shots became sharp. A tiring Ray could not hang on against the onslaught of the tall and lanky Arjan's power game interspersed with drops, cross court nicks and occasional reverse angles. Ray Malik lost the third game and took a breather in the fourth, and the strategy almost worked. He shot into a 7-4 lead only to let it slip again to the determined fightback by Arjan Singh. Arjan Singh emerged a deserving victor.

Raj Manchanda

CALCUTTA

Wills Trophy Golf



Members of the Blitzkrieg team which won the Wills Trophy golf at Tollygunje Club. From left: Romit Bose, Shiv Bhasin, B.K. Dey, chairman of the organising committee, Abhay Pasha and Arvind Singh.

Well Done

THE new panel of cricket selectors led by Naren Tamhane have done a commendable job in selecting the Indian team to play the Sri Lankans. It was nice to see them adapt a 'no-nonsense' policy of selecting the team on merit, current form of the player, and also keeping in mind the fact whether the player fits into the needs of the team. The comebacks of Arun Lal and Gopal Sharma and the inclusion of Pravin Amre were indications of this policy.

The panel has selected the best talent and it is now to the players to give us the best of their abilities and bring India glory.

SRINIVAS NYAPATHY,
Rajahmundry.

A Whiff Of Fresh Air

THE write-up 'The Health Column' in your magazine was a whiff of fresh air. It surely added an extra dimension to the magazine, insofar as the fact that the previous publications were concentrating on 'sports' only. Health after all is the crux of all achievements and excellence that we see in sports. Keep giving us stuff like this in your magazine.

SUBHASIS RAY,

Rourkela.

Impressive Progress

NEARLY 12 years ago, I accidentally came across a copy of *Sportsworld* and since then I have not missed a single issue. I am very proud to say that the magazine has made a very impressive progress and today it is the best sports magazine in our country. I am sure that in the years to come, it will live up to its reputation and continue to be the winner all along.

HUSSIAN,
Dibrugarh.



Overdue 'Arjuna Award'

BULA CHOWDHURY, India's best swimmer surely deserves the Arjuna Award. She is the unbeaten record holder of the butterfly stroke since 1982, and the record holder for the 100 and 200 metres. She also won us two gold medals at the SAF Games. While Anita Sood and Persis Madan were conferred with the Arjuna Award, Bula has been left in the cold.

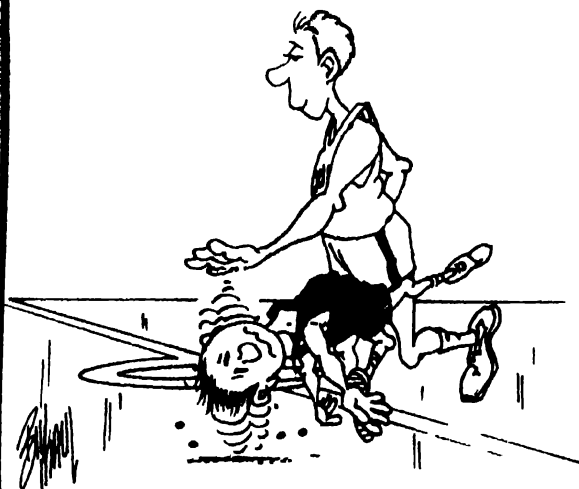
Maybe she has somewhat belied the expectations that we had of her, but she has surely excelled

enough to stake a claim for the award. The award is given to those who have striven gamely and consistently to excel in sports. Bula in her own sphere can more than hold her own with any of the awardees.

By returning to competitive swimming triumphantly at this year's Nationals she surely has raised hopes of a resurgence. Maybe her best is behind her. But if the fire within is rekindled again who knows...?

But first, the small matter of an overdue award.

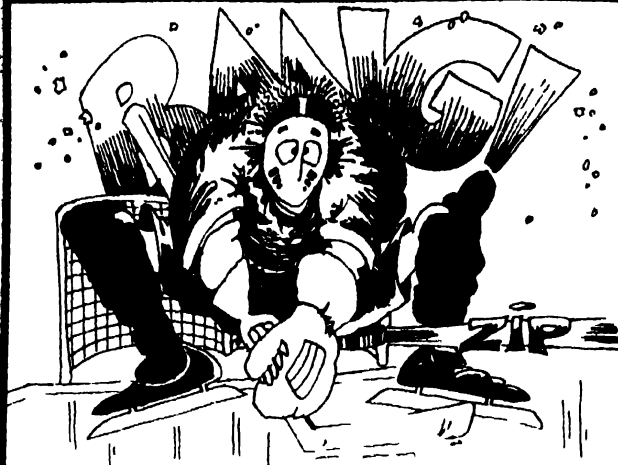
SURANJAN ROY,
Calcutta.



AUDREY MEMORIAL HIGH SCHOOL OF CAMERON, LA, EARNED ITS PLACE IN THE SPORTS HALL OF SHAME IN 1964 WHEN ITS BASKETBALL TEAM WAS CRUSHED 211-29. THEIR HUMILIATION AT THE HANDS OF GRAND AVENUE HIGH SCHOOL OF DEQUINCY LA, IS THE MOST LOPSIDED HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL SCORE IN AMERICAN HOOPS HISTORY

11/29

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CHICAGO BLACK HAWKS GOALIE GLENN HALL EXPERIENCED A STRANGE SHOT ON GOAL IN A 1960 GAME WHEN A BUBBLE-HEADED FAN TOSSED A LIGHT BULB ONTO THE ICE BEHIND HIS NET. THE LIGHT BULB EXPLODED AND HALL FROZE IN FEAR THINKING HE HAD BEEN SHOT. THE BOSTON BRUINS' DON MCKENNEY TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION BY BLASTING A SHOT PAST THE STARTLED HALL INTO THE NET TO TIE THE SCORE.

11/28

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THE FUNNY SIDE OF GOLF

RULE 23 LOOSE IMPEDIMENTS
SAND AND LOOSE SOIL ARE LOOSE IMPEDIMENTS ON THE PUTTING GREEN BUT NOT ELSEWHERE



LOOSER

SECTION II DEFINITIONS OUT OF BOUNDS
OUT OF BOUNDS IS GROUND ON WHICH PLAY IS PROHIBITED



LOOSER

QUIZ

QUESTIONS

1. Which U.S. sportsman was nicknamed "Dr J"?
2. A sportsman lost a tournament by 1 pin. What is the sport?

ANSWERS

1. Basketballer, Julius Erving.
2. Bowling.

CHESS

Kasparov started the World championship duel in brilliant fashion. After grafting a draw in the first game, he won the second with a typical attack

Interestingly, when the Ks started their world championship duel in '84, Karpov was known as a king's pawn player, Kasparov at that time relied almost totally on the queen's pawn openings. Now the opposite holds good—Karpov plays the queens pawn exclusively while Kasparov has started playing kings pawns regularly

White Kasparov Vs Black Karpov World Championship, New York '90 Second game
1e4 e5 2 Nf3 Nc6 3 Bb5 a6 4 Ba4 Nf8 5 0-0 Be7 6 Re1 b5 7 Bb3 d6 8.c3 d6 9 h3 Bb7. The Zaitsev Variation of the closed Defence to the Spanish Opening. A Karpov favourite popularised by his second GM Zaitsev. 10 d4 Re8. This allows a draw by repetition if white wants it. That is 11 Ng5 Rf8 12 Nf3 Re8 13 Ng5 etc.

11 Nbd2 Bf8 12 a4 h6 13 Bc2 ed4 14 cd4 Nb4 15 Bb1 ba4. Karpov lost two games in the London-Leningrad '86 match playing the old 15—c5 16 d5 Nd7 etc He then prepared this for his Candidates match with Timman. Nevertheless the old line must be safer.

16 Rxa4 a5 17 Ra3 Ra6. This is the idea, hoping to transfer his rook to the kingside.

18 Nh2 g6 19 f3!. A new idea and a very strong one. Ivanchuk's more aggressive 19 f4 allows black counterchances based on the loose white e4 pawn. This move ensures that black's queenside pieces will be biting on granite.

19—Qd7 20 Nc4 Qb5 21 Rc3 Bc8 22 Be3 Kh7 23 Qe1. T The obvious threat is 24 Na3 hitting the loose c7 pawn. More ominous is the pileup on the 6 diagonal. Quite possibly black is

already lost.

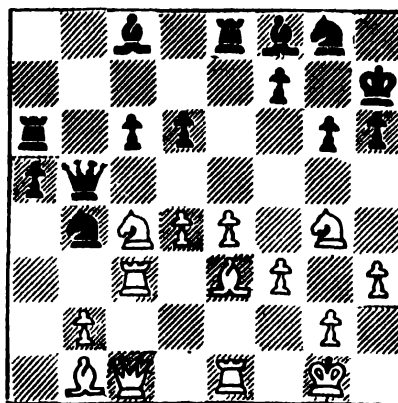
23—c6 24 Ng4 Ng8. (See diagram) Black was nervous about the open h-file if he exchanged knights. Now a sacrifice that exploits the overloaded bishop and the useless pieces on the queens wing is possible.

25 Bxh6!! Bxh6 26 Nxb6 27 Nxd6 Qb6 28 Nxe8 Qxd4 + 29 Kh1 Qxe8 30 Rd1 Qxe8 31 Qg5 Ra7. Material equality exists but positionally white is totally on top.

32 Rd8 Qe6 33 f4 Ba6 34 f5 Qe7 35 Qd2 Qe5 36 Qf2 Qe7 37 Qd4 Ng8 38 e5 Nd5 39 fg6 + Fg6 40 Rxc6 Qxd8 41 Qxa7 + Nd7 42 Rxa6 Qd1 + 43 Qg1 Qd2 44 Qf1 (1-0)

White is the exchange up with the initiative to boot.

Devangshu Dutta



BRIDGE

Whenever there is a surfeit of international stars in a tournament, there are bound to be several interesting hands. Place yourself in the East seat and see whether you can defend as well as Dutch expert Kaiser did in the Hoeschst International Tournament at Schevingen in the Netherlands earlier this year. South was in a contract of three no-trumps reached without any opposition:—

An opening heart lead would have easily scuttled the contract but when West led the nine of diamonds it looked as though South would get home with three tricks in clubs and two in every other suit for South could win the opening lead in dummy and lead a

		NORTH(dummy)	
		♠ A K 10 3	
		♥ J 4	
		♦ K 10 5	
		♣ 8 6 4 2	
WEST		EAST	
♠ Q 6 7 2		♠ 9 5 4	
♥ 10 7 6		♥ A 8 5 3 2	
♦ J 9 8 7		♦ Q 6 4	
♣ A J		♣ Q 9	
		SOUTH	
		♠ J 6	
		♥ K Q 9	
		♦ A 3 2	
		♣ K 10 7 5 3	

club to his king, knocking out West's entry to the long diamond.

South did in fact win the opening lead with dummy's king and lead a club but East, realising that West had led from J98x of diamonds (else declarer would have played low or the ten), hopped up with the queen of clubs at trick two in violation of the general principles of bridge Declarer was dead, for whether or not he covered, West would have an entry left to enjoy the long diamond after knocking out declarer's ace, the defence coming to one heart trick and two in each minor before declarer could snatch nine.

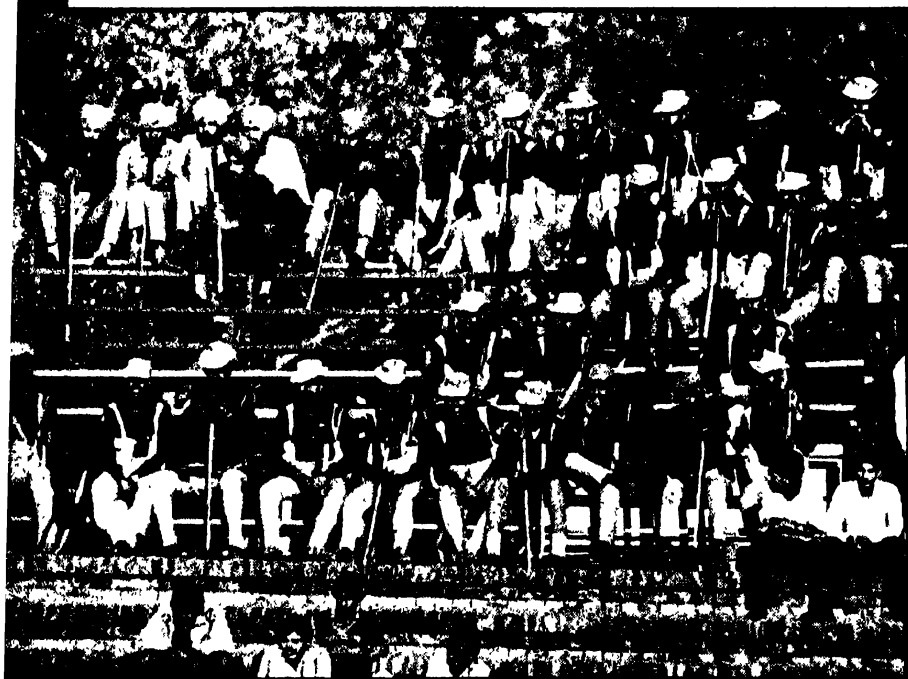
RUBBER BRIDGE LAWS REVISION

The Laws Committee of the World Bridge Federation is presently reviewing the Rubber bridge laws of 1981. Among the changes contemplated are three concerning scoring:— (i) deletion of honours, (ii) enhancement of premium for redoubled F.C. to 100 and (iii) enhancement of doubled non-vulnerable undertrick penalties from fourth undertrick onwards to 300 per undertrick, i.e. 100, 300, 500, then 800, 1100 and so on. The last change has been very well received in tournament circles and has been adopted by some clubs even for rubber-bridge. The WBF Laws Committee does not wish to impose its views arbitrarily but would welcome the views of the players So, if you have any suggestions regarding these proposed scoring changes or any other point of law, please write to me, c/o. Sportsworld. If you take the trouble of putting pen to paper to let me know your views, the chances are that the changes will be more to your liking.

Santanu Ghose

INDIA VS SRI LANKA TEST PHOTOFEATURE

C-L-I-C-K-!



NIRAJ BHATTACHARYA



NIRAJ BHATTACHARYA





KAMAL JULKA



Chandigarh's Sector 16 Stadium resembled an army camp with security personnel sometimes outnumbering spectators. But in spite of the excessive security, many spectators found their way onto the field.

Only two weeks before the start of the match, the ground resembled an unkempt paddy field, but with the Test match being shifted from Jalandhar the organisers worked overtime to get everything ready for

Chandigarh's first Test match.

It looks like Kapil Dev was not too happy with the ground on the first day. What is Kapil upto? Is he going through a ritual...something like Pope John Paul II's version of kissing the ground?

No, Kapil is merely sprinkling sawdust on the spot where his run up began. It so happened that it coincided with the area in which the sponsors had their name inscribed on the grass. ●

RIDING HIGH

It was a pulsating short-head win for Kabuki in the Cruickshank Calcutta 1000 Guineas

THEY told me I would get to see some real frisky fillies at the Cruickshank Calcutta 1000 Guineas race at the Royal Calcutta Turf Club.

They were frisky all right, all 10 of them, swishing tails and all. They stood in a row in the saddling enclosure, their syces giving them the finishing touches, their trainers strapping on their saddles and giving them an affectionate pat on their heads or a rumbustious thump on the rump.

Then, one by one they were led to the paddock where, like models on a catwalk, they strutted and preened. Next round, and they were mounted by small little men in brightly coloured costumes like they were going for a fancy dress competition or something.

The 10 fillies were gazed at shamelessly by the crowds thronging the ring: the elite with their diamonds and propah British suits, the lungi-clad punters with a borrowed fiver, pooling in with another down-and-out better to buy a single ticket to the pots of gold at the end of the final straight. Horse racing must be the greatest leveller. As the fillies trotted out wantonly to the starting gates and began getting "stalled", the crowds melted away quickly, spreading out to the various tote counters and the bookies' ring. And the rush-back to the seats and fencing, all the better to see you, honey.

You fish out the good ol' yellow booklet daringly, with a flourish maybe. Now you don't have to be panting and feverish about it: when buying it you have to look over your right shoulder, then left and right again, very much like when you bought a dirty novel in class X.

The names of these four-legged beauts are as striking as the fillies. Aliysia (Robin Corner up, as they say) I'm told is something to watch out for. Or will it be the bottom-weighted Zesty instead? There's a Dancing Dissident in between, too. A Twilight Lady and a Young Queen or will it be Irresistible? The two to close as joint favourites are Citiglow and Kabuki (3 to 1), but melikes No. 7 and that is O'Rossana from Bombay.

The 10 fillies were gazed at shamelessly by the crowds thronging the ring: the elite with their diamonds and propah British suits, the lungi-clad punters with a borrowed fiver, pooling in with another down-and-out better to buy a single ticket to the pots of gold at the end of the final straight.

"And they're racing," comes the voice over the microphone and you can already hear the thundering hooves in the cockles of your heart. They're 1,600 metres away, but the excitement is electric. Kabuki is lying second last and you can see screwed-up expressions on most faces, the furrows on the forehead deepening. Irresistible takes the lead with Citiglow with O'Rossana in close attendance. Then O'Rossana bursts ahead with rider Antia's superior urging. There seems to be no sign of Kabuki till the 300m mark, but wait! English jockey Nick Connorton finds a little gap between Young Queen and Twilight Lady and shoots Kabuki through, then carves past on the outside and is shoulder to shoulder with O'Rossana. Smooth, long legs flashing past in long strides. The yells get lustier, the fists flail the air and both fillies fly past the winning post locked together. I couldn't hear my heartbeats in the midst of the turf thunder.

Kabuki, I wonder. Why name a filly after a Japanese theatre form acted out by male players only? But what's in a name? This bay filly by Everyday II out of Kittos gives trainer Bharath Singh his fourth filly classic win in a row, but the earlier three were cared for on behalf of his mentor Rashid Byramji. Kabuki was all his own.

Jockey Nick Connorton did it last year, too, with Wind Song in a pulsating finish again, but that time he wasn't exactly patted on the back for great riding. Today was Connorton's maiden race day this season in Calcutta and it was the first classic of the season in the city, too. With Sentouki, a two-year-old first-timer and Hokaido in the last race of the day, Connorton ended the day with a brilliant hattrick. What a way to come!

It took one minute 41.4 seconds for Kabuki to dance away with the Rs 15,000 trophy and a purse of Rs 1,99,044. But I can still hear the thunder.

Anil Grover

PHOTOGRAPHS: ANIL GROVER



Filmstar Deepankar De,
making his choice



Adding colour to the
proceedings

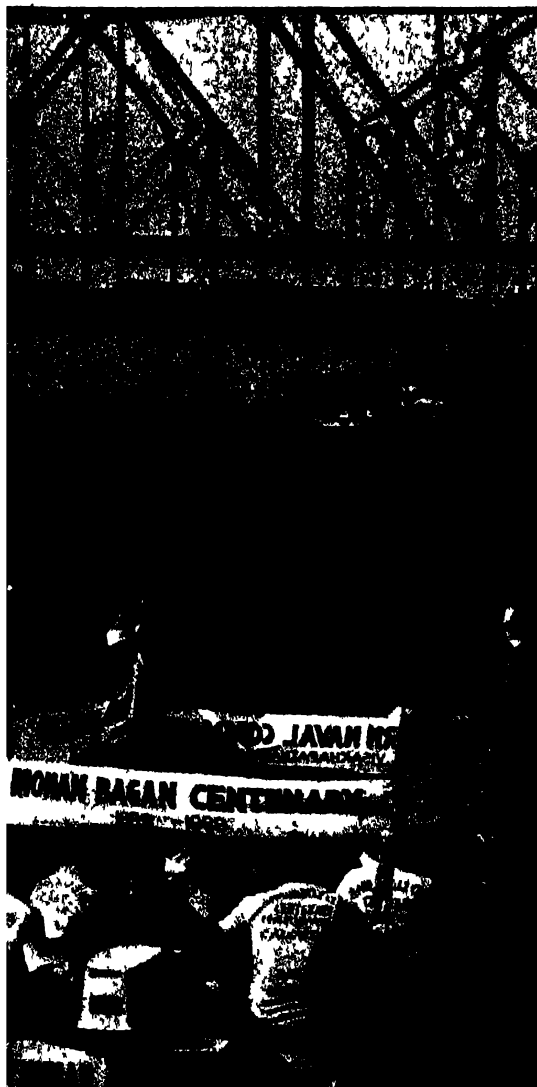


All smiles: The winning
filly, Kabuki (Nick
Connorton up) with the
owners Amit and Sumit
Gupta

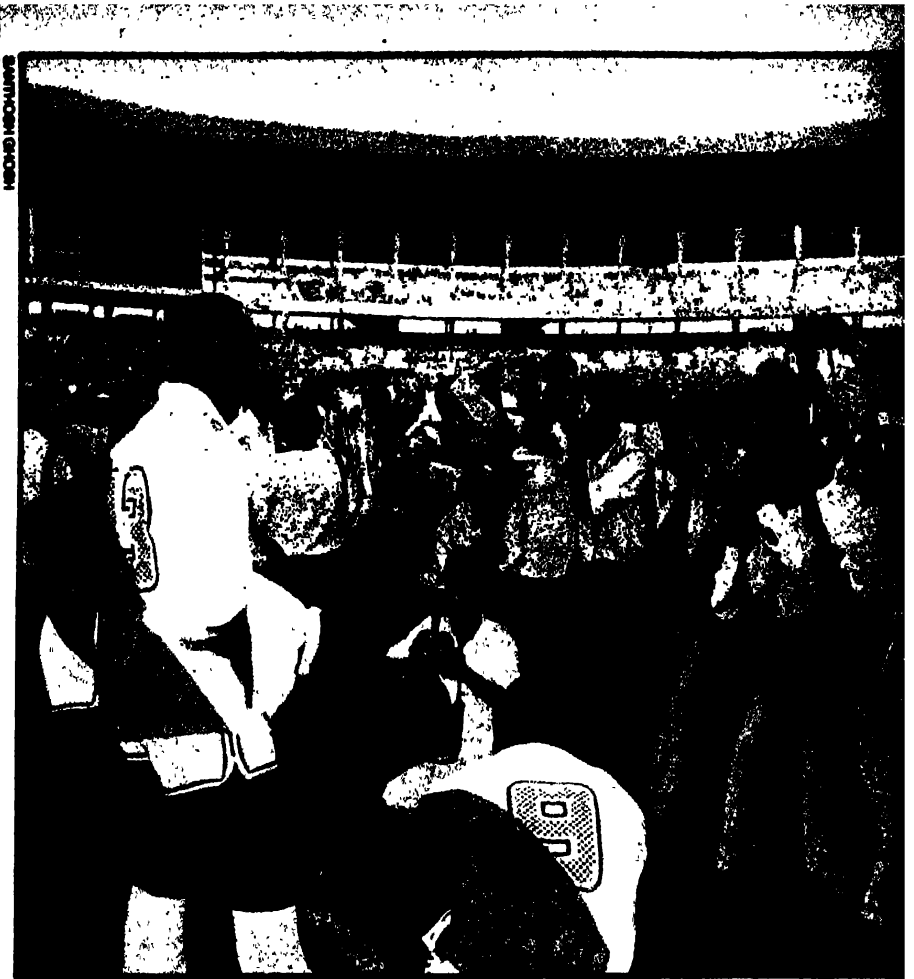
MOHUN BAGAN

100

YEARS

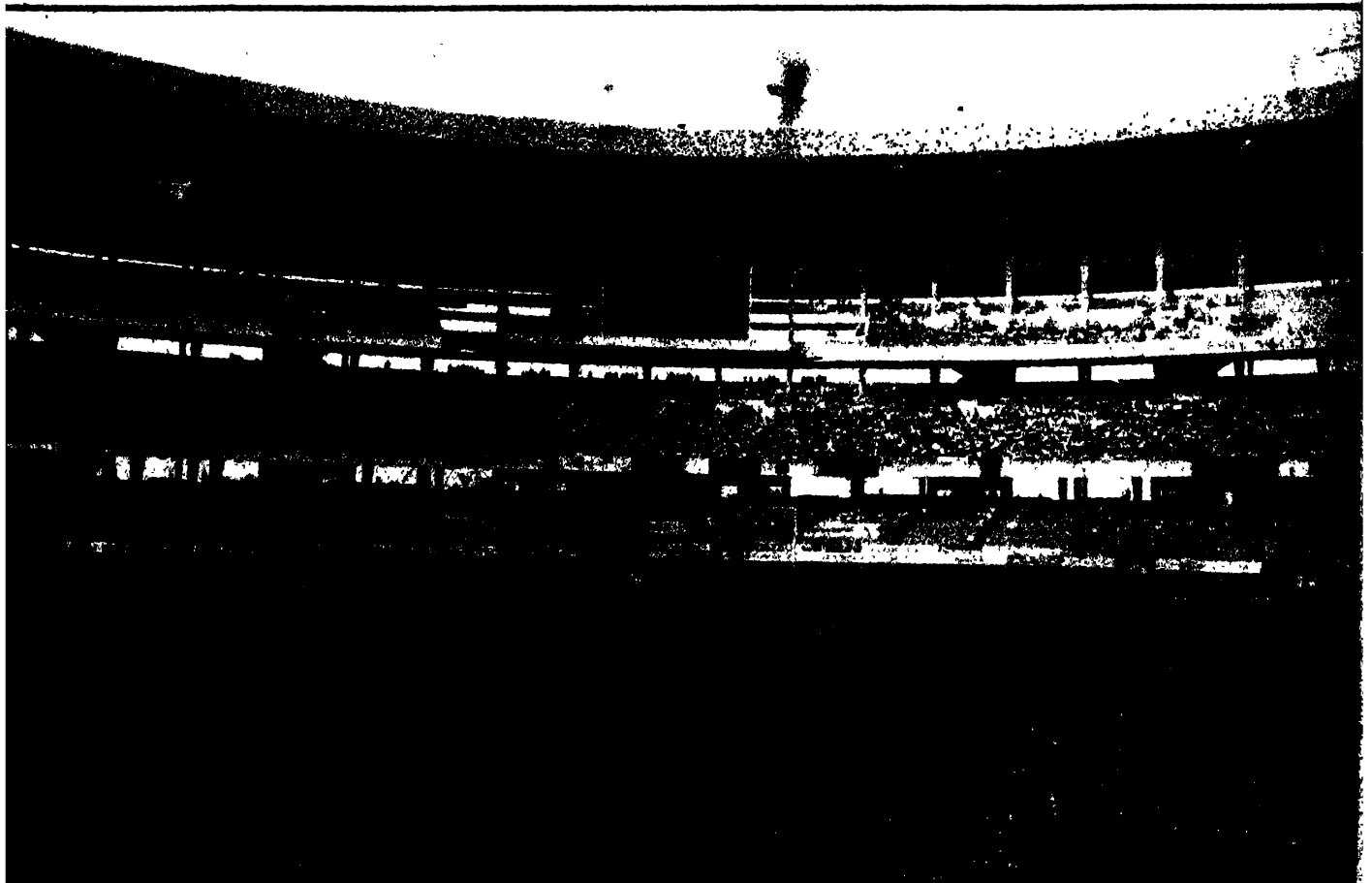


Left: The Indian Navy team bringing the holy water of the Ganga for the inauguration of Mohun Bagan's centenary celebrations. Above: The former club secretary Dhiren Dey, receiving the holy water from the Indian Navy team leader. (Next page) Above left & right: The opening ceremony of the Mohun Bagan Centenary Gold Cup soccer tournament (in which only three teams participated) at Salt Lake stadium where flowers were showered from a helicopter onto the Mohun Bagan players. Bottom right: Cameroon's Diamant FC brought along Italia '90 star Roger Milla (13) who was mobbed by photographers and fans where ever he went....

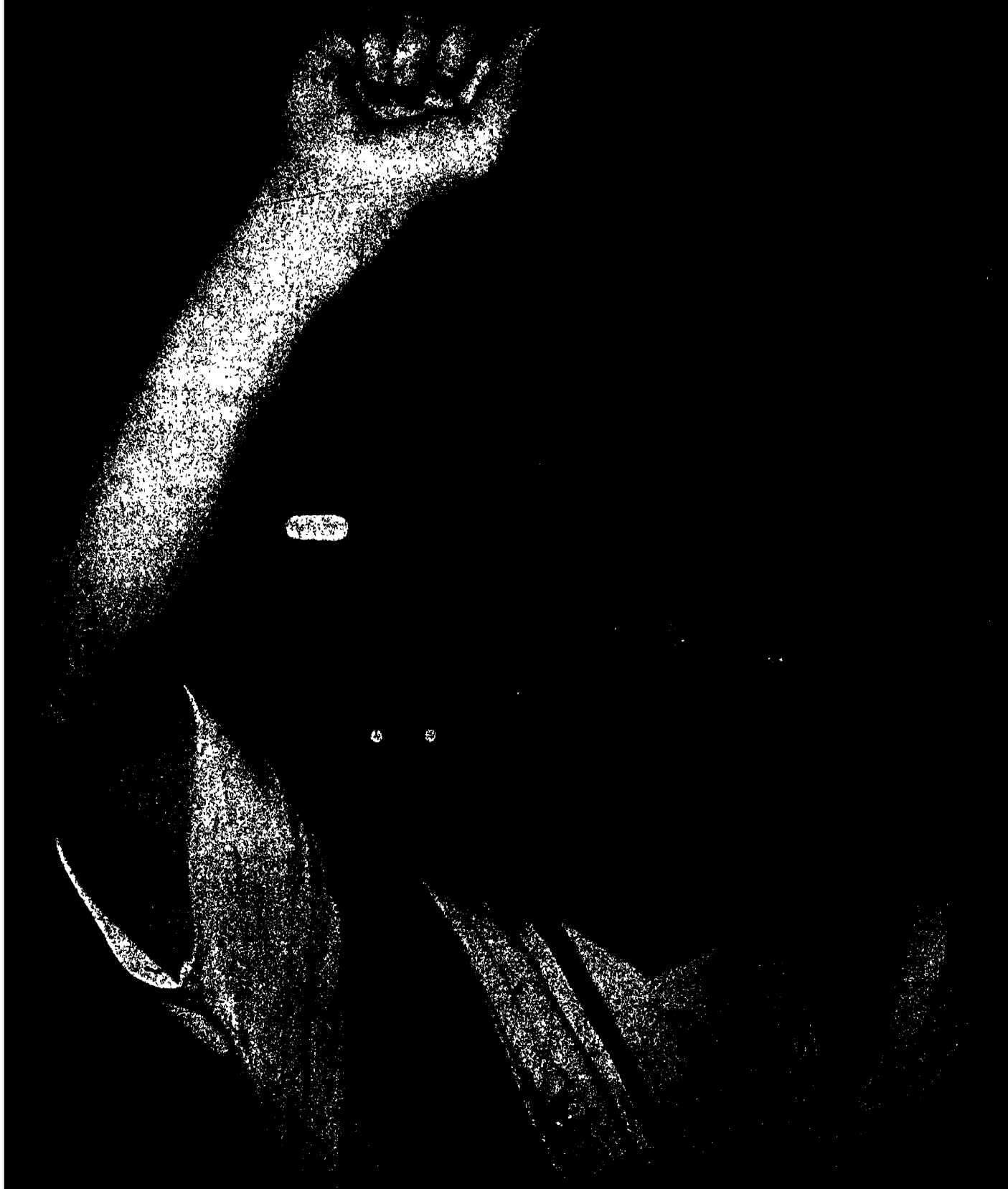


SANTHOSH GHOSH

SANTHOSH GHOSH



Lothar Mattheaus' moments after the win over Argentina



L

Lothar Matthaeus, was one of the few footballers to cover himself with glory at Italia '90.

His sizzling runs, his powerful kicking, his calm captaincy....it all won accolades from the world's press. There is no doubt that at present, he is the world's most complete footballer



In 1986, his
suffocation of
Maradona in the final
was all the more
remarkable because
he played with a
broken wrist, strapped
in flesh-coloured tape
to fox the opposition

Herzogenaurach to a
£1.5 m signing for Inter
(via Borussia
Moenchengladbach and
Bayern Munich, with
whom he won three
Bundesliga titles), he
has matured from that
midfield drudge into a
strident attacking force

Of the four goals he
scored in the 1990
World Cup, at least two
richly deserved
Pavarotti's
accompanying strains.
Especially his second
Wagnerian goal against
Yugoslavia in the
opening round, when he
surged forward from the
half way line,
high-hurdled a
desperate tackle and
launched an irresistible
drive destined for the
net and certain celluloid
immortality.

Matthaeus, who
trained as a
home-furnishings fitter
just in case his football
career should flounder,
has an operatic feel for
the grand occasion. In
1986, his suffocation of
Maradona in the final

was all the more remarkable because he played with a broken wrist, strapped in flesh-coloured tape to fox the opposition.

"Football is my hobby and my work," Matthaeus said. "When you have a chance to play in the World Cup final, I don't care if you have two broken hands or two broken legs, you still play. I play for Germany with my heart."

➤ But it was playing for Germany with new boots which cost him a heroic finish in this year's World Cup final. "I split my boot in the first half and had to change to new ones in the second," Matthaeus said. "It would not have been good psychologically for me to take the penalty, so Brehme was given the job. I did not wish it was me. I am a non-egotist."

Evidence of ego is not lacking, especially since the young Matthaeus was notoriously addicted to night-life

and frauleins. But ambition has long since quelled his rebellion, though there was a time when German papers were full of the news that he had postponed his wedding to Sylvia, his childhood sweetheart, or that his

on my work. The night before matches I might have one beer with dinner and only after the match will I drink three. Or four."

Matthaeus, capped 83 times for his country and the newly crowned West German footballer

different things.

Matthaeus may possess the thighs of a Viking thunder god and spirit of a British bulldog, but Beckenbauer's elegance and luminescent charisma are beyond him. Football, like



Matthaeus may possess the thighs of a Viking thunder god and spirit of a British bulldog, but Beckenbauer's elegance and luminescent charisma are beyond him.

new Mercedes had been found entwined with a garden fence.

"I was not good," Matthaeus said. "But it's normal for young men to drink beer and whisky. I had to learn. After that crash, I didn't drink and drive again. Now I must concentrate

of the year, is ambitious to overhaul the record of his friend and mentor, Franz Beckenbauer, the last West German captain to win the World Cup, who finished his playing career with a record 103 caps.

But quantity and quality are very

society, has witnessed the dawn of the new man and Matthaeus is it.

If modern football is a runaway train, with little time for admiring the scenery, then Matthaeus is the engine driver.

Sue Mott
The Times, London

MY colleague Robin Chatterjee had a running nose.

It took him quite a few days to get it running. First, he inhaled some germs, got himself a high count of eosinophilia (he's got 12 as compared to the average 3) and now his nose is running well.

We interviewed him just before the Chinchula Olympics.

Mister Running nose, what do you think are your chances of beating Nkango Pango, the 100m world record holder?

'Well, the fact is that I am training very hard. It's not easy to be a top flight running nose. So I don't know about my chances. After all, there are hardly any facilities available in this country and as for the quality of the germs (or quantabolic asteroids, to use another term), available, the less said the better.

Take the case of Nkango Pango himself. He comes from the United States and there, they not only have good facilities but their germs are of the highest quality ever. Pure stuff. In India, the germs are corrupt (and since corruption is a national trait), it's nothing new. So you see, I am fighting against insurmountable odds.

You are India's best prospect. How have you been preparing for the Games?

'Well, the good news is that the SLAI (Sports Lack Of Authority Of India) has no shortage of funds. So armed with wads of US dollar notes, I approached Barry Beynolds, (I guess you know that he is the world 400m record holder)

freewheeling

der) and he got me some pure quantabolic asteroids. Beynolds is a helpful guy. He has his sympathies for the Third World, so that was a big relief. And I have also been running against international noses in races all over Europe and so far, I have performed okay. Nothing to crow home about, but I have reduced the disparity between the advanced and not-so-advanced countries.'

Do you think going abroad has made a difference?

'What a question. Of course, it has. There is nothing like running against international running noses. The problem with us Indians is that we are easily satisfied with winning the national nose championship. But the standards here are abysmal. But, as for me, I hope to arrive at the eighth rank in the world.'

Sir, how many athletes will contest an Olympic final?

'Eight'.

So you expect to come last.

'Yeah, so what. You think you can run better than me. You think it is easy. You think anyone can reach an Olympic final. You think...'

Take it easy Sir. Take it easy. Who is your coach?

"Lamb" Sukhvinder Singh. But earlier on, I had a foreign coach but he was sacked.

By whom?

'Why, by "Lamb" Sukhvinder Singh. He said that ethnic was "in", the current rage in the country and it didn't look good to have a foreign coach. So Farry Mewson had to leave the country.'

Did it make a difference?

'Of course, it did. Farry taught me scientific techniques, he knows the most advanced methods of physical conditioning and I really improved. My nose was really running well. It had swelled up, a couple of ridges had developed, the tip had become red and I never felt stronger in my life. Anyway, all that is in the past. I train hard because the SLAI depends on me.'

What do you mean?

'You see, I am India's best hope. And if I do well, there will be a positive reaction. Then the Prime Minister Haji Bundhi will sanction more funds and that means, the officials of the SLAI can build more houses for themselves, buy new cars, and go for foreign jaunts and have lavish parties at the Hotel Payjing?'

Hotel Payjing? When was that?

'Oh, in the last Olympics, at Ching Chong. The president of SLAI, Mr Hufesh Jilhadi had such a glittering party that I thought we were living in the times of Ali Baba and the forty...'

Sorry to interrupt you, but do you think it is ethical to use quantabolic asteroids?

'Which century do you live in?' asked an indignant running nose.

'The twentieth'

'Then stop being stupid. I don't understand why there are different rules for different people. Nobody asks such questions to Nkango Pango but because I am not Number One...'

I am sorry Sir

'You don't understand' continued running nose, 'I am trying to bring glory to the country. Glory...remember that. And it is for this reason that the tax payers' money is being used up. That's why we had to build a brand new house for "Lamb" Sukhvinder Singh. People don't understand how much sacrifice there is in trying to bring glory to the country.'

So you are optimistic?

'Coming last is optimistic, then I suppose I am.'

Shevlin Sebastian



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376 wickets...Another feather in his cap. But where does he go from here?

**INTERVIEW:
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READY...SET TO GO

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VOICES

"I admired Senna until that incident at Suzuka, but what he did there was not in the sporting spirit. If you saw the TV shots from the helicopter, Senna didn't even try to pass. He only had to stop the guy. They were not side by side. It was crazy. It was ridiculous to try to win the championship that way."

NELSON PIQUET on the Senna-Prost crash, in the Japanese Grand Prix at Suzuka.

"After so many seasons, competing in a championship as stressful as the Italian, I feel the need to play somewhere else. I'm not as strong as I used to be. I can't manage to be like before. Some day or other it had to happen."

MARADONA offers his reasons for planning to quit the Italian League to play in Japan.

"There are bodies that need to train a lot to be in condition like mine, bodies that have to train to get into shape but cannot go on for more than two sets, like Stefan's, and bodies that don't need to train at all like Wilander's. But they have the advantage of speed."

LENDL, on his contemporaries.



"At this stage, I am not sure how this tour will take place. The security of the players in India will be the biggest problem. Even if this tour takes place, there will be a lot of tension." IMRAN KHAN doesn't seem too keen to play in India in the forthcoming series.

"The past two years, it's like they put a tiger in a cage and didn't feed him. But it's like they left food just outside the cage and he wants to get to it. Ben's the tiger, he's hungry to get out."

EDDIE JOHNSON, Ben's elder brother sounding the alarm before his historic comeback.

"This is a moral issue. When I get up in the morning I want to be able to look in the mirror and feel good."

ANDRE AGASSI after backing out of the contract to play in the Grand Slam Cup in Munich, for which he might be banned from playing in a Grand Slam event next year.

"We don't think much of Graham. Graham stinks out places. He twists and turns like a guy who doesn't come to fight. Jackson will knock him out by the 5th or the 6th."

AL BRAVERMAN, boxing director and matchmaker for Don King, opines that Herol Graham of UK cannot win over Julian Jackson of the US, when they meet for the WBC middle-weight title in Spain.

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Winter is here and there
is snow on the slopes.
It's time to break out the
skiing gear and hit the
slopes

6 A leaner and hungrier Ben Johnson returns to the track on January 11. He's like a hungry tiger who has been kept in a cage for two years. And now the animal is being let out. How fit and fast is he now?

14 Another feather to his cap...376 wickets and the second highest wicket-taker in Test history. But where does Kapil Dev go from here? Is it just Hadlee's world record that is keeping him in the game or are there other ambitions?

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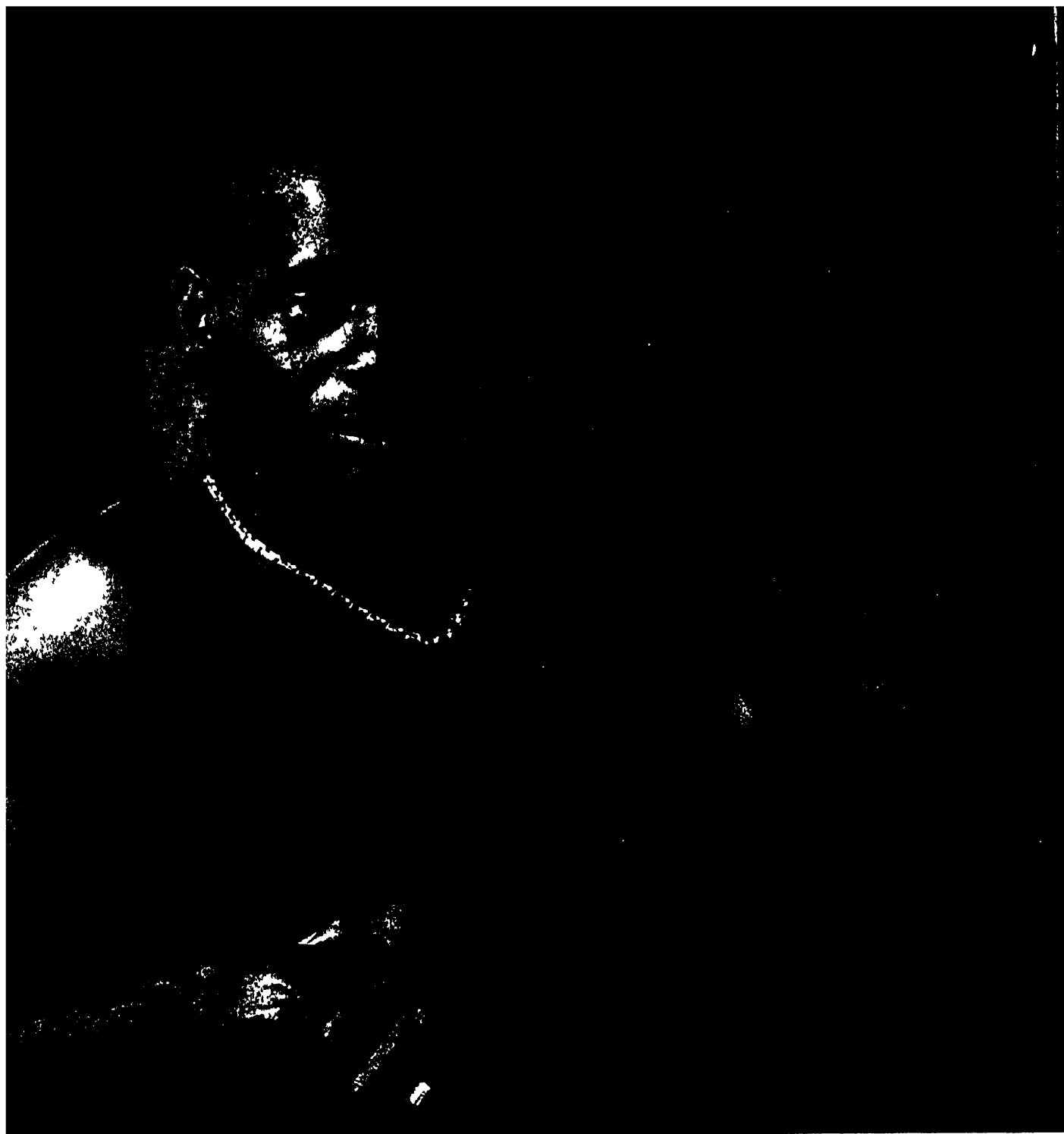
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BEN JOHNSON

READY...AND SET T



██████████
**His first meet
will be on
January 11
and he's
like a hungry
tiger
desperate to
get out
of his cage**
██████████



GO





TENNIS

DAVIS CUP FINALS 1990:
USA VS AUSTRALIA

BACK IN THE USA

A few years ago
Joe Chang said his
son, Michael Chang,
would be the
player to bring the
Davis Cup
back to America.
He was right.



In a way, it was always a foregone conclusion that the United States would win the Davis Cup, but what was more significant in the wider view than mere victory, was the fact that the USA and Australia, the two countries synonymous with this competition, were battling it out in the

tennis in an era when singles play and tournament prize money assumed supreme importance, was being fought for by those age-old rivals, the United States and Australia

It was an acrimonious Cup final Fraser, unhappy with the fact that Gorman's team had the often-crucial home

Gomez) in the 1990 French Open With Agassi and Chang due to play the singles matches, Gorman obviously chose clay a surface the Australians do not have the best credentials in the world

Former US Open and Wimbledon champion Arthur Ashe, himself a former Davis Cup captain, pulled no

eyebrows of even *The Washington Post* What had happened to the spirit of sportsmanship, questioned the American newspaper? "The US is going to win," the paper reported — before the final got under way 'And we're going to win big because we've manoeuvred a cheesy home court advantage

"If Dwight Davis were alive, he'd be vomiting all over the court"—US television commentator Mary Carillo, on the USA's unsporting choice of red clay as the surface

final yet again

American captain Tom Gorman had more weapons than his Australian counterpart, Neale Fraser For a start, he had the home ground advantage, secondly he chose clay as the competition surface, thirdly, he had the stronger team with which to contest the final

But what emerged more strongly than any other factor in this year's competition was the fact that the era of the supreme European challenge, has either passed or been temporarily stayed Germany, even though without Boris Becker, Sweden, with its galaxy of stars, France with Henri Leconte and Yannick Noah, had disappeared The cup that was named in the memory of Dwight Davis, honouring team



Cahill was outclassed by Chang, but Fromberg (inset) gave Agassi a hard time

ground advantage, had criticised the court surface even before the tie began in St Petersburg, Florida The Americans chose clay for one simple reason Michael Chang had won the 1989 French Open on precisely that surface, and Andre Agassi was a losing finalist (to Andres

punches 'If you want to be sporting and give the people a good, tight match,' said Ashe halfway through this year's final, "play it on the same surface as the US Open If you want to win it 5-0, play it on red clay "

Play it on red clay Gorman did It was a choice that raised the



At the ceremony after the matches they should award us a big slab of cheddar cheese to commemorate our rat-box tactics so much for the spirit of sportsmanship "

Cash was
dropped for
singles play but
teamed up
with John
Fitzgerald for
the doubles



"If you want to be sporting and give the people a good, tight match then play it on the same surface as the US Open. If you want to win it 5-0, play it on red clay"—Arthur Ashe

Surprisingly this is nothing new in Davis Cup competition. The home ground advantage—and with it the choice of surface—has always been shamelessly exploited. When India played Sweden at Bangalore in 1985 the surface was a hybrid designed to confound the Swedes. When America played Argentina in Argentina in 1983 the red clay



courts were watered at every change over to bolster the advantage the surface gave Jose-Luis Clerc and Guillermo Vilas, both natural clay-courtiers.

Technically, therefore, the US was within rights to do what it wanted. But the attitude sickened even the US tennis fraternity. Tennis commentator Mary Carillo went so far as to say, "If Dwight Davis were alive, he'd be vomiting all over the court." Carillo's credentials— and her credibility, for that matter are impeccable. She won the French Open mixed doubles in 1977 with a buddy called John McEnroe

Faced with the almost impossible task of wresting the Cup from



Agassi gutted it out to give the US a 1-0 lead



America, Fraser opted for boldness. He dropped Cash from the singles berth, slotting him into the doubles with John Fitzgerald instead. Cash, the 1987 Wimbledon champion, took it in his stride, despite his own proud record in previous Davis Cup finals. "It must have been a very hard decision for Fraser," he said, accepting with grace the fact that the singles burden would fall on Darren Cahill, a US Open semi-finalist in 1988, and the young Tasmanian, Richard Fromberg.

It was Fromberg who sprang all the surprises in Florida. First, he led Andre Agassi, the world number three, in the opening singles and at one stage looked certain to clinch the match. Then, in the fifth set, with Agassi up a break and holding three match points, Fromberg fought back. Breaking back, he eventually succumbed 4-6, 6-2, 4-6, 6-2, 6-4. Then, with the US holding the winning 3-0 lead, the youngster pulled off another feat when he upset Chang 7-5, 2-6, 6-3 in the reverse singles, shortened to a best-of-three-sets contest. "I've learnt a lot from this contest," he said. "I now believe I can make the world top ten. It might not be for a couple of years, but that's my goal."

Don't write Australia off. If Fromberg's form is any indication, this country will be a force to reckon with in Davis Cup play in a couple of years.

**David McMahon,
Melbourne**



KAPIL DEV

**“Have I Become
Such A Burden To
My Country...**

...that so many people ask me about retirement”? Kapil Dev,

the world's second highest wicket-taker, tells Suprakash

Ghoshal that his career is not over. Yet.

KAPIL DEV NIKHANJ is a perfectly happy man. He ought to be. He has every reason to be. The long and

difficult terrain that he has traversed, has given him all that he could have dreamt of. And more. And well in time too. He is an immensely successful player. A star. A man who is endowed with enormous physical prowess. And, of course, the proud possessor of a small fortune.

And, without any doubt, all this could have been enough to lull him into a sense of comfortable complacency. Of stagnation.

♦ Yet I discovered that fortunately for us and all those who believe in the glory that he represents, happiness for Kapil Dev Nikhanj still does not stem from the satisfaction of having his dreams fulfilled, his mission accomplished. For, the mission of Kapil Dev is still unaccomplished, his dreams still unfulfilled. And that's exactly the passion that leads him on in this hour of crisis.

The fact is, the life of Kapil Dev is now at a critical stage. For the simple reason that he is not good at his job anymore. For the simple reason that he does not take

♦ wickets anymore.

Some say his success, his riches, his fame, his records, his comforts, have doused the fire. Some say age has begun to cripple his prowess. And others believe his time has simply come to an end.

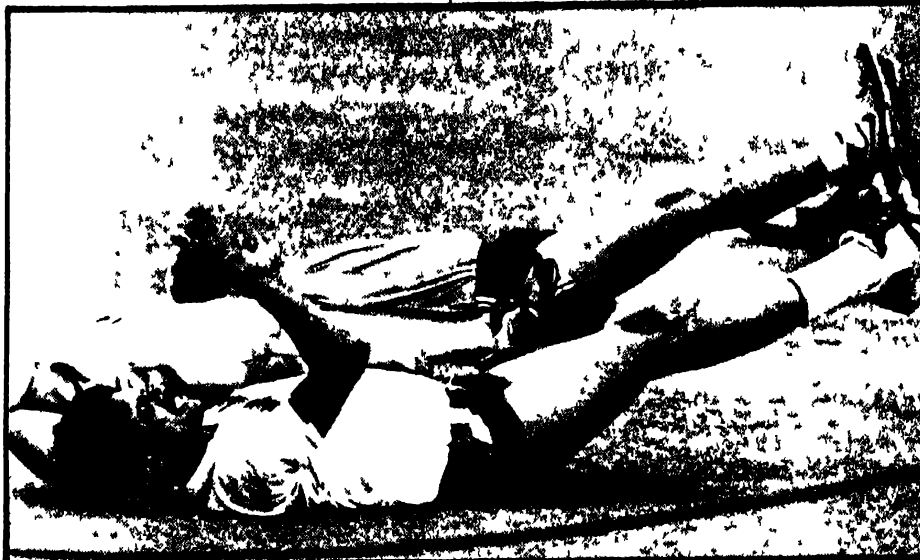
But, perhaps the truth about Kapil Dev is hidden in a maze of unavoidable realities, compulsions, frustrations and of course, an undying, unquenchable dream that still hovers around his glistening eyes. "I've come to a stage of life when everyone asks and wonders, how much more? How much longer? From here where does he go? Well, I say, who knows? I'll move on and on. Till the time when I realise, when somewhere deep down someone begins to say, 'I'm no good anymore'", says Kapil Dev, pensively. "And then I stop."

In the life of Kapil Dev, that spectre of 'stop' now looms as a

horrid nightmare. A haunting, irritating, pestering awareness that feeds on his nerves, his stamina, his confidence. A confidence that has never before faced such a stiff challenge as it is doing now.

And all his pain is linked to just one sentence. Kapil Dev doesn't take wickets anymore.

"There can be no hypocrisy about it. That Kapil Dev doesn't take wickets anymore. That is there in the record books", Kapil Dev says. "But that does not necessarily mean that I'm drained of motivation. Or I lack that cutting edge that had made the impossible possible before. I'm still the same old Kapil Dev, raring to go all the time and



UTPAL SORKAR

wanting to do my best. I'm still the fittest man in the Indian team, with the constant promise of breaking loose and returning to my devastating form.

"The only problem is that those magic moments do not happen to me very often anymore. I mean it has not happened to me for a long time now. People may be thinking the success, the achievements, that have come my way, have lulled me into a sense of ease, complacency. Oh my God, if only you'd have known how eagerly I crave those moments when everything falls into place like a jigsaw puzzle. If only I could tell you how hungry I really am."

And then, as if to perpetuate the

***When I realise,
when
somewhere
deep down
someone
begins to say,
'I'm not good
anymore', only
then will I stop***



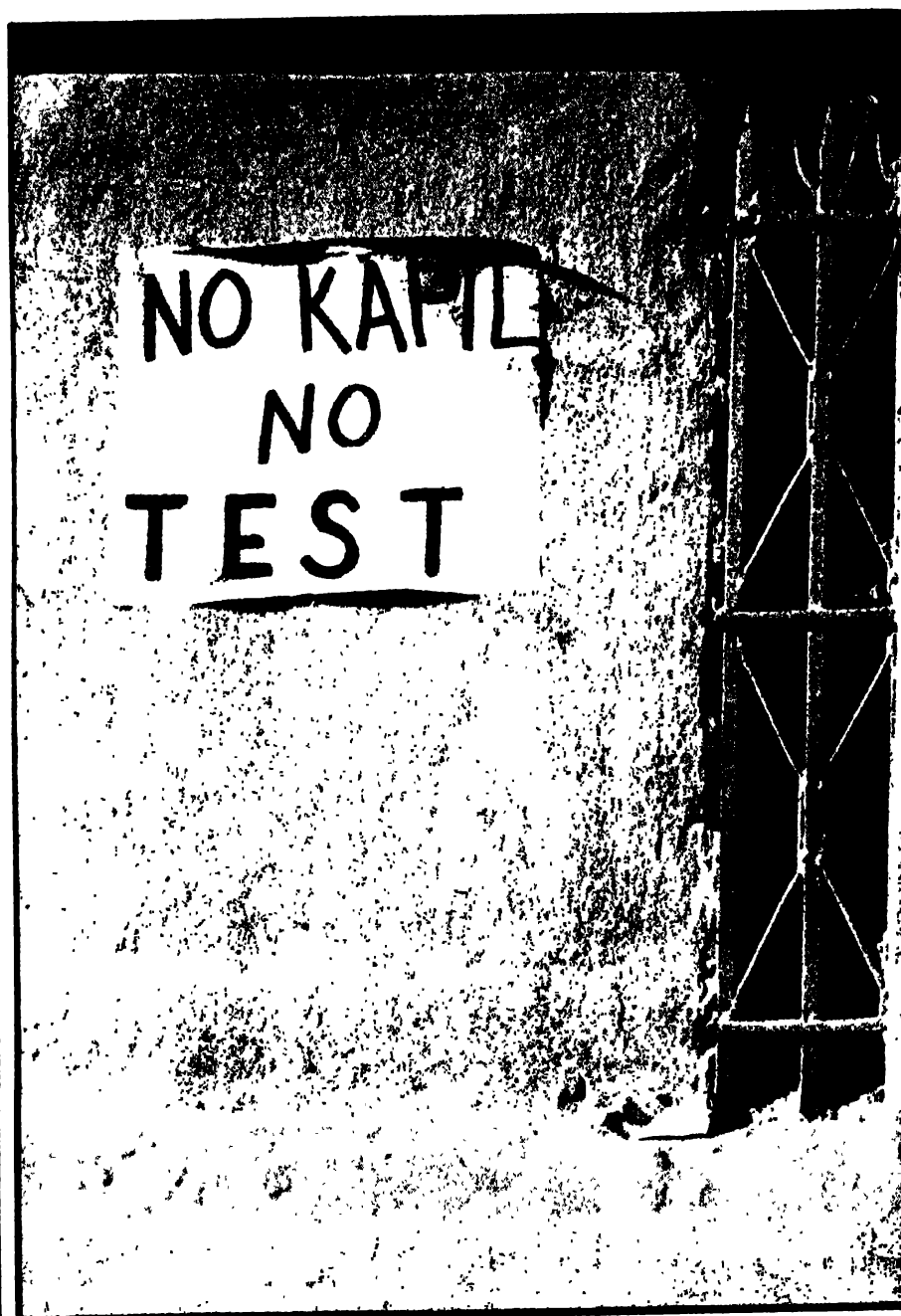
agony come the questions, like a flicker of venom, of gall—"Kapil, when are you going to retire?" "Kapil, has the thought of retirement crossed your mind?" "Kapil, for how long do you think you can go on like this?" "Kapil don't you think it is time you called it a day, with honour?" They come in a barrage, besieging a passion, a determination that has refused to give up.

"I don't know why so many people ask me this question about retirement. Wherever I go,

whenever I meet a friend or a journalist or even a fan, the same topic, the same question... Have I become so unwanted, such a burden to cricket, to my country?"

And sometimes it seems as if so many people just want to impose their own ending to the Kapil Dev story. "And that's so demoralising," Kapil confesses, "sometimes it seems so unfair. Just don't push me, man. I know what I'm doing. And I bloody well know how I'm going to end my life in cricket. You don't try to control

Just don't push me, man. I know what I'm doing...I just don't want to hear this question about my retirement from anyone anymore



it. I just don't want to hear this question about my retirement from anyone anymore. And if your magazine can pass this message across to everyone concerned, I'll be glad. Grateful even," says an angry, cornered, and hounded Kapil. And he goes on "Kapil Dev has never looked for excuses. Never. And Kapil Dev is never going to need instructions from others about the most important decision of his life."

"Off the record, they all say, in



an oddly conspiratorial, cloak and dagger style 'Kapil, you've got so much, yaar, really you've got cash, fame, glamour. But the only thing you lack now is wickets. What's the point then? Come on, man, give it up!'

"They don't know the dreams I've always had and still do, that's why they talk like that," says Kapil. "There's nothing off the record; in my life everything's on record. Yes, I've got everything, and I'm happy, yet, that happiness does not really make me happy. Not happy enough. Why shouldn't I be the greatest wicket-taker in the world? People often say Richard Hadlee, Richard Hadlee. Yes, Richard Hadlee, of course, and beyond. Why not?"

There absolutely is no reason why not. Except for the realities that are constantly at work. And not in his favour.

Kapil explains, "The biggest factor that has caused damage to my bowling is one-day cricket. Too much of it. My original style has been severely affected. This business of keeping the ball in, in, and in, to check the runs has really changed my style. My outswing has gone haywire; that cutting edge, that tempting lure



that used to force mistakes on batsmen and then make them fall to my pace no longer exists. There is no threat in my bowling anymore. Playing one-day cricket has grooved into my system to bowl straight, straight, straight within the stumps. I've become predictable.

This awareness has been growing in Kapil Dev over a long, long period. Though without much effect. But, of late, the growing discontent, the frustrations have suddenly erupted in the form of a rebellious urge to recover his actual art, his original self.

"I'm really working hard at it, you know," Kapil says, "I'm really working hard on my outswing. It

is bound to be a long, hard process. But I'm sure it will work."

Probably it will. For, deep down he believes in the ultimate triumph of dedication and thoroughness. Today, there can be no doubt that Kapil Dev, at 30-plus, is still one of the fittest in Indian cricket. That's his thoroughness. Today, there can be no doubt that as a businessman he is one of the wealthiest in sporting circles. That's his ambition. And today, there can be no doubt that Kapil Dev has a temperament tough enough to contend with any crisis. That's his being. His self.

The Kapil Dev story is not over. Yet. ●

THROUGH THE CRYSTAL BALL

If we take Kapil Dev's bowling performances over the last four years (i.e. since the beginning of the 1986-87 season) he has played in 33 Tests and taken 85 wickets at a strike rate of 2.57 wickets per Test. Working on that here is a rough estimate of the time and Tests Kapil will probably need to A) Cross the 400-wicket mark; B) beat Sir Richard Hadlee's record of 431 Tests wickets and C) To achieve his dream of 450 Tests wickets.

TARGET	400	431	450
TESTS	10	22	29
TIME *	end-1992	mid-1994	end-1995

* The years are approx. based on an average of 8 Tests a year and the tentative schedule for Indian cricket.

Oh my God, if only you'd have known how eagerly I crave those (magic) moments when everything falls into place like a jigsaw puzzle. If only I could tell you how hungry I really am

QUESTIONS

1. Which three events comprise the triple crown of American horse racing?

2. Who described what as 'nine Mickey Mouse events and the 1500m'?

3. In the 1986 World Cup at Mexico, the colour of the nose of the official mascot, Pique was changed from red to green. What was the reason for this?

4. When and where did Billie Jean King beat Bobby Riggs in the 'Battle of the Sexes'?

5. What is the artificial barrier or obstacle in motor racing called?

6. What is a 'Torpedo Throw'?

7. Ivan Lendl's tyrannical mother Olga often hit him when he was a boy. What was the reason?

8. What is the criteria on which points are awarded in gymnastics?

RATING TEST

ABOVE 13: Wish you were part of our quiz team
BETWEEN 10 AND 13: Not too bad.
BELOW 10: Sportsworld reading recommended.

**THIS QUIZ HAS BEEN COMPILED BY:
BISWAJIT PANDA,
PRINCIPAL'S BUNGLOW,
RCE CAMPUS,
BHUBANESWAR-751007**

All answers sent in by the contributor.

9. An Egyptian born Greek cricketer reappeared

in international cricket in 1983, having played in

Tests in 1967. Who is he?

10. "He looks at the bowler the way a boxer looks at his opponent—sticking his chin out at him. He makes clear his intention." Who said this about whom?

11. Who said, "To run, run a mile; for experience of another life, run a marathon"?

12. Which heavyweight title fight did

READERS' QUIZ

ANSWERS

1. Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Belmont Stakes.
2. Daley Thompson, describing the decathlon.
3. The organisers thought that a red nose made Pique look like a drunk.
4. In 1973 at the Houston Astrodome.
5. Chicane.
6. A long distance throw in American Football.
7. Because he refused to eat vegetables.
8. Difficulty, novelty, grace and sureness of movement.
9. John Traicos.
10. Peter Roebuck on Viv Richards.
11. Emil Zatopek.
12. The third of the three fights between him and Joe Frazier held in Manila.
13. Kit bags.
14. Eddie Egan (In the 1920 Antwerp Olympics and 1932 Lake Placid Games.)
15. American Judi Brown on P.T. Usha after she was beaten by her in the semi-final of the 400m hurdles at the LA Olympics.

Muhammad Ali describe as the "next thing to death"?

13. In England, what sporting items are referred to as 'coffins'?

14. Who is the only person to win a gold medal in both summer and winter Olympics?

15. "Sport in India? What is this? They do not have any history in men's track and here is a woman." Who said this and who is the woman being referred to?



Ben Johnson

THE ULTIMATE INTERVIEW

The man is not only watched over—he is being sheltered. A multiple security ring surrounds Ben Johnson. There is his manager, his substitute father and there is his lawyer. They stand behind, they stand beside Ben Johnson.

They all say "Of course you can have a talk with Ben. No problem." And they smile very nicely. Their voices are smooth and soft. They are turned out just so, even their haircuts have been

done by a good stylist. They are as charming as brokers and second hand car dealers. "Hi, I'm Harry, hi, I'm Ed, hi, I'm Azan. How are you Arno?"

They say it is now important to have a talk with Ben. Now, as he is again rehabilitated. Now, when Life starts anew for him.

"But"—and suddenly those smooth voices turn hard and cold—"we still have to take political hurdles." And what does that mean? "You shouldn't ask Ben about the past, not about Seoul, doping, not about racial relations, and not at all about politics. But do talk to him it is important."

"Oh yes," they say, "something else—Ben is a magnificent sprinter, really magnificent, but he is not much of a talker. He expresses himself, you know,

through his movements, not his words." And then enters Ben Johnson.

Black car, green training suit, sweat shirt, gym shoes. He carries a portable phone. "Hi", he says, laughs, shakes hands. "Let's do the job", he says and en route to the hotel lobby he phones his mom. "I'm downtown at the Sheraton." In the lift he tries to ring up an old friend, on the way from the lift to the room he tries again. "Damn, the

line is busy." He succeeds in the room. "You can reach me here the next few hours or so." And then he starts. Ben talks about everything. Without inhibitions, without his former stuttering. A man who seems to be at peace with himself, satisfied. He talks about his plans, that he wants to found a Ben Johnson Foundation "for underprivileged sports people." He talks about the subjects his entourage had declared taboo.

Then there is that knock on the door, and Azan Kemel, Ben's substitute father, comes in. Yes, he only wants to listen to what we are talking about. "No", he says, "I don't think Ben wants to answer this question." "No", he says, "I don't think that he wants to remark on this." No, and again, no.



No, the drugs don't make you run fast. They help you perhaps, but there I am not sure myself. When you are training you can recoup faster

"Turn off this machine". And then Ben starts stuttering again, feels uneasy and insecure, he smooth flow of conversation is disrupted. The fastest man of the world sits in his hotel room in downtown Toronto, retreats in his shell, says only yes and no. He is again besieged by solitude. He reaches for the phone.

Question: Mr. Johnson, you have become something like a missionary, we are told.

Johnson: I give lectures in schools and warn children not to make the mistakes I made. I tell them to keep their hands off drugs, no matter if it is cocaine, crack, anabolics or steroids. The stuff is dangerous, and I know what I am talking about; it is damn dangerous.

You stand in front of a class and give a speech?

Yes, I stand in front of the classes as a speaker. In the beginning I was terribly nervous, a greater stress than the final run in Seoul; I had palpitations and perspired. But now I really enjoy it.

What exactly is your message?

Steroids should be banned. They should be treated by the law like heroin. Steroids and anabolics; these are the most dangerous drugs—they can instigate heart attacks, cancer and can cause damage to the liver. They can change your character. Here in Canada it is a big business with 60 million dollars and a huge black market, and that worries me.

You are glad you are off anabolics?

I am damn glad. Also, that I was caught at the right moment. I often felt rotten when I was treated with steroids. I told myself. I don't want to.

Then why did you take part in this dangerous game?



To be honest, I didn't feel well with the medal. Even if they had not caught me...I would somehow have remained not quite happy. I had cheated and that was unfair and so it was good that they caught me out. But I had not expected it.

I was still almost a child when it started. I was also scared to say no. I was scared to lose everything: my coach, my friends, everything. At that time I did not realise that I had the wrong kind of friends, that some were only out for the money. I was under immense pressure.

The motto was 'You've got to win, no matter at what cost'?

I not only had to win, I believed what the people surrounding me said. They said: 'it makes you fast.'

You are the expert: do anabolics increase speed?

No, the drugs don't make you run faster. They help you—perhaps, but there I am not sure myself. When you are training you can recoup faster from stress—again, perhaps. But in no case do drugs make you run faster. They do not let you run 9.83.

What makes one fast?

Speed is mainly a question of talent. How you can handle your body and your reactions under stress.

I watched you yesterday: reporters followed you with cameras and microphones and asked hundreds of

questions. You looked uneasy. Don't you sometimes wish you could simply relax on a Jamaican beach, listen to reggae music, perhaps smoke ganja, enjoy the day? Why did you then want to join the stress of competing again?

Simple answer: running is my life. But sometimes I am homesick, I am longing for the beach and the sunshine and my old friends. But I certainly would not take ganja! But this is already my dream. When my running career is over I will spend the winters in Jamaica.

What keeps you in Canada?

My mother lives here. My entire family is here.

But mainly I have to make up with this country
To repay a debt I cheated the Canadians As soon
as my punishment is over I want to make
Canadians feel proud again with my victories

Even though after Seoul you were met with undiluted
hate? Even though Canadian politicians wanted to send
you to the North Pole after you fell? Even though angry
and disappointed fans threw garbage into your garden
and everybody shunned you?

I understand the people,
that they reacted like
that after Seoul I had
made a mistake, had
betrayed and lied And I
want to make up for it I
like living in Toronto,
and I like the people
here I love this country

In short, you are proud...
Yes, I am proud to be a
Canadian and once
again I want to make a
start for this country I
want to win medals for
this country

The former world record
holder over 100m, Calvin
Smith, thinks this is an
illusion. He believes that
the stress of expectation
you are under would slow
you down, paralyse you?
How would Calvin Smith
know this? I want to
prove to the world that I
am the fastest man ever

The whole world watches
and waits to find out if you
will be slower without
drugs—does that scare you?

It leaves me cold I know
I can run good timings
And this will also be my
message to all athletes
which—so I hope—would
influence sports people
everywhere "See I am
the fastest without
anabolics!" I don't know
yet, how fast I will be
But I am quite sure that
I will win the next world
championship and that
I will stand on top of the
steps in 1992 at the next
Olympics I work

towards this, for this I am getting both my body
and psyche into top form

'They never come back' is one law in sport. Do you really
think you can compete with the world's best after a
two-year break?

I know it But a few weeks ago I ran faster than
anyone else in the world

Please give us your timings.

Without special training
conditions of
competition I ran 6 51
over 60m and 10 03 over
100m These are
excellent timings and
means I can break all
world records I can do
better than 9 92 over
100m I can break the
world record over 60m
and also over 50 yards I
can break all records
and I will do so

That means you want to
beat Carl Lewis?

I will do so when the
time is ripe for this But
first I want to win next
year in Tokyo (The
World Championships)

You sound very optimistic?
I am optimistic

The experts, however, are of
a different opinion. Again
Calvin Smith....
he is not an expert

Anyway, he thinks it
impossible that you can run
10.00 without anabolics?
I have run 10 00 so
often My body is for 9 8
I am the only person in
the history of athletics
who has run faster than
9 90 My body did it,
and my head managed
it And that's how I
know I can manage it
again without drugs,
clean, honest

But time runs away from
you. You get older.
I am 28 now but I will
reach the peak at 30

Your former coach Charlie
Francis wrote: "Could we



**Without special training and
conditions of competition I ran 6.51
over 60m and 10.03 over 100m. I
can break all world records. And I
will do so....I want the world record
because the person who holds it at
present doesn't deserve it**

have managed 9.79 without drugs? We would, of course, have done it".

I can only remark. My timing of 9.8 is realistic. I want the world record because the person who holds it at present has not deserved it.

You don't particularly like Carl Lewis?

We are rivals. We don't talk to each other and I also have nothing to say to him.

How did you bear not being allowed to run for two years?

It was damn difficult for me. What happened in Seoul solved a lot of problems. I really was in difficulties. On the other hand, it was quite all right not having to run. Since 12 or so I've done nothing but run, run and train. Now I had some time for myself and my family, though I continued with my training. I realised this holiday.

How many million dollars did this holiday, which was forced on you, cost you?

I don't want to talk about money.

An estimate: 15 million dollars?

Certainly more.

Bitter about it?

That's how it is. I don't bother about the money I lost. I want to run again for Canada, and sometime later, money will come in again.

Six million dollars already in an autumn race if one is to believe American newspaper reports. That is the amount you are supposed to get for the "competition of all times"—the showdown between Carl Lewis and yourself—the fight for the crown. Where is this gigantic fight to take place? There is talk about Manhattan and also Japan. I can tell you only one thing: the talk about this

fight is an invention of the newspapers. Firstly, I have to be in form. I have to adjust my head to competition and then I want to run, first for Canada. I am also thinking of my image. I do not want to compete with Lewis for money. This is at present not so important to me. Some time later, there is going to be a showdown and then I will beat him.

This will also bring the money you need so urgently. You had to sell your Porsche?

Sure, I lost a lot of money. But I also had too many cars.

And you race around the countryside with this?

I like to drive and when I feel like it I drive fast. 180-200.

100 kmph is the speed limit in Canada!

Well, sometimes I drive fast. The police have not caught up with me so far.

You wanted to build a large house for your mother after Seoul.

Well, I wanted to build a real home for my mom. This was my big dream. But then this terrible thing happened. Then everything was too much for me: all these problems, and on top of it building a house! And to think of the future! Too much! But I'm still young, and in future I shall build for mom something larger and more beautiful. But first I have to concentrate on the important matters: running. I think of nothing else.

Apart from running, are you interested in what happens in the world?

Well, I suddenly had plenty of time for this during the last two years. I made use of it. I read the newspapers: now crime, environmental pollution—these are



Steroids should be banned. They should be treated by the law like heroin....they can change your character. In Canada it is a big business with 60 million dollars and a huge black market...and that's what worries me

important problems
One must know what goes on in the world
Now, I would not run in South Africa, not for a million dollars. They have to clear their race-relations first

Since 1968, when Jim Hines ran 9.95 secs for the first time, the 10-second-dream mark over 100m has been broken 31 times by 9 runners, and all of them, without exception, were blacks. How do you explain this superiority of black sprinters?

I cannot explain it. I don't think there is a specific reason for blacks being faster than the whites or the Chinese. I was born black and God gave me a special talent to run fast. I just try to make the best of it.

Did you have a special idol in your youth?

Even as a child, I wanted to be a fast sprinter. I wanted to be like Don Quarrie who won the gold medal over 200m for Jamaica in Montreal. I wanted to be like him.

It is said you became so fast because you hunted birds in the parks and had to run away from the police?

That is an old story. There is a bit of truth in it. We were poor.

The black sociologist Harry Edwards considers sport to be a new form of slavery—"athletic slavery". Reason: If the talents of black children were to be directed in different ways, there would be more black doctors, judges, executives.....

Look at me. If I couldn't run, I would, most probably, be a bum. But now I tell the kids in school: study, study! That is important. Sports come after studying.

When did you know that you could be the fastest man in the world?

In 1981, I was the fastest youngster. I ran 10.19 secs without drugs, without special



I was still almost a child when (the doping) started. I was also scared to say no. I was scared to lose everything my coach, my friends... At that time I did not realise that I had the wrong kind of friends, that some were only out for the money

vitamins, only with my natural power. From then onwards, I knew you can beat them all. And now I look back to those days and can say today I can manage it "clean". I will again be the fastest—drugs are not necessary.

Once more: what is the secret behind the black victories? Are blacks more relaxed during the competition?

Each athlete—black or white—tries to bring his opponent down psychologically. But I cannot tell you my secrets.

Why not?

Look at Ed Moses! Often, he provoked a wrong start, sometimes he quarrelled with the umpire, he tried all sorts of things to break his opponent's concentration. I also have a few tricks but I do not use them.

Your former coach has said: "One has to be prepared to kill—otherwise you can't win a race."

I don't need such feelings. I also do not 'hate' in order to get in the right mood for competition.

What do you think about in those few seconds before starting?

I think of my family, also of our background, how I grew up in Jamaica. And then I black all this out. If you start thinking about your neighbour, you have already lost.

What does it feel like to be first?

I feel good inside but I don't show it. I do not jump up and down like so many others. But I know inside that I showed them!

Athletes and sports scientists cannot agree whether sexual abstinence before competition increases strength. Does making love before the race paralyse you?

➤ **Women and sex? I don't know if I should answer this**

Try it!

Making love a few days before—okay, nothing against it. But I would do without it a night before, because nothing should distract you

What, by the way, do you think about Carl Lewis' autobiography, "Inside Track?"

Should I have read the book

➤ **Perhaps you should, because it attacks you. Lewis writes that you are a bad example for children. What should I do? He upbraids me and that was to be expected. But I know it is unfair. I'm not going to read the book. In my country, kids see me again as a hero. They love me. That is important to me, not what someone called Carl Lewis writes about me**

➤ **What do you do when you are depressed?**

I sit in my room and listen to music, preferably soul

What makes you cry?

When my father died in New York, I nearly cried. I don't know why I didn't because the pain was very great

When I run again, I will be doing it not only for my Mom but also for my Dad

What hurt you more after Seoul: loss of money or your honour as a sportsman?

I feel terribly ashamed before the public. I had asked myself again and again what people will think of me. Also, it hurt awfully because of my Mom. It hurt also that I lost a lot of money, but it does not bother me any more. It was terrible to return to Canada also. I cannot find words to describe this. I didn't know what to do, to whom to go for guidance. I stood near an abyss

➤ **Did you think of suicide?**



It was the greatest thrill of my life to win at Seoul, and the greatest shock to lose the record and the medal. All this, and particularly to win it back again 'clean' would be an unbelievable feeling

No, but I was down, very down. I felt so miserable, so very miserable. The Olympics had been my life's dream and now this. But I knew I would manage somehow. My family stood by me. I also won some true friends. But I do not want to talk about this any more

As compared to before Seoul, have you changed your training?

I train like never before. I know what my body needs. At the moment, I train 3-5 hours daily, mainly power training

And you are as strong as before?

Pretty much the same, just three pounds lighter

You said you would love to have many children. If you had a boy, would you want him to be a sprinter too?

If he wanted to run, I would help him and also show him all the tricks. But I would never force him. My name could be a problem for him. He would have to do it voluntarily

Please tell us how many years more you'd like to run?

Upto 1993

And in 1992 you want to be tops?

I will be tops. Number One

What does an Olympic medal mean to you?

It would be the crowning of my life. I won a medal. I lost it. This was a shock. If I win it back now, I will have it for eternity. I'd have something I could show my friends in 30/40 years

After the finals in Seoul, you said: 'This world record will last for 50, maybe, 100 years? It didn't even last for two days?'

It was the greatest thrill of my life to win there, and the greatest shock to lose the record and medal. All this, and particularly to win it



back again "clean" would be an unbelievable feeling

Did you even think about what would happen if you were caught for doping?

To be honest, I didn't feel well with the medal. Even if they had not caught me -I would somehow have remained not quite happy. I had cheated and that was unfair, and so it was good they had caught me out. But I had not expected it. Since 1985, I had about 29 drug tests and was never caught.

Is clean sport a matter of fiction?

At present- -yes.

Do you think the problem will be solved with regular testing?

That will take a long time. It also presupposes education: the philosophy: to win at all costs is not quite right. I

Women and sex? I don't know if I should answer this...making love a few days before is okay..nothing against it. But I would do without it the night before, because nothing should distract you

We are rivals. We don't talk to each other and also I have nothing to say to him. In my country kids see me again as a hero. They love me. That is important to me, not what someone called Carl Lewis writes about me

feel all athletes and countries should finally realise that to have a clean sport is more important than to win. There should be the same tests worldwide spot checks without prior warnings. I do hope all will act accordingly. They should if they are honest people and if they really want to clean up sport and do away with drugs.

Who will be your successor?
I don't see anyone in my generation.

What about the New American wonder kid called Michael Johnson?

The only Michael I know is Michael Jackson and he's a musician. But I'm sure one of these days there will be a successor. I'm training now with a few of my nephews. They want to become sprinters. And one of them, Kevin, seven years old, has it in him, and he keeps on saying, 'I want to be like Uncle Ben—Number One in the world. The boy is damned good.'

Better than you?

That's what my mother says. She's got an eye for that. And if she says it then, it must be so.

ARNO LUIK

Courtesy Sports Magazine



TO HELL WITH THE HOCKEY FED

BY ANDY O'BRIEN

YOU should actually have been reading this in last week's issue. But then again, this story is all about 'taking your own time to write'. So I took my time too.

If the Indian Hockey Federation (IHF) can come to a virtual standstill because some government or SAI official has not replied to certain letters from the federation, then what harm can a week's delay cause to this innocuous piece of journalese?

Where, you may ask, did I get this preposterous and ridiculous idea that a mere lack of correspondence has stifled the organisation that is supposed to be the guardian and promoter of our 'national game'? Straight from the horse's mouth—from Professor Gurusewak Singh, secretary of the IHF, the source of this information. And the forum in which he chose to reveal this information was, a national debate on the problems of Indian hockey, held at Chandigarh on the rest day of the cricket Test between India and Sri Lanka.

Indian hockey has died so many deaths, that the number of autopsies done on the corpse, would make a Jack-the-Ripper victim look like Snow White after she bit the poisoned apple.

Naturally, the seminar organised by the local sports journalist club was seen as yet another cut-disect-and-throw-away-job on Indian hockey.

AND MAYBE IT WAS

One qualifies that statement with a 'maybe' because there were, in the course of discussion, many fascinating revelations about Indian hockey, and even some concrete positive suggestions for improvement. But what good is diagnosis if it is not followed by cure or solutions if they are not

Indian hockey has died so many deaths that the number of autopsies done on the corpse would make a Jack-the-Ripper victim look like Snow White after she bit the poisoned apple.

Does anybody really care about Indian hockey?



INDIAN ERATION?

implemented

For that matter, what good is a debate where the players blame the facilities, the coaches criticise the system, the administrators point a finger at the players and the government, the former administrators belittle the present establishment, and the press find fault with everyone but themselves?

Yet, for the majority of the marathon seven-hour seminar, this was precisely the scenario. And mind you, the participants were no ordinary mortals like you and me, for whom a 'stick' meant what dad gave you when you did badly at school. Gathered at the Press Club of Chandigarh that day were former Olympians, top coaches of the country, experts on physical fitness, well known hockey administrators and present players

Rajiv Bhat



There was talk, of promoting hockey on 'sound commercial lines' and to demolish the feudal system that it has now, of the scope of making money; of the need for scientific training, of the importance of training younger age groups, of changing the nature of the stick being used by the players, and about the oh-so-many problems that plague Indian hockey

But what good is all this, when, the secretary of the federation after digesting over six hours of criticism, the majority of which was heaped on his organisation, defends himself by passing the buck

In a speech which would have won him an Oscar nomination, the secretary Gurusewak Singh narrated his efforts to revive Indian hockey in these words "I took over in February this year, and in April I wrote my first letter, which outlined a plan for training junior and sub-junior players, to the Sports Ministry and to its satellite the Sports Authority of India (SAI) I have since written six or seven reminders but have not even received two lines in reply The officers of the government and the SAI don't seem interested You ask them to wake up and take interest in Indian hockey but they don't get up They are deadweight Nothing is happening in their set-up I'm wondering who I should approach now to save Indian hockey I've exhausted my patience If things continue this way, it's best to pack up and stop this thing If I not allowed to function, I will resign"

When Mr Singh? When?

How long can you rely on others to bear, what in effect is your burden? Are you telling us that the only thing you have done in your 10 months of office is write seven letters? Are you saying that unless and until the government replies to your letters you will sit tight watching Indian hockey sink to unprecedented depths? Why is it, that the

India won the Fair Play Trophy at the last World Cup in Lahore but there was no one to collect the trophy at Brussels recently. If the players and the officials admit that the coach of the women's team to the Beijing Asian Games was thoroughly incompetent and should not have been chosen, then how did he make the trip in the first place?

Is there any fun left for a player to take up hockey seriously?



federation is so over-reliant on the government? If the federation is merely a middleman who takes the government's funds and then distributes it as and when it likes, then of what use is a federation?

What are you doing about increasing facilities for the players? If there was an agreement between the players and the federation before the Lahore World Cup, why hasn't that been implemented? Apart from writing letters to the SAI and the Sports Ministry for the training of juniors and sub-juniors, what other concrete measures have you taken to promote or commercialise the game? Or is it that you are happy to depend on government support so that when it does not come, you can always pass the baby on to them?

How come the most talented players are



Amir Ghani

being held on grass? If it's because no one wants to host it, then maybe it's because you demand too much guarantee money. If you can't get sponsors, then, it's because they don't trust the accountability of the federation!

The list of questions one could ask, would match a new edition of the Spanish Inquisition.

India won the Fair Play Trophy at the last World Cup but there was no one present to collect the trophy at the International Federation's meeting at Brussels recently! If both the players and the officials admit, that the coach of the women's team to the Beijing Asian Games was thoroughly incompetent, then how did he make the trip in the first place? How much money, got from sponsors for various tournaments, actually filters down to the

players?

These are the less complex questions. But where are the answers to these?

Maybe it would be unfair to dump all the garbage on the doorstep of the IHF. But then, who is more accountable for Indian hockey, the Sports Ministry or the Indian Hockey Federation? The impetus must come from the former and not merely in the form of letters.

Professor Singh talks about the general indifference of the SAI and the Sports Ministry towards Indian hockey. He talks about naming the officials responsible for the present stagnation of Indian hockey? He talks in terms of belling the cat!

Fair enough Professor, point accepted, but there's something hanging around your neck too! ●

WHEN Sir Donald Bradman gave a television interview

to the Australian Broadcasting Corporation just prior to the Ashes series, it came as quite a shock

In these media-dominated times, the greatest living cricketer to reach the age of 82 has resisted the continuous pressures to appear on the screen. That he has, though, is perhaps the key to the Bradman enigma.

To those born since his hey-day, his name evokes monochrome newsreel pictures of a distant flannelled figure in a flat cap smiting the world's greatest bowlers

SIR DON

Speaks His Mind

After a lapse of many years, Australia's most famous cricketer speaks out in a television interview about his legendary career



to all corners of every Test arena in which he played. And it was appropriate that his interview should have been punctuated with a feast of such film clips, from England's defeat of Australia on the Brisbane Exhibition ground in 1928-29 (his first Test) to his last at

A macho Don Bradman during his younger days

the Oval in 1948, where he failed by four runs to achieve a Test average of 100.

The statistics, as well as the filmed evidence, show that Bradman was not merely a class above the other great batsmen of history, like Hobbs and Hammond: he was at least two classes above them.

He scored centuries at the rate of one every three innings and had a

career average of 95. There are no grounds to dispute that he was, technically, the greatest batsman in the history of first-class cricket. And while, in the 42 years since he retired, he has remained a great name, he has not, though, become a part of the modern world in which he lives.

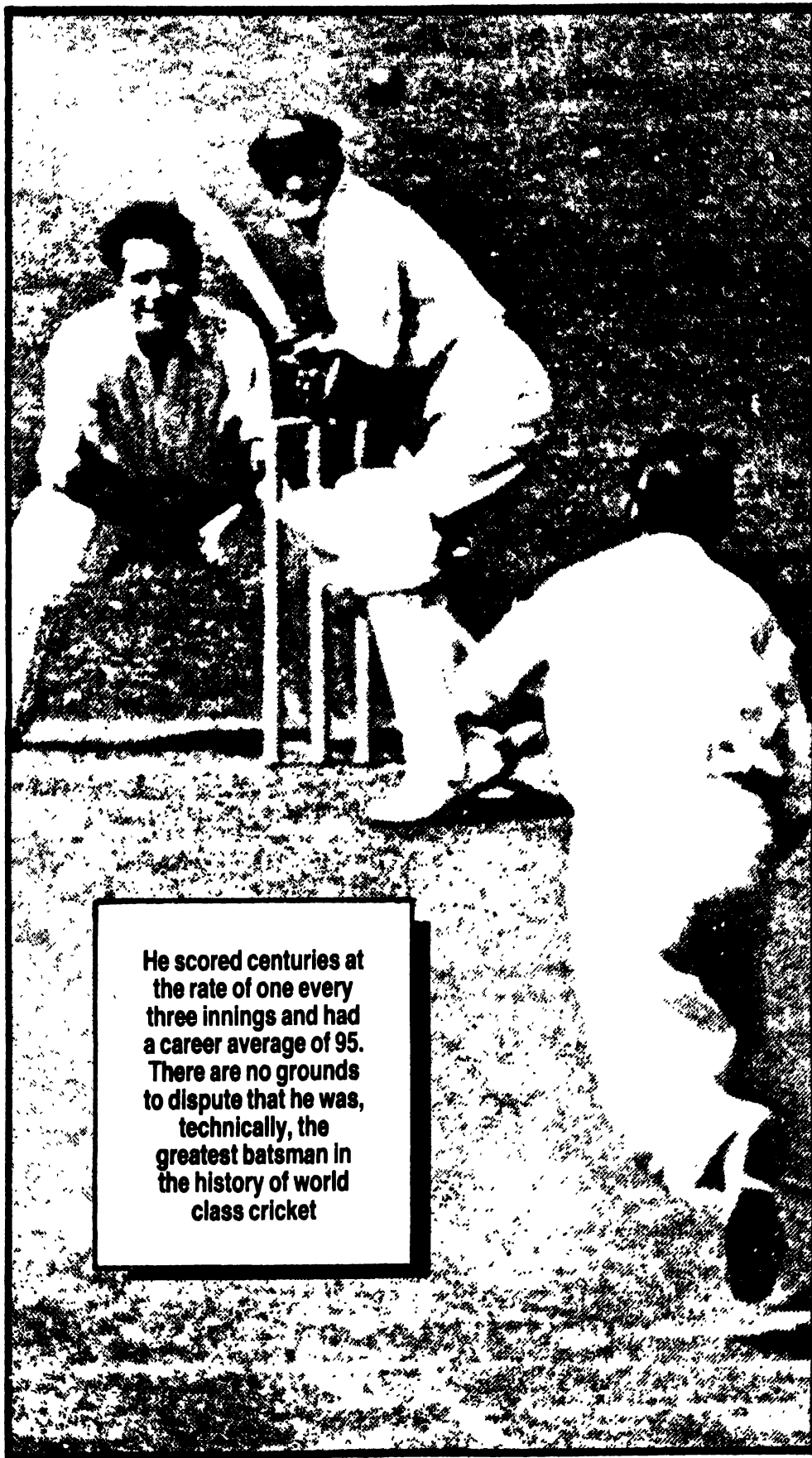
That was why it was such a surprise to see Sir Donald on television, reminiscing about his phenomenal feats. For more than a generation he has been accorded the reverence and status which is usually conferred upon a great artist or celebrity only after death.

This aura has been fostered by Bradman's own reclusiveness. Despite diligent work for cricket in Australia as an administrator, he has never sought publicity. He was shaken by, but sympathetic to, the desire of his son to change his distinctive surname because of the suffocating attention he was receiving as Bradman's boy.

So Bradman himself kept a low profile. He emphasised in the interview that he had no intention of discussing his private life, which has been settled and happy. Probably the most famous man in Australia, ahead of Barry Humpries, Paul Hogan and Bob Hawke, he admitted that he still spends three or four hours a day answering fan mail.

His interview was

Don Bradman: tensed, poised, eyes on the ball, ready to whack it to the boundary



He scored centuries at the rate of one every three innings and had a career average of 95. There are no grounds to dispute that he was, technically, the greatest batsman in the history of world class cricket



The noted interviewer Norman May (right) interviews the Don for radio

prompted, apparently, by his desire to leave something on film for posterity about his time in the game. Attributing his record breaking to his speed of scoring, he pointed out that many men have spent a longer time at the wicket than he did and scored far fewer runs. His highest score, 452, was made, he said, in around 400 minutes—just more than a day's play. "But someone has got to stay at the other end," he said. Throughout Bradman was reluctant to take the credit himself.

He had never intended to play cricket professionally, even after the 1930 tour of England had confirmed him as the world's greatest batsman. "I wanted sport to be a recreation," he said. "I wanted to play it for pleasure."

However, the Depression put a stop to that. Bradman lost his job with an estate agency in Sydney, and instead went about Australia between matches promoting sports goods.

Playing miniature snooker during his free time

Ultimately, he moved from Sydney to Adelaide, played for South Australia, and was sponsored (and taught business) by a firm of stockbrokers.

He also made some surprising and unsurprising revelations. Commenting on film of his hitting five sixes in an innings for New South Wales against Victoria in 1934—most of them off Fleetwood-Smith—Bradman said he had never hit a six in a first-class match before that day, though he was in his seventh season in the game.

When asked about the

"Bodyline" tour and specifically about whether he and Douglas Jardine ever had much to say to each other when they met later in life, he replied "There wasn't very much conversation."

There was extensive film of the 1948 series, and he set the record straight about that emotional last Test at the Oval, where Holles bowled him for a duck. "I was not aware it was going to be my last innings," he said, pointing out that Australia might have had to bat again. "Nor was I aware that I needed those four runs." He could, though,

remember precisely the shot that removed him. "I hit it on the inside edge of the bat and pulled it on to the stumps."

The only depressing aspect of the interview was the inevitable nostalgia it provoked—in the audience rather than the subject—about how much better the game was when Bradman played. It was clear that the attitudes of top sportsmen such as Bradman had a much higher moral tone than would often appear to be so today.

Asked what moment he would want to live again, he singled out the victory at Leeds in 1948, when he helped his side score 404 in a day to win—the first time such a total had ever been made to win a Test. He however hurriedly corrected any impression he might have given that this was because of his own personal success in the match.

It was because the team and the country had succeeded.

As for his connection with the game now, even though he has given up administration, he said he still watches the game on television.

It was a stark thought to leave us with, that this great man from a different world sits and watches the pyjamas, the cursing cartoon ducks and hears the brash, ill-informed commentators that characterise much televised cricket here.

One understood at once why he had kept himself off the screen for so long.

Simon Heffer



PHOTO OF THE WEEK



PHOTOGRAPH BY JYOTI BORKAR

It was a great year for East Bengal. A repeat of 1972 when the premier club won the country's most prestigious trophy, the IFA Shield, Durand and the Rovers. The four players (from left) Bhaichand Poojari, Kishan Chatterjee, Krishanu Dey and Chandra Chatterjee, who did yeoman service for the team, posing with the 1980 booty (from left) the IFA Shield, Durand, Shimla Cup and the Rovers

GUEST COLUMN

'I can no Pakistan

Will the venomous right arm of Imran ever strike



IMRAN KHAN

Is all praise for Waqar Younus but queries his own ability to bowl long spells in the Test

PRACTISING for three weeks in the Lord's indoor nets with Sharis (an Iranian friend)

and Peter O'Toole (my childhood movie idol) was a lot of fun but I'm afraid not the ideal preparation to take on the West Indians.

When I arrived in England recently I was surprised about the weather and the (more) relaxed lifestyle. I was also surprised about the pressure of the Pakistani cricket team. I was told that the Pakistani cricket team was the best in the world.

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longer carry the bowling on my shoulders'

international against the West Indies. Fortunately, my batting did not let me down. As for my bowling, the less said the better. Had I to make myself available for Pakistan as a frontline bowler, I am afraid I would have had to decline because no longer do I feel I can carry the Pakistan bowling on my shoulders. I arrived in Pakistan as a batting all-rounder rather than the other way around.

The first one-day international let me have a close look at Waqar Younis for the first time since May. His bowling filled me with pride and pleasure, for it was only a year ago when I insisted on his selection straight from the under-19 cricket into the national team. Since then, I have given him a crash course in the physical, mental and technical aspects of fast bowling. And what a great student he proved to be.

I even brought him to England last May and pleaded with Sussex to take him on their staff. I felt I would kill two birds with one stone. While Waqar would get great exposure in county cricket, in turn, my old county would acquire a much-needed

strike bowler. But I do not think my old club took me seriously when I told them that he was potentially the best bowler in the world. Surrey signed him up instead, and became a transformed team.

We swept the one-day internationals 3-0 against the West Indies. But I am not fooled by the triumph in one-day cricket. In 1988, we were whitewashed by the West Indies in the one-day matches, but we went on to win the first Test. Later, the West Indies were beaten 3-0 by England one-day game—and went on to win the Test series 4-0.

I was amazed at the comments made by the New Zealand manager about Pakistani bowlers tampering with the ball. Why did he not make these complaints when he was in Pakistan? And does he mean that by making the ball rough on one side, Chris Fringle could become the same quality bowler as Wasim and Waqar? His comments certainly implied that.

It seems that anyone can swing the ball by making it rough on one side. I think he is being extremely naive. It is like saying that Dennis Lillee's greatness was due to him picking the

seam (he was often seen doing that on television). The manager's statement

Imran is very impressed with the way Waqar Younis is shaping up

for Pakistan cricket. Our Board made a massive financial loss, for the cricketing public refused to go to the grounds to watch any of the matches. I feel the Pakistan Board could actually sue the New Zealand Board for breach of contract, because when guarantee monies are agreed between the two countries, it is assumed that the touring country will bring their best team.



also contradicts the comment made by Martin Crowe that Waqar was the best fast bowler he has ever faced. I am afraid his statements not only created a lot of bad blood between the two cricketing boards but sounded like feeble excuses for his team's predictably disastrous performance in Pakistan.

While the New Zealand team went home after being given excellent exposure to high class cricket and the New Zealand Board received the handsome sum of \$200,000 in guarantee, the whole tour was a catastrophe

Also, when in New Zealand two years ago, I criticised the umpiring. It was said that I was merely doing it to lobby for neutral umpires. Yet in Pakistan, Martin Crowe asked for neutral umpires too. Their manager also indirectly implied that the umpiring was bad when he talked about our players tampering with the ball, the implication being that if they were neutral umpires, they would not have let that happen.

The ICC should immediately set up a panel of international umpires before something disastrous happens. ●

MADAN LAL

DREAMS

DIE
HARD

Madan Lal with wife



MADAN LAL, popularly known as 'Maddi Paa' epitomises the never-say-die spirit. Madan Lal has never been a quitter regardless of an imbalanced and chequered career. Each setback had spurred him on to make yet another comeback, till he had enough and announced his retirement. He spoke to Ghaus Mohammed....

SPORTSWORLD: You played in 39 Test matches. Do you think you should have played more Test matches?

MADAN LAL: What can I say? I'm still luckier than others. There were several players like Rajinder Goel and Padmakar Shivalkar who should have played many more Tests and I'm happy that I got the chance to represent India.



People criticise the Indian bowlers.... But nobody has given serious thought to the quality of wickets in India. We only have batting wickets. Till we produce sporting wickets, we can never produce quality medium pacers.

What are your feelings and memories about your debut series?

I was happy to be selected for the tour to England in 1974, but unhappy that India lost the series 0-3 and performed disastrously. The Sudhir Nalk shoplifting controversy upset the morale of the team. There was constant bickering and factionalism amongst senior players and it was not a very good tour and the atmosphere in the dressing room was not helpful for a junior player like me. I have sad memories of that tour.

You considered yourself as an all-rounder, but there was criticism about your batting. It was felt that you were scared of fast bowling. What do you have to say?

It was misinformed criticism by some journalists. Ron Hendricks of *Indian Express* started this campaign against me. He said that I was scared of fast bowling. This put mental pressure on me everytime I went out to bat. Sometimes I made silly mistakes against fast bowling, like getting out hit wicket in a Test match in England in '74, while trying to hook a rising delivery. The selectors were also influenced by the fact that I was hesitant against pace bowling and this factor led to my omission from the Test team.

As a medium pacer did you prefer to bowl abroad or at home?

'Delhi players never get as many chances as Bombay players'...



(After a pause) That is a very good question. People criticise the Indian bowlers and say that we do not have so many medium pacers like Pakistan. But nobody has given serious thought to the quality of wickets in India. We only have batting wickets till we get the spinning wickets. We can never produce quality medium pacer, especially. There is no one in the world for that matter who can bowl a medium pace ball like a spinner. That is why we have to rely on the spinners.

Sharma and Roger Binny and even Manoj Prasad concentrate on their batting to keep their place in the Indian team. Kapil is great and can play as a bowler and batsman. However, most of our medium pacers are not good batsmen. They are not good enough to play in the same manner.

Devi is a very good batsman. He has been a stand-by for the Indian team since 1985. At Jamnagar

Ron Hendricks of Indian Express started this campaign against me. He said that I was scared of fast bowling...The selectors were also influenced by that fact....

Pillai is very unlucky. He has been a stand-by for the Indian team since 1985. At Jamnagar

1988 he got a chance to play in the one-day international against the Kiwis, but the match was called off because of rain. This is an example of real bad luck. Greater players than me, like Gavaskar and Bedi, have said that Bhaskar should have played for India, long ago. I do feel that Delhi players have NOT got a very fair deal from the national selectors. We never get as many chances as Bombay players to establish ourselves in the Indian team. ●

TENNIS TRIVIA

PLAYER that Monica Seles says has more fun on the tennis court than anyone she's ever seen: Jennifer Capriati.

ORGANISATION that has sent Ivan Lendl letters saying it is glad that he wears the highly protective French Foreign Legion style hat when he plays: American Cancer Society.

PERCENT of the players in the singles draw at the 1990 Wimbledon who ate bananas regularly to boost their energy levels, according to the resident doctor at the All England Club: 60.

NUMBER of times Andre Agassi lobbed when Pete Sampras rushed net 62 times in Sampras' 6-4, 6-3, 6-2 U.S. Open final victory: 1.

NUMBER of bottles of champagne the Davis Cup can hold: 37.

FIRST male player to win a Grand Slam title with a large-headed racket: Mats Wilander (1982 French Open).

PLAYER who uses the smallest racket head on the men's pro tour: Ivan Lendl.

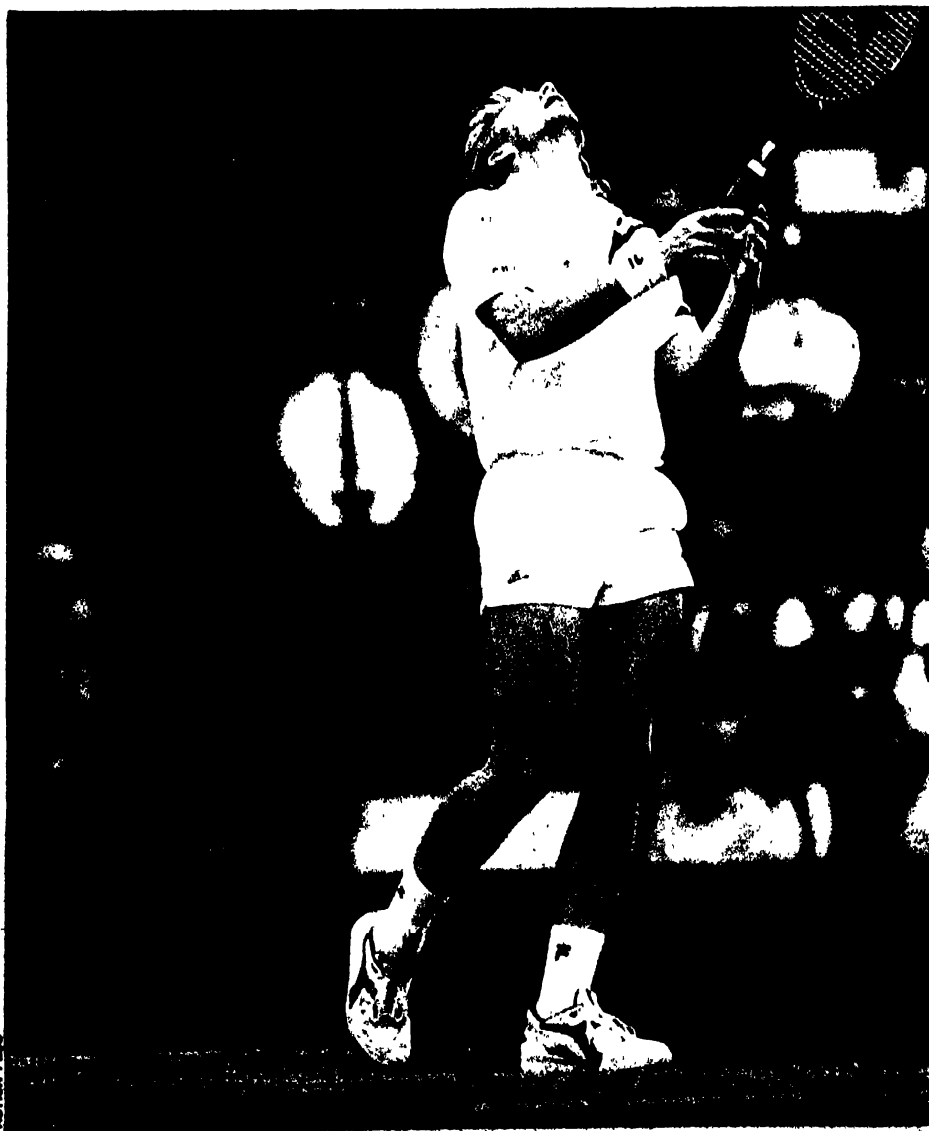
HOW soccer legend Franz Beckenbauer described Boris Becker: "By far the greatest sportsman Germany has ever had—bigger even than Max Schmeling."

WHERE zealous photographers, during the annual Women's Tennis Association dinner at the Plaza Hotel, tried to follow Capriati: Into the women's room.

ADDRESS of Bjorn Borg: Apartment 7-9, 18th Floor, L'Eftorial, Avenue Princesse Grace, Monte Carlo, Monaco.

WHAT 'disco kid' Vitas Gerulaitas thinks of modern tennis: "I played in the golden age of tennis with Laver, Borg, Connors and McEnroe. Tennis has become a glorified women's game with the exception of four or five guys. All the guys do now is hit the ball 100 miles per hour down the middle of the court. Rod Laver would beat anyone now with a MaxPly Fort (wood) racket."

WHAT Joe Chang predicted in 1987 about his son Michael, then 15 that is worth dusting off: "The only person



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who will help the US bring the Davis Cup back in 1990, is Michael because he's going to be a great all-surface player".

HOW Andre Agassi is worried about his wounded image: "You've got professional athletes who are caught in affairs, who have drug problems, or alcohol problems, but when people criticise me, they're talking about things like, 'He said he was a Christian and I heard him swear on court,' or 'Oh, those clothes are too bright,' or 'Oh, he tanked the second set, I don't care if he won the



TOMMY HINDLEY

match.' Through the first four rounds of the US Open this year people weren't cheering for my opponent: they were cheering against me. It's like they're saying, 'Anybody but him.' I feel that I constantly have to prove to people that I'm all right."

HOW Guillermo Vilas, who feigned an ankle injury and defaulted after clinching a semifinal berth at the 1977 Masters, spent part of that afternoon: Running in New York's Central Park.

HOW Bjorn Borg, who feigned being ill with the flu and also defaulted, spent that cold morning: Filming an automobile commercial at the corner of 46th and Madison Avenue.

WHAT Ivan Lendl, at his therapist's suggestion in 1985, began writing daily in a notebook to build mental toughness against John McEnroe who led their match

WHY players have been beating no-longer-invincible Steffi Graf in 1990 according to Mary Joe Fernandez who has quietly climbed to number four in the world: "Strategically they're hitting more to her backhand, and they're hitting high balls which she doesn't like. Steffi didn't worry too much about improving her game for the past three years."

rivalry, 12-9: "I am looking forward to playing McEnroe."

THE Martina Navratilova record that she thinks will never be broken: Her 74-match winning streak.

WHAT Pam Shriver called most of the young men on the pro tour in her 1986 book, "Passing Shots": "Antisocial drips."

Compiled by Paul Feln

SOME info—which we bet you didn't know—on the Ryder Cup. Samuel Ryder was a pipe smoking seed salesman who dreamt up what has become the biggest most ballyhooed event in Anglo-American sport.

Sam had made a fortune at the turn of the century by selling penny packets of seeds and herbs and eventually became so successful that he left his home town of Manchester to go further south of the British Isles in order to expand his business. His health suffered as a result of the transfer and the doctors advised him to take up golf purely for its therapeutic value.

EASY RYDER

Anglo-American rivalry

He struck his first golf ball in 1910 at the age of 51. By the mid-1920s he was planning the competition which would go on to be associated with his

name. Ryder paid a Sheffield goldsmith 100 guineas to make the Cup.

The Times, London reported on April 26, 1926 that a certain Mr Ryder of St.

The Ryder Cup: One of the reasons why the Yanks and the English hate each other



CO-OPSPORT

PRIVATE EYE

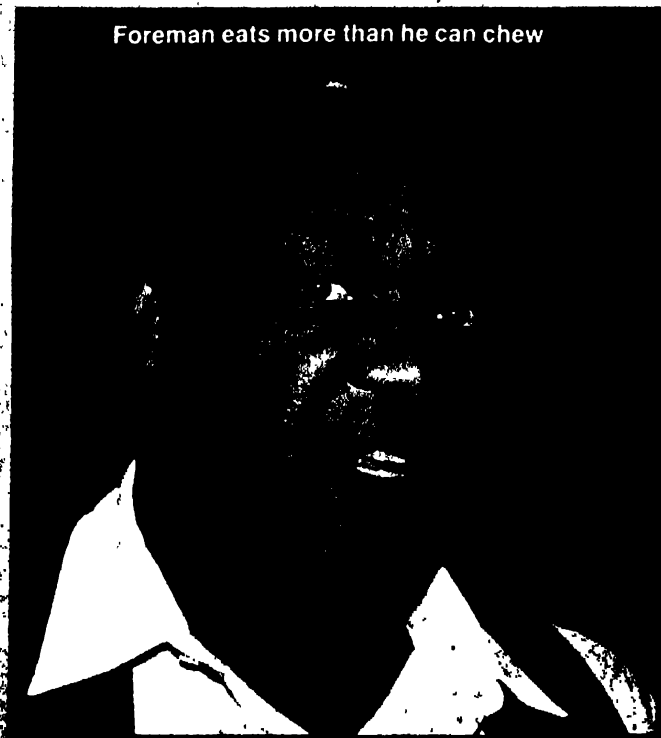


WE LOOK
WHERE
WE'RE NOT
SUPPOSED TO!

Albans had presented a trophy for an annual golf competition between teams comprising British and American pros. The first match for the trophy would take place at Wentworth on June 4 and 5.

The rest as they say is history...bet you didn't know this one, huh?

Foreman eats more than he can chew



FOOD FOR FOREMAN

A Holyfield sandwich

WE'VE got the latest on the George Foreman-Evander Holyfield fight which has been scheduled for April 19, 1991.

The two met at the New York Grand Hyatt Hotel to announce the date for their title fight. Holyfield appeared confident and smiling. George Foreman did too, but he tagged along his accessories with him, to be specific—food!

Foreman, 42 and weighing more than 250 pounds simply towered over Holyfield and was waving a turkey's leg right in front of his nose. He had other gimmicks planned too. Soon a cart full of food was delivered to the conference room of the hotel with the waiter shouting, "Room service for George Foreman."

Foreman then made his move when he told a smiling Holyfield, "Don't get smart or I'll put you between two slices of bread and eat you." Holyfield seemed to reply but the smile on his face signified otherwise.

In any case, Foreman could prove to be more than a mouthful for Holyfield.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Sachin who?

If you're a fan of Sachin Tendulkar, guess who he's named after. Not a cricketer by a long shot. He is actually named after one of the greatest music directors Hindi films had ever produced: Sachin Dev Burman.

However, when the whiz kid was born Burman's glory days were already behind him. His fans though had still not deserted him, two of them being Nitin and Ajit, Tendulkar's brothers. And thus the new born in the family—Sachin—who was to grow up and become the rage in cricketing circles, was christened after the genius.

But his name ain't music to the ears of bowlers the world over.

Can Sachin make better music?



UTPAL GOSWAMI



Imran has got A'nu passion

NIGHT GAMES

Star Dust

WANT to know why Imran Khan couldn't click during the Pepsi Cup that was held in Bombay? According to one Bombay magazine, the reason comes in the form of a dark and sultry model cum-movie star called Anu Agarwal.

A very bored Anu was dancing alone in a snazzy disco in one of Bombay's five star hotels and the sexy Khan happened to pass by. Needless to say their eyes met, sparks flew and both of them started making their way towards each other. *Aashiqui II* had begun. They started dancing and apparently got so close to each other that it looked as if they made one shadow. After a while Anu left with Imran plodding along close behind.

The magazine didn't say where they went and what they did but a very tired Imran played quite badly the next day. Reminds us of a T-shirt Imran Khan popularised during the World Series Cup: 'Big Boys play at night'.

FITNESS

Can Women Work Out Like Men?



WITH more and more couples getting into fitness together, it isn't rare that workouts overlap. After all, if you and your partner have decided to spend an hour on your bodies, why do it at two different corners of the city? And with most of the fitness centres around the country being very male oriented—fitted out with weights and other muscle building stuff—ladies find themselves facing the dilemma of pumping iron and risking their feminine look.

But don't worry too much about it, ladies. Done in the right proportion, all that ultra

macho equipment won't rob you of your sleek feline charm. In fact, it might just give you a firm body that you'll be proud to flaunt. It's like this: apart from a few bodyparts, the female anatomy is very similar to the male. A woman's arm consists of biceps and triceps muscles just as a man's does. A woman's shoulder consists of deltoid muscles just as a man's does, and her leg consists of quadriceps, hamstrings, gastrocnemius and soleus muscles, just as a man's does. Even her back and abdomen consist of the same latissimus dorsi and rectus abdominis as those of a man. The same goes for the chest, where in spite of the fatty tissue and glands that make up the breasts, the basic pectoral muscles still exist.

So if you're looking for an overall look of fitness, then you've got to work these muscles ladies. And that means doing basically the same exercises as your macho man. With a few differences.

The first thing to

Understand is that, despite all the above-mentioned similarities, there is still a very major difference in the male and female anatomy. The hips and the buttocks, to be precise. With the very female attribute of childbearing to accommodate, the female hips tend to be much wider. And therefore need much more work to keep in shape. It's because of this problem that most men's and women's workout books differ. While the women's workouts have a lot of hip and glute exercises woven in, the



men's workouts leave it to squats and leg presses to work the glutes.

Then, while doing the same exercises as men, you ladies might want to ease off the poundage. If your man's bench-pressing 200 pounds, it doesn't mean you short for that weight too, by way. All you need to lift is about a quarter of his weight. Not only will it prevent any injury to your more-delicate frame, it'll also prevent you from bulking up too much (uugh!).

But don't get too scared by that last observation though. As a rule, women don't produce as much testosterone—the hormone that causes muscle growth—as a man. So even if you start working your way up the poundage in search of an even better body, there's very little chance that your muscles are going to get as big as your muscle-man's.

And then, of course, is the very important question of what type of body you ladies are after. If you're aiming for the spotlights of competitive bodybuilding, then you better hit the weights in a big way. But if you're just looking for a trim, taut body with an overall level of fitness, then you can do the same exercises as your man...but less intensely.

So if you're stuck on being together even when sweating it out, go for it. Just make sure you do the exercises with lighter weight, do fewer sets per bodypart and work out fewer days each week. That way you'll be as fit as him...and look better, of course. Right? ●

THE BEST OF TENNIS WRITING

PARIS

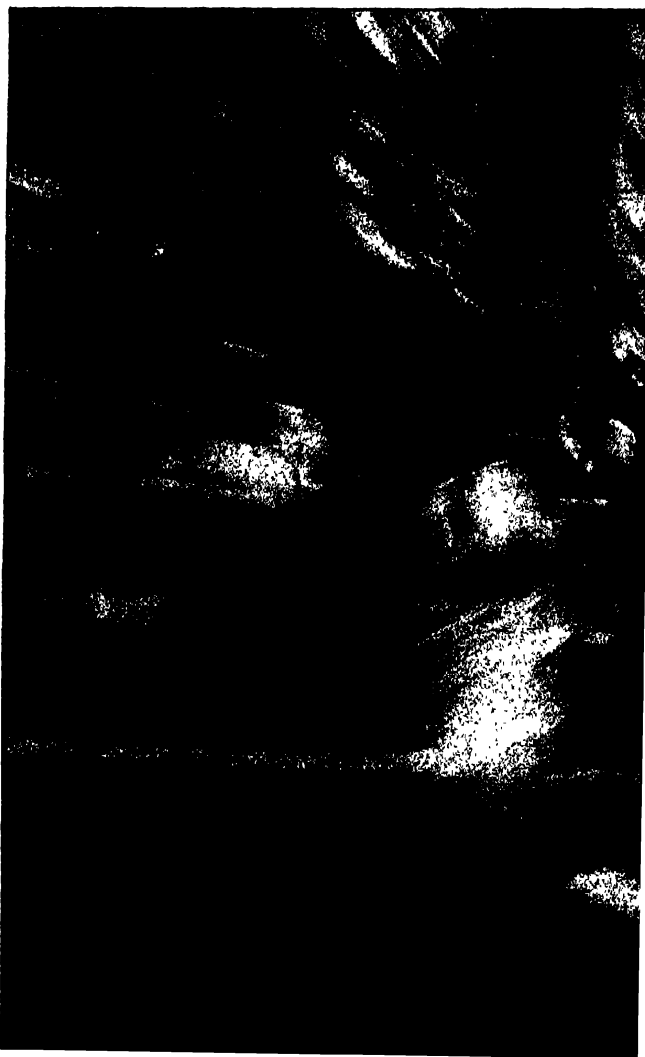
The Pathos & the Pleasure

BY REX BELLAMY (May 1981)

IN the next world, as a reward for distinguished service, we may sometimes be given a day off from stoking duties, or dusting the harps, and issued with the equivalent of Army 'leave warrants'. Perhaps they will insist, when handing over the travel vouchers (one-day return) that we resume our former, mundane labours. If they do, I shall spend that day at the French championships—first ensuring that the programme includes

matches in which the likes of Pietrangeli, Santana, or Panatta will tease the likes of Laver, Rosewall, and Emerson. If he behaves himself, Nastase can play too. All the matches will last five sets and four hours, even the winners will collapse on the massage table like houses of cards, and I shall miss a few deadlines. But the birds will be singing and the wine will be waiting.

A day at the French championships can mirror a lifetime's hope and frustration, beauty and pathos, pleasure and pain. In the few past



TOMMY HINDLEY

years the emphasis has shifted slightly away from finesse. But that is probably no more than a passing phase, based on the prevalent dominance of the slickly tailored attritional methods embodied by Bjorn Borg and Chris Lloyd. Did you know that, on the slow clay of the State Roland Garros, each has been beaten by only one player? Adriano Panatta beat Borg in 1973 and 1976. Margaret Court came back from 6—7 and 3—5 down to win her 1973 final with Miss Evert, as she was then. Borg has been champion five times, twice without losing a set, and Mrs Lloyd has been

champion four times. Last year a record total of 222,316 paying customers saw them in action. In five years, the crowds have trebled.

The French championships became

an international event in 1925 and the State Roland Garros was built in 1928. Nowhere else is the grandeur of tennis displayed in such rich variety—and nowhere else is the physical and

mental cost of creating that grandeur so cruelly high. In short, Paris is the best place to play it. Ask John McEnroe and Jimmy Connors, who are still learning the trade on slow clay, or

A day at the French championships can mirror a lifetime's hope and frustration, beauty and pathos, pleasure and pain. In the past few years the emphasis has shifted slightly away from finesse. But that is probably no more than a passing phase, based on the prevalent dominance of the slickly tailored attrition methods embodied by Bjorn Borg and Chris Lloyd

Arthur Ashe, who never quite managed it (though he came close, and always found those famous courts an irresistible intellectual

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challenge). The women's game thrives only on faster surfaces but in Paris, even women's tennis has often been painstakingly painted in colours of gold

All this has been true

prejudiced, charming romantic who likes to be known as "The Poet." He made things happen. Like shifting the offices of the French Federation to Roland Garros and raising the money to

4,500. Like introducing a faster ball to compensate for the slow surface. Like improving the food for both body and soul (retaining leafy, grassy islands of shade while adding a

The French have made mistakes. The new 'show' court is a little short on run-back (especially at the sites) and the doubles game has been demeaned in terms of prize money



for a long time. But as a public promotion the championships have bloomed only since the national federation acquired the inspiring leadership of the boldly imaginative Philippe Chatrier, a vain,

rebuild the place. Like expanding the centre court accommodation to 15,000 (maybe 17,000 at a squeeze) and incorporating in the redesigned premises an intimate new 'show' court with room for

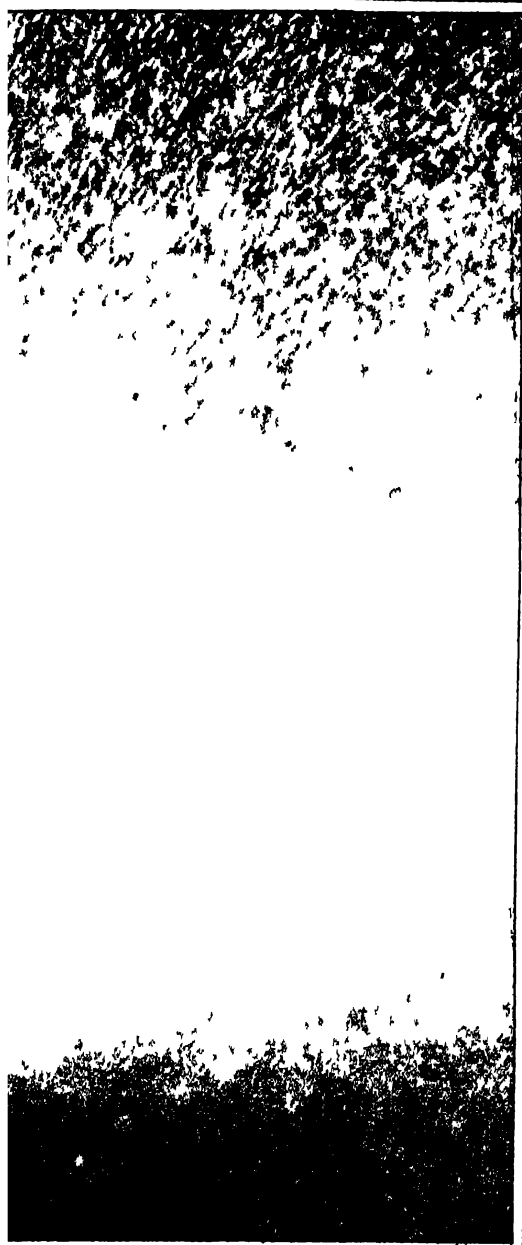
fountain, more flowers, and extended promenades). Like 'live' television coverage—and a comprehensive range of associated facilities for public, players and press.

and scheduling prominence. But people who never make mistakes never make anything.

Every year, something changes at Roland Garros—but the essentially sensuous

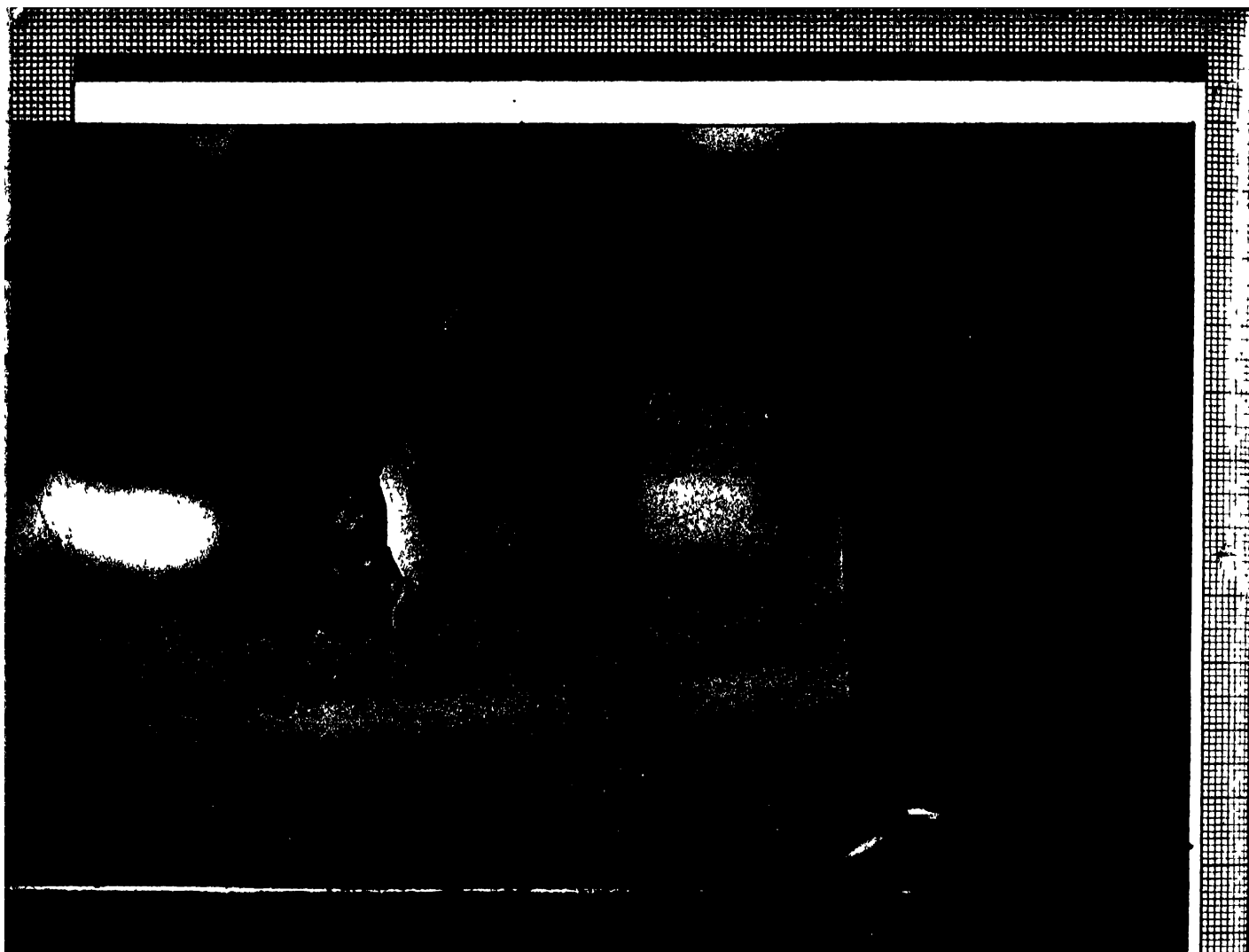
pleasures of the tournament remain untarnished Sensuous? Yes Because the mind's appreciation of the game is locked in with the sight and sound of tennis at Roland Garros,

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with the taste and smell of it With the smell of French cigarettes, garlic, and sun-warmed flowers With the taste of wine, coffee, crisp French bread, and the inescapable steak frites or sandwich jambon.





With the sound of birds singing; umpires nasally intoning *quinze, trente, quarante, egalite, avantage*; and the inimitably soothing slither of shoes shuffling on shale. With the sight of russet-coloured courts amid the grey of concrete and the green of trees; swirling clouds of dust at the mercy of some passing breeze; shirt sleeves and summer dresses in the bright heat of May and June; brilliantly hued crowds on the soaring centre court terraces (like giant rockeries built round a stretch of beach); and line judges dressed in green and grey—among them a chic blonde who flashes

just enough leg to remind us that there is more to life than tennis.

Roland Garros has many separate areas of interest, each with its own character and charm. But the centre court sums it all up. It is here that the close rapport between players and public is most exciting. The spectators are cultivated, perceptive. They respond to the mood of drama and players with a passionate, caring, yet discriminating urbanity. At times their noisy enthusiasm threatens to dominate a match by affecting the composure of players and court officials. And in the evenings the echoes of combat rumble



Every year something changes at Roland Garros—but the essentially sensuous pleasures of the tournament remain untarnished. Sensuous? Yes. Because the mind's appreciation of the game is locked in with the sight and sound of tennis at Roland Garros, with the taste and smell of it



on as matches are replayed over dinner—perhaps along the Champs—Elysees, perhaps at some candlelit restaurant in Montmartre, Montparnasse, or the Latin Quarter.

What makes the French the supreme, all-round test of tennis, the most arduous tournament to win, is the combination of heat with a loose, gritty surface that, by means of friction, takes the pace off the ball. The quick-footed, violent cut-and-thrust that prospers at Wimbledon and Flushing Meadow is not good enough for Paris. The ball hovers—rather like the kind of rain that seems

to hang about, as distinct from merely falling. Players use slacker stringing in Paris, because ball control matters more than mere power. Rallies last longer. The ball cannot be put away easily. So matches become a prolonged series of tactical manoeuvres containing every trick in the book, every variation of pace and length, spin, angle, and trajectory.

These sweating, straining endeavours demand both physical and mental stamina. They demand a discreet, concentrated patience on the one hand, and, on the other, a constructive alertness to a sudden threat or opportunity. They demand a delicate balance between sparring and a commitment to attack. Openings have to be shrewdly and carefully created—often three or four times in the course of a single rally. Even the superficially simple business of sliding into a shot—so that positioning and balance are perfect—can be desperately difficult unless you have been brought up to it. And the longer a match lasts, the greater the threat of cramp, shrieking agony, even tears.

A glib analogy between Paris and Wimbledon might be that between a carefully composed classical score and improvised jazz. But the analogy falls down, for me anyway, because I prefer Paris and New Orleans to Wimbledon and Beethoven. When watching tennis in Paris, all kinds of images leap to mind: music, geometry, chess,

poetry, fencing. Nothing much seems to be happening. Then, suddenly, everything is happening—a flurry of

punches, perhaps, or the whisper of a drop and the buzz of a top-spin lob. Alarm bells tend to ring in the midst of the

most soporific, hypnotic exchanges. Thus the need for mental stamina—the ability to stay alert when

Chris Evert: tennis' Queen of Paris



TOMMY HINDLEY



(Starting second from left): Panatta, Borg and Connors. The Swede won in Paris 6 times. Panatta once and Connors never.

everything in you cries out for mental and physical repose.

Watching a match go on court can be like popping a joint in the oven. It can safely be left for a while. You can pop back in an hour or so to see how it's cooking. That was how it was in 1961, when Manuel Santana went to Paris and won his first major championship. He beat Nicola Pietrangeli in a five-set final and was so overcome by the cessation of emotional stress that he burst into tears—and Pietrangeli went round the net, took Santana in his arms, and comforted him like a father calming a child who had woken from a nightmare. That was how it was when, the same year, an Australian teenager called Margaret Smith played in Paris for the first time—and was beaten 7-5, 12-10 by

Ann Haydon, as she was then. Cramp hit Miss Smith in the second set and the Australian manager, Nell Hopman, dashed on court to help her (in those days, compassion was sometimes allowed to override the rules).

That was how it was, too, in 1969, when John Newcombe somehow produced two aces to beat Jan Kodes 11-9 in the fifth set after more than four hours of an exhausting slugfest. That was how it was in 1972 when Kerry Melville took three hours and 55 minutes to beat Pam Teeguarden (who served for the match four times, had two match points, ultimately ended the ordeal with a double-fault and sat down and cried). Finally, that was how it was in 1980 when Paul McNamee took four hours and 18 minutes to



What makes the French the supreme, all-round test of tennis, the most arduous tournament to win, is the combination of heat with a loose, gritty surface that, by means of friction, takes the pace off the ball.....matches become a prolonged series of tactical manoeuvres containing every trick in the book; every variation of pace and length, spin, angle, and trajectory



beat John McEnroe in a match of four tie-breaks and Jimmy Connors came back from 3-6, 2-6, 2-5 and 30-40 down to beat Jean-Francois Caujolle. There had been nothing quite like that since 1958 when Robert Haillet recovered from 0-5 and love-40 down in the fifth set to beat Budge Patty.

It would be an exaggeration to suggest that matches like these are the norm in Paris. But their content was a totally authentic guide to the character of the French championships. How the memories do crowd in—the best of them featuring a subtle clay-court specialist countering the hammer blows of some mighty exponent of the 'big' game.

So I'll stoke the fires, or dust the harps. Just get the 'leave warrant' ready, and leave the rest to me. ●

Well Done

IT was very nice of *Sportsworld* to have given Pravin Amre the coverage that he badly needed. This gesture of yours will surely lift the morale of upcoming cricketers, of the likes of Praveen Amre.

ARTA MISHRA,
Cuttack.

Dropped Yet Again

ARUN LAL must be wondering why he was shown the door once again. He is undoubtedly the best batsman Bengal has ever produced, and has been instrumental in lifting the standard of Bengal cricket.

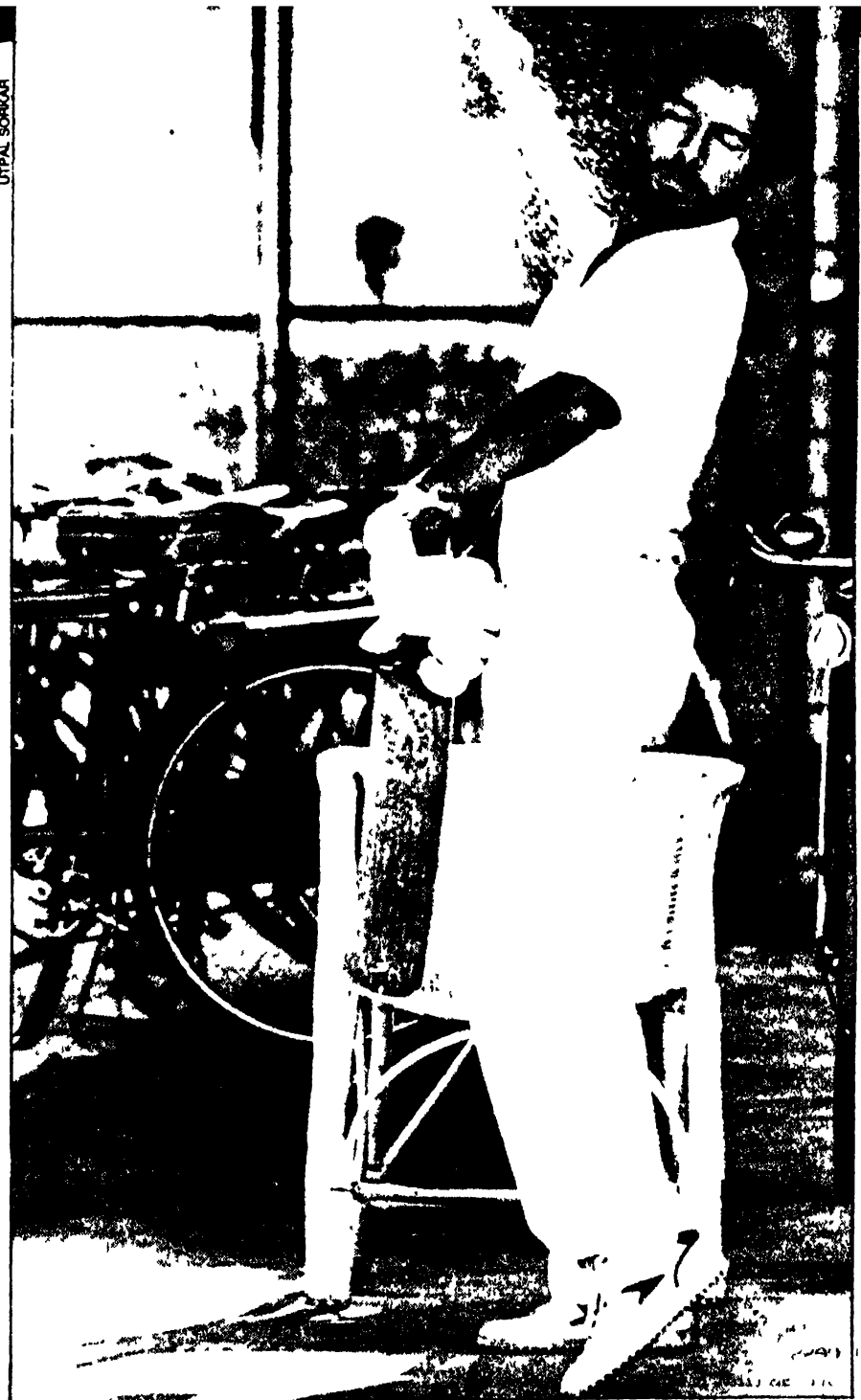
Although now on the wrong side of 30, Arun Lal had once again proved that he had not lost his mettle. He should definitely be given another chance to prove that he is still capable of opening an innings for India. Having been selected into the squad of the final 16 one felt that he would open the innings for India, but it was not to be.

Though India wrapped up the series with conviction, the need of a specialist pair of opening batsmen is always there. The selectors have some serious thinking to do.

KIRIT. S. JAVALI,
New Delhi.

Disgraceful

THE Indian cricket team won a series after a long drought. The team should be given their due share of credit. But one man was again victimised, and that too not for the first time. Arun Lal by now must be habituated to the feeling of missing the bus once too often. He has scored tons after tons in domestic cricket but apparently it was not enough to earn him a berth for the country. After his classic innings in the Irani Trophy the selectors and cricket intellectuals gave the impression that he would once again be playing for India. But then again the lip could not kiss the cup. He was axed yet again to give place to



a third spinner, who did not come in handy in the match. This time we are not only sorry for Arun but we are ashamed at the callous behaviour of the selectors. We are

at a loss of words, and do not know how to console this die-hard cricketer
SABYASACHI CHATTERJEE,
Calcutta.

An Omission

THE photograph on pages 4 and 5 in the issue dated 5-11 December, of Azharuddin telling Arun Lal that he would not be playing in the match in Chandigarh was by Nikhil Bhattacharya. The omission is regretted.

EXTRA-TIME EXTRA



MARCO VAN BASTEN has just got a reprieve from UEFA. And it seems this letting off has something to do with his superstar status. Van Basten was handed out a match ban of four games after he was sent off the field for, allegedly elbowing a FC Bruges defender in the face during a match.

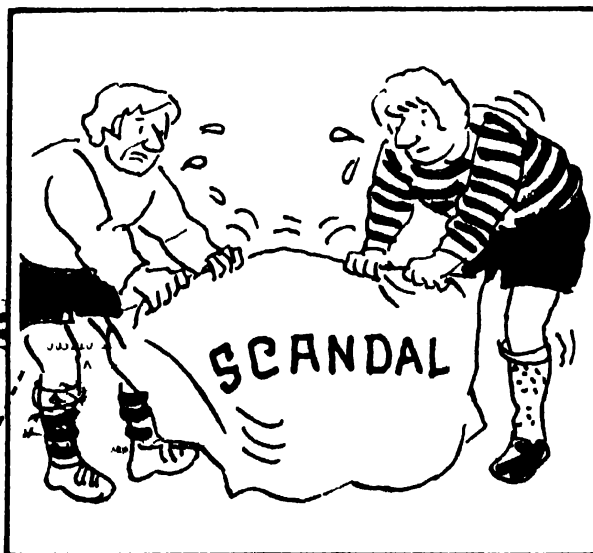
Later, after a hearing, the sentence was cut down to three games following Van Basten's appeal. The appeals panel agreed with him and his club AC Milan that the folly was absolutely unintentional. But it said that he was an experienced player who, "knows the danger to which an adversary is exposed to when fought off with an arm or an elbow."

THINGS have not been too good for Bobby Robson after he went over to Deutschland as manager for PSV Eindhoven. His stint as manager for PSV has been put under scrutiny as the club fell in the first round of the Cup Winners' Cup to French side Montpellier.

PSV had stated earlier that their goals were to reach a domestic double and reach at least the quarter finals of the Cup Winners' Cup. This sudden elimination has put Robson's post in jeopardy. "The question of whether Robson will make it to Christmas is suddenly relevant again," wrote the De Volksrant newspaper in Holland. The Dutch in any case, have not been too fond of Robson and don't want him around. When news leaked before the World Cup that Robson was joining PSV, Dutch coach Thijs Libregts reacted by saying, "Before you had taken one step here, you were destroyed."

Robson faces the usual press problems as in England and his inability to speak Dutch gains him no respect either. Maybe, just maybe, he will get the respect he deserves when he comes to Calcutta as one of the star attractions along with the PSV team touring the city. That's his only hope.

THE soccer scandals in France assume a deeper hue, this time going into the realm of finance. Late last month armed police interrupted a training session for Marseille, France's most successful club, and hauled away



TIME EXTRA-TIME

three leading players for interrogation about a fraud involving hefty under-the-table payments while they were on the paybooks of Toulon.

After 11 hours of rigorous grilling, the magistrate released Pascal Olmeta, Bernard Casoni and Bernatd Pardo with orders to appear again this month. Behind the ever expanding web of corruption, Swiss bank accounts and shady middlemen some personal battles were also being fought out. Example: Claude Bez, president of Toulon versus Bernard Tapie, millionaire, owner of Marseille (recent purchaser of the Adidas group). Each accuses the other of bribing referees, fixing matches and a range of financial misdeeds that could read like a crooks 'Who's who' manual.

Judging by these sleazy developments the best is yet to come.

THE ITALIAN football league is facing its fair share of scandal. Though in terms of rating, it's the French league that really takes the cake.

And now for the latest excitement in Italian soccer. After the much talked about Schillaci scandal, a new character is born.

Jose Perdomo, who plays for Genova was negotiating a transfer deal to Coventry when his ambitions went unrealised. This happened when Vujadin Boskov, Sampdoria's team chief expressed doubt over Perdomo's credentials by saying that, "My dog can play better."

Perdomo is now suing as he blames Boskov for the negotiations falling through. Perdomo's lawyer, a man who goes by the highly innocuous name of Degli Innocenti, has stated that the only way Boskov could win the case was by demonstration in court that his dog really could play better. Perhaps Coventry could sign up the dog instead. Either way, it's a dog's life for Perdomo.

DIEGO MARADONA is so fed up with the way things are shaping up for him in Napoli that he is now seriously considering a move. A transfer to any club will do. He is willing to go almost anywhere. "Wherever it is, France, Japan or elsewhere, the main thing is to play in a calmer championship," he was quoted as saying.

It seems as if a club in Japan is taking his desire for a shift seriously and he has been offered a huge sum...around \$23 million.



Maradona had informed Napoli's president, Corrado Ferliano about his desire for a change. "It's not a physical problem but a problem of the head."

The superstar was even prepared to give back the huge sums of money that Napoli had paid him in advance, "It's not a question of money I'm ready to give Ferliano my last lira if he'll give me my freedom." The man has spoken . but will the transfer take place?

ENGLISH soccer hooligans, it seems, are improving. Hooligan ideals were given up for a while when they gathered all 41,658 of them for Brian Robson's testimonial benefit match.

As Manchester United's captain took a ceremonial lap of honour after the match, he was accompanied by his colleagues, well wishers, who ran up to the ground to offer their gratitude to the old-war-horse. Since their intentions were honourable this time, the cops on duty made only half hearted attempts to stop them.

Once Robson took his final bows and walked down to the tunnel, the exuberant supporters did not return to their end of the stadium. They walked instead to the end that had over 10,000 Celtic supporters. Not so long ago, this would have proved to be alarming. But not this time, Robson was a common favourite and respect was the only form of gratitude they could offer.

THE CHRISTMAS UPDATE

As Christmas creeps up there are plenty of goings-on among the county cricketers in England. Jonathan Rice fills us in

aLL of a sudden, it is almost Christmas. My cricket library is four books larger, thanks to our annual Christmas jumble sale, and as the sun rolls south, the cricket squares of Britain are beginning to look a little grassy for the first time this decade. Even though Mr Gooch and his team are setting about their winter task in Australia, the sports pages are dominated by football and, of course, Gazza, sometimes in exactly the same story.

There are, apparently, High Court judges who have never heard of Mr Gascoigne, but the rest of us are less fortunate. How did he get that trademark nickname? Why are cricketers not accorded the same immortality? Why is the England captain not known as Gooza? Why not Azza, Gowzza, Lazza and Smizza as the backbone of the England innings, and an opening bowling partnership of Mazza and Frazza? Is Alan Buzza, the Cambridge Blue, the only cricketer to follow the trend (although he has an excuse - he plays rugby in the winter for who else but Wasps)? I have a feeling that Chris Lewis would not be entirely in favour of this system, as he

Talking of Ian Botham, his contribution to the Christmas spirit has not just been his latest leukaemia walk from Aberdeen to Ipswich. He has also been offered a part in Jack and the Beanstalk, even though his skills as a song and dance man have not been kept in such good trim since his bowling fell away



would certainly come out a Lewzza. And surely Ian Botham should cause a spot of Bozza.

Talking of Mr Botham, his contribution to the Christmas spirit has not just been his latest leukaemia walk from Aberdeen to Ipswich. He has also been offered a part in the pantomime *Jack and the Beanstalk* at Bradford, even though his skills as a song-and-dance man have not been kept in such good



trim since his bowling fell away. Cricketers need to appeal at least twice an over if they are not to lose the footwork and facial gesture so important in pantomime.

All the same, it is a new and potentially lucrative answer to the perennial what do cricketers do in winter? question, and it is to be hoped that the promoters who offered both the part will look a little further afield next year. It seems to me that if you are going to put on a production of *Jack and the Beanstalk*, you should first contact Jack Russell and Angus Fraser, to see if they are interested in the title roles. Graham Gooch and John Morris have spent the summer fielding close to the bat to improve their ball-juggling skills rather than just catch the thing first time, so they obviously have an agent who is hoping to get them a couple of months as a speciality double act in Skegness or somewhere equally exotic once their batting skills are no longer needed by England. Mickey Stewart would be typecast as the Fairy Godmother, after his persistent advice to English batsmen facing Terry Alderman: *You shall get to the ball. For goodness' sake, get to the ball.*

I suspect that next winter's local newspapers will show advertisements for many new productions, including *Cinderella*, at the Colchester Empire, starring Derek Pringle as the dainty little orphan girl whose pretty little feet fit so snugly into the glass slippers. Finding a volunteer to play Prince Charming has proved more difficult, although we have managed to cast Eddie Barlow as the pumpkin who turns into a coach. Keith Medlycott plays Buttons the Drinks Waiter, and Rachael Heyhoe Flint is the Fairy Godmother, who turns mice into men and vice versa.

Little West Riding Hoods, at the Alhambra, Leeds, starring Martyn Moxon as the innocent among the wild animals of the forest, the entire Yorkshire committee as the Big Bad Wolf, and David Bairstow as Grandma, who so unfortunately gets completely eaten. Geoffrey Boycott also appears throughout the evening as the back legs of a horse. The production dispenses with the part of the Woodcutter, so for at least one more season there will be no happy ending.

Peter Pan, at the Southampton Apollo, starring David Gower as the boy who looks eternally young, with Allan Border as his nemesis, the evil Captain Hook.



David Gower was bestowed the rare honour of being the younger Lewza in 1987.



As he is, Derek Pringle could easily fit into the role of Cinderella

(and Drive and Cut) The Lost Boys are played by Mike Gattling John Emburey Chris Broad Bruce French Chris Cowdrey and various others with Rachael Heyhoe Flint as Tinkerbell, the brave fairy who sacrifices herself for Peter and the boys

OLD FAVOURITE

Puss in Boots Pads Helmet Gloves and Box, a new production of the old favourite stars the entire Worcestershire team as the Duncan Fearnley 1991 catalogue The ending is not entirely happy but at least our heroes are the best dressed runners-up in the world

The production of Aladdin at the Regal, Karachi, with Raman Subba Row as Wishee-Washee, and Shakoor Rana as the Magic Lamp, has unfortunately had to be cancelled, as nobody wanted to rub him (Rana) up the wrong way



Shakoor Rana was the magic lamp

Also starring Rachael Heyhoe Flint as a forearm protector

Sleeping Beauty, at the St John's Wood Hippodrome, stars Rachael Heyhoe Flint as the young girl who has to wait 100 years before her exclusion from the real world is over, and Lt-Col John Stephenson as Prince Charming Various members of the MCC committee play the Wicked Witch, and very well too, I may say

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs at the BBC Paris Studio, Lower Regent Street, starring Brian Johnston as the heroine who eats one apple too many for her own good, and the Head of Radio Broadcasting as the Wicked Witch With Freddie Trueman as Grumpy, Bill Frindall as Doc, Trevor Bailey as Sleepy and Henry Blofeld as Happy They all play Dopey from time to time

The production of *Aladdin* at the Regal, Karachi, with Raman Subba Row as Wishee-Washee, and Shakoor Rana as the Magic Lamp, has unfortunately had to be cancelled, as nobody wanted to rub him up the wrong way Several hundred pages of dialogue along the lines of 'Oh yes you did Oh no I didn't Oh yes you did Oh no I didn't,' have had to be thrown away as a result

Happy Christmas

KARATE

THE POWER OF THE EMPTY HAND



▲ When your leg is pulled and upper body pushed



Fall forward, landing ▲ on your forearms

CONTINUING with the *ushiro-giri* we discussed last week, this is a practical demonstration of using it in kumite

If your opponent grabs hold of your leg and pulls while pushing you over, fall forward onto your forearms while pulling your leg free. Even as you drop, pull both legs in under you, plant your fingertips firmly on the ground, look over your shoulder and kick to his face or shoulder region.

Make sure you fall on your forearms, otherwise the impact could injure your wrists. Also, balance yourself on your fingertips before delivering the kick, otherwise you won't get full power.

By Shivaji Ganguly
Kyokushinkai karate

PHOTOGRAPHS RAMAN BHALLA

Draw legs in while balancing on fingertips ▼



Look over shoulder and kick to face and shoulder ►



NEW gun laws proposed by the European

Commission (EC) could completely eliminate European target shooters from further Olympic events. The EC wants to ban all categories of guns including military firearms and automatic weapons in all member countries. And exponents of this sport say that the rules being drawn up will see ordinary target pistols and rapid-fire pistols forbidden.

David Phillips, a shooting coach from Sussex in the UK, says that the crackdown would outlaw most Olympic training pistols

THE dispute which threatened the future of golf's Ryder Cup appears to have been settled. Disagreements, mainly over choice of venue for the bi-annual USA vs Europe match, might have led to the European squad losing top professionals such as Nick Faldo, Ian Woosnam and Seve Ballesteros. However, the power battle between the PGA European Tour and the Professional Golfers' Association has ended with an agreement under which the Tour retains the television rights and the PGA Ltd, gets first claim on administrative expenses. In the absence of an unanimous decision on Ryder Cup venues in Europe, "the

The new law proposed by the EC will result in the European shooters missing out on the Olympics. It looks like the proposers have got their sights crossed

SPORTING TRIVIA

Tour and the PGA Ltd will have the final choice in alternative years, after the 1993 match "

A LUCRATIVE sponsorship, which could reach £ 365,000 should England win the Ashes against Australia and benefit cricket as well as all British sport at the grassroot level, was announced by Eagle Star, the insurance company

The prize money will

be divided three ways between the touring English team, the TCCB and the Central Council of Physical Recreation. Under the sponsorship, Eagle Star would pay £ 150,000 should England win the Ashes, with another £ 40,000 going to England's player of the series. Three additional sums of £ 50,000 are on offer should any English batsman, bowler or

fielder surpass previous post-war records in a rubber with Australia

The company will make reduced contributions totalling £ 100,000 to the three beneficiaries from the sponsorship should England fail to win the Ashes

THE ISPA (International Squash Players' Association) is struggling to extricate itself from a confused and potentially expensive schism with Pakistan. Former world champion Jahangir Khan, arrived in London, commissioned by figures up to government level in Karachi, to lay an official complaint against Chris Dittmar, the Australian president of the ISPA, for maligning Pakistan.

The Pakistanis are furious over the comments made by Dittmar in an interview published in the Dawn where he has described Jansher Khan, the world champion, as a



The Jahangir Khan-Chris Dittmar rivalry has spilled over outside the squash courts.

"nightmare" representative of the game and Pakistan as an "unhygienic" country where he always became "as sick as a dog."

When contacted, Dittmar said that, although he would not retract the comments, they were personal and written in a misleading way.

THE British Olympic Association will decide at a special meeting in London on December 19, whether Britain should mount an effort to stage the Olympics in 2000.

If delegates decide that there should be a bid, they will set the timing and conditions, although they would wait until next year to choose the city in which they would want the Games to take place.

SIX senior international umpires and hockey experts led by Gian Singh, A.S. Bawa and Jasdev Singh have condemned the arbitrary and unfair decision taken by the organisers of the Sanjay Gandhi Hockey Tournament in declaring Punjab and Sind Bank as winners of the abandoned final.

The match had to be called off when a fight broke out between the players and supporters of Namdhari XI and the Punjab and Sind Bank.

At a technical committee meeting held later it was decided that the P&S Bank were the winners. The committee reviewed its decision a week later and made the following decisions after

taking a look at the video recording of the match. a) To send a warning to the Punjab and Sind Bank regarding their involvement in the fight during the final. b) No restrictions to be imposed on the Namdhari team.

But the result remained unchanged.

The veteran hockey experts have expressed

their surprise because both the teams were at fault and since the match was goal-less when it was abandoned, how could the P&S Bank team be declared the winners? According to Gian Singh, "No team can be penalised and none of the teams deserve to be declared winners. The decision of the committee is unilateral and needs to

be reversed."

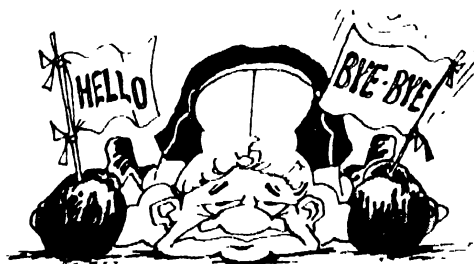
The patron of Namdhari XI said that he had sent a letter to the IHF to probe into the matter. However, the IHF claim that they have no knowledge of any letter from him but they have assured that if this matter is officially brought to their attention, they will make sure that justice is done. ●

COURTESY SQUASH WORLD





JAMES NAISMITH INVENTED THE GAME OF BASKETBALL IN 1891. YET WHEN NAISMITH ARRIVED AT THE 1936 OLYMPICS IN BERLIN, HE DISCOVERED HIS NAME HAD BEEN STRICKEN FROM THE PASS LIST BECAUSE OFFICIALS DIDN'T KNOW WHO HE WAS. IT TOOK STRONG ARGUMENTS FROM HIS FRIENDS TO GET THE GERMANS TO GRUDGINGLY RETURN HIM TO THE LIST OF HONORED GUESTS.



WARPED RECORD: SHORTEST PROFESSIONAL BOXING CAREER - 14 SECONDS, JOSEPH "ACE" FALU. IN 1962, FALU MADE HIS PRO BOXING DEBUT - AND FAREWELL - IN NEW YORK. JUST 14 SECONDS INTO THE FIRST ROUND OF HIS ONE AND ONLY JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHT BOUT, FALU WAS TKO'D. "ACE" DECIDED THEN AND THERE TO QUIT BOXING FOR GOOD.

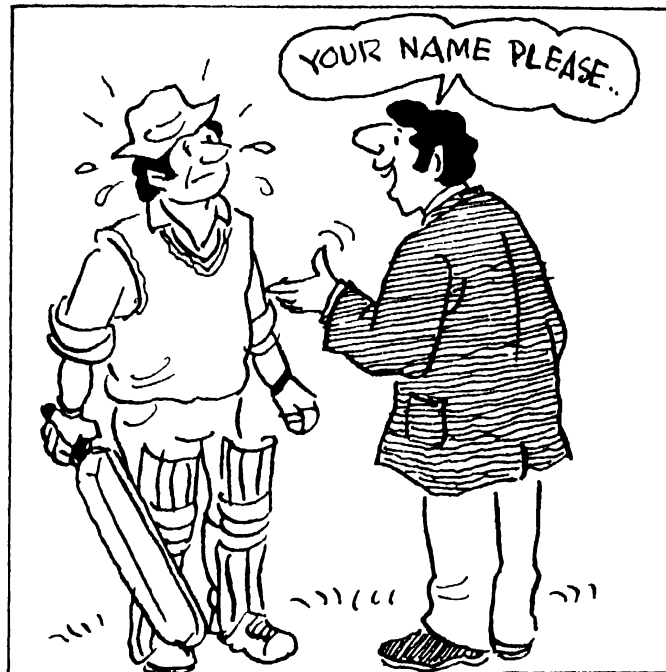
THE FUNNY SIDE OF GOLF

DEFINITIONS: CASUAL WATER:
SNOW AND ICE ARE EITHER CASUAL WATER OR
LOOSE IMPEDIMENTS, AT THE OPTION OF THE PLAYER,
EXCEPT THAT MANUFACTURED ICE IS AN OBSTRUCTION



RULE 13-4: BALL LYING IN OR TOUCHING HAZARD
AT ADDRESS OR IN THE BACKWARD MOVEMENT FOR
THE STROKE, THE CLUB MAY TOUCH ANY OBSTRUCTION
OR ANY GRASS, BUSH, TREE OR OTHER GROWING
THING





CRICKET AND...

Names, names, names

THIS week it's all about names. You must have heard some long names. And also some difficult to pronounce. The finest entry though, that adorned the score sheet after a cricket match came from where else?—but India.

During a match between Andhra Pradesh and Kerala a batsman had been caught at short-leg trying to pull a ball from outside the off stump. The scorecard read: Chamundeswaranagh c Balasubramaniam b Anantapadamanabhan.

None of these names are, however, close to being the longest name in cricket. To bestow that honour we have to go to Fiji and their fine post-war batsman I L.

Talebulamainulikenamainavailemivaivatabulamainakulalakeba.

This is the usual spelling so please don't confuse yourself.

NO WAR?

Play rugby

SOME 'hot' news from the Gulf. A rugby match of great interest took place between the 'A' Squadron of the

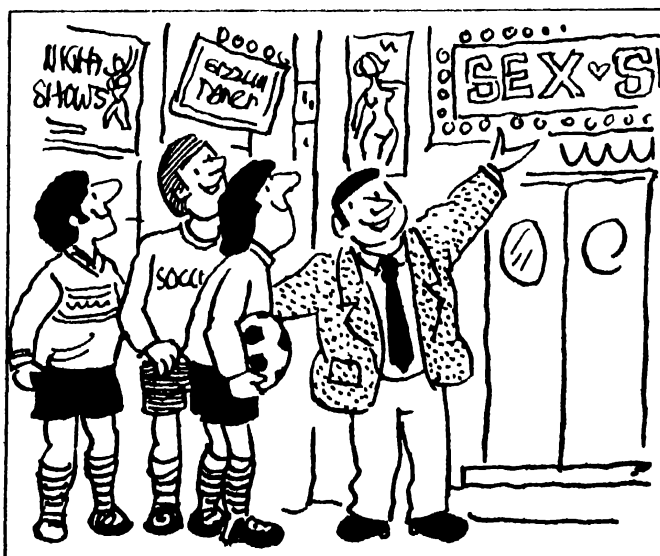
Queen's Dragoon Guards and the 9th Communications Battalion of the Expeditionary Force. In case you're

wondering where exactly these teams are from, any military analyst will tell you that it was a Great Britain vs USA match.

The kick off took place at Al-jubayl at around 7 am when the temperature was a cool 90°F. They played for 25 minutes

and the match was conducted without goalposts—therefore no goal kicking—a unique innovation for on-the-post rugby. The A Squadron ran in three tries winning 12-0.

They came to fight a war and now they're playing rugby.



SEX AND SPORTS

Finally go together

DOES sex affect sporting performance? Susan Butt from the University of British Columbia has this to say: she is all for it, provided that athletes do not get over enthusiastic.

"Depending on an athlete's personality and physical make-up, sexual activity within reason might even enhance his or her performance," she said. But she goes on to add "Sore and even pulled muscles after sexual activity are common."

Many people refer to sexual activity as a 'workout' and sweating, breathlessness, unflexing and repetition are all part of the game (er, process).

CALCUTTA

Inter-college cricket

A FINE allround performance by Bengal Ranji Trophy prospect Saikat Mukherjee was not enough for Netaji Nagar Day College to topple Umesh Chandra in the final of the Inter-college knockout cricket final at the Calcutta University ground.

Mukherjee, who followed up his three for 21 with a fine 65, could not prevent Netaji Nagar falling short of Umesh Chandra's 178 by 47 runs

Umesh Chandra's total was built around Subhasis Das (31), Tarun Ghosh and Prabir Mukherjee, who made 29 each

Prabir Mukherjee would have run Saikat close if there was a man of the match trophy, as Netaji Nagar could not quite fathom Prabir's bowling and he finished with three wickets for 20 runs to clinch the issue for Umesh Chandra

Brief scores Umesh Chandra 178 (Subhasis Das 31, Saikat Mukherjee 3/21) Netaji Nagar 131 (Saikat Mukherjee 65, Prabir Mukherjee 3/20), Umesh Chandra won by 47 runs

Soumitra Bose

JAMSHEDPUR

National Inter-Zone Basketball

ORGANISED by the Bihar State Basketball Association, the four-day long 16th National Inter-Zone Basketball Championship at the United Club's mini-stadium here saw Tamil Nadu emerging as the new zonal champions

Played on a taraflex surface provided by the Sports Authority of India (SAI), the matches reached interesting heights, particularly the finals when Tamil Nadu toiled hard to beat 8-time champions, Bihar, who were

ANJAN CHATTERJEE



Sunil Panda of Bihar leads the marchpast before the inter-zone basketball championships leading in the initial stages.

As was expected, India's tallest cager, Sunil Panda, who donned the colours of Bihar, did most of the scoring. That, however, ultimately proved to be of no avail

Other participating teams were from Delhi, Maharashtra, Andhra Pradesh and West Bengal. Last year's champions, Rajasthan, and Punjab could not come due to the on-going disturbances in those States.

Anjan Chatterjee

KANPUR

Wills Golf

THE Wills Kanpur Open Golf Championship culminated in a nailbiting finish at the Defence Services Golf Club, Kanpur. In a championship which was wide open till the very last, Basad Ali stole the show with a come-from-behind victory. Placed 5th at the end of the third round, Basad played 1 under par (69), thereby grossing 282 to win the championship.

Rohtas Singh, placed second

after the third round, played 4 over par (74) to gross 283 and maintain his slot Ali Sher, who was leading at the end of the third round, disappointed the packed crowd by grossing 8 over par (78) With a cumulative score of 284, he shared the third position with Hyder Khan who played on par

Interestingly, then top players,

Basad Ali receives the Wills Golf trophy from Maj. Gen. H.B. Kala

KALASH AGARWAL



Basad, Rohtas and Ali Sher, all landed into the sand trap in the last hole of the tournament. Rohtas however recovered beautifully and saved his par.

Ali Sher whose drive landed out of bounds in the 9th hole never recovered thereafter, thereby conceding a strong lead of three strokes.

Jyoti Randhawa played beautifully yet again to win the amateur title by a large margin. With a gross of 292, he was way ahead of Vikas who had a best nett score of 286 followed by Vikas Mishra, who had a nett score of 295.

The cash prizes, contributed by ITC Ltd, amounting to Rs 85,000 were given away by Maj Gen H B Kala.

Kallash Agarwal

RANCHI

Public Sector Volleyball

BHILAI STEEL PLANT won the All India Public Sector volleyball tournament here recently. In the final, they defeated Neyveli Lignite Corporation, 15-6, 15-13, 15-7.



The Bhilai Steel plant team were the winners of the All-India Public Sector volleyball tournament

The final was an evenly contested one but Bhilai Steel Plant, with a blend of youth and experience, won the match in straight sets 3-0.

Earlier, in the first semi-final, Bhilai Steel Plant, Bilaspur, 15-9, 15-1, 15-8 while in the other semi-final, National Lignite Corporation, Neyveli beat LIC, Bombay 15-8, 15-4, 15-2.

Anil Kumar Singh

MADRAS

Indian Triathlon

THE latest sports organisation to be formed in the country is the Indian Triathlon Federation.

At its recent meeting in Bombay during the National Aquatic championships, office-bearers were elected and it was decided to accept the request of the Tamil Nadu Triathlon Association to host the Sub-junior/Junior National Championships in

February 1991. It was also decided that a technical committee would be formed under the chairmanship of Mr Monite, renowned coach from Bangalore. The meeting was attended by representatives of the following States: Assam, Bihar, Jammu and Kashmir, Haryana, Punjab, Chandigarh, Delhi, UP, MP, Bengal, Manipur, Tripura, Tamil Nadu, Karnataka, Gujarat, Maharashtra and Andhra Pradesh.

Representatives of the Railway and Services Sport Control Boards were special invitees while Virendra Nanavati and Balraj Sharma of the SFI were present as observers.

The following office bearers were elected to the Indian Triathlon Federation: President N Ramachandran, Vice-Presidents M C Chauby and Ramakrishna Hupta, Secretary Rakesh Gupta, Treasurer Devender Solanki.

According to Mr Ramachandran, triathlon is very popular abroad especially in the United States and is gaining popularity in India. In Bombay, Delhi and Madras it has already gained a foothold and he was

optimistic that Calcutta would follow suit

Triathlon consists of sea swimming (in some places it could also be river swimming), cycling and running. For example, sub-juniors had to swim 500 metres, cycle six kilometres and run for a kilometre. Juniors had to swim one kilometre, cycle for ten kilometres and run for two kilometres.

The Tamil Nadu Triathlon Association will conduct the first sub-junior/junior State Championship in January 1991. Mr. Ramachandran told *Sportsworld* that about 100 competitors would participate. This would be the forerunner for the nationals.

Inter-Unit chess

BHARAT PETROLEUM 'A' won the Petroleum Sports Control Board second inter-unit chess tournament, organised by Madras Refineries Limited in the city in November. They collected 14.5 points in five rounds.

In the fifth and final round, Bharat Petroleum 'A' was held to a draw by Oil India which finished second with 12.5 points. Last year's winner ONGC 'A' were placed third with 12 points.

Spearheaded by National 'B' player G. Srikanth, Bharat Petroleum were ahead from the beginning and did not falter thereafter.

The four-day meet attracted 75 players from 15 units of the Petroleum Sports Control Board. The first inter-unit chess tournament was conducted by IOC at Bangalore last year.

Former Indian cricket captain K. Srikanth inaugurated the meet.

The PSCB was formed in 1979 and besides giving employment to deserving sportsmen, also organises annual inter-unit tournaments in disciplines like athletics, bridge, badminton, cricket, football, golf, hockey, table tennis, tennis, volleyball, basketball and chess.

Partab Ramchand

NEOBEOKA

Mr. World Natural Body Builder



BODYBUILDING CONTEST

Raymond D'Souza won the 1990 Mr. World Natural Body Building title at Neobeoka, Japan. He won the Tall Class title defeating 30 competitors.

QUILON

Sub-Junior Girl's cricket

ALL Rounder Monali Tole helped Vidharbha to post an easy victory over Manipur in the finals of the 7th National Sub-Junior Women's Cricket Championship held at Lal Bahadur Stadium.

Manipur after being sent into bat started steadily and confidently. But when they had scored 34 runs for one wicket, Monali Tole struck for Vidharbha, capturing two quick wickets. The Manipuri batswomen were unable to tackle the rival bowlers and they lost 5 wickets adding just 6 runs to the total score. They were finally bowled out for a mere 67

runs in 35.5 overs. Umpati Devi fought a lone battle remaining unbeaten, with 15 valuable runs. For Vidharbha, Neelima took five wickets for 28 and Monali three wickets for 35.

Chasing a small total, Vidharbha lost both their openers with the total reading just 14. Things did not improve as they slumped to 29 for 4. But Monali (15 not out) once again came to the rescue, adding 39 runs for the fifth wicket with Rupali (14). For Manipur, Wangol took three wickets for 27 runs.

Toliloma Devi (Manipur) was adjudged as the best batswoman while Neelima (Vidharbha) was declared best bowler. The best all-rounder was Monali (Vidharbha).

Thankappan, Vice-President, State Sports Council distributed the prizes.

Sajeev Kumar, T.K.

QUIZ

QUESTIONS

1. Which Indian Test cricketer was nicknamed 'Rookie'?
2. A boating accident in the West Indies led to an English Test cricketer having three toes amputated, but he went on to play for another 12 years. Name the cricketer.
3. An English cricketer was born in Kanpur in 1948. An all rounder, he made 19 Test appearances. Who?
4. Who was the Surrey opening partner of Jack Hoobs?

ANSWERS

1. Farokh Engineer.
2. Fred Titmus.
3. Bob Woolmer.
4. Andrew Sandham.

CHESS

Back in 1883 there was a great tournament in London. The winner was Johann Zukertort, a career soldier from Prussia, a winner by earned the moral right to a world championship match with William Steinitz, which he lost however.

One of Zukertort's wins in London was instantly declared the best serious game played to date. Any modern master would have been proud of this production. Earlier brilliancies are flawed by very poor defence by the losers. The loser here, Blackburne made a couple of errors of course but on the whole he played quite well.

White: Zukertort Vs Black: Blackburne English Opening London 1883.

1 e4 a6 2 a3 Nf6 3 3Nf3 b6 4 Be2 Bb7 5 0-0 d5 6 d4 Bd6. A rather quaint opening. Nowadays white would not lock his bishop in with 2 e3 and black would prefer 6—Be7 when the piece is less exposed.

7 Ne3 0-0 8 b3 Nbd7 9 Bb2 Qe7 10 Nb5 Ne4 11 Mxd6 ed6 12 Nd2 Nd7-f6 13 f3 Nxd2 14 Qxd2 de4 15 Bxe4 d5 16 Bd3 Rf6 17 Rael Re7.

White has a clear advantage

with the two bishops and the plan of a general pawn advance on the kingside.

18 e4 Rec8 19 e5 Ne8 20 f4 g6!? Never make pawn moves where you are weaker. Every Russian schoolboy knows this of course, but Steinitz proved this dictum a decade later.

21 Re3 f5? 22 efb Nxf6. 22—Qxf6 might give black saving chances and a long defensive struggle in prospect. Instead he takes the practical decision of looking for counterplay.

23 f5! Ne4 Bxe4 de4 25 f6 Rc2! 26 gh7+Kh8. 26—Kxh7 27 Rh3+ or 26—Qxh7 Rg3+ lead to quick wins.

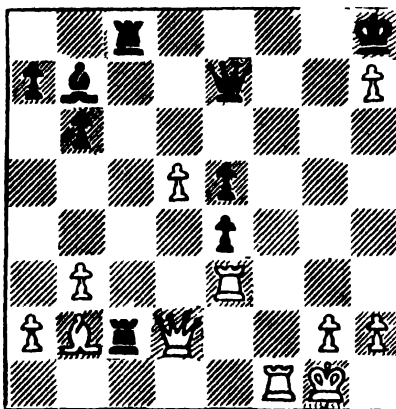
27 d5+e5. (see Diagram) The position both are playing for. White can now exploit the overloaded queen.

28 Qb4!! Rc8-c5! Blackburne had seen the queen offer and prepared this defence. Obviously 28—Qxb4 29 Be5+ Lxh7 30 Rh3+ Kg6 31 Rf6+ Kg5 32 Rq3+Kh5 33 Rf5+Kh6 34 Bf4+mates This is a variation no one would bother to calculate. Also 28—Rc2-c5 is met by 29 Rf7! with inevitable victory.

29 Rf8+!! Kh7. Again 29—Qf8 30 Be5+Kh7 31 Qe4+and the queen, rock and bishop weave a mating net.

30 Qxe4+Kg7 31 Bxe5+! Kxf8 32 Bq7+! (1-0). Black gets mated or loses the queen or both.

Devangshu Dutta



BRIDGE

If defenders could see their combined assets, declarer would have lost all his advantage during the play. Witness this hand from

the Mixed Pairs in the last world championships at Geneva

Dealer East

N-S vul

NORTH (dummy)			
♠ K Q 6 4 3			
5 3			
A K Q			
7 6 5			
WEST		EAST	
♠ J 10 8 2		♠ A 9 5	
K 10 6 2		8 7	
7 5 4		J 10 9	
♣ 8 4		♣ A J 10 9 2	
SOUTH			
♠ 7			
A Q J 9 4			
8 6 3 2			
♣ K Q 3			
SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1	Pass	1♣	Pass
2	Pass	1♠	Pass
3NT	All Pass		Double

This was the auction at my table, and I guess at most others, the three-club bid being fourth-suit, a forcing cipher showing a game-going hand which is uncertain either about the level at which to play or the strain in which to play. This enabled East to indicate a club lead but the defensive problems were far from over. West dutifully led the club eight and East ducked it to declarer's queen. The declarers who went down crossed over to diamonds and tried the heart finesse. West won and the defence cleared clubs. When the hearts failed to break, declarer had to concede one down.

The declarers who made their contract, and there were many of them, played on the defenders' ignorance about their combined assets. At trick two they non-chalantly led a spade from hand and all those Easts ducked in order to retain the entry to the clubs. With the ninth trick in the bag, the declarers went after the hearts to set up the eighth trick for the contract. A careful analysis would have helped East. As South had shown nine cards in the reds, he could have 1-3 or 2-2 in the blacks. So, East should have won the spade ace right away and tried the club ace. When South follows low, he could be placed with three clubs and a singleton spade and it would be simple to switch to spades to set up winners for West.

Santanu Ghose



SUGAR RAY LEONARD was in serious trouble when he returned to his corner after the fourth round of his super-middleweight championship fight last December. Roberto Duran's head had slammed into Ray's chin and opened a deep gash inside his mouth. Fortunately for Leonard, one of the best 'cutmen' in the business, Eddie Aliano, was waiting in the corner.

Or not waiting. Even before the fighter reached his stool, Aliano was in the ring, his cotton swab dripping with a saltwater solution to cleanse the wound. Aliano nimbly pulled out Leonard's mouthpiece (which his teeth had pierced), swabbed the cut, then inserted an absorbent gelatin surgical sponge and applied pressure to stanch the bleeding. He dried the area with some of the paper towels he keeps tucked under his watchband, then dipped

Eddie Aliano's hand smears protective vaseline over Leonard's face

THE CUTMAN

BY SAM TOPEROFF

Any boxer, with a cut on his eyebrow, his chin, inside his mouth, is in big trouble. Which is why, no boxer will fight without someone like Eddie Aliano, a 'cutman', in his corner

another swab in a plastic bottle of adrenaline solution and applied it to the cut.

The warning buzzer for round five chased Aliano out of the ring. His 50-second emergency treatment

had slowed the bleeding, and Leonard went on to win the fight convincingly. Afterwards, a doctor closed the cut. It

Vito Antuofermo manages a draw despite a wicked cut

required 30 stitches

Says Aliano, in a voice that sounds like an abrasion, "The mouth cut was tricky, but the cut Ray got over his eye in the 11th round was more serious, and I couldn't really stop that

"I knew from experience that Duran was a rough fighter. He comes straight in and uses everything, including his head. Anything can happen in close, so I knew I had to have the best cutman available"—Sugar Ray Leonard

one completely. Thank God, it was only a 12-round fight."

Says Leonard: "I knew from experience that Duran was a rough fighter. He comes straight in and uses everything, including his head. Anything can happen in close, so I knew I had to have the best cutman available."

EVERY fighter knows what Leonard knows. That a good cutman is indispensable in a major fight. A boxer can be well ahead with the judges only to lose a championship on a technical knockout if the referee stops the fight because of a cut that can't be arrested. In the old days, taking care of cuts was part of the trainer's job, along with conditioning a fighter and developing a fight strategy. Nowadays, cutmen like Aliano are specialists, freelance doctors-without-a-license, and multimillion-dollar



insurance policies as well

Aliano, 71, who lives near Atlantic City works more than 200 fights a year. He learned his craft in the gyms and fight clubs of South Philadelphia where he apprenticed 50 years ago. "In those days," he recalls, "you had to learn everything about training. Handling cuts was just part of it." The craft has always been passed from master to apprentice in a closed,

mysterious initiation rite.

Although Aliano performs the overall duties of a fight trainer in preliminary and minor fights, it is strictly as a cutman that his services are sought for big money fights. "Not many guys were that interested in learning how to handle cuts," he says. "Maybe they overlooked how important it was. I took right to it. The medicine part interested me a lot."

Everyone in the fight game knows the names and lore of the great cutmen. Oldtimers fondly remember Frank "Doc" Bagley who'd stick a wad of chewing tobacco over a cut to stop the flow of blood. In the days before state boxing commissions, cutmen sometimes used more dangerous concoctions to keep a boxer in the ring when he probably belonged in a hospital. One staple was Monsel's solution, a metallic

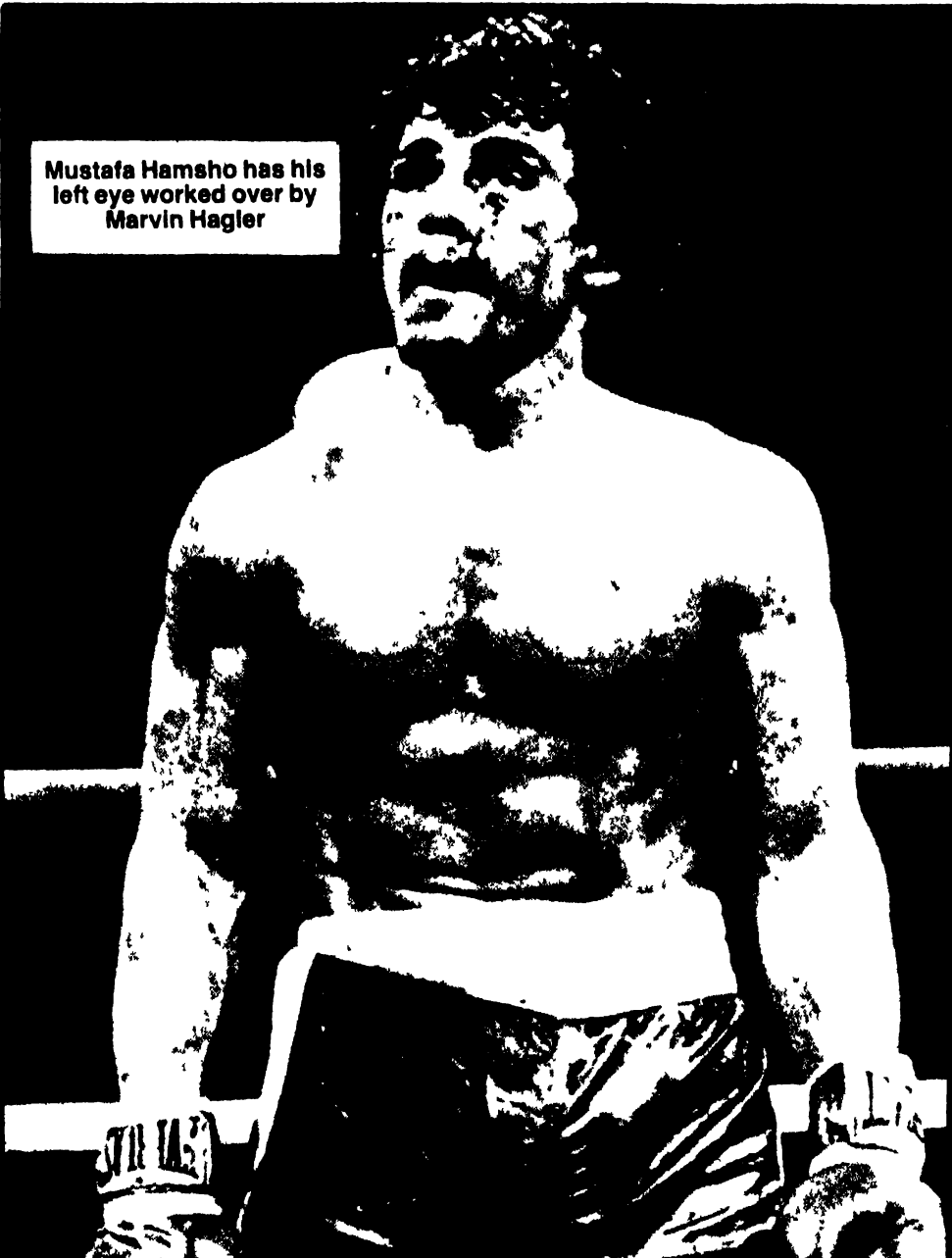
compound that permanently blinded some fighters. Monsel's also left a residue that built up and had to be scraped off, leaving retired fighters with massive, discolored scar tissue. "There wasn't much supervision in boxing then," explains Larry Hazzard, the New Jersey State Boxing Commissioner. "Cutmen used concoctions we would never permit today."

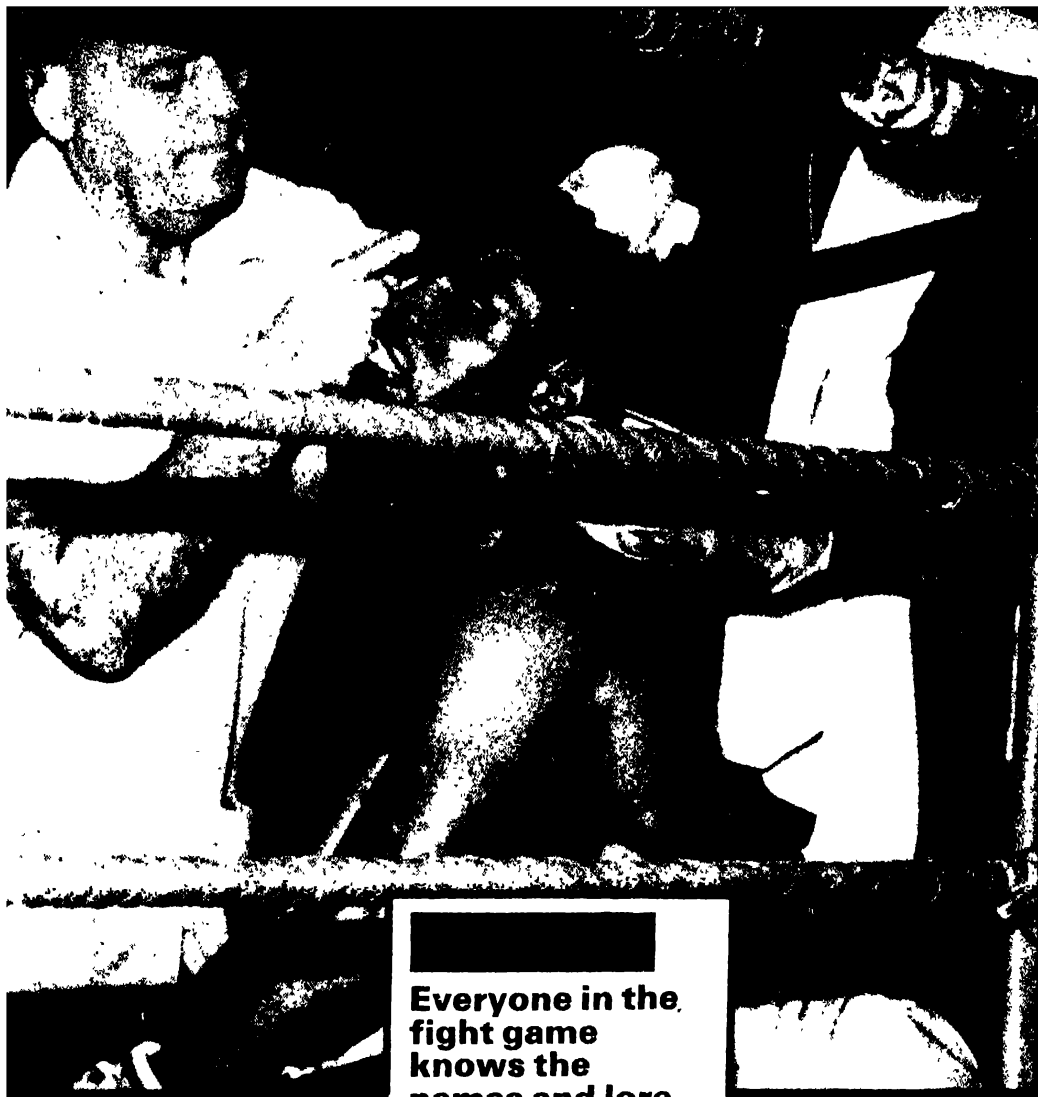
If ring medicine has changed since then, boxing really hasn't, so cutmen must deal with three basic problems: facial cuts, particularly above the eyes, nosebleeds, and the swelling that can close a fighter's eye and impair vision.

Swelling is the simplest problem because the treatment is standard. The application of something cold constricts the blood vessels and slows the swelling. Ice cubes in a towel gave way over the years to a rubber ice bag. For specific swelling, a metal bar that sits in ice water during the round is applied directly to the trouble spot. (In the old days, a cold silver dollar served the same purpose.)

Nosebleeds rarely cause a fight to be stopped, but they can make breathing difficult. Since the nose is very hard to defend, opponents keep shooting for a bleeding nose with jabs. If damaged cartilage irritates a blood vessel, the nose can bleed the entire fight. Treatment is standard. The blood is quickly cleaned out with one end of a baton swab,

Mustafa Hamsho has his left eye worked over by Marvin Hagler





the medication—usually a solution of epinephrine in sterile water, such as Adrenalin Chloride, Parke-Davis's brand, more commonly used for treating sinus and lung congestion—is applied with the other end of the swab. Pressure is maintained until the ring must be cleared.

The eyes may be the windows of the soul; they are a cutman's nightmare because lacerations on and under the brow are usually the reason fights are stopped. "Just feel around your own eye sockets and you get a sense of how sharp the bones are," Aliano explains. "Anyone who gets a good blow around the eyes, they'll cut,

Everyone in the fight game knows the names and lore of the great cutmen. Oldtimers fondly remember Frank 'Doc' Bagley, who'd stick a wad of his chewing tobacco over a cut to stop the flow of blood

believe me. If the bleeding's not stopped fast, it can cost a fighter his title and millions of dollars "

The most challenging injury for any cutman to handle is a cut on the eyelid itself. It's hard to find a place where pressure will limit blood flow, and there's the matter of working in an

area so close to the eye. "What I try to do," says Aliano, "is stretch the skin above the lid and press at both corners. But it's a tough one. Sometimes I'll use Thrombin on it because it works really good on cuts in delicate areas that aren't too deep."

Thrombin is similar to Avitene, but comes in liquid form. It mixes with the blood as soon as it reaches the surface and is capable of clotting an equal volume of blood in less than a second

Before all fights in New Jersey (and most other well-supervised boxing states), the boxing commission issues a list of allowable medications. All others are forbidden. Jars must be labeled and a corner

official watches the cutmen as they work over their fighters. Nevertheless, because there's a history of chicanery in the fight game, commissioners will occasionally confiscate and test a cutman's medical kit, as they did Aliano's after Leonard-Duran. It was found to be legal and accurately labelled

"Good, experienced cutmen like Aliano don't worry me," says commissioner Hazzard. "I know he'll stay within the prescribed procedures and, more important, do the right thing for his fighter."

Aliano concurs. "I'm strictly legal. It ain't only because of the commission, I care about the fighters, especially if it's a kid that started with me. I wouldn't want to do nothing that could hurt him."

A master cutman, like a skillful physician, can make a tidy living. Naturally, his biggest paydays come when a champion requests his services for a title fight. True to the tradition of secrecy in his profession, Aliano won't say what Leonard paid him for the Duran fight. "The IRS knows what I'm making," he says, "but I wouldn't want the world to know." Most knowledgeable observers estimate his fee for that fight at around \$50,000. Not bad for about an hour's work, but Leonard thinks he got a bargain. "Who knows?" he says. "If I didn't have a great cutman in my corner with great stuff, I might not be the champ today. Having him there is the best medical insurance you can buy." ●



Ashes in the mix of the great Simpson not only for team but also coach lobby

PATRICK E

C-L-A-S-H

TREVOR GRANT reports on a clash of former captains Down Under

BOBBY SIMPSON, the man who has given worldwide credibility to the relatively new idea of having well-paid coaches travelling every step of the way with Test teams, no doubt spluttered into his muesli the other morning when he picked up his copy of the Melbourne Age and read Ian Chappell's declaration that the most appropriate use for a coach in senior cricket was to transport the teams between venues.

Micky Stewart, Simpson's English counterpart, probably did the same when his paper reached the remoter parts of Western Australia, where the England team were working on their suntans and getting their landlegs in preparation for the Ashes series.

Such has been the rise of the coach in cricket that between them this summer these two will be lavishly portrayed as the men who make it happen: the navigators, the seers, the wet nurses and

SIMPSON no doubt spluttered into his muesli when he read Ian Chappell's declaration that the most appropriate use for a coach in senior cricket was to transport the teams between venues

the disciplinarians; the brains behind the brawn that carries the load on the field.

Of course, that is a vast overestimation of the job, and both Simpson and Stewart would readily issue disclaimers. But, all the same, the Press exaggeration of their roles has done them no harm at all. Simpson, although he has his detractors within the Australian Cricket Board, has recently been re-signed on a healthy retainer, and Stewart continues to thrive as England haul themselves back to the brink of respectability.

Simpson was in Melbourne as one of the guests of honour at a recent function to pay homage to 15 Ashes legends, as selected by Keith Stackpole and others for a Sunday newspaper, when fellow-legend Chappell launched his assault on the coaching fraternity. As they posed for the cameras and shared a beer, Chappell was heard to say: 'He won't be smiling that much when he

reads tomorrow's paper'

Publicly they are happy to indulge in the social niceties these days, but privately the relationship between two of Australia's greatest cricketers remains as frosty as ever. It goes back many, many years and reached its nadir in the volatile World Series Cricket days when Simpson led the conservative forces and Chappell the rebel troops. Chappell, of course, would be most indignant if one dared suggest that his criticism was a veiled personal attack on Simpson. But the temptation to do so is difficult to resist.

Chappell maintains that he objects to all coaches at senior level, not just the Australian Test team supremo. According to Chappellian wisdom, the coach belongs at the lower levels, honing the talents of teenagers so that when they arrive at firstclass level they come with a sound technique and a well-balanced mental approach. Perhaps the most stinging part of Chappell's criticism is his assessment that coaches

According to Chappellian wisdom the coach belongs at the lower levels...Perhaps the most stinging part of Chappell's criticism is his assessment that coaches at Test level are not just useless, but harmful

at Test level are not just useless, but harmful.

He says the way coaches impose their will over the team emasculates the role of the captain, which ex-Test skipper Chappell believes should be the most powerful force in any team. It is well known that the Board's main reason for appointing Simpson four years ago was to give the team some strong leadership at a time when Allan Border was publicly declaring that he didn't really want the captaincy that had been foisted on him immediately after Kim Hughes's sudden, tearful exit at Brisbane in 1984. Chappell would argue now that Border, who has since come to terms with the downside of leadership and now enjoys it, does not need Simpson looking over his shoulder. Chappell ran his dressing-room with autocratic benevolence, and cannot see why any other leader should be different.

Simpson, who is seen as no less than a saviour of cricket in this country now that we have the Ashes and are already starting to talk about being the best in the world after next year's West Indies tour, has plenty of supporters within his own team to offer as positive evidence of his worth.

The public praise and expressions of gratitude for his help from player like Geoff Marsh, Dean Jones and David Boon every time they make runs adds up to excellent reference material. Border is less effusive in his praise, and there is the oft-quoted example of Craig McDermott to balance the glowing tributes. In India in 1986, Simpson had McDermott, a mean, angry young quick who had vaulted to prominence with a stunning debut against West Indies and then a 30-wicket Ashes tour of England in 1985, bowling medium-fast from 12 paces. Chappell was not on that tour, but all the same he felt qualified to say in his *Age* article that it was one of the major reasons for McDermott's decline.

To be honest, that example is one of those over-simplifications that are so common in certain sections of the media. A convenient line to prop up a theory, the sort of trick that moved Chappell to many an adjectival outburst at the cricket Press when he was captain.

The issue of a coach's real worth is now certain to be followed with great interest this summer, given that, as usual, Chappell's thoughts attracted a swag of publicity here.

Trevor Grant is the chief cricket writer for Melbourne's Sunday Herald newspaper and Widen Cricket Monthly.



Ian Chappell ridicules the concept of coaches for Test teams

DON'T SWEAT IT!

IT was the match you were waiting for. For weeks together you had sweated it out on the field and in the gym. You had thought of strategies and counter strategies. You had worked yourself into the zone of no return.

You step onto the field on D-Day, your senses alert and your adrenalin flowing. You've decided to give it all you've got, and suddenly... Suddenly, just half an hour into the game, you're overpowered by fatigue, the type you've never experienced before. Your limbs feel heavy, your mouth is dry and you can barely move. An overwhelming sense of

despair sets in, for you've bungled up the chance of your lifetime. Well, what you've experienced are the symptoms of dehydration and heat exhaustion.

Exercising or running in a hot environment like ours can take its toll on an unsuspecting runner. The process of running/exercising burns calories and generates heat. Sweating is a mechanism developed by

THE HEALTH COLUMN





our body to keep itself cool. Hence higher the temperature and humidity, the more a body sweats. And sweating, apart from cooling, also causes dehydration, hence the fatigue and fall in performance

The water lost through sweating has to be neutralised by fluid intake, otherwise the system will be susceptible to overheating. The loss of just 1 to 2 percent of your body weight—which can happen in a 45 minute workout—will result in your experiencing heat exhaustion. As a result of which your pace will slow and running will feel difficult and weary. If you lost 3 to 4 percent of your body weight, then performance takes a nose dive and you will experience heat cramps and extreme exhaustion. In some cases dehydration through sweating may lead to a potentially fatal stroke.

All this can however be avoided by following a smart hydration plan.

For starters DRINK PLENTY OF WATER throughout the day and replenish that with juices and other low calorie drinks like iced tea.

Experts recommend that for maintaining the ideal fluid balance within the body an average person should drink six-eight glasses of water or fluid during the day. You'll need to drink additional fluids to offset sweat loss during a workout. Even without working out it's good to put in extra fluids when it's hot and humid.

To determine the amount of additional fluid you need, to maintain the ideal fluid balance, weigh yourself before and after your next workout. Every pound lost represents approximately 1 pint of water sweated out. The ideal hydration plan would be to put in 4 to 8 ounces of fluid every 15 to 20 minutes while working out/running.

The bottom line, therefore, is stay cool...and stay alive! ●

COMMENT



Photograph: Mohiuddin Hameed

Javed Mianji argues with a Pakistani umpire during the recent Pakistan-New Zealand series and then follows it up by a sign towards the Kiwi dressing room. A gentleman's game, eh?

NEW BLOOD, new balls and new umpires are exercising the minds of the Test & County Cricket Board, with all three issues likely to affect the immediate future of English cricket. Durham's application

to become the first new first class county since Glamorgan in 1921 is a worthy one, as is the Board's decision to retain the 'new' nine-strand-seam ball for 1991.

Less certain is the result of the January ICC meeting in Australia to decide on an international panel of umpires. Understandably, English umpires are disturbed at the thought of 'foreigners' standing in England next summer, and they are unhappy that the TCEB refuses to announce its Test panel—rumoured to

comprise eight names—until after the ICC meeting

But their fears may be unfounded, because the proposed international panel has run into two major snags, apart from the £400,000 needed annually to fund the scheme. Australia is against the idea for at least two reasons. They argue that their umpires would find it difficult to absent themselves from regular employment for long periods and, anyway, the ABC does not want to lose their top umpires during a domestic season.

On a wider basis,



the fixing of fees to the international Solomons calls for a similar quality judgement from ICC. Test umpires are currently paid at a level which relates to a high percentage of the fees paid to that country's players. English umpires would not take a drop from their existing £1625 per match, but such payment to umpires from the sub-continent would be in excess of fees paid to their players. Yet why should umpires from, say, England and India stand in Pakistan for different amounts?

Thankfully, with or

REFEREES IN CRICKET

without the panel which, if established, will operate mandatorily for the first time in England next summer, there will be a referee at each Test, and he will rule at the end of each day on all matters of indiscipline.

That covers an

incident like Javed Miandad's brush with an umpire in the recent Faisalabad Test against New Zealand, but it does not cater for timewasting of the sort which disfigured the Trinidad Test in March.

(David Frith is Editor of *Wisden Cricket Monthly*)

BY DAVID FRITH

WHO

IS KING OF THE MILE?

TIME was when the world said that no one knew the art of middle distance running better than the Britons. In the last two decades or so, the British hold over middle distance had been complete. For every mile he ran the British athlete picked up a gold. But now the sun is setting on the British domination with runners from the dark continent flexing their muscles on the Olympreane tracks.

The African onslaught on the middle distance running is such that today, runners from Africa are winning most of the titles at international meets. With newer and faster

runners coming onto the tracks every season, an obvious question which pops up is: Who is the best middle distance runner in the world?

It is generally believed that after the glamorous short sprint (100m), it is the 1500m event which generates the maximum excitement. No wonder, the 'milers' are regarded

as the 'Kings Of The Track' who generate some of the most exciting moments of sporting excellence.

Over the years, quite a few milers have emerged who can take a shot at the middle distance crown. Moroccan Express Said Aouita, Somalian Abdi Bile, out-of-shape Steve

Cram, dependable Peter Elliot, erratic Jans Herold or the ever expanding pack of Kenyans who are now dominating the event in a manner quite similar to Britain's in the seventies and the early eighties.

What is the factor that contributes to the mystical pull of this four lap race?

Sebastian Coe says, "The 1500m is the most technical of all athletic events. Not only one has to be physically tough, but also one should have the ability to adapt to the fast changing situations of the race". In fact the 1500m, incorporates the characters of both a sprint and an endurance event. Peter Elliot agrees with Coe and

Sebastian Coe is in retirement;
Steve Cram is out of form;
Peter Elliot is always coming
second; Kenyan Peter Rono
is concentrating on college;
Aouita is ageing... so the
question is: Who is going to be
the king of the metric mile?



Steve Cram is surely out of form and in decline

says, "The 800m is an extended sprint but in the 1500m you have to apply tactics".

But as far as technical excellence goes, there is no one anywhere near Sebastian Coe. When he won the 1500m at the Los Angeles Olympics, he attained the tag of the greatest middle distance runner. Before him, no one had retained the 1500m title in the Olympics. With two golds at Moscow and Los Angeles, world records in the 800m, 1000m, 1500m and the mile, he was the best middle distance runner of the

modern era. But his 'exit' from the athletic arena to the political battlefields has seen a lot of young pretenders aiming for the top slot.

At one time, Steve Cram was thought of as the new mile hero. But not so any longer. Today Cram's timings are nowhere near the top ten world timings. With three disastrous seasons behind him, the press reports indicating that he is over the hill do not seem exaggerated now.

Peter Elliot too has been giving dismal performances since the Commonwealth Games. He lacks the 'champions charisma', one of the major factors preventing him from



Sebastian Coe: his retirement has left a void

reaching the top. If one took his early performances, the improvement in his timings made him a good candidate for the number one position. But not any longer, as

Said Aouita is by far the best middle distance runner in the world. He holds the world records for the 1500m, 2000m, 3000m and 5000m and also the two mile run. It is little wonder then that sports writers have called him the "Mike Tyson of Athletics"

he too has wilted against the African onslaught.

A string of second place finishes in the athletics calendar have done nothing to improve his status as an 'also ran' and he continues to draw a simile with the archetypal celluloid sidekick when in the company of world class runners. In fact he has never been the same since the day he took five painkilling injections for a groin injury before the Seoul Olympics. His constant second place finishes have labelled him the 'nearly ran' man.



Peter Elliot: always coming second

The reason Peter Rono supercedes Elliot is because of his 1988 Seoul Olympics crown. Many purists feel that Rono is nothing more than a mere pretender. One lobby states that his winning time in, Korea—3:35.96 would not remotely touch Aouita's, Bile's or many others at their best. On the other hand his strong Grand-Prix points make him a favourite for the top spot. But is that really enough?

He has not won any major titles since the Olympics to justify his rank. Now that he has announced that he will be concentrating more on college, the Kenyan can also be ruled out.

That brings us to Abdi Bile, the world champion over the distance. The Somalian runner has had to lay off from active sport for two years now, all thanks to a stress fracture that struck him in the Seoul Olympics. His recent return to Grand Prix, saw the 31-year-old Somalian record timings nudging 3:30 and if his current training schedules are to be believed, he will be back next season and would give spectacular performances in Europe and Tokyo in the World Championships.

Even though he has lost a couple of races, Bile still remains a strong challenger for the top spot. His performances spell class. His only drawback is age as he is nearing his 32nd birthday.

That brings up Moroccan Express, Said Aouita, who is by far the best middle distance runner in the world. He

holds the world records for the 1500m, 2000m, 3000m and 5000m and also the two mile run. The only record missing from his kitty is the metric mile run. The 29-year-old Moroccan had won the Olympic gold for the 5000m at Los Angeles and also had managed to bag a bronze at Seoul in the 1500m. He is no doubt the world's most complete distance runner and his domination of the 1500m event is sometimes frightening.

It is little wonder then that sports writers call

"The 1500m is the most technical of all athletic events. Not only has one to be physically tough, but also one should have the ability to adapt to the fast changing situations in a race"—Sebastian Coe

him the 'Mike Tyson of Athletics'. He comments arrogantly. "I have shown everyone that not only am I the best in Morocco but the best in the world".

In fact, a hamstring injury and wrong advice by Moroccan doctors cost him an Olympic gold at Seoul. He rues the day he believed his native medics. But now the "Casablanca Cowboy" is out of the vicious injury-performance trap. His showing in the 1990 season hasn't been as great as the earlier seasons, but Aouita feels that he will be back next season, gunning for gold.

NEWSMEN PICTURES



Said Aouita: the Mike Tyson of Athletics

SO this is it, friends—my last bylined piece for *Sportsworld* as a staffer. The magazine's cricket writer leaves on December 15 to launch a 9 to 5 research into industrial trends, to track to-be blue chips, specialise in portfolio management and die a rich man.

Like the drowning man who sees his life flash across him in an instant, this once-upon-a-time cricket writer is no different. Here is his nostalgic flashback—bowling to Viv Richards on the beach in Antigua in evening light; standing in the Lahore Press Box in honour of Mohinder Amarnath's Test-saving hundred in 1984-85; Imran bowling out half the Indian team on the Christmas afternoon of 1982 in what must rank as one of the most incredible spells of swing bowling of the modern era; Marshall shocking the bat out of SMG's hand at Kanpur, (unbelievable) 1983; SMG hooking Marshall for six in the next Test (even more unbelievable); Javed Miandad pulling Chetan Sharma for the most celebrated six in limited overs cricket in Sharjah; SMG cleverly avoiding a Tauseef 'thwat ball' by shouldering arms in the Bangalore Test, 1987.

And what of the characters?

What of Everton Weekes, a teary film on his myopic eye, telling this at-his-knee-devotee how he wept when they lowered Frank Worrell into his grave; what of the 70-something Dr Jehangir Khan pointing to the sepia photograph of the 1932 Indian team on the wall and saying,

freewheeling

'that's me.' What of Mushtaq Ali reverse sweeping a fast bowler at nets and breaking the college window; what of Abdul Hafeez Kardar on how the subcontinent could have got its first World Cup much before it did; what of the 98-year-old Prof. Deodhar taking meticulous care to comb his hair and wear his coat before being photographed; what of Foffie Williams of the 1939 West Indies team relating how Learie Constantine could run a batsman out from cover off his own bowling.

The nervous 18-year-old who joined *Sportsworld* as an apprentice could never in his wildest fantasies have visualised his early 20's could turn out the way they eventually did. It wasn't just being on a perpetual 'paid holiday', to go and watch cricket.

It was the freedom of doing his own thing. If he felt like banging out 800 words on Benares, its cows, temples and its cricket, *Sportsworld* would always be banked upon to spare a page.

If he wanted to write at length of how he went breast-stroking through the chilly Arabian Sea at 4.00 a.m. (!) off the Karachi beachline on the eve of a Test, then the sub-editors would be accommodating enough to put their scalpels aside and permit the copy to pass through untouched. It was the nearest to a literary *laissez faire* as an Indian 20-something writer could ever hope to enjoy.

Oh yes, I was talking of that diffident 18-year-old wanting-to-be-a-Cardus-cricket writer. He reported his first Test at 19 years and two months, went on his

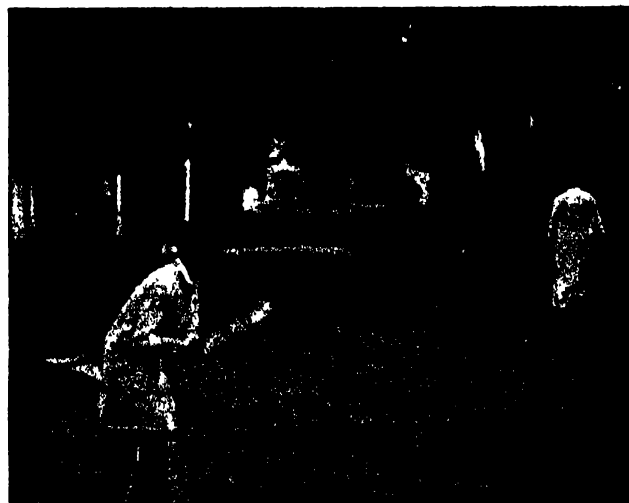
first overseas assignment before he could vote (20, to be precise), wrote his first book when he was 24, his second when he was 24; conceived, scripted, and researched his first film on cricket when he was 25 and suddenly everything seemed a repetition of what had already taken place. There appeared no cricketing peaks to climb. Disillusion, they call it.

Cricket too began losing its pull. The Tests became a non-alopathic substitute for Calmpose, standards became increasingly pedestrian, the limited-over matches were mechanically routinised and there were just no characters around as raw material for feature writing. No Randall, no Greig, no Brearley, no Lillee, no Majid, no Bishen, no Chandra, no Vishwanath, no Yashpal, no Patil, no SMG, no '76 vintage Richards', no Roberts and no Lloyd. Somehow the giants always seemed to be headed for the exit door. Inevitably, the mystique of the great game blunted.

And yet...and yet one shall look back on cricket and *Sportsworld* in the diabetic and bifocal days of one's life with the misty-eyed nostalgia reserved for when one was 18 and passionately in love.

Friends, the flesh is still willing but the spirit is weak.

Mudar Patherya



Patherya always carried a camera when on his cricket travels

Despite a weakening spirit, Mudar Patherya will continue to contribute articles to the magazine that he has served with so much distinction



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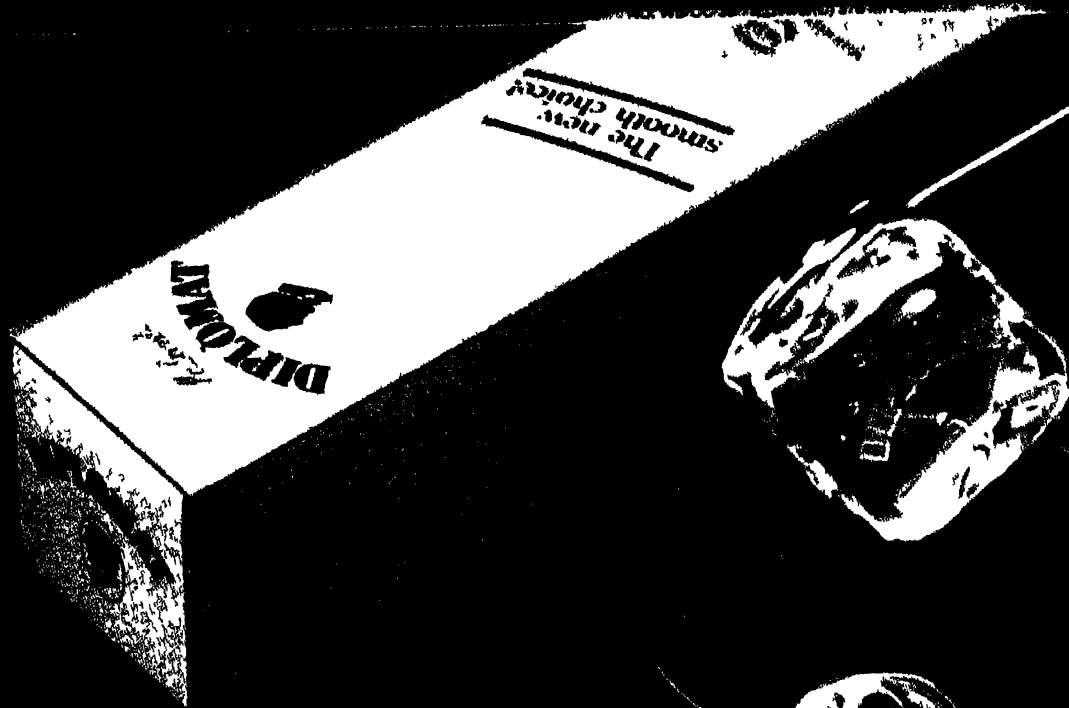
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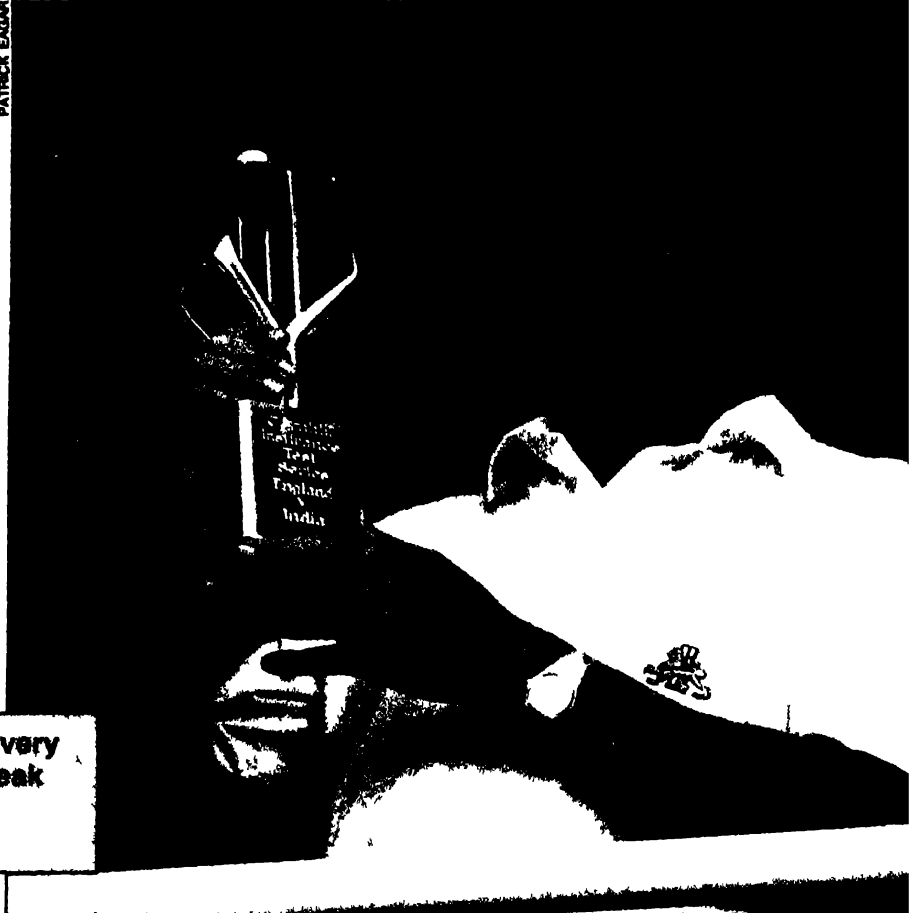
KINETIC HONDA
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VOICES

"I don't think I ever lost for the record. I've lost a lot about 10 years ago. I don't think I ever lost. Nobody cares about what I did 10 years ago. They want to know about Agassi, Edberg and Becker."

VITAS GERULAITIS, now a TV tennis analyst for USA Network and Prime Time holds Jimmy Connors in high esteem, but also evokes nostalgia with this remark

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"It seems these days every time I miss a catch I break something."

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"People talk about the difference between a thoroughbred and a quarterhorse, and there's a lot to that. A thoroughbred is somebody who will do well all the time, even when he loses. A quarterhorse only wins one out of ten times. A thoroughbred handles diversity and takes the good with the bad. If he keeps

winning he never tests his character. I didn't think much of it (Douglas' performance). He didn't come to win. He came to make money and quit, which he did."

MIKE TYSON, breaks the silence at last after that historic night when he lost his title to 'Buster' Douglas

"Someone's using my name for some free advertising. Maybe it'll boost their gate by a couple of dogs."

POP ROBSON, former Newcastle striker, on reports that he plans to become the manager of Ownton Manor. He is now the assistant manager of Hartlepool.

"I thought Douglas was disgraceful. The fact that he allowed himself to get into that condition for a heavyweight championship fight was outlandish. This is the greatest prize in sports and he treated it with disdain."

EDDIE FUTCH, the veteran trainer in heavyweight boxing, obviously does not think highly of Buster Douglas

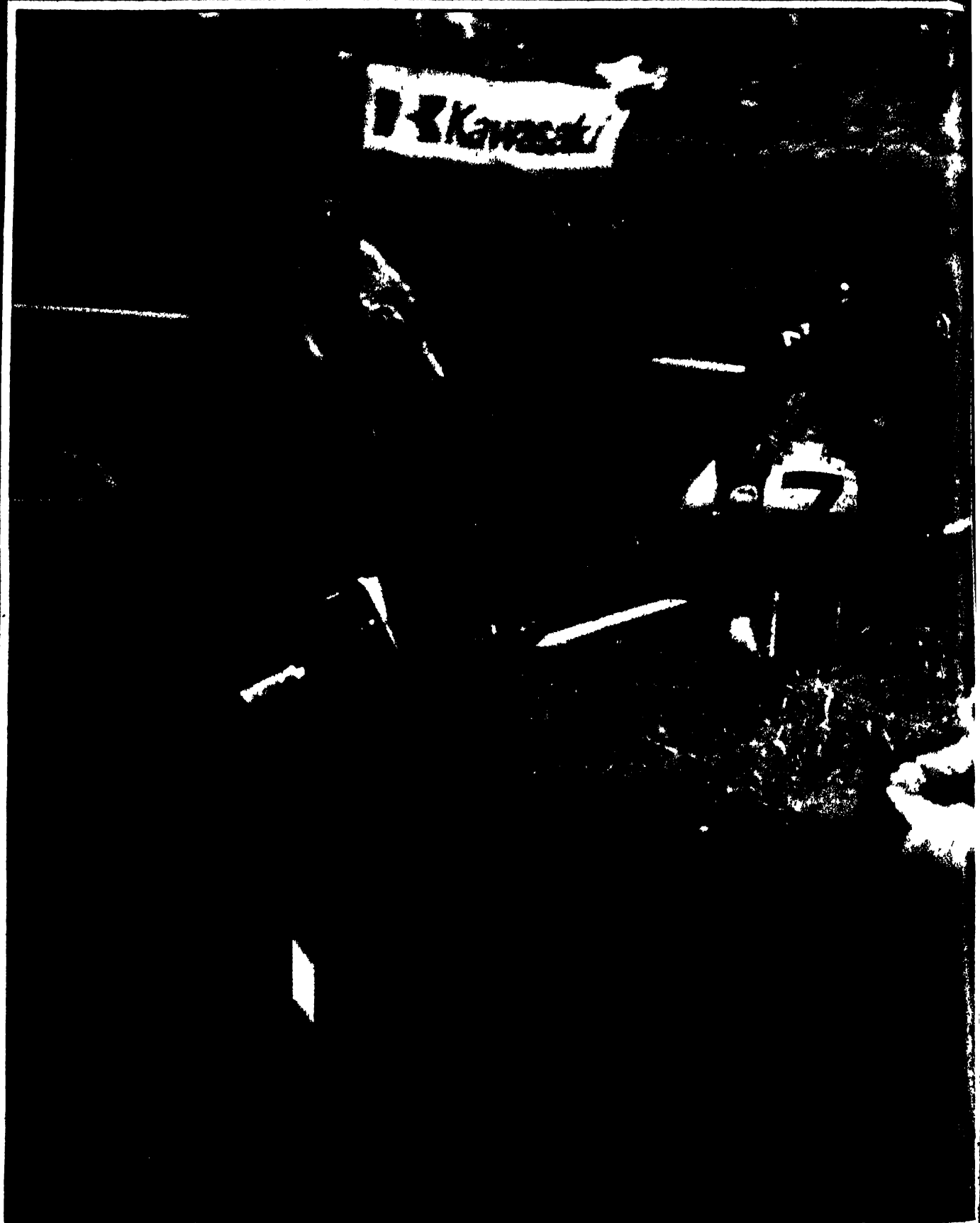
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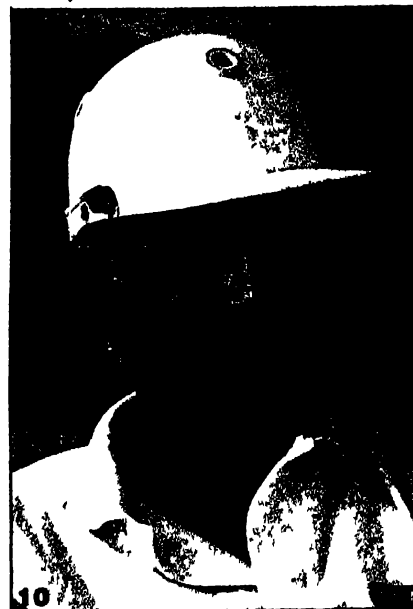
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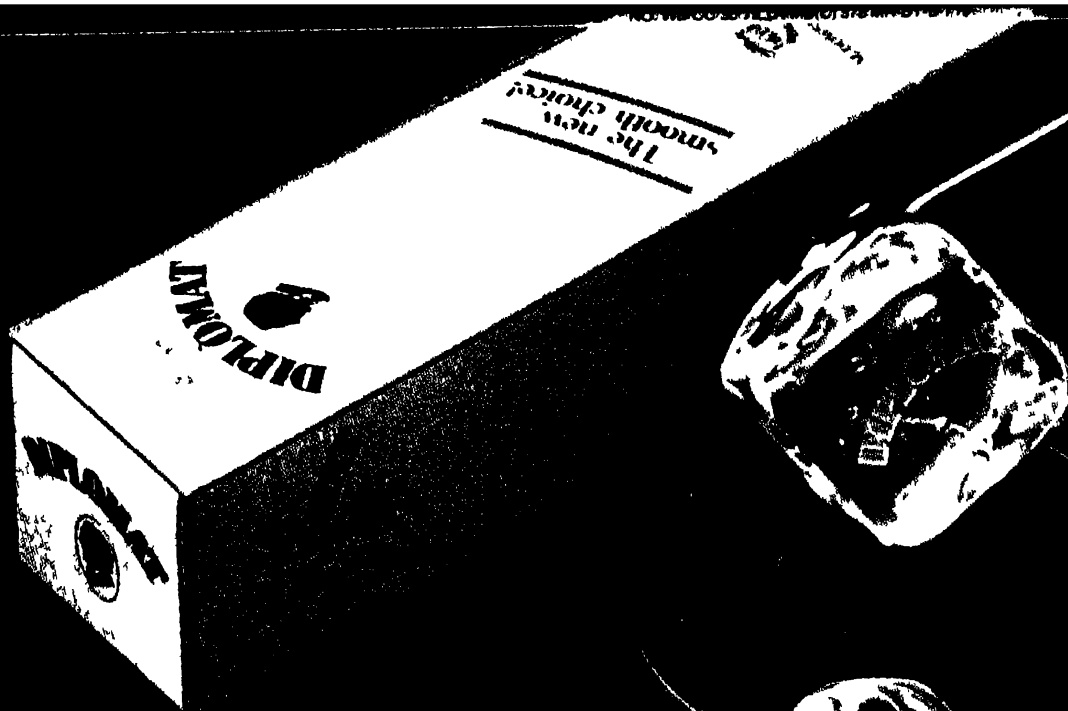
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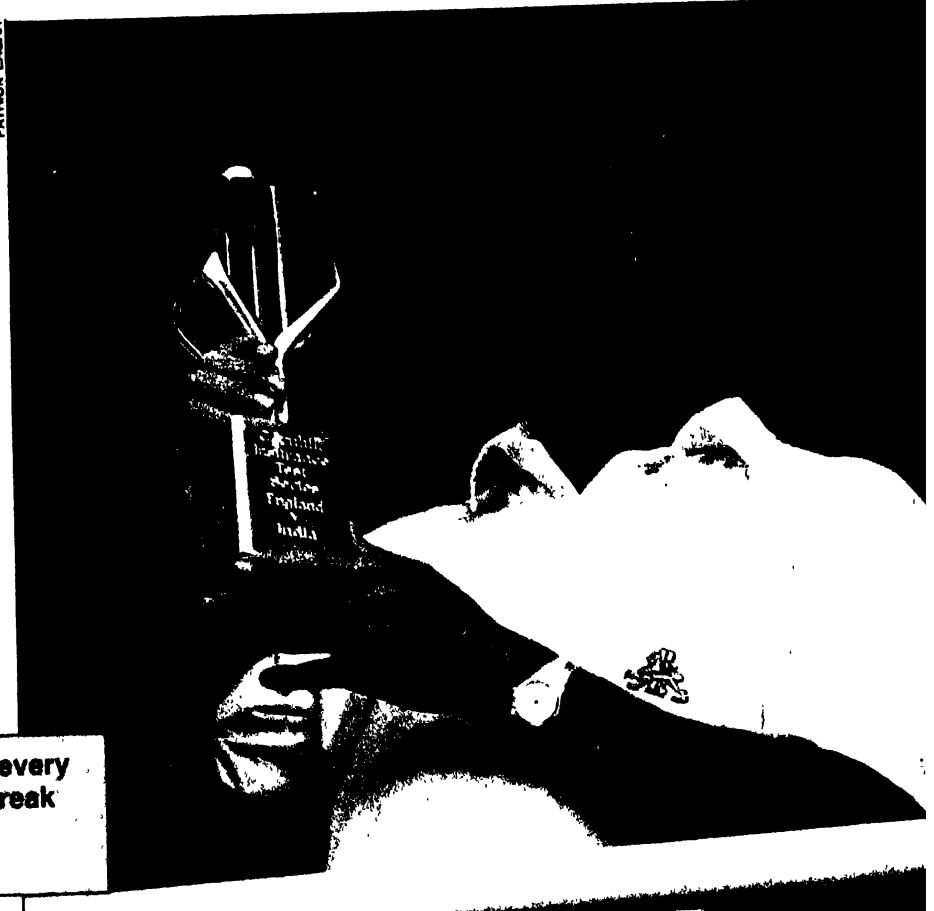
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INDIA - SRI LANKA ONE DAY SERIES



HOW LONG WILL SRI LANKA REMAIN...

CRICKET'S EASIEST PREY?

FOR some unknown reason there has always been an inexplicable—almost disquieting—streak of submissiveness in Sri Lanka's cricketing attitude. It is as if, despite their long tradition and enormous promise, they are quite happily reconciled to being identified as the game's easiest prey. In Test, as well as in one day cricket.

And now their latest campaign in India has once again underscored that inherent lack of will power, of application, and the absence of that keen, bold purposefulness that provides the catalyst for success.

Sometimes it seems the problem has a lot to do with the country's cricketing morale, which seldom reaches the high point required to instil into a team a certain degree of aggressiveness. The killer instinct. The spirit of assault on any challenge that the opponents could throw at them.

From an analytical point of view, the scores of the entire one day series that the two countries have just completed, never really gave the impression of an uneven contest, even though there can be little argument that in terms of cricketing might and depth, Sri Lanka was not really on an even-keel with their Indian opponents.

So, what the scores and many other factors actually indicate

... Their (Sri Lanka's) ... in India ... again ... that ... of will ... application, ... of that ... that ... for

was the potential that Sri Lanka always possessed to overcome the targets or challenges set by their mighty opponents. They indeed looked capable of it, except that they did not seem to have faith that, for all their second grade image, their game was not really much lower than the level of cricket the Indians displayed. All they needed was a little more push. A little more belief in themselves.

It was expected that after the Nagpur defeat, the Sri Lankans would go hell for leather to make the Pune one-dayer a retaliatory effort, making it a turning point from where they could fight back on an even ground. In Pune, much worse than Nagpur, the Sri Lankans simply played in to the hands of the Indians, who enjoyed a most facile victory, with the young Sachin Tendulkar stealing the show from everyone else.

It has almost been a foregone conclusion that Sachin Tendulkar is going to be quite a phenomenon in Indian cricket. And once again one must insist that the real strength of this young man stems more from his innate, almost naturally generating self-confidence, than his cricketing prowess. Without a doubt he has got his technique honed up to a remarkably mature level in batting as well as in the other departments of the game; but behind everything somewhere deep down, there seems to be a spontaneous wellspring of self-belief almost unimaginable in a 17-year-old boy.

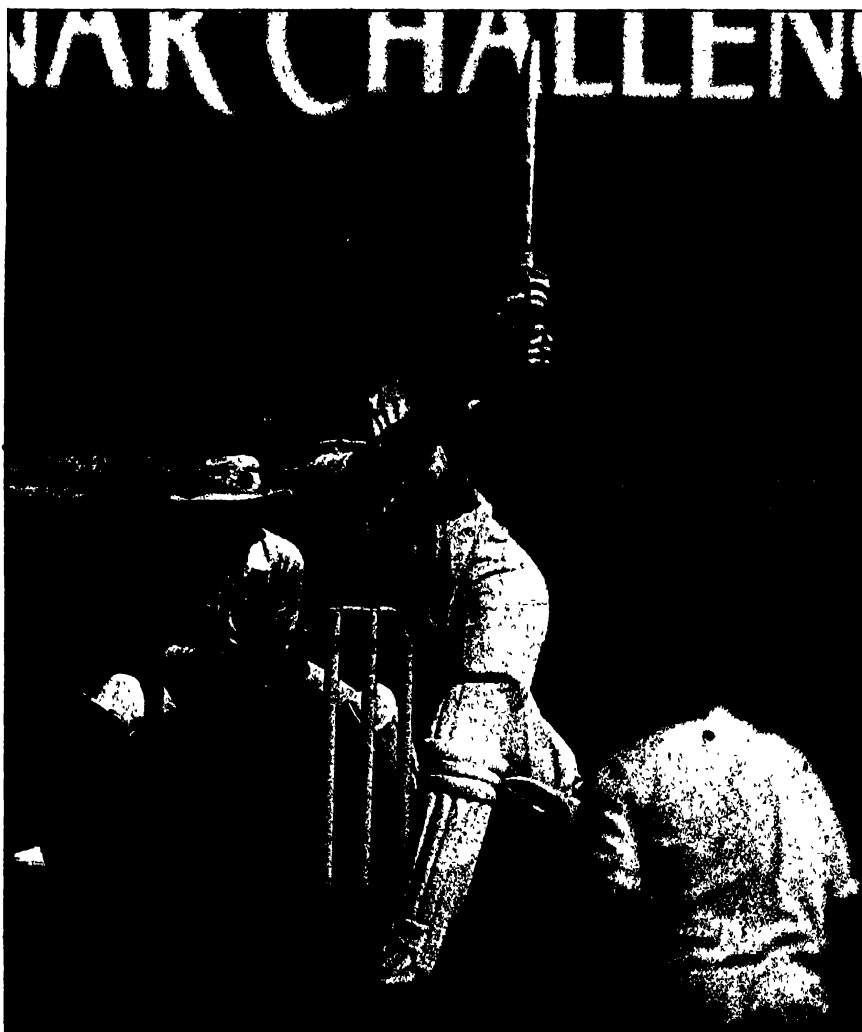
And this trait of his is evident not only in his cricket, but, in his whole being, in fact, his entire personality.

He is always full of fun. Easy going. Devoid of tension. And self-consciousness. As if he is constantly surrounded by a sense of 'no-worries'; and the warmth of it. As if he knows for sure that there is nothing in the womb of future that is going to endanger him. And more important than that, it is as if he knows that there is nothing he is going to do in the future that would embarrass him.



Aravinda De Silva greets the crowds after reaching his ton in Nagpur

Ravi Shastri: glorious return to form



It was this sure footedness that was in display in Pune in such great abundance. Sachin Tendulkar never seemed to make a hard effort to do all that he did—ran out an opponent with a spectacular throw almost from the boundary line, took a brilliant catch and surprise of surprise took two vital wickets with his gentle medium pace. Dear God what a show!

And then he batted well too, presenting a brief but stormy innings of 32 off 22 balls. The arrogance, the accuracy and the boldness that characterised his knock was mind boggling, really once again an air of fearlessness about the uncertainties of the game providing him with an extra aura of immortality. Like someone who knows that his future is only in his own hands.

And of course the other man who so remarkably set out to shape his own future with sure-footed grace also met with the reward that he deserved. Ravi Shastri. His return to form has so blissfully come at a time, when the realisation was painfully dawning that one of present day cricket's most talented heroes was languishing in irretrievable decay. And now it has been such a relief to notice that Ravi Shastri has turned the tide back, scoring runs at every possible opportunity, carving out success after success for his country in Test as well as one day cricket and in the process regaining his position in the team as an important source of inspiration and strength.

This, without a doubt, was something that was required ever since the Indian team entered the phase of transition towards youth in recent times. Honestly, it was the trio of Azharuddin, Kapil Dev and Ravi Shastri who composed the nucleus of the old guard that was supposed to provide guidance and motivation to the youth. But then, unfortunately, Kapil Dev has not struck his true form for a long time now, and with Ravi Shastri in the shade, Mohammad Azharuddin was left the lone,

warrior to lead the new promise that was ready to electrify Indian cricket.

Poor Azharuddin. For a long time he must have been pining for someone close at hand to provide him with the moral support and strength that he required at this hour of change. Fortunately for him and for all of us, now he has got one in the shape of the re-emerging Ravi Shastri, whose consistent success with the bat, with above fifty scores in most of the recent encounters, definitely augurs well.

As far as the Sri Lankans are concerned, there can be no doubt

that they do have talent in their squad. And hardcore, fighters too. Like Asanka Gurusinghe, Graeme Labrooy and Kapila Wijegunawardene. They all are hardworkers and relentless triers. Especially Gurusinghe in the batting department and Labrooy in the bowling. And more or less they got their rewards performing respectably.

The grand old man of Indian cricket D B Deodhar presenting the Charminar Challenge Man of the Match trophy to the teenaged Sachin Tendulkar in Pune



The real strength of this young man (Tendulkar) stems more from his innate, almost naturally generating self-confidence, than his cricketing prowess... And this trait of his is evident not only in his cricket, but in his whole being, in fact, his entire personality...

It obviously is there for everyone to see that De Silva was the most confident and aggressive of all in the Sri Lankan batting lineup, while Arjuna Ranatunga always seemed aware of his responsibilities as skipper and on most occasions took care to make his batting a morale booster for his side, especially the youngsters.

Pity is, if only they could have made their efforts more sustained. Pity is, if only they could have mustered a little more killer instinct to overcome the marginal difference that existed vis a vis India in the one day balance of power.

COVER STORY

THE FO



Age, scarcity of runs in Tests, a glut of talented batsmen and a low profile. Is Dilip Vengsarkar gradually seeing the last of his international career?

NIKHIL BHATTACHARYA

RGOTTEN SOLDIER

BY PRADEEP PAUL



PASH-BAHANI DAS

Does Vengsarkar want to hang onto his career like Mohinder Amarnath?

the gear neutral. The lights have just flashed amber. He has to decide. Will he shift gears and go for it? Or will he just switch off the ignition and let the world drive by?

For a man who topped the Coopers Deloittes rating not so long ago, Vengsarkar sure has hit skidrow. By July this year he was languishing in ninth spot, the crown having been usurped by Australia's Mark Taylor. And come November, he was off the listings totally, having been replaced by Mohammad Azharuddin.

And not without

Vengsarkar now sits at the crossroads of his career. The car is idling, the gear neutral. The lights have just flashed amber. He has to decide. Will he shift gears and go for it? Or will he just switch off the ignition and let the world drive by?

WHEN this cover story was being discussed at our editorial meeting, it became obvious that we would require Sunil Gavaskar's opinion. Simply because he was one of the few Indian sportsmen who knew when to quit. Retiring instead of being retired ensures dignity, and Gavaskar had left with

his honour intact.

And when contacted on the phone, the Little Master gave us a typically quizzical answer "Before amber turns to red they should know when to stop the car or take it forward"

Dilip Balwant Vengsarkar now sits at the crossroads of his career. The car is idling,

reason The runs have been loath to come off Vengsarkar's blade of late And try as he might, the figures are against him When compared to the average of 37.31 he had off 64 Test matches prior to the West Indies tour of India in 1983-84, he really hit overdrive in the next four years Off the next 34 Tests, Vengsarkar scored a mammoth 2711 runs to boast an average of 66.12 and pretty much ruled Indian cricket (he even captained the side for 10 Test matches!)

But, like Newton proved, whatever goes up must come down And the following three seasons, after that highly successful series against the West Indies in 1987-88 (he averaged 101.66!), have been putrid in comparison Just 454 runs in his next 13 Tests, an average of 25.22, which effectively lowered his career average to 43.57 from a heady 63.83

Things got so bad that the only names under his on the batting averages sheet for the English tour this summer were Kiran More, Sanjeev Sharma, Narendra Hirwani, Atul Wasson, Navjot Sidhu and Anil Kumble! This, from an Indian who is surpassed by only Gavaskar when it comes to scoring hundreds in Test cricket

Now, with just seven runs from the last Test India played (against Sri Lanka) and already axed from the one-day squad, Vengsarkar doesn't need a pair of Zeiss binoculars to see the writing on the wall Even the glut of runs in the domestic

season he's averaged 99.36 of his last 12 Ranji and Duleep Trophy matches cannot help him, as the Indian selectors are showing a preference for the five batsmen, five-bowler equation The need of the hour is for batsmen who guarantee runs Not one those who *might* come good

As Gavaskar says, when asked for his view on the Indian team, "Frankly, I don't look at individuals I'm looking

for a good balance Who to pick is the selector's headache I think that if India has to win, they need a 5 plus 5 equation Fortunately Manoj and Kapil can bat More too can belt the ball a little bit And Ravi is the sixth bonus bowler "

The competition is pretty fierce too The lineup is packed with

Vengsarkar is a quiet, family man who prefers to stay out of the spotlight

extremely talented batsmen like Ravi Shastri, Navjot Sidhu, Mohammad Azharuddin, Sachin Tendulkar and Sanjay Manjrekar, while waiting in the wings are equally promising players like Pravin Amre and Vinod Kambli And with skipper Azhar going on record as saying "There's a lot of competition now So if you perform, you're there If you don't then you're out because there are lot of guys pressing for a place in the team", Vengsarkar is certainly feeling the pressure

And it is very obvious from any attempt to converse with the man The same person who was so blasé about his momentous Lord's appearance this summer (after all, he had scored centuries there on the last three occasions) saying "I'm treating it as just another Test If I start thinking, then I'll only invite pressure", now only talks about how he has to score It is an all-consuming fire within him Vengsarkar knows that Test runs are what count.

ONE bullet Dilip Vengsarkar can't slot into his chamber when preparing to fire his eventual salvo at the Indian cricket infrastructure is victimisation. Very rarely has an Indian cricketer been treated as leniently Despite his inability to score, the selectors persisted with him, in the fond belief that his touch would reappear. Even a series aggregate of 132 from three Tests against the



UTPAL SORAKAR

THE SOUNDS OF SILENCE

ONE would have thought that compiling a list of quotes on Dilip Vengsarkar would be rather easy. After all, even if people thought that he ought to bow out gracefully, diplomacy would dictate that they counter your questions with praise for Vengsarkar's contribution to Indian cricket and his class as a batsman. Yet, not many seem inclined to say anything bad...and even worse say anything good, about the Bombay batsman's career.

SPORTSWORLD asked a few people their opinions. Here's what they had to say:



SUNIL GAVASKAR: Vengsarkar himself knows the kind of position he is in. That he might get a chance or that he may not get one at all. I feel bad for anybody who plays, but doesn't know what his future

is. Like Jimmy Amarnath and Dilip...I mean they have been tremendous contributors to Indian cricket. I feel sorry for blokes who have to be dropped. It's upto the people themselves to take hard decisions. And if the selectors drop you, it puts everyone in an embarrassing position. It always leaves bitterness. So it is better to leave on your own, then there is no bitterness. Then you can look at the brighter aspect. Otherwise you may have played 5-7 or ten years or over a hundred Tests and all you remember is that one particular moment when you were dropped.

But as far as general selection of batsmen go, I think on the eve of the Test match or the day before, the selectors should look at the form of the batsmen. Whichever four or five batsmen are in form and have stayed at the wicket etc, whether they are playing for their clubs or Ranji Trophy, they should be selected. And then you drop any batsman you want.

Personally, I feel we need to look at the opening pair. Some one with Ravi....that is a major headache. I mean, taking Arun Lal in the 14 and then dropping him was senseless. They shouldn't fiddle around with the opening pair. You are just exposing the number three

and number four. I mean 'his (Chandigarh Test) was the first time India has had two makeshift openers.

MOHAMMED AZHARUDDIN: The Indian captain flatly declined to comment



BISHEN BEDI: I do not wish to comment on this topic as I think it is a very controversial subject. In the past, I have been dragged into unnecessary controversies, so I do not want to spark off another controversy by giving my opinions about Vengsarkar's future in international cricket. Dilip was always aloof, but that is no factor for his being dropped. As long as he got runs, his temperament did not matter. Why should it matter now? His recent Test scores are not very good and I am sure he realises that he has to face a lot of competition from young middle order batsmen. It all depends on how motivated he is to continue playing for India.

ABBAS ALI BAIG: I am the manager of the side till the Asia Cup so until then I do not think it is proper for me to comment on such a issue. Please ask me when I am not part of the establishment. I will then be able to answer, as I have my views on whether Vengsarkar should continue for India or not.

KAPIL DEV: I do not wish to comment on any queries about Vengsarkar.

MADAN LAL: I think Dilip should quit when he thinks it is best for him, like Sunil Gavaskar did. One must not have any regrets about retirement. I am sure Vengsarkar will make the right decision at the appropriate time. At present he has the calibre to continue playing for India. He is aware of the competition and I am sure he will motivate himself to perform well.

Navy Kapadia, New Delhi

New Zealanders in '88-89 wasn't enough to cost him his captaincy.

Not that he didn't give them reason to. First was the syndicated column incident where

he was docked a six-month ban for defying the BCCI directive and going ahead with his column. "I only wrote because Viv Richards (the rival

captain in that series) had print access to the people" he later clarified, but contracts are contracts, and the knuckles were rapped. Then, after a totally

disastrous tour of the West Indies in '88-89, Vengsarkar and his team blatantly ignored the Board's telexes refusing them permission and



proceeded with their 'rebel' tour of the United States and Canada. Yet in spite of all that it was Vengsarkar himself who asked to be left out when the team to tour Pakistan was being selected. Doing an absolute volte face on his earlier statement of 'I don't think we Indians have to do it', Marshall Gower, Gooch had to do it. They play cricket throughout the year when asked about the ploy of sitting out a series, Vengsarkar quoted mental and physical staleness as his reason to stay home.

One could hardly fault the selectors then for sticking to the promising combination of proven experience plus talented youth and leaving Vengsarkar at home when the team left

Things got so bad, that the only names under his on the batting averages sheet for the English tour this summer were Kiran More, Sanjeev Sharma, Narendra Hirwani, Atul Wasson, Navjot Sidhu and Anil Kumble!

for New Zealand in late '89. After all, it was high time that we inducted some fresh blood into the side and players like Sachin Tendulkar and Sanjay Manjrekar had performed admirably in Pakistan.

"Hurt? I am well disappointed" was how Vengsarkar responded to the dropping. And even as he sat, licking his wounds, providence saw it fit that he should play. The injury-prone Sidhu was registered *hors de combat* and it was Dilip Vengsarkar who was jetted out to fill his place, in spite of batsmen like V B Chandrasekhar, Ajay Sharma and Gursharan Singh being right there in New Zealand!

Ever since then, it has been a low-profile Vengsarkar that

Vengsarkar's West Indian campaign ended in much bitterness

inhabits the Indian dressing room. Basically an introvert—Bishen Singh Bedi once classified him in his column as 'his aloofness and greatly introverted personality can be viewed two-fold that he is not an expressive showman which defies his commercial value from the endorsement angle. And secondly, he is a leader devoid of belief in himself which prevents him from motivating himself as well as spurring on his colleagues'—this added isolation hasn't gone down too well with the team, especially the skipper Azhar, in an earlier interview to this

DILIP VENGSAKAR'S UPS & DOWNS IN RECENT TEST CAREER

	T	Inn	NO	Runs	HS	Avg	C	F
v WI 1983-84	5	8	—	425	159	53.12	2	2
v Pak 1984-85	2	3	—	74	41	24.66	—	—
v Eng 1984-85	5	8	1	284	137	40.57	1	—
v SL 1985-86	3	6	1	177	98*	35.40	—	2
v Aus 1985-86	3	4	2	120	75	60.00	—	1
v Eng 1986	3	6	2	360	126*	90.00	2	1
v Aus 1986-87	2	2	2	186	164*	—	1	—
v SL 1986-87	3	3	—	376	166	125.33	2	1
v Pak 1986-87	5	8	2	404	109	67.33	1	2
v WI 1987-88	3	5	2*	305	102*	101.66	2	1
v NZ 1988-89	3	4	—	132	75	33.00	—	1
v WI 1988-89	4	6	—	110	62	18.33	—	1
v NZ 1989-90	2	2	—	47	47	23.50	—	—
v Eng 1990	3	5	—	58	52	31.60	—	1
v SL 1990-91	1	1	—	7	7	7.00	—	—
	47	71	12	3165	166	53.64	11	13
Bifurcation								
Prior to West Indies (in India) 1983-84	64	105	10	3545	157*	37.31	6	20
From 83-84 upto end of W. Indies 1987-88	34	53	12	2711	166	66.12	11	10
Last three seasons	13	18	—	454	75	25.22	—	3
TOTAL CAREER	111	176	22	6710	166	43.57	17	33

DOMESTIC PERFORMANCE

1988-89

Duleep Trophy

v South Zone 3

128

v North Zone 4

Ranji Trophy

v Baroda 58

v Maharashtra 9

v Hyderabad 64

0

1989-90

Duleep Trophy

v South Zone 123

Ranji Trophy

v Gujarat 101*

v Saurashtra 58

v Baroda 59

v Maharashtra 139

1990-91

Ranji Trophy

v Gujarat 258*

v Saurashtra 89

Matches Runs

12 1093

Avg.

99.36



TEST MATCH INNINGS

(Last 5 series)

v New Zealand, 1988-89

Bangalore 75

Bombay 25

Hyderabad 0

32

v West Indies, 1988-89

Georgetown D N Bat

Bridgetown 20

Port of Spain 6

Kingston 2

62

8

v New Zealand, 1989-90

Napier 0

Auckland 47

v England, 1990

Lord's 52

35

Manchester 6

The Oval 32

33

v Sri Lanka, 1990-91

Chandigarh 7

Tests

13

Runs

454

Avg.

25.22

The elegance and the technique have never been in question. But the net results now are negative

magazine, commented that "I don't want to name anyone, but there are some players who've got to change their attitude"

Whether this is a form of retaliation to Vengsarkar's broadside in his explosive interview to this magazine on his return from West Indies in '89 where the then-captain said "My logic is this not scoring runs is only a minor problem which can be overcome, but what you cannot correct is one's escapist attitude" is not clear, but it is very obvious that



both these men aren't comfortable with each other.

On asking his point of view on this state of

affairs, Gavaskar responded to 'Do you think Vengsarkar is comfortable playing under Azhar?' with "Is

Azhar comfortable having Vengsarkar in the team?." Touche!

MOVING to the touchiest subject of them all—quitting—the question is, how long is Vengsarkar going to hang around? The runs aren't coming, at least where it counts most, and the administration is starting to crack down. First it was the Indian captaincy. Then it was his place in the side. And the latest move has been to deny him even the pleasure of captaining his Ranji Trophy side, Bombay. When Shastri was

Vengsarkar has always been on the periphery of the Indian team's social circle





named skipper of Bombay—obviously with the the Indian captaincy in mind—quite a few eyebrows were raised. Even Gavaskar asked in his column whether, 'Vengsarkar in the last few months had become such a poor captain that he has to be replaced and especially when his personal form was good?'. And on asking the Little Master about it later, he felt that "the reasoning is incorrect. I don't think you make someone captain only if he is in the running for the Indian captaincy, as they are doing. You just pick the man who you think can bring you that particular trophy you are playing for".

Now, at age 34 and with a crop of young batsmen snapping at his heels, Vengsarkar must

surely feel like a hunted man. As Ravi Shastri very succinctly put it "A time comes for everybody to quit the game. It's only when he feels he's had his bit, he should move out, whoever the gentleman

Azhar... "There's a lot of competition now. So if you perform you're there. If you don't then you're out because there are a lot of guys pressing for a place in the team"

An Introvert? Close friends like Qadir would tend to disagree

concerned is"

But does this particular gentleman feel it is time yet? Going by his prediction made in 1987 that "I can carry on for another five years or so", he's still aiming for another two years at the very least. But that was said when the runs were flowing with more fluidity than crude down a Kuwaiti pipeline. Now, with the flow drying out to a trickle—is there some connection?—Vengsarkar will have to start reconsidering.

If he plans on ending his career with the same dignity he has conducted himself so far, Vengsarkar would do well to either get his act together or walk out

with his head held high. Otherwise, if he allows this current state of affairs to drag on for too long, he might just find himself saying farewell with his head held high and his feet held even higher.

It is a decision only Vengsarkar can make. Does he, like Gavaskar, prefer to quit when he is still a name to reckon with? Or does he, like the 'comeback king' Mohinder Amarnath, want to drag out the messy affair till people actually want him out?

But till such time that Vengsarkar makes his decision, we can only ask if he—all things considered—is still good enough to make the Indian team. But then, as Gavaskar countered, "Is he bad enough to be dropped?"

That, is the question. ●

READERS' QUIZ

QUESTIONS

1. Trevor Chappell's infamous under-arm delivery in the Benson and Hedges World Series Cup finals in 1981 stunned the cricketing world. Who was the batsman to face this delivery?
2. Which cricketer was nicknamed 'Barnacle Bill'?
3. Which are the only two cities in the world where Tests have been played on three different grounds?
4. "I was the first cricketer to wear helmets in a Test match. By profession, I manufacture slip cradles and my autobiography is titled 'Lambs to the Slaughter'". Who am I?
5. Who brought about the current style of shot putting?
6. Of what is the common covering of a baseball made?
7. "Fate is the umpire and hope is the ball, which is why I will, never score a century at Lord's". Who said these words?
8. "He is human But not like the rest of us. His physique is 90 percent God given and the other 10 percent is left for me to work on. "Who said this and about whom?"
9. In the 1936 Berlin Olympics India won the hockey gold scoring 39 goals in the tournament and conceding only one. Which team scored that single goal against India?
10. This particular long distance Australian runner set 18 world records in his career but failed to win an Olympic gold medal. Who is the person in question?
11. When was the tie-break rule first introduced at Wimbledon?
12. Which swimmer was referred to as 'Madam Butterfly'?
13. Which tennis star was known as the 'Legend of Lutherville'?
14. Who was the last Briton to have won a singles title at Wimbledon?
15. "I was one of the most popular participants at Wimbledon. I first competed as a Czech in 1938. When I was a champion in 1954 I held an Egyptian passport. Subsequently, I played in a veteran's event as a British national." Who am I?
16. What is Yubee-Lakpee in the Indian sporting world?
17. With which sport is the word 'scramble' associated?
18. Nadia Comaneci apart, who is the only gymnast to have scored a perfect 10 in the Montreal Olympics?
19. The first foreign cricket team to visit India was the English side in 1888. Who captained the visiting side?
20. Who authored the book 'Breakpoint'?

ANSWERS

1. Brian McKechnie of New Zealand
2. Trevor Bailey
3. Bombay and Johannesburg
4. Graham Yallop
5. Parry O'Brien
6. Cowhide
7. E. M. Forster
8. Fitness guru Ken Yoshino about Edwin Moses
9. East Germany, in the final
10. Ron Clarke
11. In 1971
12. Mary Meagher
13. Pam Shriver
14. Virginia Wade
15. Jaroslav Drobný
16. It is an ethnic variation of Rugby which is popular in the north-eastern states of India
17. Cross country motor cycle racing
18. Nelli Kim
19. Lord Hawke
20. Ilie Nastase

THIS QUIZ HAS BEEN COMPILED BY:
SABYASACHI SARKAR,
17A, GHOLSHAPUR RLY. COLONY,
CALCUTTA-700034.

RATING TEST

ABOVE 18: Wish you were part of our quiz team
BETWEEN 15 TO 17: Not bad
BELOW 15: Sportsworld reading recommended
 All answers sent in by the contributor

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE WEEK



PHOTOGRAPH: NIKHIL BHATTACHARYA

If Indian cricket is showing signs of looking up these days, then it's mainly because these two lads have emerged from the shadows of inexperience and slipped into the limelight. Sanjay Manjrekar and Sachin Tendulkar are not only good buddies but are also the future of Indian cricket.

OKAY, it's time for a break from the normal mould to catch up with the questions that have been coming in from you. Like we said before, We'll try and solve your problem to the best of our capabilities, so if there's anything that still isn't clear, please feel free to write in again, okay?

The first letter we're dealing with is from Mahesh Khanna and he wants to know if Bullworker's Dynamic Muscle Builder is worth trying out. Well, Mahesh, we have a confession to make here. Try as we did, we still couldn't find anyone able to give us a first-hand opinion. But that doesn't mean anything. A relatively new concept

always takes time to catch on in our country, but considering the religious regularity with which bodybuilders all over the western world use similar stuff, there's got to be some good in it.

However, we'd also like to use this opportunity to remind you that there's no substitute for good, old exercise. Don't get too carried away with shortcuts. You've got to put in your fair share of sweat and pain, only then will the frills provide the icing on the cake. So, go for it, Mahesh. And do let us know if it worked.

The next letter is from Ujjawal Prasad Sinha of Uttar Pradesh. A volleyball player, he's worried about the poor height he gets when jumping for a smash. He

Question Time

also complains of a stomachache and exhaustion when playing his sport.

The first thing to figure out (since you haven't told us) is your general level of fitness, considering your age. Since you play volleyball we are presuming that you are of above-average fitness and therefore do some additional exercise regularly. If so, are you concentrating on your legs at all? Volleyball is a very allround sport, but netplay requires extra powerful legs. So if you feel you aren't getting high enough, or can't handle the strain of continually jumping up, you obviously aren't doing enough legwork in your workout.

Get stuck into squats, Ujjawal, and if you do

have access to a gym, it will be worth your while to try out the leg press machine. Not only will this build more muscle and enable you to take strain, it will also strengthen the existing muscles. Also, all the flexing and straightening will put power into the tendons, which then translates into jumping power on the court.

As for the stomachache and exhaustion, it's probably just a result of insufficient fitness. If you're aiming for the bigtime in your sport, you've got to get your body prepared. Don't think you can go out and play like those stars you see on TV if all the training you do is daydream about the game. Build up your stamina and strengthen



those legs, Ujjawal, and you're going to enjoy your sport a whole lot more!

Letter No. 3 is from Amit Grover in New Delhi. He's keen on trimming the flab off his waist and building some muscle on his shoulders (who isn't?). But is worried about using dumbbells lest they stunt his height. Fair enough, Amit, since you're just

Do legpresses to strengthen the legs

Pullups work wonders on the shoulders

14 and still have many years of growth left. But just keep in mind that using light dumbbells won't place too much pressure on your spine,

which is what affects height. If all you do are lightweight exercises for the arms and shoulders, especially while sitting down, there's hardly any fear of losing an inch or two.

Still, since it's freehand, you've asked for it. Freehand, you'll get. Keep doing the pushups, but try widening your hands. That'll put more strain on the shoulders, broadening them up and giving you a good shape. Then, see if there's a convenient place for you to do pullups, and get started. Do them with a wide grip, do them with a narrow grip. But do them. They're great shoulder and upper body builders.

As for the flab around your waist, you'll have to do some cardiovascular stuff to burn the fat. All the situps in the world won't trim that tum. Oh, they'll build firm abdominal muscle alright, but you've got to jog, skip or do some other form of aerobic activity to get rid of the fat. Only then will you sport washboard abs. And don't worry about situps affecting your height. In fact, if you do manage to take a few inches off your waist-



line, you'll end up looking a couple of inches taller!

The next letter we're tackling is from B. Subramanian of Bangalore, and he's into getting his shoulders into gear. First things first, have you taken a long, hard look at your posture? Much of the problem stems from bad posture, when you tend to let your ribcage collapse into the abdominal cavity, thereby allowing the shoulder area to droop downward. Just hold that chest out, pull the shoulder joints back and stand erect, that'll solve the major part of your worry.

Then, if you still want to work on them, try out the pushup pullup combination suggested to Amit earlier. That should pack some impressive looking power into your shoulders.

That's about all the space we have this week. If your letters haven't been dealt with yet, please have a little patience. We'll tackle them in our next instalment of 'Question Time' here at the Fitness Column.

Readers are welcome to write in with the fitness-related queries. All problems will be dealt with to the best of our capabilities.

THE BEST OF TENNIS WRITING

JUNIOR

Puts The Knife In

BY RONALD ATKIN (JANUARY 1979)



NS? CAN ANYONE STEAL HIS CROWN AT QUEENS

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IT'S the face that gets John McEnroe into trouble, according to his doubles partner Peter Fleming. It is a pugnacious face to start with, unsmiling, pale, freckled and spotted, an Irish-potato-type face, surmounted by a mass of Medusa curls barely restrained by a bright red headband when he's on a tennis court.

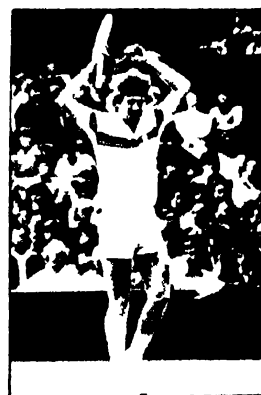
But it's what he does with that face while he's playing that has made McEnroe the most unpopular tennis player to emerge since Ilie Nastase's antics became merely boring. He pouts. He scowls. He hardly ever smiles, certainly not on court.

"It rubs people up the wrong way," explains Fleming, who is partnering McEnroe in the World Doubles

Championships at London's Olympia this weekend. "From the very start of a match, people get a bad impression. They think, 'Who is this sourpuss?' I'm telling you, this guy can't pick his nose without people booing him."

Lack of popularity appears to concern McEnroe not at all. "I don't care if I don't smile on court," he says. "OK, I make faces. The faces are me. People pay to watch me play and if they want to boo me, that's fine. Let's put it this way. I'd rather get some attention than no attention. If it's bad, that's life."

If his behaviour is sometimes worse than Nastase's, his playing record is considerably better than most people's as a matter of fact. John Patrick McEnroe Jr., aged 19, is the son of a



"It (McEnroe's face) rubs people up the wrong way. From the very start of a match, people get a bad impression. They think 'Who is this sourpuss?' I'm telling you, this guy can't pick his nose without someone booing him"—Peter Fleming

lawyer (and is known as 'Junior' on the tennis circuit). He has risen so fast since abandoning his law studies to turn professional seven months ago that he ought to be checked out for nitrogen bubbles in the bloodstream.

Two hundred and seventieth on the Association of Tennis Professionals' computer list 18 months ago when he burst virtually unheralded through the qualifying pack to reach Wimbledon's semi-final, McEnroe now stands among the world's top five.

Just where he stands in that five (Borg, Connors, Vilas and Gerulaitis are the ones McEnroe ranks himself with) is uncertain, since he has never played Vilas or Gerulaitis in official competition. Perhaps this week's

Masters tournament in New York with Connors defending the crown in an eight-man field which includes McEnroe may help to clarify things a little

'I think he is the most talented player in the game' says Fleming, who knows his doubles partner so well that he has beaten him three times at singles, something no one else has managed to achieve in recent months. After McEnroe's astonishing autumn run from the US Open when he won four tournaments out of the nine in which he competed and was a semi-finalist in the other five, at the same time collecting six doubles titles, the 1975 Wimbledon champion Arthur Ashe called him 'the best player in the world right now'.

Though he was flattered, McEnroe said 'I don't know how Arthur can say that. I've played Connors four times and never beaten him yet, so how can I be the best?' On each occasion, however, the margin has been closer and in Stockholm two months ago, Junior pulled off the finest victory of his short professional life by beating Bjorn Borg 6-3, 6-4. It was the first time Borg had ever lost to an opponent younger than himself. McEnroe dropped only seven points on his own serve in the whole match, and afterwards Borg said he had tried to attack McEnroe's weakness but couldn't find one.

Strength he has in abundance, however. He is incredibly fast around the court, his volleying touch is stunning, his

lefthanded serve is fast and laced with deadly spin. 'Snaky' is how Fleming describes it, adding 'on grass it is probably the best in the game'.

Ashe says 'Against Connors and Borg you feel like you're being hit with a sledgehammer. But this guy is a stiletto. Junior has great balance and he just slices people



"I don't care if I don't smile on court. OK, I make faces. The faces are me. People pay to watch me play and if they want to boo me, that's fine. Let's put it this way. I'd rather get some attention than no attention. If it's bad, that's life"—John McEnroe

up. He's got a ton of shots. It's slice here, nick there, out over here. Pretty soon you've got blood all over you, even though the wounds aren't deep. Soon after that you've bled to death'.

'I am fairly happy with what I've done over the past six months,' is McEnroe's way of

describing his explosive arrival on the professional scene. In that case, why doesn't he look happier sometimes? He has a ready wit and has shown it at press conferences, deflating pompous or pedantic interviewers.

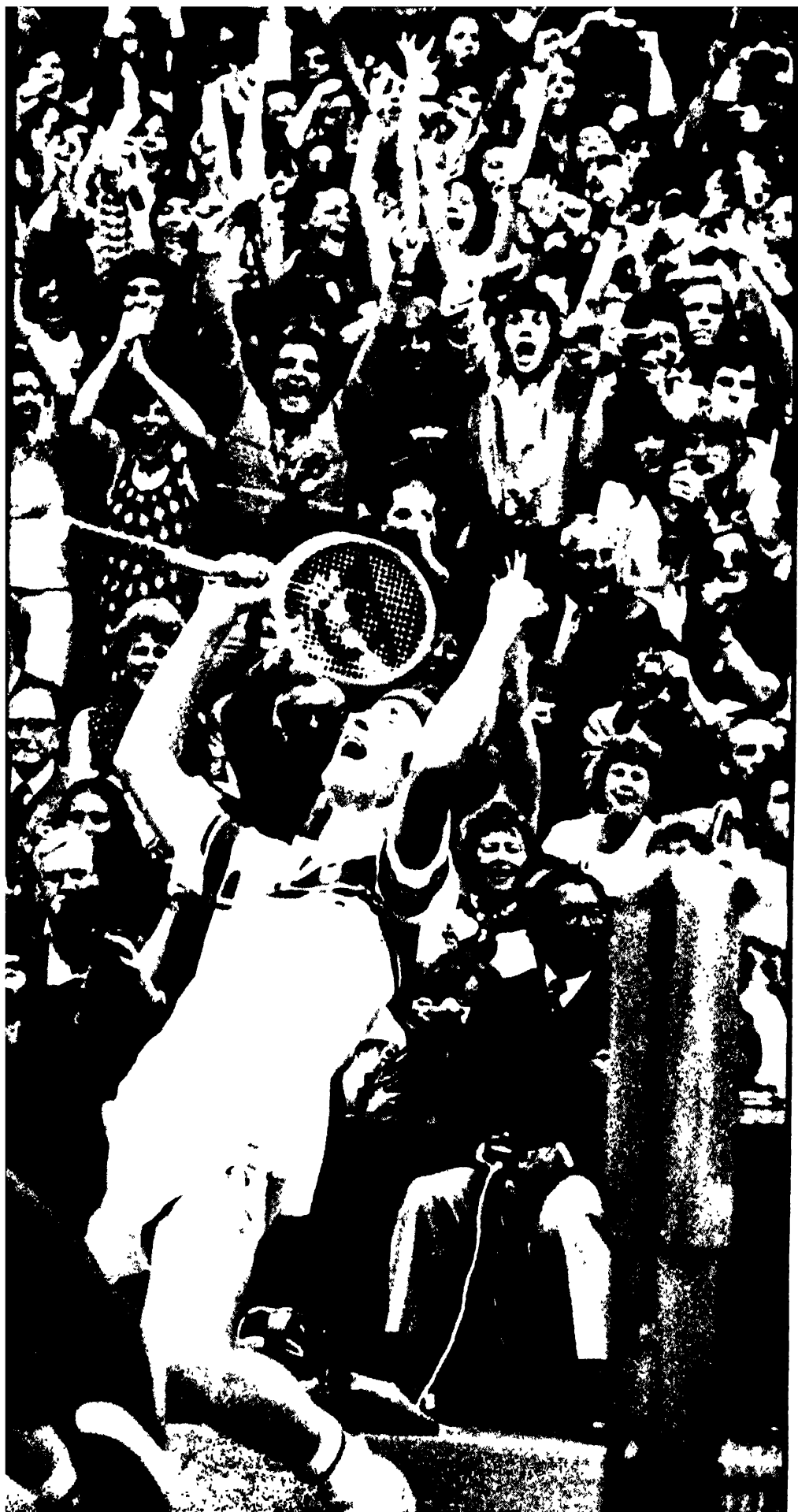
Fleming, who shares tennis courts and hotel rooms with him, says it is because McEnroe is 'a great competitor who doesn't put up with any bullshit'. Fleming feels that despite what he might say to the contrary, McEnroe is working hard at improving his public image. 'But it's going to take a while. In one year he has improved his deportment so much. Now he's halfway towards where he wants to be'.

'When we played each other last month in Jamaica we had a misunderstanding and I screamed at him. I won the match and we didn't talk to each other that night or the next day. Eventually we decided to have a couple of drinks by the pool and discuss it. We talked for about an hour. He was really upset that I had yelled at him'.

'The problem is that on court he only thinks about winning the next point. Nothing else counts.' Not even popularity, obviously. McEnroe has been known to pull more than faces on a tennis court and the history of arguments with officials, undeleted expletives and rows with spectators dates back to the days when Junior was a junior.

He also spits a lot, in the way that footballers used to spit until they





realised that Match of the Day's cameras were focused on them. 'I guess I always had too much Irish,' is McEnroe's explanation.

His childhood friend and former mixed doubles partner, Mary Carillo, says McEnroe has no subtlety. 'He doesn't go out of his way to impress people. He just doesn't care what people think. The game is so simple for him he just gets mad when anything goes wrong.'

Not much has gone wrong for a while now, but McEnroe emphasises, 'It's not luck. I worked for this, I deserve it. The amount of tennis I played over the past six months has been a strain, and after the Masters I'm going to take things a little easier. I have only had about two weeks off in 25, but this year I am not going to play more than two or three weeks in a row.'

'What are my goals? I don't like to set goals. My goal is to do well. Of course, I'd like to win Wimbledon and the US Open. They will be my top priorities.'

Those particular priorities might be closer than even McEnroe thinks. After Borg had captured Wimbledon for the third successive time last July I wrote that there was no reason why he should not go on to a fourth or even fifth title 'unless another superman floats to the top of the pack of ambitious youngsters thronging the courts of the world'.

John P. McEnroe has broken surface and a sharp triangular fin is aimed at Connors and Borg.

LAHORE TEST

SO NEAR AND YET...

So far. The West Indians came whisker-close to victory in the final Test but faltered... The honours were eventually shared.

THERE was much media-hype surrounding the series between West Indies and Pakistan, enough for it to be dubbed as 'the battle of the but' After the second Test when scores were level, people waited for the final battle, that would decide the victor of the war

At the end of it, it was evident that a huge furore had been created over nothing The ultimate Test started on a tempestuous note with the West Indian

Imran Khan with a brilliant knock in the second innings stopped the Carribeans from clinching the title



KAMAL JILKA



manager Lance Gibbs saying, 'It is not a wicket (Gaddafi Stadium pitch) The Pakistan Board is killing cricket by making such wickets. If they want the players to flourish they should have good wickets.' The Godfather of Pakistan cricket, Imran Khan retorted, 'It is the

Carl Hooper was in impressive form with knocks of 134 and 49



BRIEF SCORES

PAKISTAN (1st innings) 122	(2nd innings) 189 for 6
WEST INDIES (1st innings) 294	(2nd innings) 173

MAN OF THE MATCH: CARL HOOPER
MEN OF THE SERIES: WASIM AKRAM AND IAN BISHOP

prerogative of the home side to prepare pitches that suited their strengths.'

The West Indians were in dire straits immediately after play started, reeling at 37 for 3. Imran Khan, bowling for the first time after a nine month lay-off, claimed the vital wickets of Desmond Haynes and Gordon Greenidge. In between came the dismissal of Richie Richardson, lbw to Wasim Akram for 5. The messiah for the visitors came in the form of the previously out of form Carl Hooper, the batsman from Guyana. Playing in his 22nd Test, he survived twice when he was dropped at 31 and 99 by Salim Malik and keeper Moin Khan, regained his composure to score a magnificent 134. The batsmen at the other end fell like nine pins, and the only notable contributions were from Lara (44) and Malcolm Marshall (27). Jeff Dujon let down hopes of a great innings when he departed for duck. The score then read 294 for 9.

Pakistan's first innings started on a dismal note with 6 wickets falling for just 93 runs—courtesy two gentlemen named Ian Bishop and Curtly Ambrose. Bishop with figures of 3 for 30 in 12 overs and Ambrose with 3 for 17 in 13 overs, were responding to sub-continent swing with Caribbean craft.

On the third day everyone following the match was convinced that the visitors would claim the historic match. Pakistan

starting on 93 for 6 were all out for 122. Yet saw a glimmer of hope when the West Indies starters, filed back into the pavilion in quick succession. The visitors lost 4 wickets for only 47 runs. Hooper once again was the saviour for the West Indians when he and Logie put on the brakes and helped the Windies reach a somewhat respectable score of 122. Hooper went for 49 when he was run out to a brilliant throw by Imran Khan.

Fortunes fluctuated once again and a sense of uncertainty crept into the theory that the visitors would win, when Wasim Akram destroyed the visitors claiming the wickets of Logie, Dujon, Ambrose and Marshall for just one run and more surprisingly in the space of just one over. Going in to bat Pakistan, compiled 90 odd runs before the stumps were drawn.

The ultimate day started with Pakistan down by 2 wickets and chasing a target of 346 to win. But then a gallant innings by Imran Khan helped the hosts save their hide. Not to mention pride. He remained unbeaten on 58 and clipped in 67 useful runs between debutant Anwar and himself.

The question still remains unanswered as to which is the best team. Maybe some other place and some other time will decide the victor. Till then West Indies remain the monarchs of the cricketing world. Only don't say that. Down Under!

By A Special Correspondent

DESPITE minor tinkering introduced at the start of this season the offside law remains among the most contentious in football

Terry Venables the Tottenham Hotspur manager was incensed after his team's 3-1 recent home defeat by Liverpool. Two of the Liverpool goals he insisted were well offside. He was particularly incensed about the first scored with a cute lob by Ian Rush. Steve Nicol, Liverpool's Scottish international, had been clearly in an offside position, he insisted running back desperately to get out of it. But the referee said



Terry Venables has really been singing his lungs out about the offside rule

TO BE ON-SIDE OR OFFSIDE?

Venables had told him that Nicol was not interfering with the play.

It was time, Venables pursued that the law on offside was changed in that respect. Either you were offside or you weren't. "You can't say people aren't interfering," he protested. "Nicol was offside and that's a fact. This business of not interfering has gone on for too long. It gives people something to hide behind." He quoted a former Spurs manager, Bill Nicholson, who like a former Liverpool manager, Bill Shankly, used to say: "If a player isn't interfering, what's he doing on the field?"

It was a game which I saw, and there were some present who thought that Nicol was not offside

in any way at all that he had actually run back into a valid position before Jan Molby, the big Liverpool Dane, produced his immaculate chip to Rush. But Venables' protest raised ghosts from the past. My mind went back especially to the evening in Paris in 1975 when Leeds United lost 2-0 to Bayern Munich in the final of the European Cup. Peter Lorimer, with one of his typically tremendous right-footed shots, walloped the ball past the German goalkeeper, Sepp Maier, in the second half. The referee disallowed the goal because, at that moment, Billy Bremner, the Leeds United half-back and captain, was running back out of the penalty area, just as his fellow

Scot Nicol, did at Tottenham.

The Leeds fans behind the goal were incensed and eventually showed their displeasure by pelting the blue track-suited police in front of them with ripped-out seats.

Under the rules as they stand, the goal should surely have been valid. UEFA, in fact, gave the French referee, Kitabdjian, only two marks out of a possible 20 though they did not suspend him—a mysterious decision. Rushing out of the box as he did, how could Bremner have been interfering with the play or, to pursue the wording of the law, "seeking to gain an advantage?"

Around this same period, Leeds United were involved in another

incident of the same type, though on that occasion, it was they who conceded a debatable goal, one which cost them the Championship. They were playing at Elland Road, at home to West Bromwich Albion. Albion broke from the halfway line, beating the Leeds offside trap, with one of their men in a palpably offside position. The Albion player on the ball, however, went running on half the length of the field, and finally put the ball in the Leeds net. The Leeds players protested against the goal. The Leeds fans did rather more than that—they invaded the pitch. But the goal stood, and Albion won the match.

The "not interfering with play" rule is almost as old as soccer itself, and in the present climate, it is most unlikely to be repealed. FIFA, stunned by the negativity of the last World Cup, are fumbling around to find new ways of promoting goal-scoring. They

are, moreover, clearly terrified that the American television networks won't want the next tournament, because goals are so few. So from Zurich, bombarded, they say, by "hundreds of letters," emanate daft ideas such as enlarging the goals, cutting teams down to 10 men; and changing the law on offside. But these suggestions are scarcely in favour of defences, which is what abolishing the "interference" clause would mean.

Surely the strongest argument against the law as it stands is personified by the dilemma of Kitabdjian in Paris. As the referee, he decided that Bremner was interfering with the play, a decision which Terry Venables would doubtless applaud. He mentioned, not without substance, that the mere presence

Ian Rush's cute way of scoring goals could have many a coach screaming for offside

The "not interfering with play" rule is almost as old as soccer itself, and in the present climate, it is most unlikely to be repealed. FIFA stunned by the negativity of the last World Cup, are fumbling around to find new ways of promoting goal-scoring

of an offside player in the penalty area could distract the attention of the goalkeeper, wondering whether the man would receive a pass from the attacker on the ball. But clearly the referee carries an enormous burden. It is he and he alone who must decide whether a player is interfering.

This is almost a philosophical question. A matter of mind teasing. Not just in terms of the attacker, but of the defenders, too. Have the defenders been distracted? Is the attacker deliberately involved in his team's movement or has he, just by chance, been washed up into an offside position?

Where the referee at Spurs decided that Nicol was not interfering, the referee in Paris, in an almost exactly similar situation, ruled that Bremner had infringed the law. Then should the offside law, changed this season so that an attacker level with the defence is onside not off, be scrapped altogether?

Emphatically no. It has its place not only in history but in morality. A bunch of schoolboys, putting down coats for goals, will berate a player for "goal hanging." Offside was invented well over a century ago at Eton College, for their unique football game. Scrap offside, and football would become intolerably defensive. But the "interfering with play" rule is pregnant with contradiction. Venables does have a point.

BY BRIAN GLANVILLE

COLORSPORT



CAPITAL NOTES

ONE always thought spin bowlers loved bowling on 'turners' With the ball doing all kinds of things—spinning, jumping, squatting and, most dicey, keeping straight—easy wickets are to be had While the spinners' glee is understandable, do spare a thought for the poor batsmen What chance does he have—gheraoed by close catchers—when the bowlers and the wicket are against him?

Imagine my consternation when Hirwani, the peppy little leggie from Indore, told me he loved bowling on flat wickets "On a turning wicket things are easy The wicket dismisses the batsmen, not the bowler *Mazaa* is to bowl on a wicket that favours the batsmen "

There was a time, says Hiru, when he looked for a turner but now he'd much rather bowl on a *paata* wicket It's fun to flight the ball, try various things and trick the batsmen "*Usko kheenchna mein, ghumane mein, bowling ka satisfaction hai* "

FIRST get the background Haryana playing Himachal, in Ranji, scored a million runs Himachal batted, collapsed, followed on, collapsed again to be 7 down for almost nothing

Now the important part At this stage in walked the number 9 Shakti Singh, medium pacer from MRF with no batting credentials And played a sizzling innings which any cricketer would give his left er hand for

Within 17 minutes, from 18 balls and only 9 scoring shots he thrashed to 50, all runs coming from 7 sixes and 2 fours

That wasn't all—the man actually scored a century By his standards, progress towards the second fifty was more stately, for it took him another 32 minutes The complete stats of Shakti's bizarre innings are quite incredible a first class hundred in 59 minutes, with 12 sixes and 5 fours

Off spinner Vinay Sharma bowled only one over in the innings Shakti struck the first three balls out of the ground Fourth and fifth, defended resolutely The sixth, smashed out of the stadium!

The only innings in recent history that compares with Shakti's astonishing effort is Ravi Shastri's unbeaten 200 against Baroda in 1985 Shastri scored the quickest double hundred in cricket history—113 minutes, 123 balls

BEHIND the desk sat three former Indian cricket captains—Tiger Pataudi, Sunil Gavaskar, Kapil Dev, the first two in suits and tie, the third in a suit minus the tie

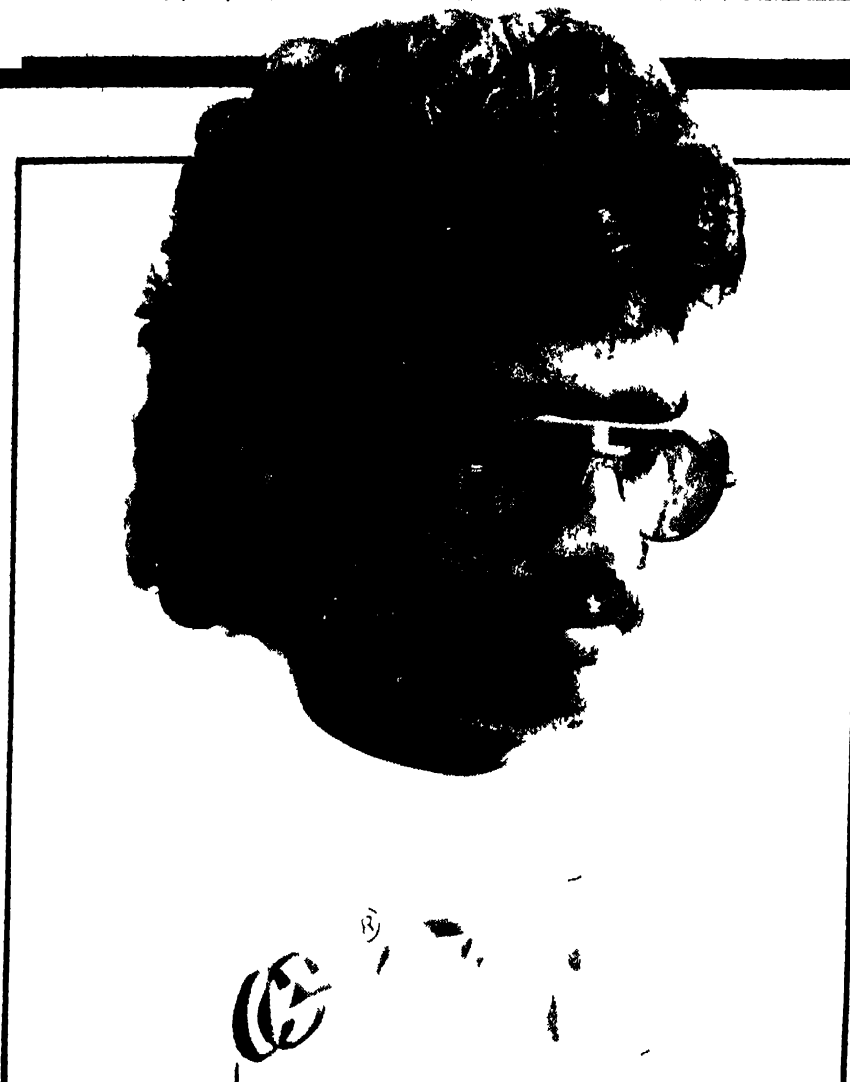
Facing them, liquid refreshments in hand, were about 200 odd guests an impressive congregation of sportsmen, sports officials, social glitterati, press and politicians

Reason for everyone to congregate was the release of Dev Features' Sports Video Tiger spoke Kapil spoke, explaining the provocation for launching the sports video Tremendous interest in sport shoddy Doordarshan coverage video brings the best sports action home Sunil spoke thereafter In usual correct precise fashion

Touched upon the importance of imbibing finer points by watching master players in action Also bemoaned the strange Indian habit of blasting sportsmen after every international debacle It's incorrect, he said, to expect wonders from our sportsmen We are not world beaters in most areas, so why this excessive expectation from sportsmen? Sunil's basic point We are mediocres. Though sportsmen do their best it's unrealistic to expect them to

It's incorrect, Gavaskar said, to expect wonders from our sportsmen. We are not world beaters in most areas, so why this excessive expectation from sportsmen? We are only mediocres....

"OPENING IS ALWAYS



Narendra Hirwani: "Mazaa is to bowl on a wicket that favours the batsman"

finish on top. So what's the big deal if they lose?

Speech over, Gavaskar (the Chief Guest) picked up the video cassette and proceeded to unribbon it. As he struggled to untie the knot, Kapil Dev, with admirable presence of mind, reached for the mike and said, "Opening is always difficult!" To which, Dr. Narottam Puri, standing by my side, added, "That holds good for both batting and bowling."

MANOJ PRABHAKAR is looking fitter and leaner this season. The Delhi all-rounder ascribes improved fitness to almost non-stop cricket during what earlier was 'off season'. "In Delhi club cricket is really hectic and quite often many tournaments are on at the same time. In case your team is doing well you could be playing almost every day. Once I played for nine days without a break. Summer cricket saps you, but the competition is keen and there are plenty of good players around to make it difficult for you."

By AMRIT MATHUR

Off spinner Vinay Sharma bowled only one over in the innings. Shakti struck the first three balls out of the ground... The complete stats of Shakti's bizarre innings are quite incredible: a first class hundred in 59 minutes, with 12 sixes and 5 fours

DIFFICULT" — Kapil Dev

A KID NO MORE

**LEANDER PAES WINS HIS FIRST
MAJOR SENIOR TITLE**



L

EANDER PAES is India's new national lawn tennis champion. Are you surprised? Well, he isn't and you shouldn't be. Talent never just promises, it demonstrates.

Way back, after January's Australian Open, when the winter chill was settling down, we threw adjectives at him—'brilliant', 'tough', 'confident'—and most of all, we associated him with the label 'championship class'. There was a belief that he possessed that finite edge that eventually distinguishes the excellent from the good. And it was a belief stemming not from his strokes or speed or machismo grunt, but from the string of gut in his stomach and the line of steel in his mind. Therein, the difference.

Yet for most Indians this was an intangible, as Paes' sublime play was confined beyond the borders of the sub-continent. These Nationals were vital, for finally at

home he had made all this evident, obvious, conspicuous. In a senior tournament.


Paes himself shrugs off his win as 'all right'. He was aware it was there for the taking, and satisfied he took it. If there was a pride, it was that he won "without dropping a set (in fact not even a tie-breaker) and although my stomach muscle was strained through the entire tournament".

Let me interrupt with a short story: Peer groups in sport are notorious for their disinterest, publicly, about their opposition.

**PAES' ALL-ROUND PROGRESS
HAS BEEN REMARKABLE
ENOUGH TO WARRANT HIM A
DAVIS CUP SINGLES PLACE**







Praise is grudgingly, almost reluctantly given—there is a belief that being blase, as opposed to effusive, ensures a secure image. Yet when I asked Asif Ismail, another rising son, about Paes, he was firm: "Oh, he's really good boss, no question". It was another sign.

Paes' fluent 6-3, 6-2 win over Enrico Piperno in the final was important, because the 29-year-old Piperno, a player who shuns flamboyance for a cerebral effectiveness, is an institution in Indian tennis. An institution that defines and sets a standard. Any Indian player requiring a test of his own levels must pass Rico's examination—most fail. Like the

PIPERNO IS AN INSTITUTION, AN INSTITUTION THAT DEFINES AND SETS A STANDARD. ANY INDIAN PLAYER REQUIRING A TEST OF HIS OWN LEVELS MUST PASS RICO'S EXAMINATION—MOST FAIL

tough serving Asif Ismail who has lost two consecutive, three-setters at the Nationals to Rico—because Asif cannot find that elusive little extra to close the door on a match, and because Rico will not close it himself. Only Paes and Zeeshan Ali then, have passed him with distinction.

Yet, what conflicting emotions exploded, like criss-cross spurts of lightning, in the confines of Rico's brain after the final? To bear with great dignity his sixth loss in a National final; yet at the same time, to exude much pleasure over the wonderful form of his protege, albeit his opponent.

For himself Rico shrugs. For Paes he says, "...he is a much more mature player than he was a season back. If he can maintain this standard, he should be doing very well in the international circuit within a year or two. I don't see any Indian player beating him".

The key word is 'maturity', significant in hitherto undeveloped areas of Paes' game. He is developing a rhythm from the backcourt, and with it a patience—it was a comfort he required. As a result, he is not desperate to storm the net, being rather more particular on what approach-shot to use.

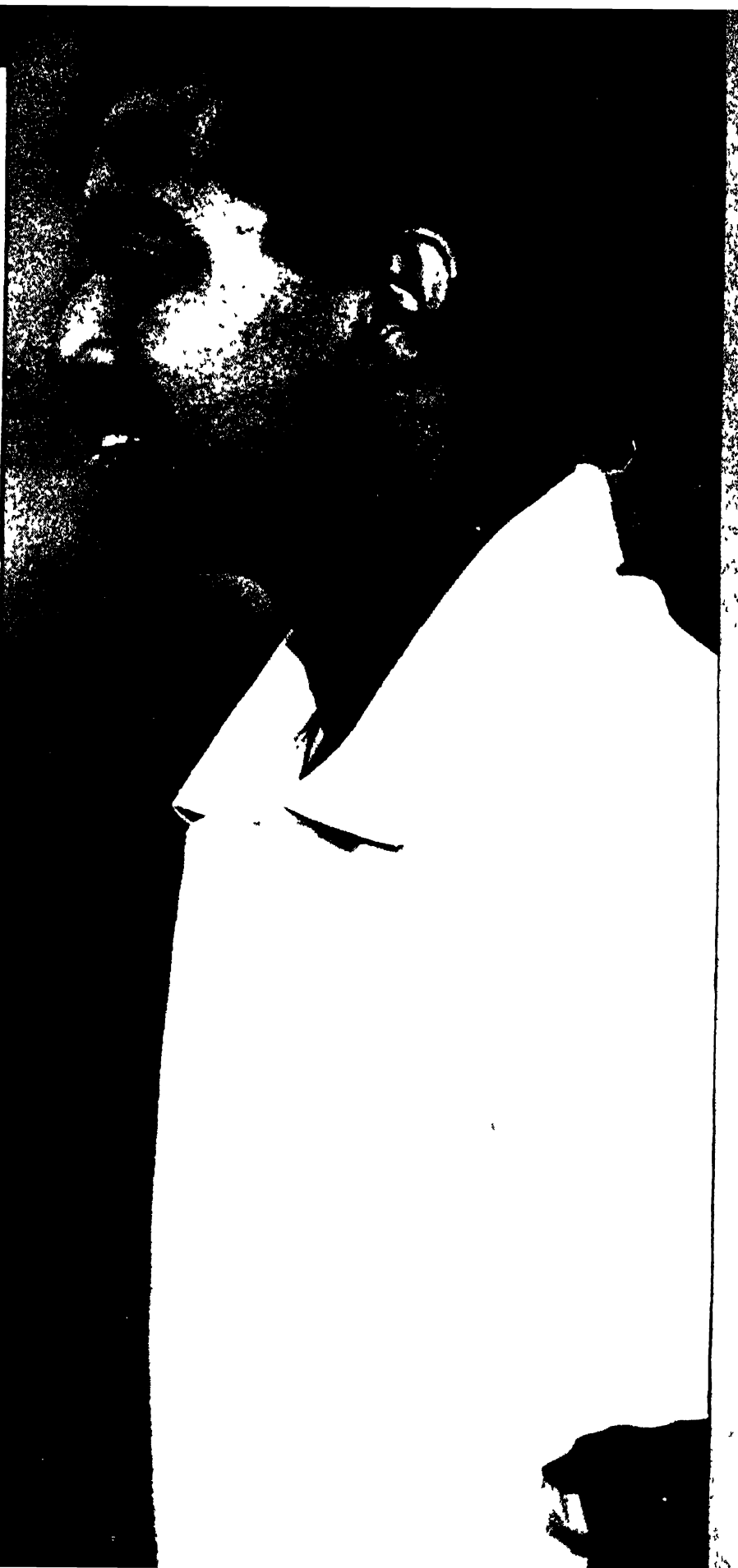
His flaws remain his return of serve, more often a block than a stroke, when it should be the other way around. He has this small leap as his opponent serves, which cuts down his reaction time, and forces him often to lunge instead of moving in. Anticipation of course, is what eventually counts.

His serve is lethal, but his stiff action and reliance on upper body strength, rather than using power right from the legs, causes recurring stomach muscle strains, but he will require a substantial period of non-competitive time to rectify that.

But his all-round progress has been remarkable enough to warrant him a Davis Cup singles place, which brings us to a rather contestable issue.

The All India Tennis Association (AITA) had issued letters to 14 players, asking them to play the National, All-India hardcourt, satellite and challenger tournaments to be considered eligible for the Davis Cup. At Digboi, four players were missing—Zeeshan Ali, Mark Ferreira, S. Vasudevan and Rohit Rajpal.

Ali was excused with a



Reddy Runs Through

New Champion Aradhna Reddy



THE only surprise element in store in the ladies section of the competition was the fact that there was going to be a new champion. These assumptions were based on the fact that there were going to be a few notable absentees: last year's winner Nandini Krishnan (nee Rangarajan) now retired, married and happy in America. And Peggy Zaman, victorious in 1988. This in no way takes the credit from those who entered this year's competition.

The field of participants comprised Yamini Sekhri, Janaki Krishnamurthy, Manisha Mehta, Divya Merchant and Aradhana Reddy. Bengal's challenge came from Sheetal Khanna while Assam presented a surprise packet: Sukanya Choudhury. Many followers of the game might have already drawn up their list of winners before the championships but their plans were subject to a slight bit of alteration.

Things went according to script on the first day. The seeds cruised through their formalities. Even Sukanya Choudhury the local star cakewalked over Rahika Hardas in straight sets. The upsets started the next day...

Top seed Manisha Mehta got slaughtered by unseeded Neeth Deviah. Neeth capitalised on her first serves and some loose volleys by Manisha, gradually wearing her out. A lethargic Manisha succumbed to the constant barrage of defence splitting strokes.

Second seed Janaki Krishnamurthy wrested the first set from Divya Merchant but could not keep up such a ferocious tempo. Divya on the other hand was the epitome of composure while at the same

time pulling her game together. Her game slowly started focusing on Janaki's backhand, which was weak. The persistent onslaught frustrated the second seed and she faltered. The scoreline read 3-6, 6-2, 6-3. Seeds number five and seven, Sujata Tasildar and Anindita Devi were also shown the door. The playoffs for the quarter-finals had been decided.

A little mention here about Divya Merchant and Falguni Parsana. Both of them were unseeded while putting in good performances. Divya could not be seeded because of the lack of matchplay in the circuit, her winning streak justifiably ending when she could not cope up with the obvious match practice of Aradhana Reddy. Falguni, on the other hand had other plans when she overcame Neeth Deviah on her way to the finals.

The final was a typical ladies' affair with unending rallies and tiresome service breaks. Though the scoreline suggests the match to be close, on the contrary it was not. Though Aradhana did drop a set, she never really got mortified by it. Her uneasy calm in the face of pressure and persistent nature totally fazed young Falguni, who looked totally out of her depth as the match wore on. The match was decided at 4-6, 7-5, 6-1. Aradhana Reddy was the new national champion.

Two years back Aradhana Reddy promised much—yet suddenly found herself groping with the concept of immaturity in her game. Her style of play was predictable—no flair, no inventiveness—just long baseline rallies. Her victory showed that she has matured, though somewhat in doses.

debilitating back injury, but the other three flew off to a satellite series in Guam, a direct snub to the AITA's directive. Secretary R.K. Khanna vacillated on the issue, first insisting that "I would like to deal very firmly with players who refuse to respect the AITA's directive" and then absolving himself by saying, "See, team selection is not my or any other AITA official's job. It is entirely up to the selection committee..."

Selection committee chairman Naresh Kumar was evasive too, explaining the matter would be discussed at their meeting on January 4.

The AITA is in a sticky position. If they refuse to enforce disciplinary measures, then it either reveals a bias, or worse, an acceptance of their lack of authority. An impotency.

Furthermore, picking Rajpal or Vasudevan for the Davis Cup would totally disregard the compliance to the rules and sustained efforts of Enrico Piperno, S. Narendranath (National finalist 1989;

K.G. Ramesh and Rajpal (Inset)



quarter-finalist 1990) K.G. Ramesh (National semi-finalist 1990), Asif Ismail and Gaurav Natekar, all fine players. The AITA directive was to ensure that the selection committee could watch and determine a player's form and how well he fared against his peers. On what basis then, could Vasudevan be selected ahead of Ismail or Rajpal instead of Ramesh?

I for one am not convinced. If, as

the AITA says, the best team will play the Davis Cup, then I would love to see Rohit Rajpal play K.G. Ramesh on clay or hard courts, the surface the Thais will use in February.

The Davis Cup is a matter of honour. To wear a Cup jacket is the ultimate privilege. The AITA would do well to remember that, when they select their team.

BY ROHIT BRUNATH. REPORTED BY AMITAVA DASGUPTA, DIGBOI

OUCH! Not Again



“O H if it wasn't for that damn ache. I would have probably gone on..." How often have you told yourself this? You are in your fifth set of reps (you planned to do seven) when suddenly an excruciating pain shoots up your limb and your body just goes limp. Here are some tips to counter life's minor aches, pains and injuries and give them the brush off.

Before we proceed a few words of caution: Don't become a medic and try analysing the cause of a serious pain. It may be a sign of an underlying problem that needs professional help so get it from a doc.

after you've sweated it out, take a day off. The next day do a shorter, lighter workout to give those tired muscles some rest. Repeat the one-day off, one-day-easy sequence until the pain is gone.

When the ache hits you don't take a break (literally), because research has proved that moderate exercise can alleviate aches from overused muscles than total inactivity. But if the pain gets worse, STOP.

Leg Cramps:

If you have pulled your muscles, and cramps are the result then: Stand up to stretch the muscle. Afterwards, walk around for a few minutes. Apply a warm,

THE HEALTH COLUMN

Sore Muscles:

Sometimes in a particular frame of mind you pump iron like there's no tomorrow. Your adrenalin is flowing and you do sets after sets. You get up in the morning and discover that you have aches and pains in places you never knew existed.

RELAX, you've overworked your muscles and they need some rest. For the pain that hits 24 to 48 hours

wet cloth to help the muscle relax.

To avoid leg cramps recurring at bed time, place a firm pillow against the soles of your feet, to keep them from extending into the toe-outwards position which may result in cramps happening again.

Sprains:

If it's hurting badly and you lose strength or movement in the joint, consult a doc immediately.

If it is just one of those sprains you've experienced before and know that it's nothing too bad, then keep the injured area slightly elevated and apply ice 15 to 20 minutes, four to five times a day.

To make a customised ice pack, fill a plastic bag with crushed ice, mould it to the injured joint and put it in the freezer to harden in that shape.

An user's tip: For longer lasting ice treatment, keep a layer of cloth between the joint and the ice.

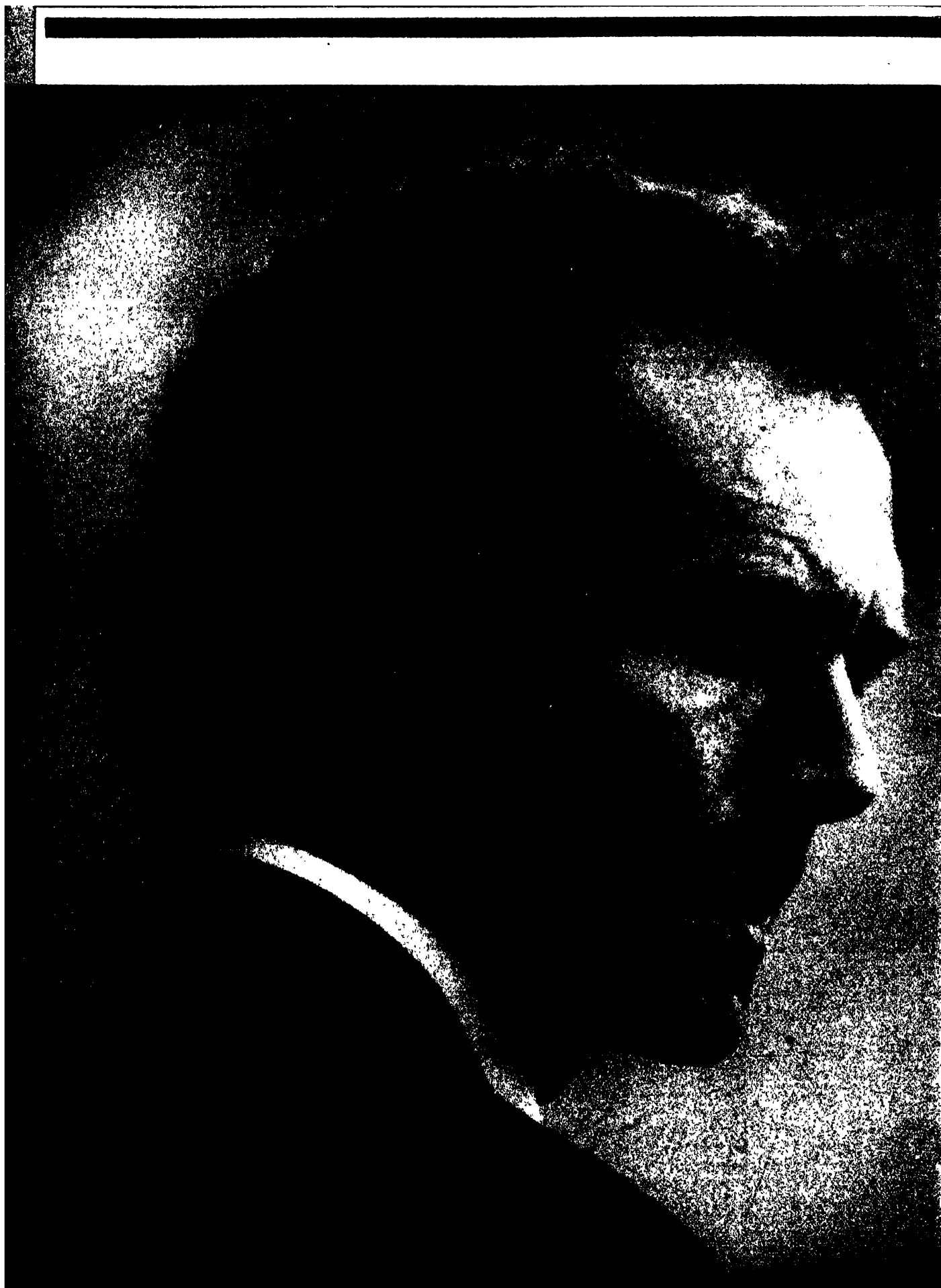
Strains:

For strained (stretched or torn) muscles or ligaments use ice compress for the first few days. Then switch over to hot compress for relief. Wrap a hot towel around the joint, cover with plastic and top it with a dry towel to insulate the heat. (Apply these hot packs for 20 minutes at a time, four to five times a day).

A word of caution: Don't reach out for the ointment immediately after you've injured yourself. Apply a hot compress and then apply the ointment. If you apply heat on a joint already dabbed with ointment, the heat makes the skin absorb excess cream and that can cause internal blistering. If you have a circulatory problem or diabetes get your physician's okay before you apply the heat treatment.

So, next time you come with that Ooooh! Aaaa! or Ouch! you know the ways to bottle up those nagging minor aches and injuries. Happy spraining folks! ●





THE KAISER SPEAKS

INTERVIEW

Franz Beckenbauer would qualify as one of the biggest sporting successes ever. Not only is he a successful coach and player, but also a multi-millionaire.

In this extensive interview to Arno Luik he talks about all aspects of his life, and at times is very philosophical

QUESTION: The German press raves about you; Lady Luck has showered you with kisses; You are the most sought after figure in German football and the whole of Germany!

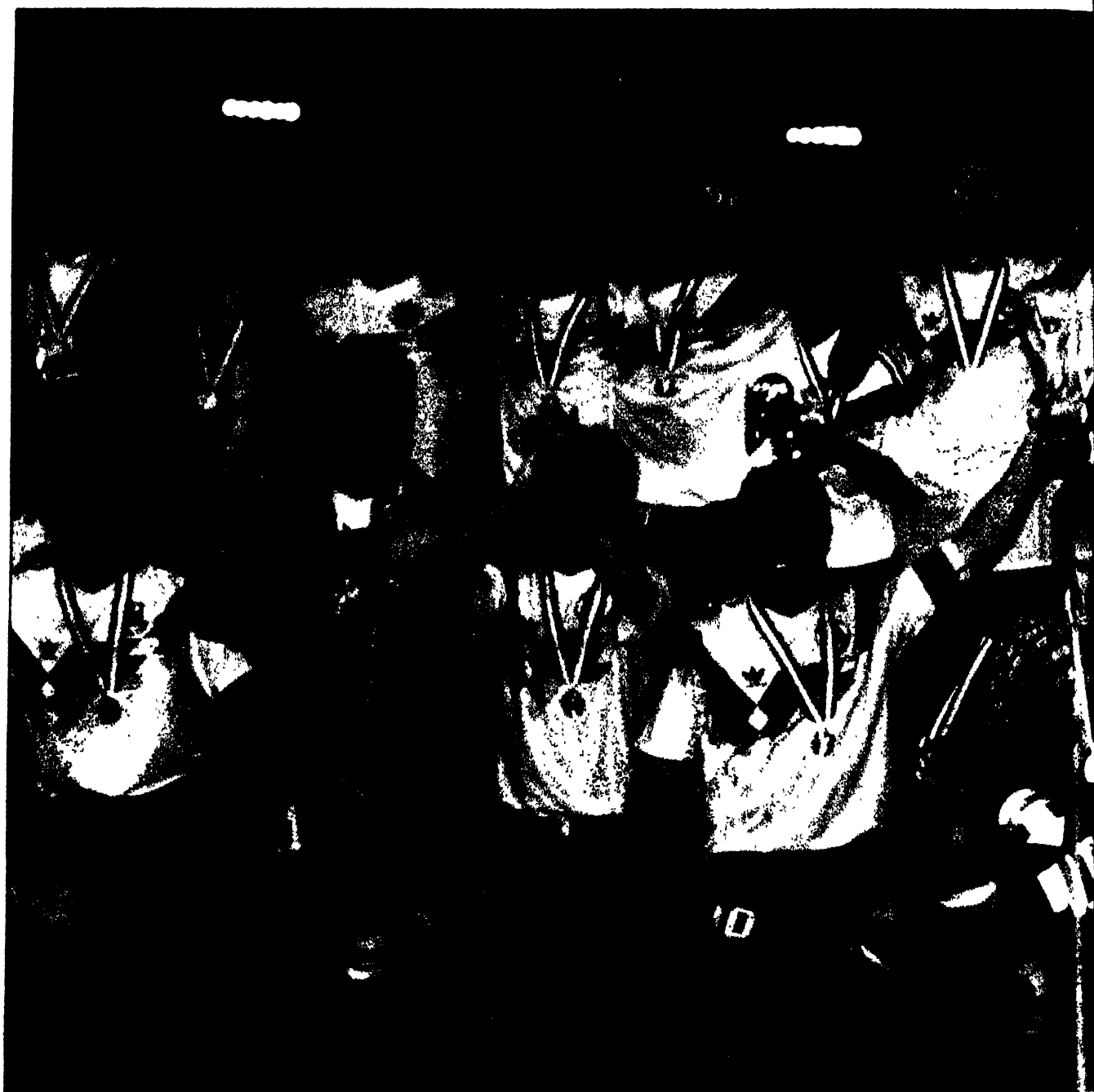
career. Perhaps because I succeeded now also as a trainer and bore this responsibility successfully.

This team was completely

they were successful but because they achieved in eight weeks what others did not manage in 16 years.

The boys also achieved the

kindly to such remarks. It is because of their achievement that football is spoken of in a positive way in this country. You see, I experienced this



BECKENBAUER: But I don't see myself as a German superman. Of course, the world championship was the absolute peak of my

your product? This is my team—different from the team at Mexico in 1986. I'm proud of this team. Not only because

impossible with regards to their image.... They are good, well-behaved footballers. No, I don't see it that way and I also don't take

euphoria on our arrival in Frankfurt after the World Cup in Italy. Something like this has never happened before. You brought the cheering

crowds onto the street....
I really am proud to have
been with this team; One
person cannot do
anything.

No false modesty: everyone

Seriously, when
Herman Neuberger,
then DFB (German
Football Federation)
chief asked me in 1984
to take over as team
chief, I refused at first. I

needs you.'

German football had
reached the bottom, it
was in a sort of crisis. So
someone had to take
over, someone who was
renowned and could

the unsuccessful Brachial
Kicker club?

This never occurred to
me. The question was
simply: will you accept
or not? Whether I might
go wrong or whether my
image might suffer—I
didn't bother about it at
all. Frankly, I found it a
big challenge, a major
responsibility.

Six years later, you are
world champs. Has Franz,
son of an ordinary family
from Geising, the working
class district of Munich,
reached the end of his
dreams now with this
achievement?

As a sportsman, I have
to answer in the

**I have lived
with this
team and I
have
completely
identified
with them. In
this kind of
job, you are
100%
involved. One
is feverish,
one suffers
with them,**

agrees that the world
championship is your
achievement.
Football is a team game.
Yes, and the ball is round.

told him that I have not
trained as a coach, that I
didn't want to do it. But
Neuberger convinced me
when he said, 'We need
you. German football

boast of an image. So I
decided to take over as
chief coach.

You hadn't been afraid to
ruin your image as coach of

affirmative. There are
no new goals for me
there, not even as a
coach. I would now like
to find fulfilment in
different circles.

Please elaborate on this....
I want to study sports marketing and sponsoring. I don't know any details as yet. But I have some experience in these fields. There were, for instance, long discussions to convince Mercedes that they were the ideal sponsor for the national team.

You are healthy and energetic. You are in an extraordinary situation. You are supposed to have property worth more than 30 million DM, gross, you could just lean back and....
Just a moment. Maybe I earned perhaps 30 million in 26 active years, but if after taxes 10% is left then, perhaps that is a most accurate estimate.

So you are saying that you are not as rich as everyone makes you out to be?
I pay 50% tax. I have a certain standard of living, I enjoy certain things.

What does money mean to you?
I cannot say, 'Nothing'. But I'm certainly not dependent on money.

You could retire and enjoy

life with your wife. Why do you carry on with such a hectic lifestyle, with so many activities crammed into it?

I don't have a particular mission in life. No.

matter what I do now, I don't have to prove anything anymore. I have one more goal though. I want to live my life in such a way that I can say at the end

I believe that life's improvement starts with each person individually. Each person has his own karma



of it 'Franz, you have been a decent chap'

Whose advice do you take when it comes to important matters in your life?
I listen to my inner

voice Sometimes, reason is not sufficient Intuition steps in then, instincts are needed I often make my decisions based on intuition
Are you true to yourself?

I think so But I have to work on myself I still have a long way to go before I reach my goal

Please tell us; what are your greatest weaknesses?

I'm far too impatient I often demand too much My life's rhythm has to become more stable, I would like to be more quiet and serene

The magazine, "Stern" called you "Money Maker Franz Beckenbauer" the other day on its cover. I haven't read that article

But you have surely seen the cover? Your portrait with a garland of currency around your neck
I really haven't seen it

Don't you like criticism? Do you run away from reality?
No

When I mentioned to friends that I was going to interview you, they all asked, "What will he charge?" Nobody believed you didn't want anything Perhaps it is customary to pay for an interview? As far as I know, other sportspeople do demand payment for each interview

It took me a long time to get used to my glasses. Only then I could barely distinguish the numbers on the jerseys I thought that now it was time to wear my specs





they give. Well, this seems to be your image; Franz Beckenbauer, represented by advertisements in all media, a grasping man..... Well, I can't change this image, it seems. But what is more important is how I judge myself.

You have always tried to be obliging. The "Stern"

magazine once observed that 'no work of art' could demonstrate in a better way, what constant association with the media does to a person and how he yields so willingly to their 'dictates'. It is amusing for me to hear how others judge me. Only thing is, these people should start

reflecting about their own mental makings. After all, they do not know me at all! How can they judge me, then!

Hold on; I notice a harassed look on your face. You are obviously afraid to, be spoken to, to be annoyed, to be touched... I think this is still the

after effect of the world championships. For two months, I was in a state of intense concentration, day after day. There is still a restlessness in me which, however, should gradually subside.

What made you say in Italy after the final, 'If now East Germany joins us, we will be invincible for years to come'. I am sorry for the rest of the world.' This was supposed to be a joke.

A peculiar kind of joke, I must say. But look, I laughed when I said that. You have to see the entire situation. You sit in front of this lot.

"It is amusing for me to hear how others judge me. After all, they do not know me at all. How can they judge me?"

This lot?

Yes, the international press. You have become world champions and they look as if they are at a funeral. Stony faced, no sense of humour, no fun. And that's when I said, 'I'm awfully sorry for the rest of the world, but for a few years to come, we will be invincible.' Of course that is nonsense. Any child knows that you can lose a football match any time—but I guess, one is not even supposed to joke...

A joke that stirs up latent fears abroad?

Well...

THE GERMAN TEAM

Are you satisfied with your team because it had no independent characters this time?

Oh, but there were independent characters! For instance, Matthäus is not easy. And Jurgen Klinsmann is also not at all easy...

Why?

Jurgen Klinsmann has a big problem. He needs his freedom. You can't confine him. This constant being together for two months is hard for a man like him. He starts thinking too much...

Matthäus agrees with you. He complains, 'Klinsmann worries too much.' Does a good player have to be stupid to do well?

No, but Klinsmann really worries too much. He has to get away from the training camp. He meets his friends for a meal and I don't know what they talk about then.

Contrary to former World Cups, the players were



A ROUND OF GOLF TO RELAX

May be soon we won't need any military. No borders, nothing! God must have wanted it. Maybe we will get there one day. At least if we want to keep Mother Earth alive

allowed to leave the camp very often this time. Why? I gave them off because I know from my own experience. One needs a different type of conversation. The players need their children and

girlfriends, they need somebody to rely on. Shortly before the World Cup, you remarked that the world championship title didn't mean anything to you. Surely this was not quite true! One could, after all, observe on the TV

screen how you stormed, swore, fumed, and got carried away. You couldn't sit still during the matches...

I had lived with the team and I had completely identified with them. In this kind of job, you are 100% involved. One is feverish, one suffers with them, one is happy with them. So, without the title, I would have gone through the same emotions as them...

How important for you is applause? The eulogies? The fan mail?

Of course I'm happy to have people sympathetically inclined towards me. Of course, I'm more pleased when they share in my happiness rather than have them saying 'Just look at that clown!'

What do the disappointed and jealous ones have to say by way of criticism?

Every day, over hundred letters arrive. I really cannot read all of them. My mother helps with my fan mail.

And she never says, 'But this letter, my boy, simply has to be read?'

It happens now and then. If the letters are particularly nice, then my mother keeps it for me and I do read them. The unpleasant ones are thrown at once into the newspaper basket by her. At least, I have as yet not read a nasty letter.

To come back to your career: are you at times astonished yourself at how it has shaped?

I'm only grateful—and I'm grateful every day. God must really like me if he meant it so well for me. He gave me these aptitudes and opportunities. See, I had no higher education. I was an insurance agent.

Normally, I might have managed to get to the top of my department But I could play football—and that too, better than many others And at a time when football advanced from a working class sport to a higher level There was a time when hotels wouldn't have us when we went! I came from the bottom right to the top! And so you pray and say: Lord, I thank you? Yes, of course, I believe in God

VANITY

How vain are you?

Well, I'll give you an example: It took me a long time to get used to my glasses Only when I could hardly distinguish the numbers on the jerseys I thought that now it was time to wear my specs which I had carried about with me for more than a year. A man, mid-forty, has he any other vanities?

Of course, I notice my receding hairline. I hope it will stop there. I somehow, don't like the idea of being bald.

What do you do about it?

Well, I tried all available hair lotions, nothing helps. I put stuff on my hair and I told my hairdresser to try and come up with something really good to stop this. Well, it's part of the process of ageing.

Are you afraid of growing old?

No, not at all I'm just 45 and I must say I have never been happier as I'm now. It has been the best time of my life. And I do hope that each phase in life will continue to leave its own charm.

Do you ever contemplate that there is very little time

left for you?

Of course The older I get the more I think about death.

DEATH

Are you afraid of death?

No.

Why not?

Death is part of life I also believe that we continue in some way

after death

You believe in life after death?

Yes, if only in a spiritual way

What does this mean?

Only those who protect me up there know the answer to this

And if they ask you up there as you arrive: 'what did you do to make the world a better place?' What will you

answer?

I believe that life's improvement starts with each person individually. Each person has his own karma.

I beg your pardon?

Each one has to bear his own burden. And has to manage it. Each one has his duties and faults One has to work at both On what are you working? What faults are you trying to rectify?

As I have already said, I'm too impatient I demand too much—from myself and from others. If not death, are you afraid of other things?

I'm not afraid of anything anymore, well, I respect lightning should it strike here. You are not afraid of accidents, cancer, which could paralyse you or make you an invalid?

No, not at all And death, how'd you like to die?

I don't know if I can honestly answer this question as a healthy person. I would like to die consciously and that means: with pain. Because I believe that it will then be easier for me up there. The worst for me will be to die suddenly. I want to prepare myself quite consciously for death.

FRIENDS AND FAMILY

Did you at times think that because of your intense career, you missed out on certain aspects of life?

My three sons didn't get enough attention from me. When I married at 21, and became a father, I was still somewhat a child myself and not matured enough to have a family. They often



THE RECEDING HAIRLINE AND BAD EYESIGHT

I somehow don't like the idea of being bald. I've tried all available lotions, nothing helps. Well it's part of the process of aging

needed me at home—but I was not there—football was everything to me. Well, I feel sorry for certain things that has happened to them. One of your sons wanted to change his name. The name Beckenbauer seemed to be a great burden for him. My sons didn't have an easy life. All three were enthusiastic footballers but two of them realised that they were not talented enough. Does your son Stephen, who once was allowed to play for "Red Star Brigade" have a chance?

Stephen can do it. He didn't have it easy. The name is a burden for him. Imagine that wherever he plays, (Bayerlings—The Bavarian League, Amberg, Bamberg), he is the centre of attention.

You never advised him to stop?

No, because I know he is talented. He needs a professional surrounding. 1860 Munchen and now Kickers Offenbach are intermediate stations. It will be my next job to find a club for him, perhaps in France or Switzerland. He has no chances in Germany. Are friends important for you?

What are friends? A friend is there, when you are in trouble...

No, I would never approach a friend then. When should I be in trouble? When I run out of money? In that case I'll go to a bank. That's what they are there for. If I feel ill, I'll go to a doctor. I wouldn't bother my friends with such matters.

We suspect that the much honoured Franz is not capable of mature

If I saw from a distance that I couldn't get the ball anyway, then I wouldn't run after it. But the code of honour demanded that I do just that. But I didn't bother and so they thought me arrogant

A BELIEVER IN GOD AND FATE



friendships...

My mother and my wife are great friends of mine.

But do you have friends outside the family? Someone you can meet privately, and not one who wants to be seen with you in public?

There are a few. Robert, my manager, for instance.

Football fans loved you but they also hated you. They cheered you but they also spat at you. You were never so popular that people could call you "Franzi", "Franzi" or "Becki, Becki" did you mind that?

No, when I came on the scene, football was real hard work. But perhaps more than that, it is the manner that I played which spectators probably found a little arrogant. For example: If I saw from a distance of 30 metres that I couldn't get the ball anyway, then I wouldn't run after it like mad.

But the code of honour demanded that I do just that. But I didn't bother and so they thought me arrogant.

But as a footballer, one wants to be appreciated and loved by the public.

Of course, And a footballer is terribly proud when they sing for him in the stadium. It's a marvellous feeling. It really turns you on.

MONEY AND COMMERCIALS

Something else made you different from other footballers. You were the first athlete in the Federal Republic of Germany who made big money with advertisements. You were not choosy: you drank soup, put cream into your hair—are you ready to do



THE KAISER'S LATEST POSE IN AN AD

I haven't answered the phone since the World Cup, which is supposed to have doubled my market value. By the way I never offered myself for advertisements...they approach us

anything for money? In the beginning, money did tempt me. I can't remember what Knorr (a company) gave me for doing the

spot-10-20,000 DM. It was a lot of money then and I must admit I didn't care very much for which product I did the spot. I cared only for the

money. Now I'm more selective. Really? Now you stand in front of the Camera and do 'do it yourself' push ups? Well-of course there are border cases. But Adidas is no border case. It is a super product. And so is Mercedes. Your face is to be seen in every newspaper and countless posters. Can't you ever say no?

Actually I find it difficult.

Take your forward, Jurgen Klinsmann for instance. He said: 'I'm not out for a fast buck. I earn enough. I don't need to do everything. And he rejected several lucrative spots with the argument that he didn't want to see his face on every street corner.

I can only congratulate Jurgen who is only 26, for being so far sighted. My respects for him!

Are there any commercials you have refused?

I haven't answered the phone since the World Cup, which is supposed to have doubled my market value. By the way, I never offered myself for advertisements. We stay here in beautiful Kitzbuhel and they approach us. Then Robert becomes active. Even for contraceptive ads? I wouldn't do that. For that matter neither will I do cigarettes nor alcohol.

Are you scared of being alone?

I like to be alone, and I find that I have plenty to do.

HOBBIES

What, for instance?

I do what I really like: reading. I have so many books I haven't read yet. For instance?

Confucius, Lao-Tse,

Hesse...

Heavy stuff! All somewhat spiritual.

Yes, I'm interested in all these things.

Also astrology?

I believe a lot in astrology because all the great changes in my life were written in the stars. Separation from the women in my life; the decision to go to New York. Even my success....

Nonsense?

Well, you can look upon it that way, but I don't. The great changes in my life are predestined and programmed.

Please look into the future for us.

I don't want to do that.

But now and then I look at astrological forecasts and find them come correct. Astrology is after all the oldest science...

Objection!

Oh yes, science for me is experience and astrology is experience. For thousands of years the stars have been observed and conclusions were made from these observations. When in ancient Greece, stars were observed and interpreted they were still living in trees here!

Does your wife share your opinions?

Sybille is much more realistic than I am. She is no great believer in esoteric matters, but she lets me be...

WOMEN

Women! What role do they play in your life?

They have given me much. Brigitte, a wonderful woman, gave me two sons. And Diana too was a wonderful woman; one could not wish for a better woman.

But that's how it is in life. One does things and can't understand why one acts in a certain manner or why one doesn't. I met Sybille and within two months I asked her to marry me even though....

Diana was the ideal woman? Exactly, but I never proposed to her.

And why does one leave such a wonderful woman?

I really don't quite know. But I had suddenly found something that was still strange. I fell in love with Sybille. I had always said I would never marry again. And now Sybille is the woman in your life-until death do us part.

Who knows what life has in store? I can only say: the last two years with Sybille were a dream.

Again: what are women to you?

They should be partners.

With equal rights?

Yes.

Your first wife, according to the media, demanded too much from you. A ball in Vienna, an opera in Bayreuth. She wanted you to be a man of the world and that ruined your relationships.

Do you really think I could be forced to do anything what I don't like? But then so many astonishing things are written about me.

Vienna was an unique experience for me. I actually took dancing lessons for that ball.

And then you go there and 8000 people storm the dancing space. One cannot dance properly at all then-so I learnt ballroom dancing all for nothing. But actually it was great fun.

It seems you know many

I believe a lot in astrology because all the great changes in my life were written in the stars, separation from the women in my life; the decision to go to New York. Even my success...

WITH WIFE SYLVI



stage and film personalities and politicians. What do they mean to you?

There are just acquaintances. Some of them are very nice, some are less so, and there are some who are great company.

How do you see yourself in your dreams?

I dream of snakes when I'm nervous. And there is a repetitive dream: I grew up in a fourth floor flat in Geising in a large block of flats. I often leaned so far out of the window that I could look into the flat below. And now in my dreams I often fall out of that window into the back yard.

You once said, 'I'm only a footballer.' There is sadness in that statement and also, some inferiority feelings.

For a long time, I was unhappy with my education. Had I not been able to play football so well I would have ended up as an insurance agent. And then I would have blamed my parents for not having been strict with me. They and also my teachers wanted to send me to high school but I didn't want to. I had seen that most of my classmates had no time for anything but their studies. But later on I regretted not having done my high school leaving certificate. I wanted to do it in evening classes but realised it was not possible besides football. I would have liked to study medicine.

Back to sports: Your successor Berti Vogts has a tough job?

Actually, in some ways, it will be easier for him. When I started in '84, the team was not good, neither was its

reputation But now, Berti has a perfect set-up where the medical care is tops, they are all first class people

Agentthaler is the only one to leave - all others still continue. The East German footballers will join and the choice is even better or greater.

Does Vogts have the necessary charisma?

You'll see! One has to give him a fair chance. I know him for a long time We were not always on the same wavelength but in the past six years, I learnt to appreciate him. I know his work, his loyalty. If Berti needs me, I'll be there for him. He is the ideal person.

Sponsor Mercedes Benz do not quite agree. Berti does not seem to fit into the image of a fashionable Mercedes Benz driver.

The contract with Daimler is not for the person but with DFB. Besides, it is still my job to care for Mercedes people, also in future. Mercedes is an armaments concern. The Number One company in Germany. You have no scruples about that?

Gentlemen, I hope the time for military action has passed. Against whom should one prepare for war?

That's a good question. Do put it to the Daimler-Benz Board of Directors!

Maybe soon, we don't need any military. No borders, nothing! God must have wanted it that way. Maybe we will get there one day. At least, if we want to keep Mother Earth alive, we have to do that. Although unfortunately, we are still murdering Mother Earth.

Do you engage yourself in seeing that Mother Earth



HELMUT KOHL SCORES AS KAISER LOOKS ON

Just now everything has a political connotation...Boris Becker gives his political opinions and I told him he is nuts. But I prefer to keep my opinions to myself

remains alive?

I would like to do that. But I don't want to be tied down just now with concepts or dogmas. And everything done just now has too much of a political connotation. You don't want to have anything to do with politics? No.

How is it then that Chancellor Kohl flies in for the final and even finds his way to the showers?

That is distinction for the team, for football, if the Chancellor finds time to be there, for the final.

Are you against sportspeople who talk about politics?

No, I didn't care. When Boris Becker gives his political opinions, I told him he is nuts. But he felt that he had to say it and so he did. But I keep my opinions to myself. If you had your say in the German Football Association, what would you change?

There are many things we cannot change, unfortunately. The best players go to Italy. It cannot be changed and I know it is hard on us. The Federal League, (Bundesliga) is doing well even though Italy is doing better in many ways. The structure of their League is better; Not so much can be changed in the German Football Association. What about FIFA, the international Football Association?

Something should happen there. It is run by theoreticians. They bother about rules for dressing and do not address the essential issues. The three-tier-order among the players must be abolished. The two substitutions should not

take place out of the five players home on the substitutes list but out of the entire squad. The substitutes need the feeling of being part of it. Also timings between finals should be changed too. We had eight days break between the pre quarter finals and the quarter finals in Italy. Madness! And then only two days break before the semi-finals. Good football cannot be played that way. The world championships last too long. Three weeks are enough. And as far the referees, there should be at least two per match. There should also be trained linesmen. It is nonsense to use umpires at the touch line. Also, I would not appoint a South American for a Germany-Holland match. This only provokes errors in judgement. He does not know the European mentality.

THE WORLD CUP

The World Cup was a grand success according to the officials. However, football is in a critical situation. There have never been so few goals. The much acclaimed strikers did a poor show. European power football with little imagination triumphed, a game poor in exciting goal scenes and technical ingenuity. Besides, the matches were constantly interrupted, 40 to 50 times, on an average. Football became boring. Rubbish! The World Cup met all expectations. There was good football. FIFA, however, made a mistake. They wanted particular fair play and therefore made the umpires feel insecure. FIFA took away their



BECKENBAUER AND BORIS BECKER

What Boris (Becker) has done for German sport, no one has done before him. He stands miles above everyone. No Beckenbauer can touch him

own personalities because the referee had to blow the whistle for anything trifle and this had a negative influence in many matches. Also, many of the matches were played in the afternoon. It was too hot then. That was one of the reasons for fewer goals.

Yes, and matches have become faster. We heard all that before. Why not play with only ten players in future?

Right, it would create more space. I would also prefer this! There would be nicer football.

What about the World Cup in '94. There are new markets out there and the slogan is: cash. The venue is the USA. But it looks like it is going to be a gigantic flop. Hardly anyone is interested in football there. Newspapers didn't carry the World Cup reports and viewers for TV were almost

zero.

Indeed, America is not a football nation. But then it is the job for FIFA to create a certain awareness. America is a huge continent and it is an enormous economic power. I feel that if one of the large TV companies accepts the TV rights, it will work out.

Well, if...

If they don't do that, then there is a chance that the next World Cup might not be held in the USA. But actually the USA is an ideal place. They have the necessary infrastructure, the stadia are wonderful, everything is perfect. I'm sure spectators will also come.

You sound optimistic. There are rumours that you will be asked to do the organising? If the Americans want me, they have to approach me. So far, it

has not happened. I'm not going as trainer! You need a consortium to organise a World Cup. People like Peter Ueberroth who organised the Olympic Games in Los Angeles, Henry Kissinger who had connections. You need top managers from the large concerns. Kissinger, Ueberroth, Beckenbauer...that would be right trio?

You couldn't do any better than working with these people. Economic success is guaranteed then. You talk like a businessman and not as a sportsman. Markets and money—football is a side issue.

It is question of football. But sport is dependent on economy. You can't organise such Games any more without sponsors. You can't go back to the Olympics of 1896.

BORIS BECKER

In the present sports scene. Whom do you admire most? No question about it. It is Boris Becker.

Why?

What Boris did for German sport no one has done before him. He is the exceptional sportsman and, remember, he does it all alone! It's gigantic how he manages all this while only 22! At his age, I was an absolute child. Boris is a miracle for me. I admire him profoundly.

Actually, that should be a pity for you. If there wasn't a Boris, you would be 'it.' I don't need that. I'm happy for Boris. He stands miles above everyone. No Beckenbauer can touch him. ●

SENIOR NEHRU HOCKEY

Merwyn The Magician

FOR 31 year old Merwyn Fernandez it was a weekend of multiple triumphs. With astute distribution and deft stickwork, he masterminded Indian Airlines' eventful triumph in the 11th Jawahar Nehru Hockey Tournament. On Saturday, when they won the semi-final against RCF, Merwyn was promoted to Deputy Flight Engineer. On Sunday, Dec 9, the day of the final, Merwyn's wife gave birth to their first son. No wonder, after the final, Merwyn was singing a wedding dream tune. It is

Since 1981 Indian Airlines have been more dominant in the Nehru hockey than Boris Becker at Wimbledon. Airlines are the only side to have won thrice in a row. 1981-86 won again in 1988 and 1990. In 1987, they lost in the final to Border Security Force. Credit must go to coaches ex Olympians Inam ul Rehman and Ashok Kumar. They don't only win, but they do it in style everytime. Their open attacking style of hockey has won

them many admirers.

This year IA was coached by Ashok Kumar only as Inam was away in Argentina. Ashok is to be praised for many innovations. IA showed remarkable variety in converting penalty corners. M P Singh, Shakeel and Sujit Kumar worked as a trio and bemused opposing defenders who were uncertain if M P Singh would strike direct or flick to his left or right or stop, dribble and shoot or pass. The winning goals in the final came due to indirect penalty corner conversions. Ashok was asked why the same players when representing India could not show such variation in conversion of penalty corners. His reply was astute. At Indian Airlines we make thinking players and do not believe in regimentation.

Legendary Dhyan Chand's son Ashok Kumar is proving an ideal motivator. Merwyn was hesitant to play in the final when IA were getting bogged down by the four man midfield of the Punjab and Sind Bank. Ashok changed the game strategy. And

N

UMEROUS imbroglios marred the 27th Nehru Hockey Tournament

at Delhi. Because the absence of clearcut guidelines by the tournament committee often had led to embarrassing situations. The initial confusion arose in the vital pre-quarterfinal clash between six times champions Indian Airlines and the powerful Railway Coach Factory (RCF) of Kapurthala. This was billed as the thriller of the 1990 tournaments. However, the match was a non-starter.

Before the match started, IAC protested about the inclusion of two RCF players, forwards Subodh Khandekar and half back Abdul Aziz and BNR's James Kerketta in the RCF team. IAC claimed that these three players were ineligible to play for a team based in Punjab, as they were not registered there.

But the RCF authorities claimed that the Railway Sports Control Board had given permission for the three players to represent RCF as no other units of theirs were participating in the Nehru tournament. Permission to play Balwinder Singh of Northern Railway was also sought. However, IAC disagreed and the Nehru tournament organisers upheld the protest. RCF then mysteriously disappeared from the tournament on the next day and IAC got a walk-over to the quarter-final league

Ensure Clearcut Guidelines

phase.

Ironically, Khandekar, Aziz and Kerketta had played for RCF in their previous match, a 1-0 win over EME in the third round. There was no protest then. The tournament committee let it pass. When IAC protested about the same players, they sprung into action. The scheduled match was postponed for a day. The matter was discussed till midnight and RCF was asked to prove the bonafides of



the transfer. They preferred to withdraw Harbinder Singh, the Railways coach for the forthcoming Jammu Nationals, explained the background for these

PANKAJ SHARMA

A Tale Of Woe

D ECEMBER 9 being an auspicious day for marriages in North India was unfortunately inauspicious for Jalandhar's Punjab and Sind Bank. The Jalandhar bankmen had hoped to fulfil their hockey dream winning the prestigious Jawaharlal Nehru hockey tournament for the first time.

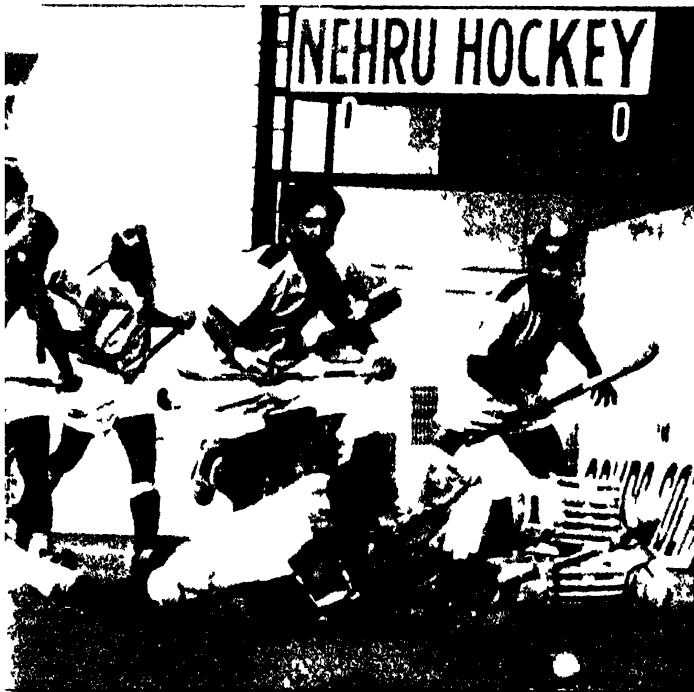
Manager Charanjit Singh was justified in his optimism. He said: "Prior to the Nehru meet we had played in six tournaments this season and won four finals. At Delhi we had won two successive tournaments, the Sanjay Gandhi Memorial and the BSF Silver Jubilee Cup. We had beaten Indian Airlines at Delhi and were confident of doing it again in the Nehru final."

However, Charanjit Singh and Punjab and Sind Bank's dreams were shattered. Olympian Gundeep Kumar left for home as he was getting married on the day of the final. And to add to their woes, speedy winger Ram Saran considered the next outside left for India, now that Thoba has

retired, was also unavailable. The reason the inevitable marriage in the family.

Ram Saran went home as his brother Ashok Kumar, the former India full back, was getting married. Full back Harjeet Singh, the penalty corner expert, was about to leave Delhi as his sister was getting married. However, the harassed Punjab and Sind Bank officials caught him at the station and cajoled him to play the final.

The absence of Gundeep and Ram Saran made the difference. The thrust of their forwardline was missing. The promptings of Ripudaman and Sanjeev Kumar were not utilised. As they say, it never rains but pours. Centre half and 1984 Olympian Rajinder Singh twisted his ankle and became a mere passenger in the second half when IAC scored both goals. A dejected Charanjit Singh said: "Luck was against us and the stars were against us. I had been persuading Gundeep to alter his marriage date but the pundit ruled otherwise. We were destined not to win."



Goalmouth action: Indian Airlines versus Punjab and Sind Bank in the final

mysterious transfers. He said: "The probabilities for the Railways team for the Nationals were

training at the Karnail Singh Stadium, Delhi at the same time as the Nehru tournament. We wanted to play as many Railway players as possible for RCF so that they could get

combined practice. So we took permission from the RSCB, as Central and Northern Railways were not participating." Later Aziz and Kerketta also confirmed that they had not sought transfer to RCF. It was just a ploy to get combined practice.

The Nehru tournament organisers were justified in their decision. However, they must realise that "justice must not only be done but also seen to be done." The impression gained was that the decision was taken to please IAC. After all, EME also lost to RCF with the three additional players. Also North-Eastern Railway played goalkeeper Shailender Singh, who is yet to be employed by them.

Shahid said:

"Shailender is yet to get his confirmation letter." So N E Railway should also have been pulled up. But surprisingly no action was taken. The organisers should be clear on rules about such incidents.

Ideally, EME should have been promoted to play IAC in the pre-quarterfinals. A walk-over to IAC was not really fair play. Also RCF's needless subterfuge could have been avoided. Their team was obviously depleted. Inside-right Daljit Singh turned out for Rock Rovers in the same tournament. So instead of RCF, they could have played as a Railways XI. This needless imbroglio just left a bad taste and is typical of the careless administration of contemporary Indian hockey.



FANKA I AHMA

it clicked. Right-winger Mukesh Kumar was shifted to centre forward and inside forwards Merwyn and Atif Idris kept interchanging positions to shake off their markers. IAS 1990 Nehru victory is all the more commendable as they were without ace centre-forward Jagbir Singh, who was on duty for Asia at Kuala Lumpur.

The revelation of the tournament was IFFCO. In the pre-quarter finals they stroked out five times champions BSF 6-4. They were unlucky not to reach the semis. In a vital quarter-final league match, they led Punjab and Sind Bank 3-1 but lost concentration, wasted a penalty stroke and allowed the Jalandhar bankmen to draw level

**"At Indian Airlines we make thinking players and do not believe in regimentation".
—Coach Ashok Kumar**

at 3-3. The stickwork and speed of left-winger R S Bisht, right-winger Saleem and inside-forward S Noor was memorable. It was IFFCO's best showing in a domestic tournament since they won the Beighton Cup in 1987. IFFCO are like Aryan and Rajasthan clubs in Calcutta football, a good

nursery to develop talent. After their Beighton Cup triumph, several of their players were poached by other teams. Now Indian Airlines have already signed on outside-left R S Bisht, a potential international.

With the retirement of Thoiba Singh, the search is on for a new outside-left for India. Judging by the displays at Delhi, Punjab and Sind Bank's Ram Saran is the best bet. Young Bisht of IFFCO also has great potential and should be a serious contender. Both Ajitpal Singh and Ashok Kumar also feel that India should search for genuine inside-forwards instead of making Gundeep Kumar and Jagbir play in such unusual positions.

Ashok Kumar still

The Indian Airlines team with the Nehru trophy: their seventh triumph

feels that Merwyn is the best inside-forward in India. But Merwyn categorically says, 'I love hockey and will continue to play for my unit Indian Airlines, but at 31 years I cannot take the strain of international hockey and the long training camps.' Sadly except for Ripudaman Kumar who is also unwilling to join long training camps, there were no outstanding inside-forwards on view. Young Sanjeev Kumar of Punjab and Sind Bank, a favourite of former national coach M P Ganesh, has shown rapid improvement and deserves a recall to the India team.

Novy Kapadia, Delhi

Battle Of The Worst

THE West Indies vs Pakistan Test series has been dubbed the 'Battle Of The Best'. In a similar vein the series between India and Sri Lanka can be referred to as the 'Battle Of The Worst'. Sri Lanka, because of the lack of experience and achievement. And India, because of its mediocre and lacklustre performances. India can perhaps boast of the most ineffective bowling line-up in the world.

SRINIVAS NYAPATHY,
Rajahmundry

Off The Track

SPORTSWORLD magazine, of late, has become a little erratic. The magazine seems to have developed a fancy for Imran Khan. First Imran was on the cover, then on the poster and in articles like 'Is Imran Khan a Junkie'? There are many readers who really don't care about Imran and his personal life.

I think it's high time you spared us readers the agony of reading on Imran.

SUDIPTO DAS,
Bombay

Disheartening

ROGER MILLA from Cameroon, did not live up to the expectations of the soccer loving fraternity of Calcutta. His performance and attitude in the city was very disheartening.

Incidentally, he happens to be the second World Cupper to have put a poor performance in the city. The legendary Pele also let down the football lovers of the city in 1977.

TANMOY,
Calcutta

Still In The Cold

THE BCCI has made a good move by bringing in players who, for some reason or the other, were



sidelined by the previous Board. Yet, they seem to have forgotten a player who in the past had saved India on many an occasion. Mohinder 'Jimmy' Amarnath surely rates as one of the best batsmen produced by India.

Now that Perestroika is happening in the cricket Board (at least we believe so) will the selectors turn an eye on him? It is up to the new Board to revive his ruined career.

S. SURESH, Madurai

JAMNAGAR

Inter-University TT

BOMBAY has always maintained its tradition of producing talented sports persons in various disciplines from time to time. The final results of the recently concluded West Zone inter university table tennis tournament at Jamnagar suggest that as long as there are promising players aplenty Bombay will reign supreme in the sports arena.

The Bombay boys and girls did their university proud by winning their respective team events. It was a fine performance by the Bombay collegians considering there were nearly 400 participants in the fray from Gujarat, Goa, Madhya Pradesh and Rajasthan. The number of teams in the boys' section was a staggering 35 and 28 on the distaff side.

The runners up in the boys' and girls' sections were Gujarat University and Devi Ahalya University of Indore respectively. Bombay University's Kishor Mundargi (captain), Sanjeev Mehra, C. R. Narayan, Anjan Dutt, Shilpa Takkar (captain), Sonali Gandhi, Sushma Vaidya and Shilpa Pandikar gave an excellent display.

The best player in the boys' category was Sanjeev Mehra of Bombay, according to a panel of judges. Sonali Gandhi of Bombay was named the best player in the girls' section. Gujarat's Malay Thakkar, was given a special prize for his spirited showing throughout the competition.

RAJKOT

Vinoo Mankad Cricket

AFIGHTING century by its opener in the second essay could not bring home the prestigious Vinoo Mankad Trophy for Rajkot City. Set to



The Bombay University team: winners of the Inter-University TT tournament at Jamnagar

score a modest 236 in 55 overs on a placid Municipal Corporation ground wicket. The defending champions were sent packing for a paltry 206 in 48 overs.

The sole consolation for Rajkot City was a brave innings of 103 by Bipin Pujara. But then to play such a knock and make exactly half of his team's overall total and yet end up on a losing side must have been a big disappointment for the always courageous Saurashtra Ranji batsman. It was anybody's game till Rest of Saurashtra won the match in the dying hours by a wafer-thin margin of 29 runs on the concluding fourth day.

The Vinoo Mankad Trophy is an annual fixture between the Rest of Saurashtra and the winner of the inter-district Jai-Hind Trophy the previous year.

The packed stadium witnessed an exciting few hours cricket when Rajkot City started chasing an attainable 236. Bipin Pujara, who cut an extremely sorry figure in the first innings, went for his strokes right from the word go. There was a good support from Piyush Khakhar, Pankil Kariya, Bimal Jadeja and Chetan Mankad. But they were unable to produce the lusty hitting which was the need of the hour.

The fielding was so brilliant, runs were always hard to come by. It was Pujara's fine technical expertise that he could find the gaps and play the shots effectively. Unfortunately, it was so near-yet-so far for Rajkot City in the end.

Night Football

IF there is any team which reigns supreme in soccer in these parts of India, it is decidedly ONGC,

Baroda. That it has a string of promising players was there for all to see when it lifted the prestigious Phulchhab Trophy at Rajkot recently. Its handsome victory over Rajkot City Police (RCP) in the first ever Gujarat open night football tournament was a welcome addition to the valuables in the ONGC cupboard, already inundated with a variety of sports trophies.

RCP began the proceedings on a right note, scoring the first goal of the final through a penalty. But it failed to capitalise on the crucial lead given by Paresh Sodha and very soon the RCP footballers were exposed and rendered impotent by the men from Baroda who seemed to be in a tearing hurry to finish the match.

The equaliser from Pradip Patel in the first half itself put the writing on the wall for the local football unit. The policemen committed many glaring errors, especially when it came to converting penalty kicks into goals, and once D. Mandal hit the second goal for ONGC, the tie was sealed.

The event was held to mark the Foundation Day of the Rajkot Municipal Corporation, with prominent football sides of the State participating in what was a one-week tourney. The novel idea of playing football at night attracted a number of aficionados, with the final attracting some five thousand odd people.

Haresh Pandya

MANGALORE

KSRTC Kabaddi

THE state level inter-divisional kabaddi tournament of Karnataka State Road Transport Corporation (KSRTC) was held at Mangalore recently, with hosts Mangalore division emerging victorious. They defeated Bangalore Transport Service (BTS) 16-13 in an even fight.

Mohan Kumar, captain of the Mangalore division, was adjudged the best allrounder while Purushottam Das, BTS was the best catcher and Rangaswami of Regional Workshop, Bangalore was the best raider.

Michael R. Patrao



HOOGHLY

Rural Coaching Camp

School children in the 12-15 year age group are being imparted football coaching by the Sheoraphuli Club in Hooghly District. The camp is being conducted at the Surendranath Vidya Niketan grounds.

The club runs the coaching scheme through local donations right through the year. The camp which has been running for the past four years, receives free balls from the West Bengal Sports Council. In the picture, Mohun Bagan goalkeeper S. Pyne is giving tips to the schoolchildren.

ROUNDUP

NEW DELHI

Limca Soccer

GOV'T Boys School, Moti Bagh extended their lease over the Limca trophy, by another year when they defeated Gov't Boys School, Bharat Nagar by three goals to nil in the final of the 5th Limca Soccer for schools at the Modern School ground in New Delhi.

Four promising boys—Vishal (Delhi Public School, R.K. Puram), Haroon (Bhartiya Vidya Bhavan), Yashwant Rawat (Moti Bagh) and Mohan Deep (Springles) were awarded scholarship of Rs 1,200 each by Arjuna awardee Mr. Inder Singh. According to the organisers this was done to promote soccer in the capital.

Looking for their fifth consecutive win, the holders first took the lead through Yashwant Rawat. Trilok Bisht and Manoj Negi consolidated the tally for the winners.

Mrs. Zainab Chauhan, wife of Mr. Ramesh Chauhan, managing director, Parle Exports gave away the prizes which included a special prize for Vishal Sagar of Springdles for his double hit trick in one match. Mount St.



Mrs. Zainab Chauhan, wife of the Parle Exports Managing Director Mr. Ramesh Chauhan, with the winners Moti Bagh School, New Delhi

Marys won the prize for the best march past

Rasheed Kidwai

Inter-Unit TT

TOP seeded Oil India Ltd (OIL) were the team Championships in both the men's and women's event respectively in the XII PSCB Inter Unit Table Tennis Tournament at the Talkatora Indoor Stadium in New Delhi.



CALCUTTA

National Women's Cricket

The Indian Railway team is all smiles as they win the national cricket championships defeating Karnataka in the final



BANGALORE Five-A-Side football

The Press Club of Bangalore won the five-a-side football tournament. They defeated Everest Advertising 2-1 in the final. In the loser's plate final, MAA Communications beat UB Group (2-0). Twenty-four teams took part in the tournament.

In the finals of the men's championships OIL trounced Indian Petro Chemicals Ltd (IPCL) by 3 matches to nil. Gautam Hazarika (OIL) beat Satish Patel (IPCL) 21-11, 21-19 in the first encounter while Tridip Dowrah (OIL) overcame Kalpesh Thakkar (IPCL) 21-19, 21-16, in the second match. In the doubles, Gautam and Ravi Vashist (OIL) rallied from behind to defeat Kalpesh and Rajul Sheth (IPCL) 20-22, 27-15 and 21-25 to clinch the title for OIL.

In the women's championships, OIL demolished ONGC 3-0. Former national champion Monalisa B Mehta (OIL) crushed B Boro (ONGC) 21-10, 21-9, while Papari Hazarika (OIL) overcame A Bora (ONGC) 21-12, 24-22. After a stiff fight from Bora in the extended second game. In the doubles encounter, Monalisa and Papari had no difficulty in eliminating A Bora and B Bora to win the match 3-0, and with the second title for OIL.

Earlier in the semifinals, OIL defeated second seeded IOC 3-0, while IPCL crushed BPCL by the same margin, in the men's team event.



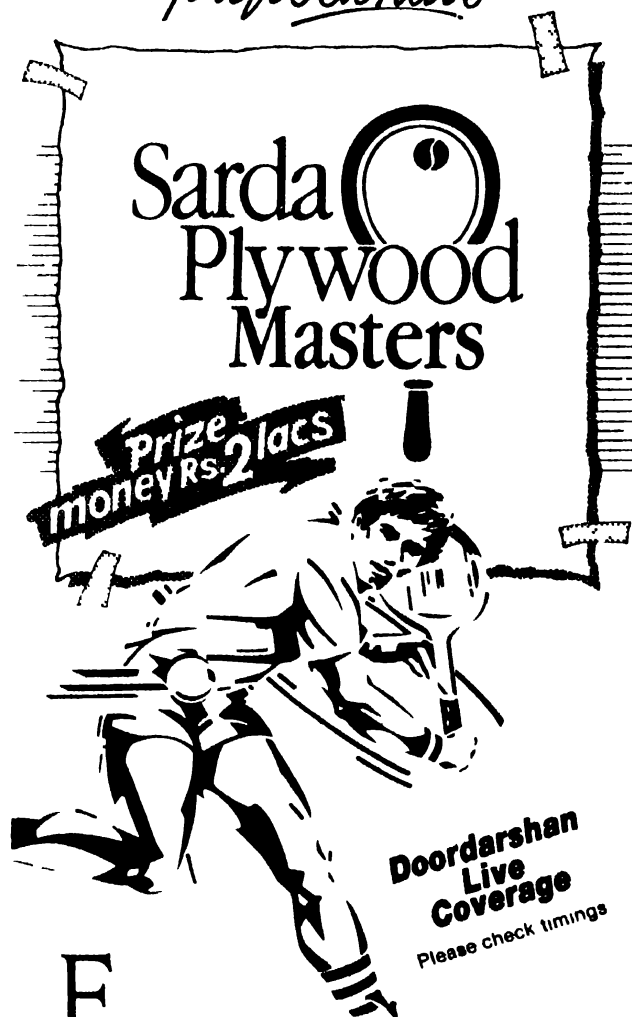
KUALA LUMPUR 6th Asian Veterans championships

Prochi Mehta is all smiles at the prize distribution ceremony for the 400m gold. She also won the gold in the 200m, silver in the 100m and bronze with the 4x100m relay team.

FEATURING TENNIS

TOP

Professionals




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Live
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DECEMBER 23RD - 26TH, 1990

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HUMAN INTEREST

INJURIES pose obstacles to the body, preventing you from exercising at any serious intensity simply because of the pain. This pain usually diminishes as the body heals. But injuries also exact a psychic toll, and if you're not strong enough to confront and hurdle your fear about re-injury, you might never again return to your favourite sport or exercise routine.

Tennis pro Stephanie Rehe knows all about injury and the trials of staging a comeback. She found herself woefully behind by two sets—7 games to 5, then 4-1—in the recent Virginia Slims of Los Angeles tennis tournament, in a match that pitted her against the fifth-ranked player in the world, Gabriela Sabatini.

Considering that this was only her fourth tournament in 21 months, that she had suffered a severe back injury in a car crash in Chicago, undergone disc surgery and followed that with months of difficult rehabilitation, it would have

GET BACK!

been understandable if Rehe collapsed before the powerful Argentinian.

Though only 20 years old, Rehe is a seasoned veteran of the tennis wars. She's also a talented, aggressive player.

At age 13 she received her first pro ranking, and she's still the youngest to compete in a Virginia Slims tournament.

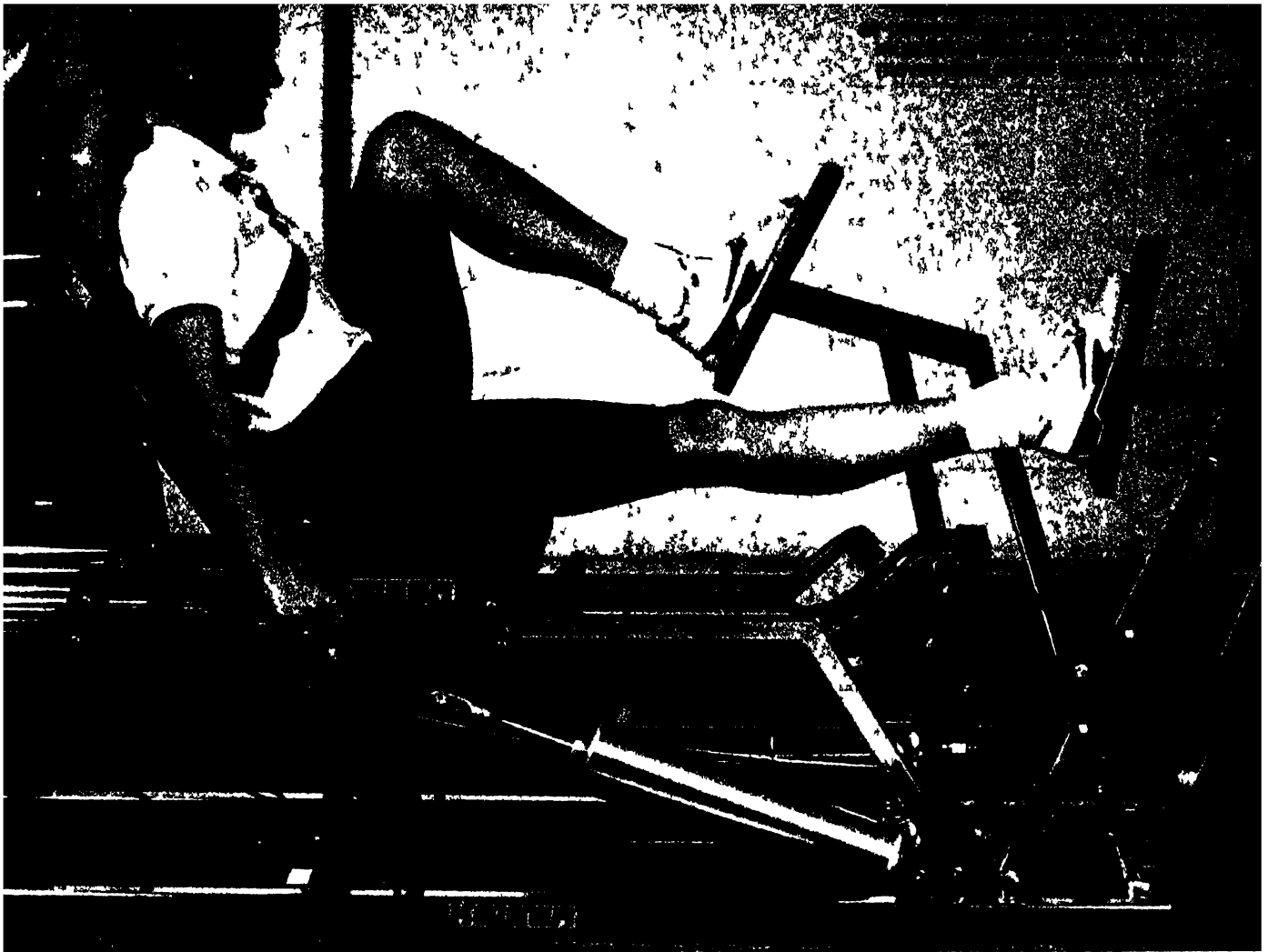
She was ranked No. 10 in the world before her November, 1988, accident, and on her return to the game Rehe was given a temporary ranking of 44.

Losing to Sabatini would push her closer to 100. Yes, it would be said that she came back from her injury. But not quite far enough.

"I blocked out all excuses about having a bad back," Rehe recalls of her Los Angeles match, "and I just changed my own tennis tactics against Gabriela." To Sabatini's dismay, Rehe won the next five games and went on to capture the third and final set from Sabatini, 6-4.

"Many athletes don't make it back," says Dr. Jeff Saal, the consulting physician who supervised Rehe's recovery. "Stephanie's one of the few to come back, and it's a real victory for her."

"Stephanie has the drive and internal motivation to return to tennis and be the best that she can. This doesn't mean she has to be number one," says Randy Huntington, the sports performance expert who set up her rigorous training routine last February. "I have a feeling that



her motivation will take her right to the top in the very near future "

Coming back from any injury is difficult, but recovering from a back injury is especially difficult, because all athletic movements rely on the back for proper execution

"From my injury, I've learned what pain is all about," says Rehe "I've had enough for a lifetime " But even with all the pain and rehabilitation, Rehe was still determined to play tennis again

After getting clearances from her surgeon, Rehe met with Huntington, a trainer of many Olympic athletes, and began intensive two-hour exercise sessions five days a week

The workouts were designed to strengthen her back, increase her conditioning, build muscle and increase her speed

This was a lot to expect from only three months of work, but Huntington says that Rehe was able to build herself up to almost 80 percent of her abilities

The hardest thing Rehe had to overcome was the fear that she would reinjure her back and suffer the pain again

"It's a problem anyone with an injury has to deal with," Huntington says "But as Stephanie progressed in our work, she saw that even though she was in discomfort, she wasn't going

to hurt herself She became confident that the pain she was feeling was not the same that she had when she first injured her back

Rehe's daily rehabilitation programme included physical therapy, swimming and running She also tried to build strength by using Keiser air-powered exercise equipment

If a weight load became too much for her back, Rehe simply pressed a button or stepped on a pedal and the weight load eased off immediately

Rehe also worked out with elite track and field athletes, running intervals on a track, doing light polymetric bounding drills to increase her on-court explosiveness to the ball

"Because of my injury, I've learned a lot about training and recovery, and also about the importance of giving your body the time it needs to recover," says Rehe "Rest, as I found out, is just as important as putting in a lot of hours on the court You can't skip either one "

It certainly hasn't been easy, but Stephanie Rehe is finally back, patiently building herself up Next season though, she'll be a better athlete, Huntington says

"With increased speed and power, her back problems hopefully behind her, she should be making news regularly once again for her tennis "

Asia Features

**SPECIAL
FEATURE**

THE INVASION OF THE BODYBUILDERS



**The two men who
are the brain
behind the brawn:
Ben (far left) and
Joe Weider**

**This is the
inside story of
the world of
bodybuilding**

" ALWAYS want to create heroes like when you see a statue you identify that person as doing something great." And so, as you enter the heart of Weider Health and Fitness in Los Angeles, you are confronted with a godly Joe Weider, shining in bronze.

The statue's moustachioed head, copied a millionfold on company products, is the epicentre of the Weider myth, a rags-to-riches tale of a lonely prophet of the vascular vernacular. According to Joe, just as the Catholic Church has the Pope, musclemen have him, aka The Master Blaster.

Millions of disciples on every continent - an

estimated 20 million in the US alone - follow his gospel, "Building your body is the key to success in life".

Still V-shaped at 68, Weider is responsible for transforming bodybuilding from minority freak shows into an international subculture. Olympic recognition, he now thinks, is only months away.

Joe claims credit for producing every baseball-bicepped, melon-delted, ravioli-abdominalled champion in the last 40 years. Both Arnold Schwarzenegger and Lou Ferrigno (the mean green Incredible Hulk) owe their careers to him. In Arnold's case, Joe paid for him to come to America from Austria.

**The 1983 Mr. Olympia
Samir Bannout with an
incredibly young looking
Betty Weider**



RS

after discovering him in the late Sixties, educated him in art (they are now both big collectors), and encouraged him to invest in real estate.

He is a synthesis of over-developed entrepreneurial brain and brawn. Weider Health and Fitness has ridden the crest of the American health consciousness boom and by diversifying into general 'fitness' and wellness products, the Weider empire has a stranglehold on the American sports market.

Encompassing muscle mags, sports nutrition and musclebuilding equipment, it is the largest fitness company in the world, with a turnover of \$350 million, 50 per cent larger than its nearest rival, employing 5,000 people in peak season.

A former associate says "Joe Weider really tapped into people's feelings of powerlessness in the Eighties. He understood that the world has gotten so complex that for many people the last frontier of power and control is their own bodies."

Up at 6.30 every morning for an hour's pumping iron to Mozart or Schubert, Joe lives the life of the quintessential pensioner superhero. He will go for a long swim before hitting the office at nine,





where he takes care of all the creative work of his business the photography the advertising and the publishing Home by seven for a meal he reads until going to bed — Socrates he says or Aristotle

I don't read novels I left school at 12 to work and since then I have felt so inadequate that I only ever want to read things which are seriously educational he says in a cartoon like Polish Jewish-Canadian American

twang

At the core of the business are the magazines the flagship title Muscle and Fitness sells over 600 000 and is available in half a dozen languages Others in the stable include Shape Men's Fitness Flex for competitive bodybuilders and Moxie for women over 35

The key to his early success lay in creating musclebound superstars and then using them to advertise his own operations in his magazines Since his publications crowded the market and he had a

hand in most of the big competitions he could more or less control the bodybuilding world

The strategy was most successful with Schwarzenegger in 1972 Joe paid for him to move to California and gave him a weekly allowance to write stories for Muscle Builder At that time he was Mr Olympia the most prestigious and Weider sponsored bodybuilding title Month by month details of Schwarzenegger's life were chronicled in the magazine for instance on one page Arnold would be swearing that amino

Joe Weider's marketing of superstars like Lou Ferrigno (left) helped popularise bodybuilding

Even the trendiest of workout gear has the Weider name emblazoned on it



A young Joe Weider helps an even younger Schwarzenegger with his posing

acids helped him build bodymass, and on the next he would be in a large advert for Joe Weider's amino acid tables

As his bodybuilders began to be famous, the concept of Joe Weider was elevated to myth. Each magazine mentions his name at least 100 times, while the top stars refer to the Weider Principles of Training as their bible.

Next to the photo of the bronze statue are written the words "I am continuing to make bodybuilding training a science. We must work hard and use our imagination to make our sport a profession." Joe Weider, trainer of champions. His wife Betty, an ex model, has a column called "Body By Betty", as if all knowledge about one's physique was a gift to the world from the Weiders.

Most world-class bodybuilders talk of Joe

The master blasters...Schwarzenegger and Ferrigno flank Joe Weider (in grey)



as a father figure. Ferrigno said he actually wanted him as a father, and Joe is the first to admit that. "Arnold identified me as a father."

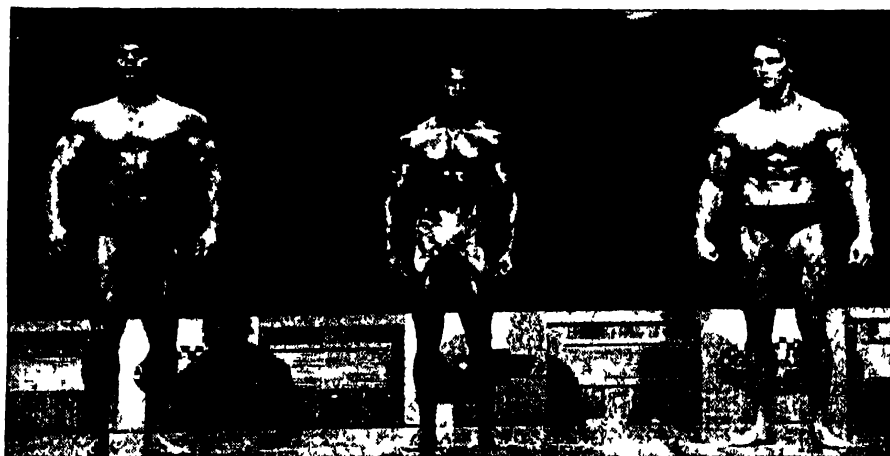
Antagonists complain that he runs the sport like a monopoly. He retorts by saying that the bodybuilders can

and do appear in rival magazines and advertisements. Last year a food supplements company unsuccessfully sued Weider for not accepting \$800,000 of advertisements in Muscle and Fitness and Flex, arguing that the two magazines created a monopolistic

environment.

In 1984 Samir Bannout, the previous year's Mr Olympia, sued Joe for conflict of interest for placing him sixth in that year's competition. He alleged he lost because he was suing Weider for shortchanging him on ads he had done, and that the judges were Weider cronies. After the case was settled out of court, Joe commented: "Just like you know your parents love you, the bodybuilders know I care for them. Most in the trade do not dare incur the Master's

Will there ever be a muscle-down like this ever again? (From left) Lou Ferrigno, Serge Nubret and Arnold Schwarzenegger



Blaster's wrath

Other accusations of unfair play are to do with the fact that his younger brother, Ben, is perhaps the second most important person in the world of bodybuilding: the president of the International Federation of Body Builders.

However, Ben, who refers to his elder brother as his idol, has been re-elected every four years since 1946 by



the member nations. Based in Montreal, the IFBB has 134 affiliated nations and boasts that it is the sixth strongest sports federation in the world. Largely due to its success, Ben, who has the Order of Canada as well as several honorary qualifications from universities throughout the world, was nominated for the Nobel Peace prize by an American academic in 1982.

To the unenlightened, bodybuilding is the grotesque display of the voluptuously veined. But, as Joe will argue, people go to cat and dog shows, so why not people shows? The human body is, after all, a beautiful thing.

Competitively, the aim is to rid your body of all fat, hence the vascular look, and to have as

The drug-induced death of an aspiring muscle man is not a rare item in the news....Perhaps for this reason all the contestants one asked were not overly enthusiastic about Olympic recognition

many muscles as well developed as possible. Judges look not only for size, but for density and separation. The sport, like all others, claims it is the most difficult to master. Professionals will plan every meal and exercise for months before a competition. Their training methods, at



what time of day to have carbohydrates, new ways to pump iron that touches the muscles others can't reach, are kept very secret, unless plastered all over Weider publications.

The sexuality of the overmuscle is always being called into question: how does Joe deal with charges of homoeroticism?

Bodybuilders are not gay because they are basically macho people. Some do it to pull girls, he says, maybe missing the point.

And autoeroticism? When a body builder looks in the mirror, he doesn't look to admire himself, he looks to see progress, his biofeedback. He doesn't look at the best parts, he looks at what to work on. Bodybuilding like anorexia, some even call the weightgaining process reverse anorexics — is as much a product of insecurities about one's own body as a quest for an aesthetic ideal.

The next step for bodybuilding is to become an Olympic

The bronze statue of Joe Weider that adorns all his products

sport. The IFBB is currently having talks with the International Olympic Committee on the question. The sport is widespread enough to qualify, and it is already recognised in the Pan American, Pan Asian and World games.

It is the logical conclusion of the male generation as well as fitting homage to Greek mythology, given the

committee's refusal to let Athens stage the centenary games. A decision is expected in the near future.

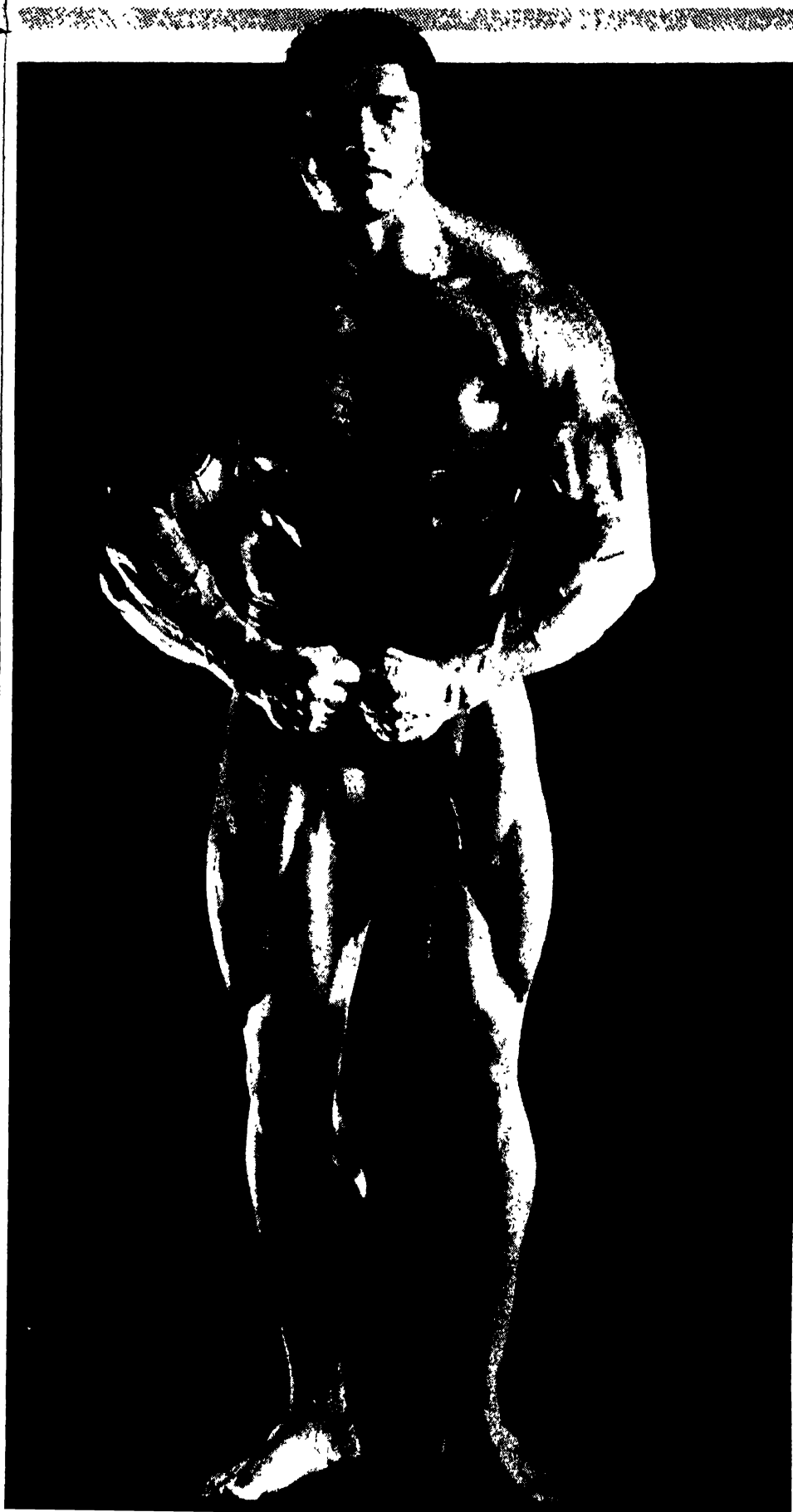
A perennial obstacle is the use of steroids. Although the IFBB now follows Olympic guidelines on doping controls, a handful of contestants tested positive at last month's Mr Olympia in Chicago. The drug-induced death of an aspiring muscle man is not a rare item in the news.

At the British Grand Prix two months ago, I was told that what looked like a diabolical case of acne on the back of a bodybuilder was the result of steroids. Perhaps for this reason, all the contestants I asked were not overly enthusiastic about Olympic recognition.

Both Joe and Ben are fascinated by the great leaders of history, and have at many times been compared to them. Joe has studied the tactics of Churchill, Moses,

Even bodybuilding diet is a Weider speciality





Schwarzenegger: the ultimate body

Mussolini, Stalin and Hitler, and collects art work and original letters of men like Washington, Lincoln, Einstein and Freud. Ben is an expert on Napoleon, having lectured widely on the subject. The film rights to the book he wrote on him have recently been bought up by Jack Nicholson

Month by month, details of Schwarzenegger's life were chronicled in the magazine; On one page, Arnold would be swearing that amino acids helped him build body mass, and on the next he would be in a large advert for Weider's amino acid tablets

Nietzsche is one of Joe's favourite thinkers, and they share similar philosophies of "Will to Power" — only Joe's has a strong subtext of Will to Muscle. "the archetype of mankind is strength and power; the world is motivated by power, and, like Greek gods, bodybuilders are a source of power.

"My power has been to help and improve mankind — I made people aware that fitness and strength are the basis of the enjoyment of life. Therefore to be superfit is best — this is my cultural revolution."

Alex Bellos
THE GUARDIAN

Rohtas Singh's Big Haul

ROHTAS SINGH of Delhi won the prestigious Wills Masters Champion golfer of the year title with a total score of 285. His prize money of Rs 37,485 is amongst the best on the Indian Circuit. Second placed Basad Ali, who finished two strokes behind Rohtas got Rs 25,000. Circuit leader Ali Sher, finished third and pocketed Rs 14,422.

What is significant about the achievement of Rohtas, Basad and Ali Sher is that they were originally caddies. Later they became professionals. The trio are from lower middle class families. Ali Sher in his colourfully checked attire belies the stereotype image of a successful golfer, stepping out of a Mercedes or some other flashy imported car, with flunkies around him. Instead he comes from a lower middle class family in Nizamuddin, at Delhi. Ali Sher has to

support a family and purchase equipment with the money he earns from the Indian Circuit. Explaining his dilemma Ali Sher said "The winnings of leading golfers in India do not exceed Rs 1,00,000. In contrast, a golfer like Paul Azinger of the USA earned about 2,90,386 US dollars (approximately Rs 58,00,000 in one

season). They are rich, we are not. In India, all golfing equipment needs to be imported which attracts 200 per cent duty and the costs could range from Rs 30,000-50,000. People like me cannot afford such equipment.

"We started our careers with second hand or

Rohtas Singh

borrowed equipment. Even now most of my equipment is either borrowed or second hand. I just have to make do with it."

At the end of the Wills Masters Ali Sher has notched up more points than Rohtas Singh and Basad Ali and Feroze of Calcutta. Sher now leads the Indian circuit.

In spite of the success of these players, class divide in Indian golf persists. At the posh Delhi Golf Club, there is a separate changing room and canteen for the caddies and professionals. They do not mix with the "gentlemen." Relics of a colonial past.

ITC's contribution to Indian golf is laudable. The total prize money in the Indian Golf Circuit is Rs 27 lakh. The Wills Circuit which has eleven tournaments, has prize money of about 12-13 lakhs. So nearly half the prize money in Indian golf is courtesy, ITC. Explaining the philosophy of their corporate sponsorship,



'Holy Trinity' of Golf

WHAT Kerry Packer was to Australian cricket, IPAN is to Indian golf. Kerry Packer revolutionised the game 'Down Under' with night cricket, colourful clothing, better payment for players and slick management. Similarly, Indian Public Affairs Network (IPAN) has effectively removed the prevailing perception in India that golf is an elitist game, meant for old people. A consulting agency, IPAN were hired by ITC to promote their Wills Circuit. IPAN have achieved success with Pepsi Cola but their contribution to golf is equally unique.

Starting with Wills Southern India Open at Bangalore in September, the circuit covers 11 tournaments. The Wills Masters at Delhi was the first tournament in India with the prize money exceeding Rs 2,00,000. Now ITC has been sponsoring golf since 1964 and is the largest sponsor of golf events in India.

But the elitist image prevailed. In spite of India's gold medal success in golf in the 1982 Asiad, and the exploits of Lakshman Singh, Rajiv Mohta and professionals Ali Sher and Basad Ali, it was felt the game belonged to a coterie. The written media also only used golf specialists and not regular journalists to cover golf tournaments.

But the old images and values changed at the Wills Masters in Delhi, thanks to IPAN. The charming trio who achieved this feat are

three young girls just out of University, Gayatri, Tina Verghese and Ritu. Known as the 'Holy Trinity' of golf, they used professional marketing techniques, oodles of charm and perpetual smiles to sell the game.

Slick booklets with endless trivia, statistics, interviews with players, meticulous handouts and suddenly golf no longer seemed a stuffy, elitist game. IPAN's charming threesome produced two devastating booklets which showed how golf can help tourism, ecology and the economy. An example golf offers more employment generation opportunities to the unskilled and semi-skilled workers than any other sport.

In Delhi, a caddy is paid Rs 25 a round of 18 holes. On most days caddies work both in the morning and evening. A golf course requires 300-350 gardeners. Also open spaces in metropolitan cities are battle grounds for the commercial lucre of highrise buildings. IPAN showed by clever statistics that open spaces can be commercially lucrative as well as environmentally positive, by having more golf courses. Thanks to IPAN, golfing terminology, tees, bogeys and birdies no longer sounds like double Dutch.

When old age shall this generation waste, the contribution of Gayatri, Tina and Ritu to India's golfing revolution will be fondly remembered.

Udayan Lall, district manager said. "The first sponsor of golf in India was ITC, both at the professional and amateur level. We started this sponsorship in 1964 and it has flourished since then. Our sponsorship is growing at the rate of about 45 per cent annually. Wills has become associated with Indian golf and we have benefited by this image."

The prize money on the Indian Circuit seems adequate but is meagre compared to the lucrative circuits in Europe and the USA. What is worrying

leading golfers, here is that the growth rate of sponsorship seems to be stagnating. In Europe, prize money in 1980 was Rs 34 million. A decade later the prize money on the European Golf Circuit was worth Rs 320 million, a growth rate of ten per cent. In the USA, RJR Nabisco's current year budget for the US circuit is Rs 110 million. No wonder, young pros like Rishi Narain and Brandon D'Souza say, "we need more companies like ITC to sponsor golf in India, otherwise the game will not grow."

Some of India's pros take part in the lucrative

South-East Asia Circuit in Malaysia and Indonesia. However, costs are prohibitive and again the class divide emerges in the individual sponsorship available. KLM sponsored Ajay Gupta for the eastern circuit last year. Brandon D'Souza is sponsored by Power and Rishi Narain by ITC. Now Brandon, Ajay and Rishi are from the upper echelons of society and so they have worked out good deals for themselves. They get individual sponsorship for foreign trips also.

However, Rohtas sponsored by JCT and Ali Sher sponsored by

Allied Motors have their sponsorship limited to the Indian Circuit only. Calcutta's Basad Ali feels this discrimination exists, "As we are not from the right class background and do not speak fluent English."

1990 is the bicentenary anniversary of French Liberty, which upheld liberty and the dignity of man. So befittingly in such a year, the caddies and pros of India are thinking of forming a union and demanding their rights. Perestroika and Glasnost may strike Indian golf sooner than anticipated.

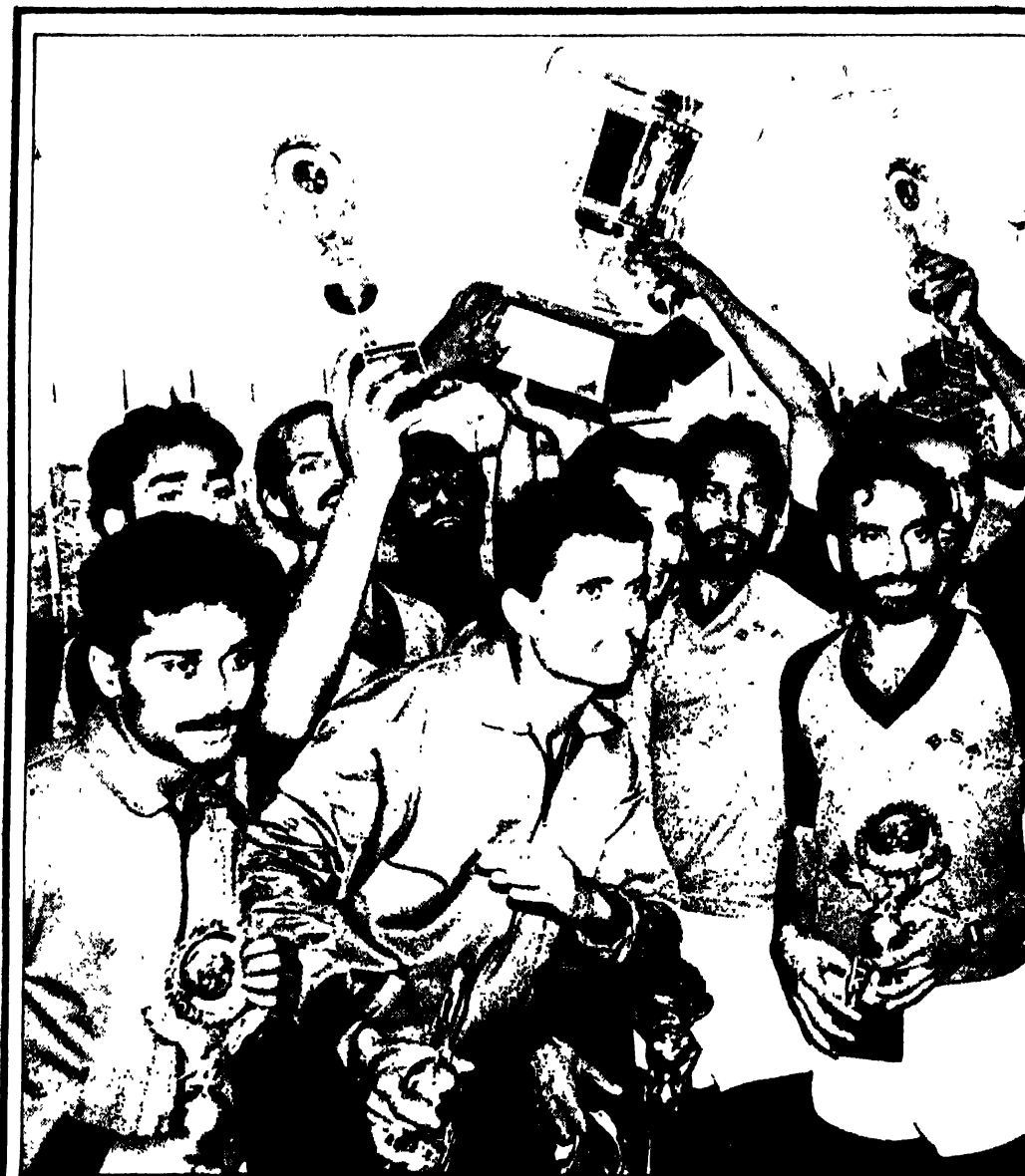
Novy Kapadia, Delhi

Stop This Un

THE grandiose Federation Cup zonal rounds which were introduced by the All-India Football Federation (AIFF) last year, are already having many teething problems. In 1989, the North Zone tournament was not held. BSF and JCT were nominated to play in the Federation Cup final rounds at Thrussor. This year, the East Zone was not held. The 'Big Three' of Calcutta automatically entered the Federation Cup proper at Kinnur.

Salcette (Goa) won in the West, with Bhilai Steel Plant as runners-up. With no Mahindras, Dempo or MRF the Bombay leg lacked lustre. What is the use of zonal tournaments if the best do not compete? The qualifying tournament for the South has yet to get underway at the time of going to press. The zonal Federation Cups are rapidly becoming an unwanted farce, "no sound no fury and signifying nothing." Sheer waste of time and money.

There were no takers for the North Zone meet this year also, since it is considered a financial liability. Crowds and sponsorships are limited and expenses are many. When others declined to shoulder the burden, the Delhi Soccer Association (DSA) came to the rescue. It



Border Security with the North Zone Federation Cup

was a laudable venture. It was not a case of "fools step in where angels fear to tread."

The new office-bearers, President Jeevan Grover and

secretary Nawabuddin Zaheer had a point to prove. For years Delhi football has been plagued by dissension and factionalism. The AIFF president, Mr Das Gupta, had doubted the ability of the new Delhi office-bearers to

But Grover and Nawab with their dynamic team of workers showed that Delhi can do it. And the eleven-day affair was so slick that the organisers received tumultuous praise from both JCT and BSF. International striker Barbara Singh of BSF and, especially,

wanted Farce



and courtesy was better than the DCM or Durand tournament."

But the costs were overwhelming. Secretary Zaheer explained: "According to the Federation Cup rules, each team claims Rs 100 per head per day for each member squad.

They also get allowances for two days before their match and one day later, plus both ways first class train fare. BSF and JCT costs us about Rs 35,000 each. Benares Heroes cost about Rs 51,000. The average cost of each of the five outstation teams was about Rs 35,000. Our total expenditure was Rs 4 lakhs."

For rich associations like the Indian Football Association (IFA) and those of Kerala and Goa, such money is chickenfeed. But for Delhi, raising such funds was an awesome task. Sponsorship is not feasible as there is no live Doordarshan coverage. Crowd appeal of teams like Solan Youngs (Himachal Pradesh), Haryana State Electricity Board (HSEB) and Benares Heroes (UP) is negligible. So where does the money come from? The newly-formed DSA approached the Delhi Administration for funds but met with a setback. Why?

Explaining why, President Grover said: "In 1988, the DSA headed by Salamatullah organised the Federation Cup and got a loan of Rs 5 lakhs from the Delhi Administration besides lots of other sponsorship. They have not yet submitted the accounts. A sum of Rs 12 lakhs is not accounted for, so the Delhi Administration

refused to sanction us money. Instead they may be ordering a CBI enquiry into the embezzlement of funds."

The dynamic Mr Grover, a Delhi businessman and

landlord, then approached the Union Finance Minister, Mr Yashwant Sinha, and explained the situation. The Finance Minister intervened and asked the Lt. Governor of

The Best Punjab Teams Should Play

FOOTBALL at the zonal tournament was mediocre. In the league phase it was often a case of the massacre of the innocents. JCT, Phagwara, surprisingly lost their first match to HSEB 0-1. Stung by this reversal they swamped all other opponents. Solan Youngs were routed 12-0. JCT lead 9-0 at half-time. Stocky winger Narender Kumar scored seven goals in this match including the only hat-trick of the tournament. They also routed local Simla Youngs 7-0 and Shastri F C 3-0. Narender emerged as the top-scorer of the tournament with ten goals. New recruit the teenaged junior international winger, Kuldip Singh of JCT was the second top-scorer with seven goals.

Border Security Force (BSF) were more sedate and played all their matches at half pace. They were without Narender Gurung and international Jagmohan Singh, who was recovering from a knee operation. Darbara Singh was also unavailable for the final, as he went home for his father's operation.

Still BSF won the inaugural North Zone Federation Cup beating JCT 4-2 in the tie-breaker. Though local teams Shastri F C and Delhi Students did well to enter the semis, the tournament to be effective should be more broadbased.

Ex-internationals Inder and Sukwinder Singh suggested "As the best teams are to be chosen for the Federation Cup, the other two teams from Punjab, PSEB and Punjab Police should also be allowed to play in the North Zone tournament. The four Punjab teams are the best in the North and all should get a chance to qualify. If all four play, crowd interest will also increase as competition will be intense."



'In 1988, the DSA headed by Salamatullah organised the Federation Cup and got a loan of Rs 5 lakhs from the Delhi Administration besides lots of other sponsorship. They have not yet submitted the accounts. A sum of Rs 12 lakhs is not accounted for. So the Delhi Administration refused to sanction us money. Instead they may be ordering a CBI enquiry into the embezzlement of funds'—DSA chief Grover

BSF versus JCT in the final

Delhi, Air Marshall (retd.) Anjun Singh to release a sum of Rs 2 lakhs. This generosity baled out the DSA and the North Zone Federation Cup. Otherwise, Mr Das Munshi would have had more blushes.

PAKISTAN'S TOUR OF INDIA

IN JEOPARDY?

The Indian Government has cleared the tour. The ball's now in Pakistan's court. **FARESHTEH GATI** captures the general mood at the BCCP Headquarters in Lahore

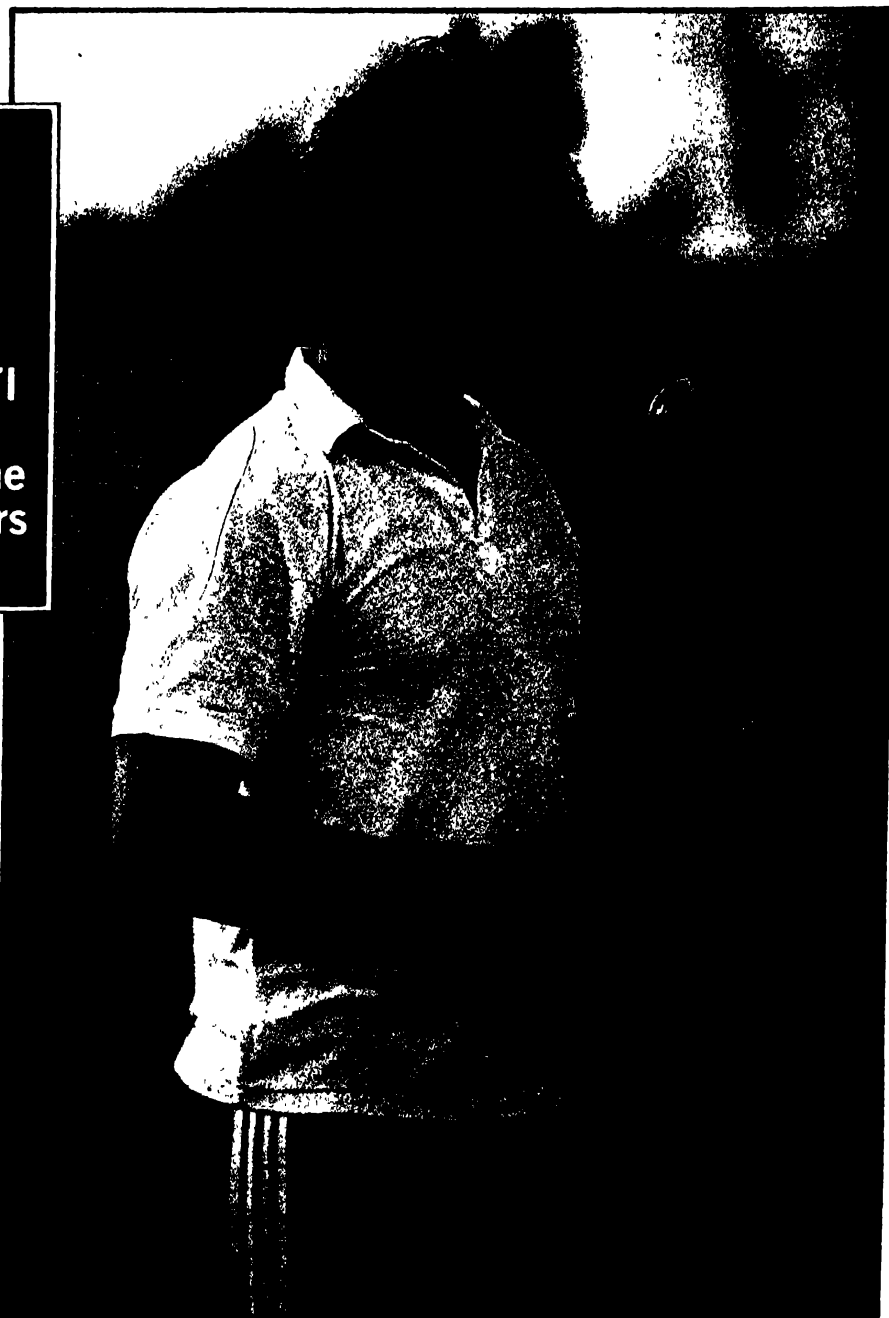
PAKISTAN's cricket tour to India early next year has yet to become a certainty. Only last year India's tour to Pakistan was marred by the Babri Masjid issue and indeed the Indian captain Srikkanth was roughed up in Karachi by an unstable spectator who came onto the field of play to protest over the Indian Government's stand on the Babri Masjid site.

It is this very subject, plus the Kashmir issue and the general chaos across India in areas which have a Muslim majority which are the reasons being given why the tour is just not possible.

Whether the tour goes ahead or not is not something which the

Imran Khan: not inclined towards the tour?

UTPAL SORNAK



"If the tour increases communal tension, wouldn't it be better to postpone it?": Imran

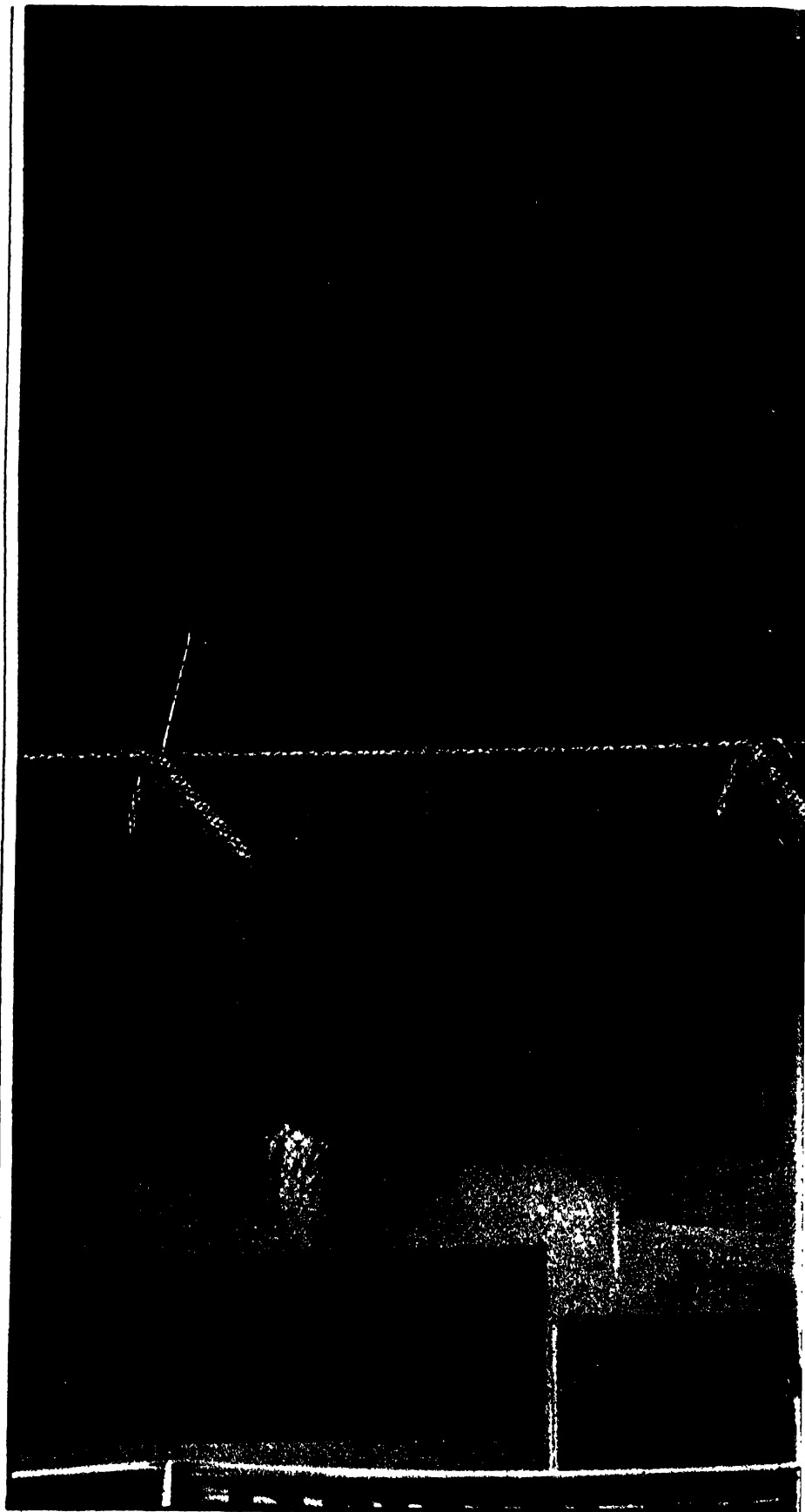
Tear gas at the Karachi one-day match between India and Pakistan

cricket Boards can decide. In fact the ball is in Pakistan's court. India has left it up to Pakistan to decide whether it wishes to send its team to a place where they could be in physical danger, especially in the northern belt where emotions run high and tempers are short. The Secretary of the Board of Control for Cricket in Pakistan (BCCP), Arif Ali Khan Abbasi has definite views on the issue. To him, it is not a matter for the Board to decide. If the foreign office and the Government of Pakistan have no objections to the tour then we certainly will have no objection. We will not call off the tour. It is for the government to take such a step.

That is the official view. Privately in the corridors of the BCCP headquarters at the Gaddafi Stadium, Lahore, most officials and ex-Test cricketers are of the view that the tour ought not to be held. With the players' safety at risk, no one is in a mood to be adventurous. Nobody is prepared to go more than halfway in order to ensure that the tour does take place. Not many would shed a tear if it did not. The romance has been lost, perhaps never to be recovered.

One of the reasons for the disappearance of the romance is the standard of cricket played by the two countries. India does not have the bowlers and Pakistan's batting has long been frail. That is the classic recipe for a boring

Not being able to play Test cricket because of communal and political tension is unfortunate. But how much worse would it be if the tour were to take place and the players ended up getting injured. Imagine India's embarrassment and Pakistan's anger



Imran: 'Tour of India might fall through'

Lahore, Nov. 30 (AFP): Pakistan's planned tour of India faces major security problems, feels Imran Khan. The Pakistan captain said yesterday he did not see how the tour would take place.

Although the 13-week tour, due to start from December 21, has been cleared by Indian authorities, there was doubt in Pakistani cricketing circles whether it would proceed.

"At this stage, I am not sure how this tour will take place," Imran said. "The security of the players in India will be the biggest problem. Even if the tour takes place, there will be a lot of tension." Pakistani cricketing sources said the tour might be called off because of Hindu-Muslim clashes over a temple-mosque dispute in Ayodhya.

This is a news item



**Indian skipper Srikanth is
manhandled during the last tour
of Pakistan**

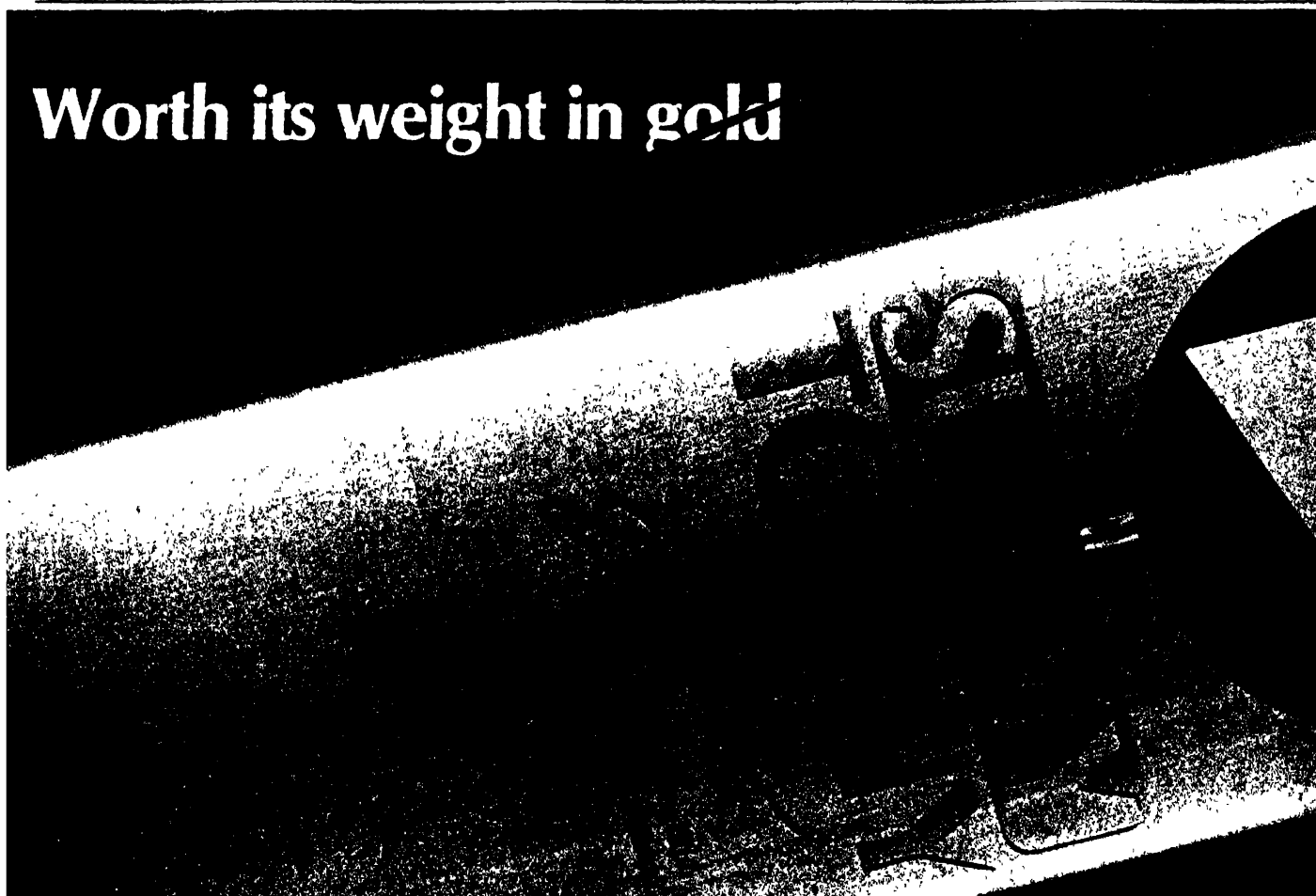
sort of series

Do the players want this series to be held? While Imran and his team would like another round with the Indians to make up for the dull series of last year when all four Tests were drawn, they are ruefully aware that the decision will not be theirs. Said the Pakistan skipper, "If the government of Pakistan and the Board decide that we have to tour then we will go along with it." But then he paused awhile and asked consideringly, "If the tour increases communal tension, wouldn't it be better to postpone it?"

That appears to be the overwhelming opinion. Memories of Ahmedabad in 1987 when the Pakistani players had to wear helmets on the boundary line to protect themselves from bricks are fresh on the minds of the



Worth its weight in gold





Privately in the corridors of the BCCP headquarters, most officials and ex-Test cricketers are of the view that the tour ought not to be held. Nobody is prepared to go more than halfway in order to ensure that the tour does take place

Pakistani players The same instances take place when India crosses the border

Omar Kureishi who has long had a finger on the pulse of Pakistan cricket says, "It is not a question of whether the tour should take place or not. The question is, can it take place, and the decision is not with either our Board or the Indian Board, the decision lies with the Indian people, it is for them to try and arrest the tide of fanaticism."

Not being able to play Test cricket because of political and communal tension is unfortunate. But how much worse would it be if the tour were to take place and the players ended up getting injured. Imagine India's embarrassment and Pakistan's anger. That would create more bad blood than anything else. And Indo-Pak cricket simply cannot afford that.

Fareshah Gati is a cricket writer for The Star Karachi and is also a regular contributor to The Pakistan Cricketer

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FAST GIRLS

Wife in the driver's seat

ON the subject of women, since we're not too hung up against women's lib and all that, we're featuring Heather Bailee. She is, to put it simply, a 'wife in the fast lane' (now don't get ideas). She spends her time burning rubber at speeds of around 120 mph in the pits while her husband (girls you can root for Heather) sells flowers! While 25-year-old Heather races around in a man's world at the Formula-3 level her husband has feminine pursuits. A strange combo.

Heather and her equally 'fast' teammates are seeking upto £500,000 sponsorship to go into the circuit next season. The team is also planning to recruit junior women mechanics a woman 'truckie' to drive them around and women 'gofer' who carry and clean parts. Men just don't figure.

Speed racing has its share of dangers and Heather has had her shapely back cracked once but that does not deter her though it worries the hell out of Graham. "Graham stands in the pits with sweaty palms as we set off, but he accepts the nature of motor racing and is very supportive," she says.

Thank God for flowers as a hubby.

BJORN UNLUCKY

Double fault

SEVEN years ago, during his retirement speech, he had said: "Many people believe that I will continue to play exhibition games. But I will not play anything. I am nauseated by tennis."

Bjorn Borg was burned out by tennis, but booked solid by endorsement deals. Now he's cropping up in places like Stockholm, Milan and London wielding his wooden racket. "I want to play in the major tournaments," he says now, and ironically adds: "Tennis is beautiful." Signs of desperation.



For Borg, tennis is less nauseating now than before

The BB (Bjorn Borg) logo that once adorned tennis togs, soft drinks and sewing machines could well stand for 'Beyond Broke'. Tennis' Godsend has squandered a \$150 million fortune and is no longer held in respect. "Some people say I'm doing it just for the money." In Sweden all he owns is a three-bedroom flat in Stockholm and a racing boat. The Swedish government no longer requires his services as an official 'greeter'.

Fate has played strange tricks on him and now he has changed his stand on tennis, "I'd say that in a certain sense, tennis is simpler than life."

Especially with a wooden racket.



Akram will be choosy when it comes to his wife

BACHELOR BOY

Upad Sarker

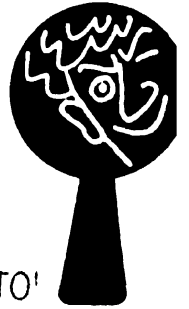
Cheshire 'Cat'

THIS one's for the girls Wasim Akram is fast climbing to the top of the eligibility charts A success for both country and county, Akram has all the trappings that go with being a successful cricketer A sponsored Rover 820 blocks the driveway of his spacious flat in Cheshire But what does the wunderkid do when he's not playing cricket?

"I enjoy playing snooker and eating out " Italian food is a favourite He goes to bars though he doesn't drink

Girlfriends? "I don't have time, not

PRIVATE EYE



WE LOOK
WHERE
WE'RE NOT
SUPPOSED TO!

when I play cricket 12 months a year " Now is that the truth?

Here's one for the girls "I'd like to get married," he says, "but not until I'm 28 or 30 I'll probably marry a Muslim girl, because I'll eventually live in Pakistan and it would be hard for a European girl to live in that society But you never know," he hastily adds.

So girls put in your applications.

NEW RECORDS

Lewis off the outside track

A time will come when we are going to stop seeing Carl Lewis at athletic meets the world over. He is

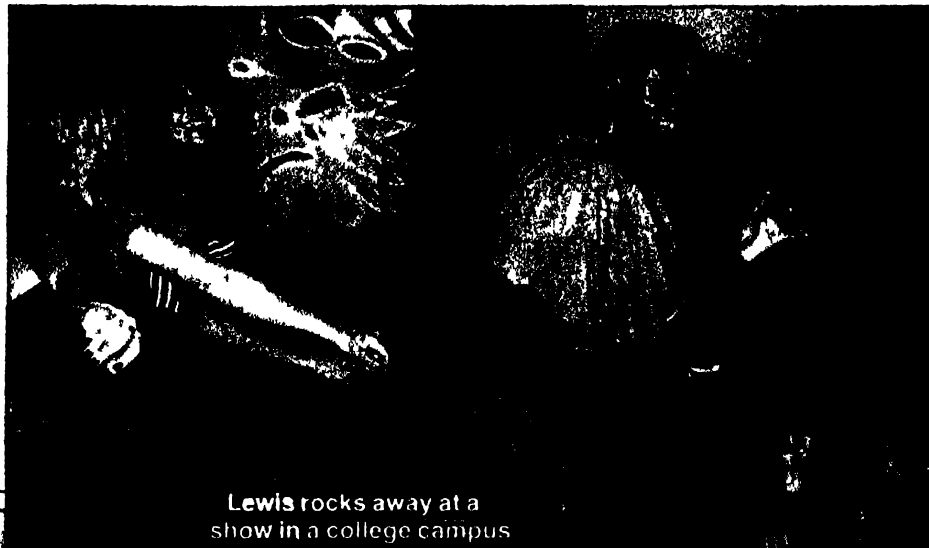
going to be more familiar on American MTV and will draw large audiences at rock shows. At least, that's

how things look, with the way Lewis is progressing.

King Carl has cut a disc (which is doing rather well) and going into music in a big way. His recent shows in college campuses testify to that. On the

other hand, his unfortunate rival Ben Johnson trains hard in apprehension for their much hyped about 100 metres clash which might come off sometime early next year. Press reports crowed that it might be held in Spain but both Johnson and Lewis hotly deny it. Lewis undeterred rocks away.

Lewis on the other hand is getting famous as an intellectual too. He is trying to project a new image, that of an author, going around the world promoting his book titled, 'Inside Track'. A funny name that, considering whatever he seems to be doing is clearly outside it.



Lewis rocks away at a show in a college campus

A SPORTS freak, are you? So am I. Guess, then, you can imagine my goggle-eyed curiosity when I visited some friends in the US of A recently. After all, this was the land of American football, baseball and alley bowling! Stuff that we *desis* only read about in the magazines or see in the movies.

Well, it didn't take me long to broach the subject with my host. Hey, dude, I'd like to try my hand at these games. They can't be all that tough, right? After all, I've played sport back home all my life. I mean, how different can American football be from rugby or baseball from cricket?

My friend, the epitome of hospitality, bit back a smile. Sure thing, he said. And off we went in search of his university's football practice ground. Roll up the sleeves. Pump up the biceps. Gotta look tough, right? Yeah. And then we bumped into this monstrous apparition. Six feet six inches tall. Seemed almost as wide. Black. And the meanest look I'd seen that side of the Pacific. And it even spoke. English!

Watching it trundle off after exchanging pleasantries with my friend, I managed a croak. Who's that? Oh, him? That's Mike, the running back on our football team. Very softly I asked if the rest of the team was as big. The answer came back almost flippantly. Not really. Some are bigger!

Hey, man, who wants to play American football anyway? Dump game.

freewheeling

It's baseball that I really wanna try. God, it's so simple. If you've played cricket, there's nothing to it. This time, fortunately, my pal took me to a ball park which had a batting cage. That's a huge wire-mesh tent with allocated slots for every hitter. Only, instead of a pitcher, it's a ball machine that hurls the baseball at you.

Helmet? Nah. Speed? Fastest. Obviously. Took my stance; hey, hey, lookin' good. And then this thing whizzed past my nose. I hadn't even moved a muscle! Try again. Strike two. Got the next one nice and good. That's a home run

any time. What was that my friend was muttering about discretion being the better part of valour, even as I flexed my arms and preened? Must be 'cos I'd conveniently changed the setting on the machine to 'slow'. So what?

Another evening. Another sport. Alley bowling this time. Traded in my new Pumas for multi-hued leather-soled bowling shoes. Hefted a few of the cannonballs for size. Found one where my two fingers and thumb slotted in perfectly. And headed for the alley.

By this time a sneak-

Me play American Football? No way. I'd rather watch Joe Montana on television



ing respect for these Yankee sports was creeping into my vain system. So I watched first. Three steps. A smooth underarm release. And all the pins went tumbling down. No sweat.

My turn. And the ball decides to meander down the alley, eventually curving away from the intended trajectory and ending up in the gutter that hems the alley on both sides. All nine pins still standing. Tried again. Same result. Then my friend showed me the light. You've got to twist the arm at the elbow so that the inside of your forearm faces the pins as you release. Now he tells me! Next attempt. Clean sweep! Beginner's luck be damned.

It was around this stage that I decided that watching Joe Montana and Michael Jordan do their stuff was much more enjoyable than trying to outdo the Americans at their sport. Let them come to India. I'll take them onto a cricket pitch and show them what real sport is all about.

Having come back to familiar turf, I was relling in the luxury of having a ball, pitch, before coming onto my bat, when yet another friend came visiting from Australia. Very Indian. Very Australianised. 'You've just gotta come and visit me sometime. If you come in the summer, we'll go water skiing. And if it's winter, we'll go do some snow skiing. Nothing to it.'

Hey...hey...what are you sniggering at?

Pradeep Paul



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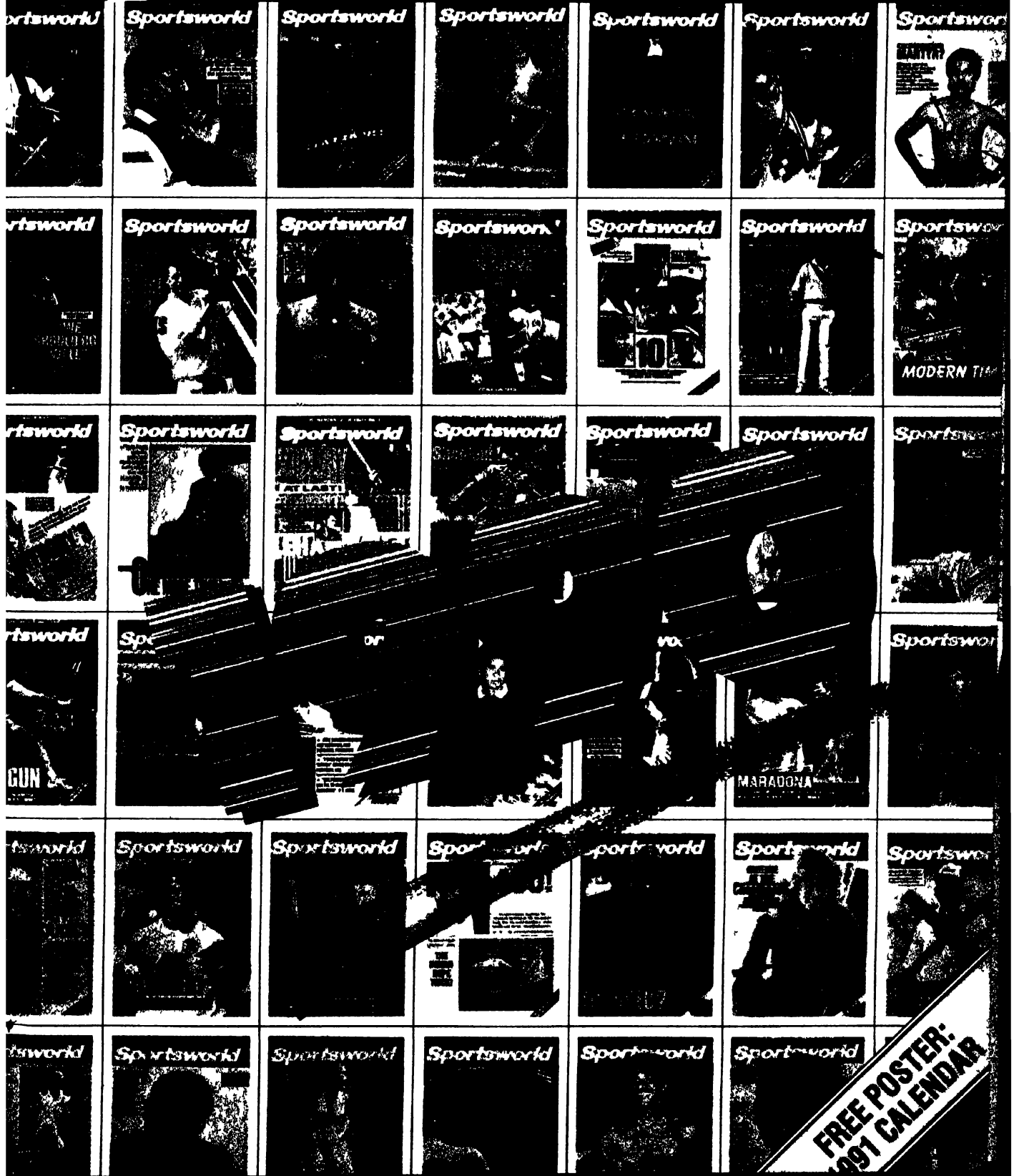
Golden moments. McDowell moments



McDowell

YEAREND SPECIAL ISSUE

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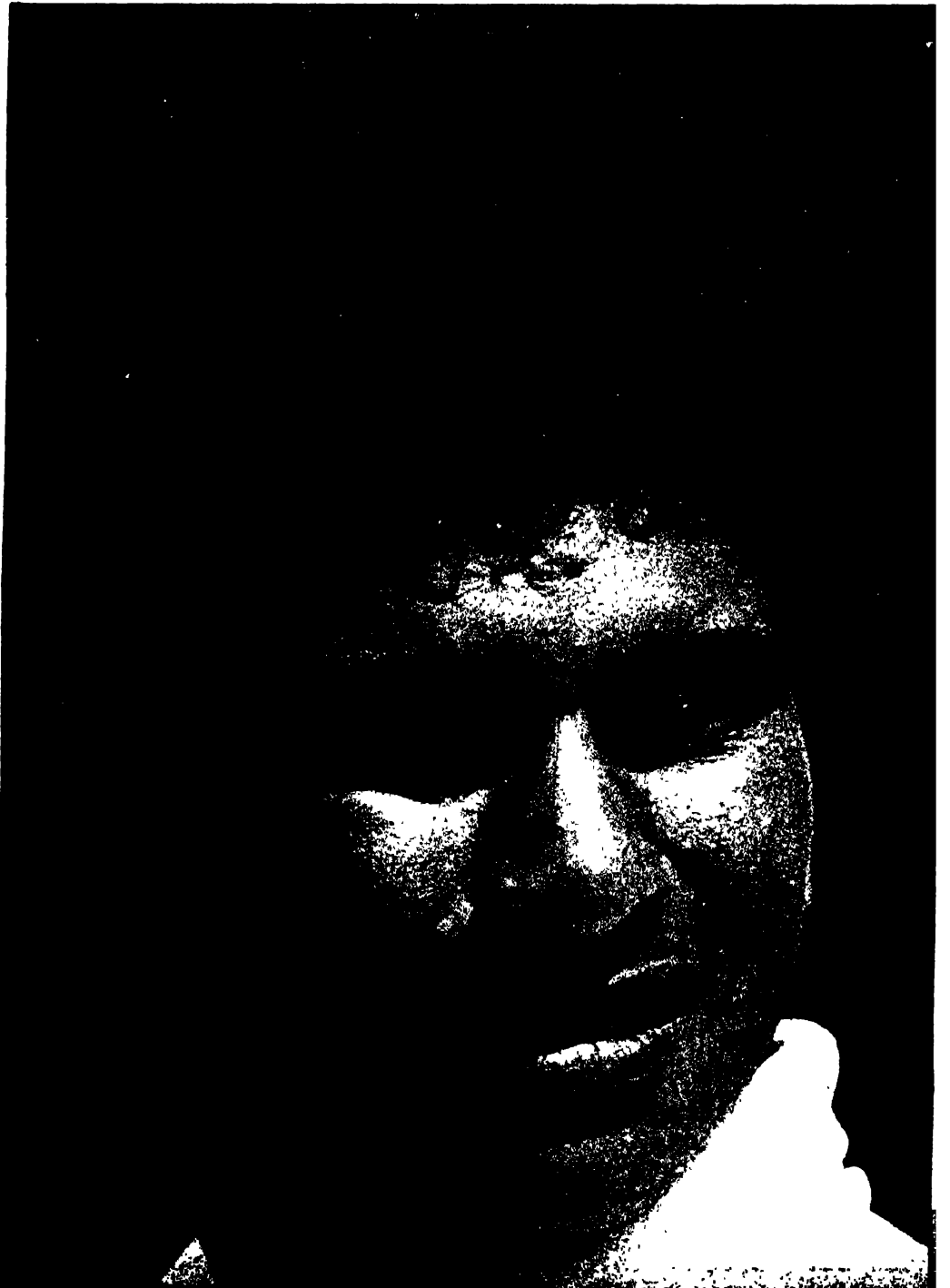
SACHIN TENDULKAR:

MAN YEAR OF THE

PATRICK EAGA

To all of us who dream, and love to dream, the real significance of Sachin Ramesh Tendulkar, perhaps, is that he is an echo of our own long-thwarted, impossible aspirations. His success, our own vicariously lived triumphs over an intractable foe---Time.

SUPRAKASH GHOSHA



TO all of us who dream—and love to dream—the real significance of Sachin Ramesh Tendulkar, perhaps, is that he is an echo of our own long-thwarted, impossible aspirations. His success, our own vicariously lived triumphs over an intractable foe—Time

And there the hero-worship begins. Amid a sense of awed, respectful admiration for a man whose youth, genius, in an almost rebellious burst, have shattered the barriers of nature. Of age.

When we all set out in life, in pursuit of our goals, dreams, we ordinary mortals falter, languish, decay, trying to grapple with the imperious demands of the world that we face. And then, we slowly let our dreams slip away like an ever-fading, impossible mirage, as age, palsy shake the very fibre of our self.

And here Sachin Tendulkar has taken only 17 summers to already become the man he ever wanted to be, his life moving in a rage of swift success

And dear God, he's already a man, really. At 17, he already is accompanied by an air of rare confidence and respect as he faces the world—*his* world of tough, unforgiving men who test him over and over again in a non-stop barrage of ruthless hostility and challenge.

Yet, Sachin Tendulkar asks for no quarter. He responds to the offensive with a defiance, an arrogance that is rare. And there again his heroics touch a chord deep down in everyone—our own long-disrupted, decaying ambitions—and make him so dear to us.

And all this has come with such effortless ease. With an air of inevitability. Almost as if Sachin Tendulkar has not faced any problems in his life at all. In his short span in top class cricket, he has faced the very best of the world's pace practitioners. And remained unaffected, undaunted. Imran Khan, Richard Hadlee and Wasim Akram. All of them have taken their turns on the teenaged wonder. As well as the only genuine world-class spinner left in the game, Abdul Qadir. But the result has been far from what common expectations would have predicted. While the pace merchants could inject little awe in the diminutive and defiant Sachin, Qadir was singled out for special treatment in a one-day game during India's last tour of Pakistan.

While many feared impact of the whole experience could be deep and unsettling on young Sachin, ironically, it was his adversaries who were left with a larger than life image of the boy they so ruthlessly tested.

"This lad is a genius. He is going to take bowlers apart in international



'90

YEAREND

SPECIAL

First Class Career At A Glance

	M	I	NO	Runs	HS	Avg	C	F	Ct	Overs	M	Runs	Wkts	Avg
Tests	11	16	1	588	119*	39.20	1	4	5	5	0	25	0	—
Ranji	7	11	2	583	100*	64.77	1	6	1	17	2	43	0	—
Irani	1	2	1	142	103*	142.00	1	—	—	19	6	47	0	—
Other f/c	10	17	4	715	92	55.00	—	5	3	74	13	217	3	72.33
Total	29	46	8	2028	119*	53.36	3	15	9	115	21	332	3	110.66

One-day figures at a glance

10	10	—	235	53	23.50	—	1	3	10	0	49	2	24.50
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Compiled by RAVI KANT SRIVASTAVA



cricket for a very long time," said Qadir, and he was right, for Sachin Tendulkar had already acquired, like an experienced mature man, the most vital psychological key to success

"If you can detach yourself from your surroundings, from everything that is happening about you, even the background or reputation of the bowler you're facing, strokemaking should come like second nature to you," is Sachin's way of looking at things. It is a conviction that has given him an unflappability that helps

"I was often warned by elders and senior cricketers to be a little more respectful for top class bowlers," Sachin would explain to anyone wondering about his don't-give-no-damn response to the world's best bowling. "But I just don't think about the bowler who is bowling. That, according to me, is lack of concentration. Lack of concentration means ruin. So, I just focus all my attention on the ball that comes

toward me either at a fiery pace or in a turning, twisting way. I treat it just as my reflexes react to it, spontaneously—naturally. And that's it..."

But in cricket's topmost echelons, there still are personalities and athletes strong enough to impose the 'thinking process' in even the most defiant of batsmen. And Richard Hadlee is one of them. In Sachin's opinion, the one bowler who makes him and everyone else think all the time.

"Whenever I faced him I tried to concentrate harder than ever before. I told myself, I must not try to guess, or analyse or calculate what was coming. Or anticipate or expect something. That would be unsettling to the mind. I must keep my senses riveted to the ball and the bowling. The rest would happen automatically. I think this attitude has bailed me out on most occasions."

Bailed him out? That's putting it mildly. It gave him the glory that swathes him now. Made him all that he is today.

Even Richard Hadlee himself said, praising Tendulkar's spontaneity as the source of his unshakable confidence. "He's got amazing natural ability or rather I would say a natural approach to the game. One who has that as an inherent quality is bound to have a lot of natural confidence, because he does not give a damn to anything he faces. He just lets his talent take over, his

normal ordinary human being as possible. Not lose his anchorage to an easy, open, facile life and be swallowed up by the pretentious, self-conscious world of a celebrity.

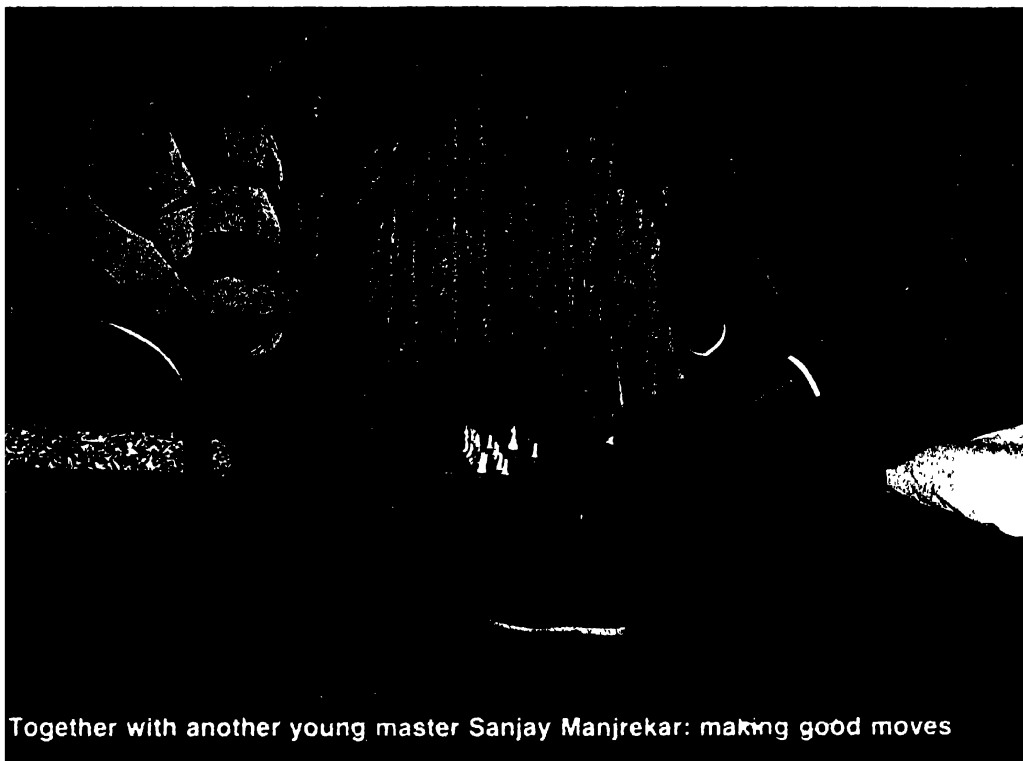
The fact is, Sachin Tendulkar does not want to talk much. Not that he is shy, but even at this young age he's overcome the temptation of being a 'darling' of the Press.

"Cricket is fun, and I would like to keep it that way. Can anyone deny

"Cricket is fun, and I would like to keep it that way. Can anyone deny that there is no greater fun than playing Sunday cricket. And if that same spirit can be carried over to even a Test match, nothing like it really"...Sachin Tendulkar

that there is no greater fun than playing Sunday cricket," Sachin would confess, "And if that same spirit can be carried over to even a Test match, nothing like it really."

It is amazing that this spirit of frolic and fun hovers around his personality all the time, even when he faces a crisis on the field. It often belies the air of maturity that surprises one. Especially when one thinks of his tender age of 17 summers. Think of it. It's amazing. But then, that's genius. Isn't it? ●



Together with another young master Sanjay Manjrekar: making good moves

genius be at work, the way the circumstances demand. And the fact that he has become so amazingly successful at such a young age proves that he has got innate talent, and nothing has so far been able to inhibit it." Absolutely nothing.

Not even missing an epoch-making century in Napier, which, if it had come by, would have been from the youngest batsman in Test history. Instead, he made 88, falling to a firm but uppish drive well taken by John Wright.

"That time again I was reacting to the circumstances just as they happened," Sachin would now recall, "I did not think about the century so much, but wanted to face the challenge posed by the bowlers. I never want to inhibit my batting by thinking or calculating. All I want is to bat spontaneously but with perfect technique."

Whether this will stand him in good stead can only be seen in the long run. For now, life's a'changing, amid the success and the adulation that is coming. But here again Sachin wants to remain as close to his status as a

THE EVENTS

"Anything after this will only be a bonus"

Martina Navratilova climbs the highest peak: the record ninth Wimbledon title



TOMMY HINDLEY



"I pity her neighbours on her wedding night"

New sensation Monica Seles' grunt has Peter Ustinov wondering



"Steffi's more beatable than ever right now. Everybody's starting to know how to play against her":

Gabriela Sabatini: After a nasty fall at the Australian Open, Gabby went on to win the US Open, defeating Graf in the final

"When you're the best in the world
there's nowhere to hide":
Stefan Edberg's agent Ivan Blumberg
defends his introvert world No. 1 client



'90

YEAR END

SPECIAL

1990

YEAR END
SPECIAL

I will have to tell my daughter that the Mafia exists also in soccer. The penalty which defeated us did not exist":
Diego Maradona believes Argentina were cheated in the final against West Germany



PHOTOGRAPHS COLORSPORT



"There's no doubt about it; the World Cup is walking the streets, entering homes and taking over the street corners. What? You say you're not infected? Don't you argue about the red and yellow cards? Don't you get frenetic when the referee blows for off-side? Don't you yell 'goal!' in a guttural scream that would make Tarzan proud? Yes! Then you've got it; the World Cup fever!

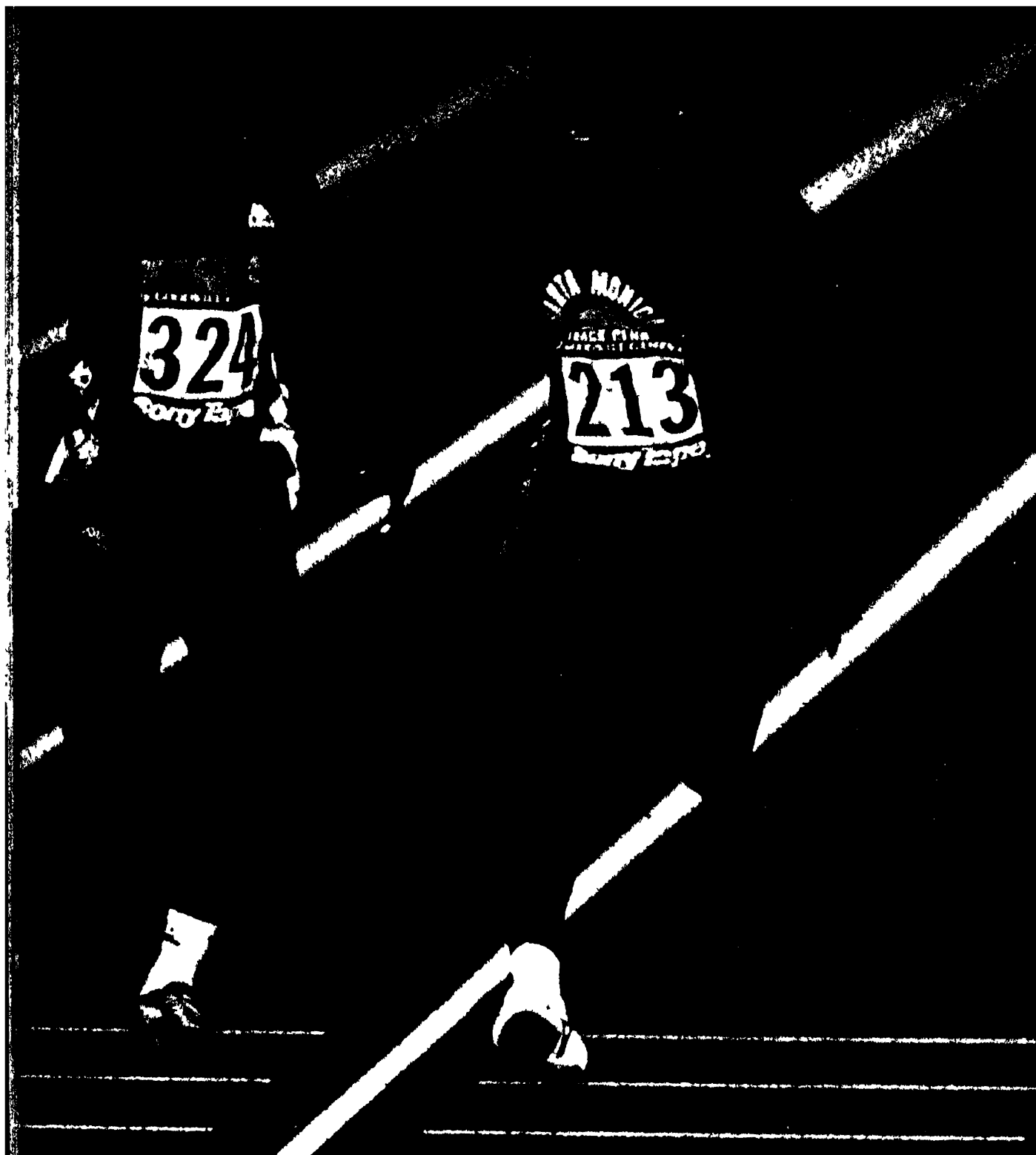
A columnist in a Cuban workers' daily

"Nobody will tie me down I m single,
free and I'm determined to stay one of
the lads'

Paul Gascoigne, one of the heroes of
the World Cup



A final to make you cry
Headline in Italy's leading sports daily
Gazzetta dello sport



"The world wants me to kick Ben Johnson's behind"

Carl Lewis Unfortunately, that's precisely what Leroy Burrell did to Lewis this year

"At the Barcelona Olympics (1992) I dreamed that I will lose the lead in the fifth round and then take the gold in the last throw"

Steve Backley's fantasises In reality, his performance with the javelin was good enough to win him the 'male athlete of the year award'

1990

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SPECIAL



Steroids were their daily bread. We were ordered to give girls from twelve years upwards steroids ground into powder and mixed with their food.

Confessions of an East German coach. Katrin Krabbe, the female athlete of the year was also a product of the 'system' which ended this year with the reunification of Germany.

"The past is taboo as far as this Test side is concerned"

Manager Mickey Stewart on the revival of English cricket. This year, England had Test victories over West Indies, New Zealand and India

"Three years ago Imran Khan was saying that Wasim Akram would be the best all-rounder in the world; now he's just that"

Mike Selvey pays tribute to Akram who has battled injury

"If there's been a better fast bowler than him then he certainly didn't come from this planet"

John Bracewell on a colleague who retired with a record 431 Test wickets and a knighthood; Sir Richard Hadlee



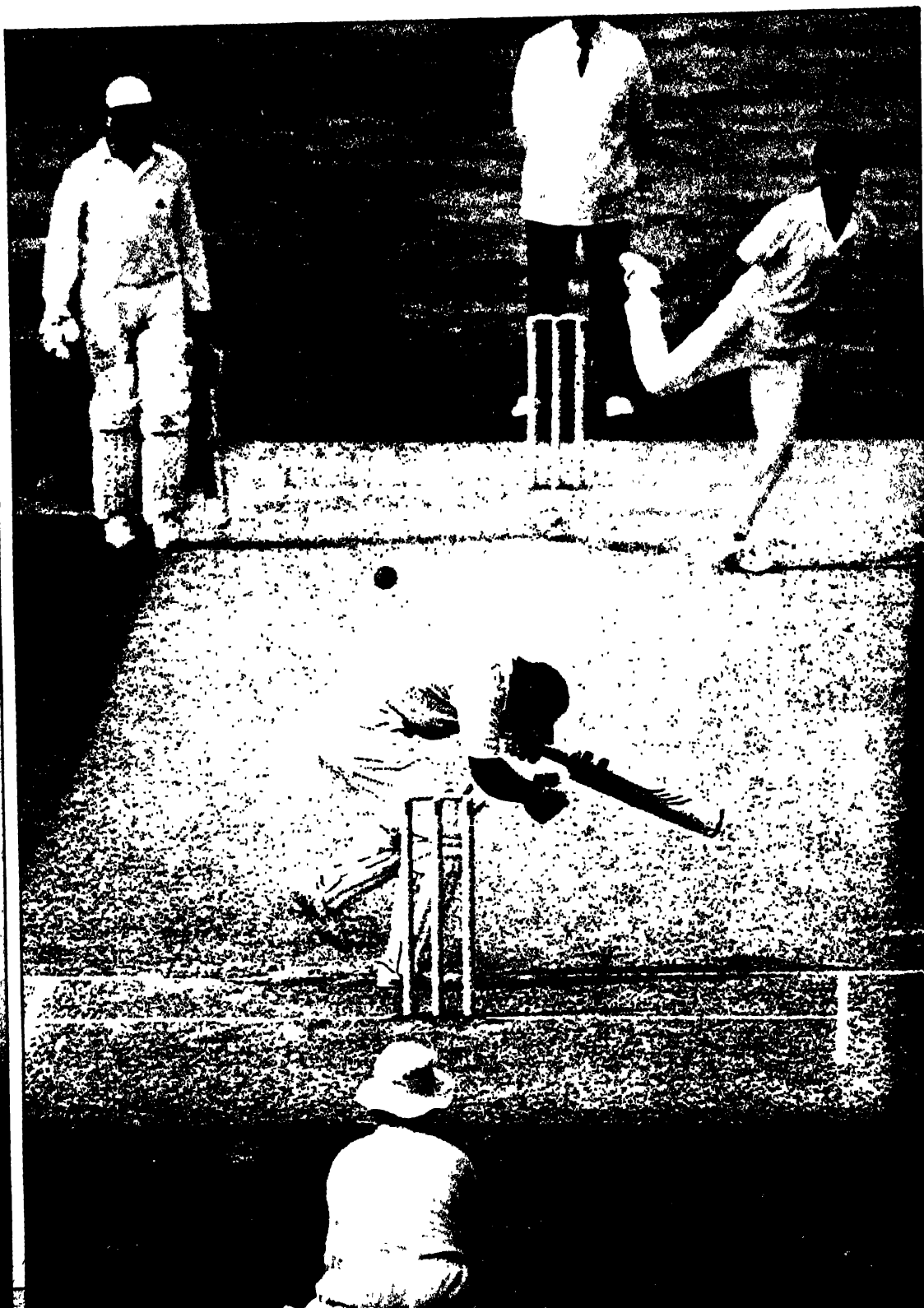
"All umpires are neutral"

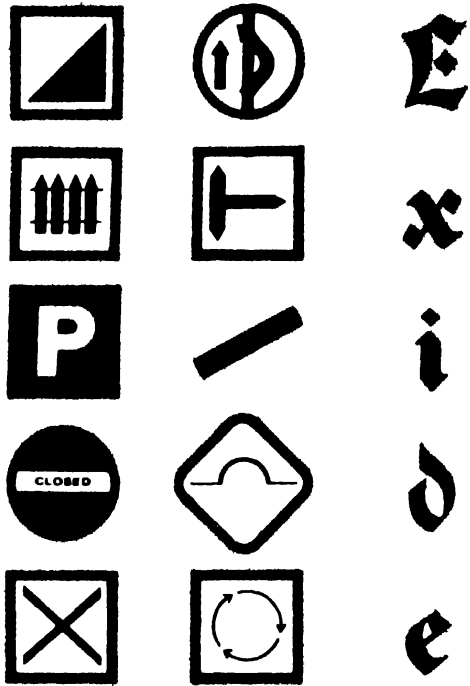
Dickie Bird, on a topic that took a new turn in 1990



"Have I become such a burden to cricket... to my country, that wherever I go people talk about my retirement": Kapil Dev had a lean year but says he has not lost his old fire

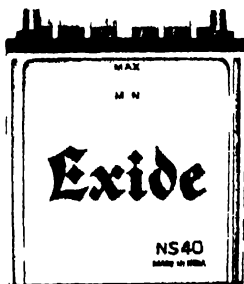
1990
YEAR END
SPECIAL





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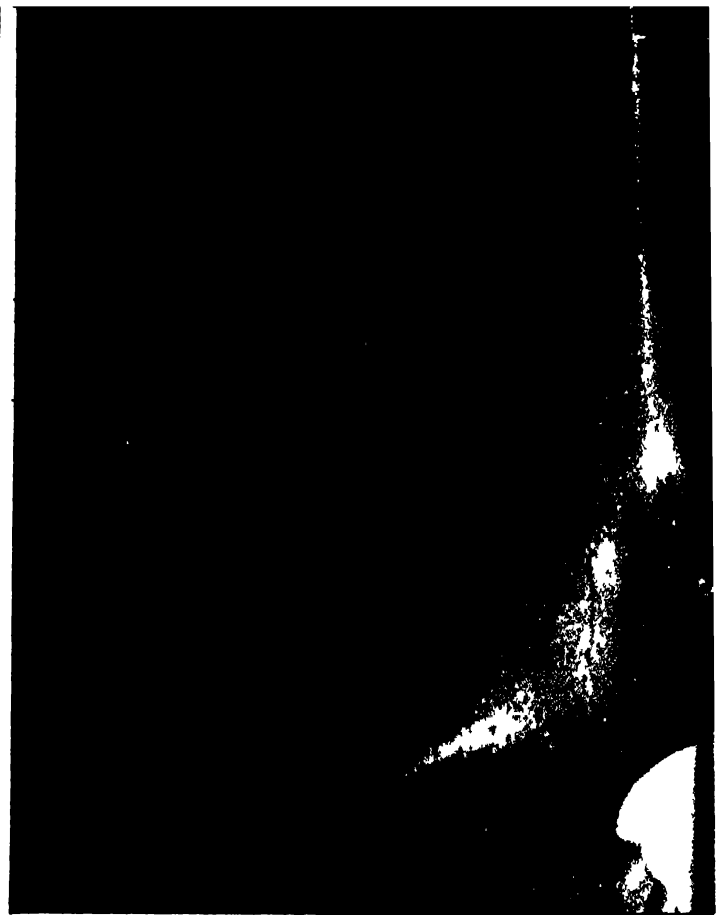
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If you live in this world without being
able to dream, you may as well be
dead

George Foreman, at 42, leads the
brigade of champions who dreamt of
resurrecting their careers this year

"I never get too over-excited about being
the best because others will walk all
over you if you get too carried away"
Nick Faldo, was surely the 'golfer of
the year'

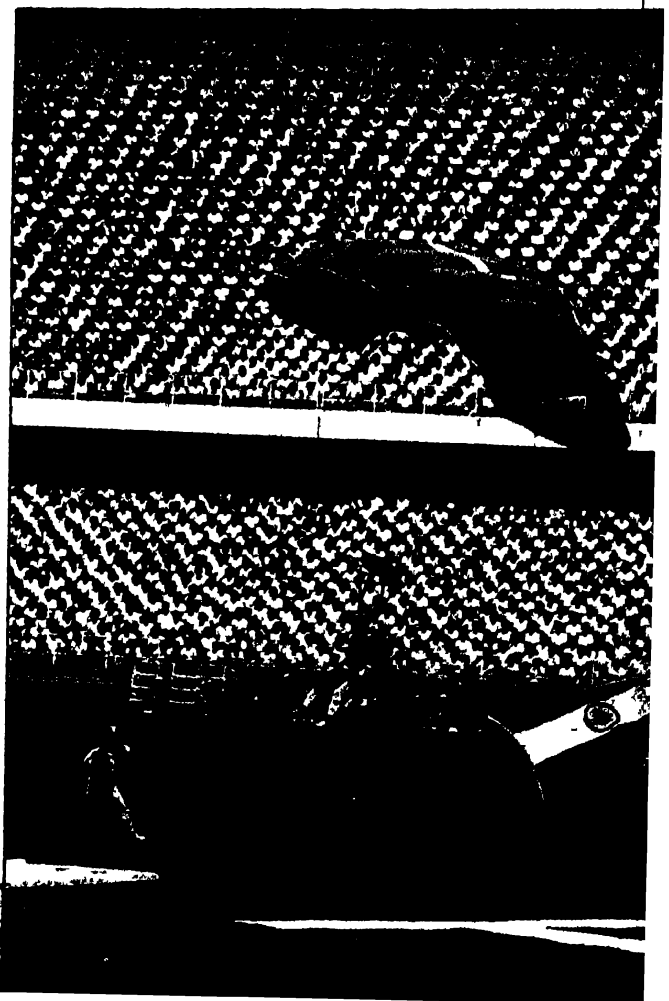


1990

YEAR END
SPECIAL

Beijing Asiad "Are We Ready?"

Graffiti on the walls of the Sports Authority of India office. We weren't, and Indian sport hit rock bottom



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1990
YEAR END
SPECIAL

5

WHO SUCCEEDED

Success does not merely encompass winning. It has different connotations. Like startling improvement, revitalising a career, the introduction of a rare new talent. Selection was a tough decision, always arguable perhaps, but *SPORTSWORLD* believes justice has been done.

Leander Paes and V. Anand made stunning progress in their respective fields, the former junior world No. 1, the latter qualifying for the Candidates championship. Ravi Shastri grew in game and stature to rescue a flagging career. And Toto Schillaci and Waqar Younus displayed such unusual, confident talents that the world was left breathless at their skills.

For these 5 men, 1990 was the beginning of a wonderful future.

1990
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SPECIAL

V. ANAND

Shatranj Ka Khilari

BY ROBIN CHATTERJEE

IN 1987, when they asked a 17-year-old boy to rate his chances of victory in the World Junior chess championships he very candidly replied, "None at all."

He went on to win it!

Then, as if dismissing his performance as a fluke, they asked the new junior world champion if he had any flippant expectations. Like say, for example, dethroning Garry Kasparov?

He cryptically stated, "Oh no, right now I just want to become a GM."

He did. India's first GM ever, and all within a space of four months.

The sceptics kept on asking him the same questions till the Interzonals in Manila this year, where the youngster was as usual 'devoid of expectations' and played 'one game at a time'. The results are there for all to see. Vishwanathan Anand has replied to these questions in his own measured and calculative way.

In any other sphere of sport, it would be simply ludicrous to call a 21-year-old boy a Grand Master (GM). In the mind-boggling world of chess, it is on the contrary. Anand is the proud owner of that title.

He, however, wears this mantle differently. Devoid of any flashiness or precociousness. In fact, anyone ignorant of his standing would not hesitate to ask him which school he went to. But on learning of the methodical precision with which the boy has been achieving his goals, this line of thought quickly gets negated.

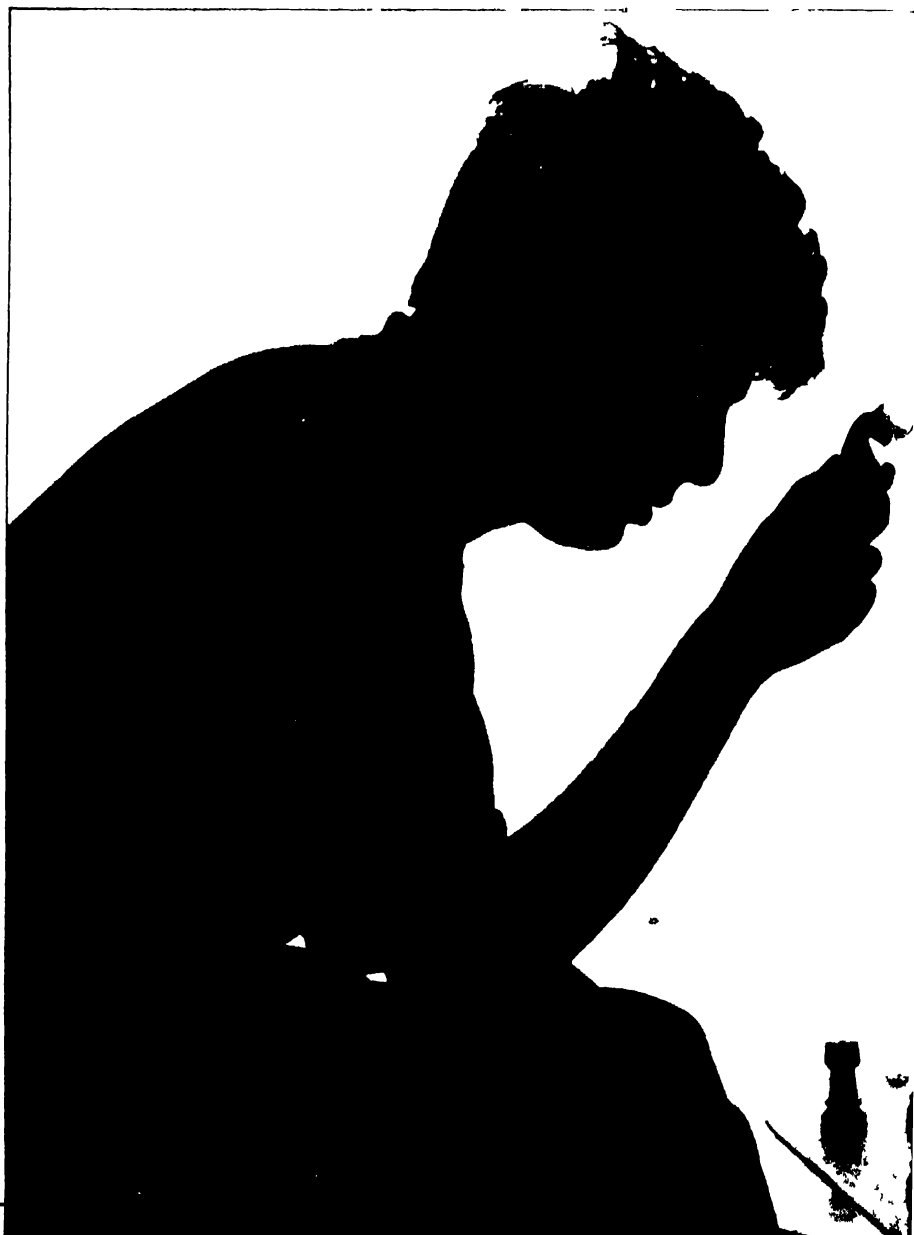
At the age of 13, Anand beat the

legendary Manuel Aaron. The age of 15 saw him merit the honour of being the first Asian to win the title of International Master (IM). Not overly satisfied with this achievement, he became the first Asian Junior chess champion at age 17 and, as a bonus, acquired with it the title of GM. Anand now

aims to break into the Top 10 in the world, and then five.

Somewhere along the way, he also became the youngest recipient of the Padma Shree.

Which makes us divert our attention from all this and concentrate on one line of thought. How good is



Viswanathan Anand?

The Indian GM's stupendous performance in Manila has thrown him into an elite group of 11. All of them qualifiers for the World Candidates crown en route to the Challenger series which will decide the next world chess champion. Which brought about another question: did this occur rather prematurely? After all, any candidate could be stupefied at this sudden elevation.

Not Anand. He behaved as if the whole thing was normal. Almost expected. Of course it is the ambition of every chess player to be the world champion; he acquiesced, but that's too unrealistic right now. My

immediate goal is to maintain my ranking and prepare myself for the championships in 1993. A simplicity in mental outlook that comes across as rather abnormal for someone who with a little bit of luck could be playing the winner of the Kasparov-Karpov tie. Hmm.

Given the present situation for the Candidates round, the road ahead is slightly bumpy for Anand. Valuable match practice so necessary and fundamental for anybody who qualifies to play in that category is at a premium. The result being a slightly immature style of play which reveals a hint of impatience. It also, rather enigmatically, provides a clue to

his phenomenal success. Anand takes no prisoners. He goes for a win all the time.

The speed with which he makes his moves on a chess board is enough to psyche out any opponent. While the standard time allotted to a chess game is 120 minutes for 40 moves, utilising 90-100 minutes is considered brisk.

Mr. Anand averages under half an hour!

This nerve-wracking speed making for this apt comment by one of his shell-shocked opponents, Soviet GM Vladimir Lukmanov. People play that quick in a coffee house.

As with anything done in haste, Anand's game is liable to be error-prone. But the machine-gun velocity for moves and photographic memory that he is blessed with more than compensates. The slickness of his routine being highlighted from the fact that he is the only man to qualify for the Candidates without a second. A priority that has since been rectified with the help of sponsors.

The argument that comes across (rather naturally) to us now is: Will Anand succeed?

His career graph has been rock steady with the occasional defeat thrown in just to maintain the law of averages. There have been no major setbacks. All goals set have been achieved, usually ahead of schedule. But then the preparation for the highest honour in chess is no pushover. Let us then satisfy ourselves with this answer:

Ivanchuk, whom Anand beat for the world junior crown some years ago, is ranked third in the world, below Kasparov and Karpov. Ivanchuk is lucky. He belongs to a system where constant interplay between the GM's has benefited him. Anand lacks this privilege. But let us take a look at Anand's track record against Ivanchuk himself. Two wins and three draws in five meetings.

Does that say anything? ●



1990
YEAR END
SPECIAL

SALVATORE SCHILLACI

Shoot At Sight

BY ANDY O'BRIEN

IN the summer of 1982 Italy went berserk. The streets of Rome were littered with flags and cars. The *azzurri* had won the World Cup. In the poorer south, the celebrations though different, were as intense. Urchins ran wild in the narrow streets of Palermo, flags and banners were waved in ecstatic joy. One such lad was Salvatore Schillaci.

Salvatore, a name as common as the rocks that surround a Neapolitan harbour, Schillaci, a family as poor and ordinary as those narrow cobbled streets of a little Italian town.

But this Salvatore had a dream. Not to follow his father and become a labourer.

The dream instead was to be part of the *azzurri*, which one day would provide cause for other kids to run wild on the streets of Italy. It was an impossible dream. Or so

it seemed.

He dropped out of school at a young age to help support a large family. Football was a passion just like it was for every other kid in Palermo. Picked up by local club Messina, for eight years his career fluctuated with the fortunes of the club. A year before the World Cup he was still languishing in the second division. Till he became an 'over-priced item of transfer extravagance by Juventus.

The day the World Cup began, even though he had managed to scrape through into one of the last remaining places of Vicini's squad, Salvatore Schillaci was a relative unknown.

On his way to the Italian team's preparatory camp, Fiorentina fans, annoyed that their golden boy Roberto Baggio had been bought by Juventus, vandalised Schillaci's car. It was only police action that saved him.





In the course of the next month, the police were forced into action again. And again. But this time there was a difference. They had to protect Schillaci from the multitude of fans his World Cup goals had conjured up. He was no longer Salvatore. He was Toto. The new Paolo Rossi. He was the saviour of Italy. The urchin from the deep south was now a national hero. Those large prominent eyes so accustomed to the bylanes of Palermo were known across the globe.

While the world watched, Toto Schillaci played out his dream.

Coming on as a second-half substitute in Italy's opening match against Austria, it took him a mere three minutes to find heaven—the back of the net.

It was like a miracle, he recalled. It was a great cross. I threw myself forward. I thought I might get to the ball with my knee or my chest or my back. The last thing I expected was to get my head to it.

I thought I was not even going to play. get a game. Vicini had told me to warm up. But Baresi was injured and I thought he'll put on Vierchowod and then he won't use another substitute. I've lost my chance. But then Baresi signalled to the bench that he was okay and I was on.

Life was never to be the same again for Salvatore Schillaci.

There was more to come: a 65th minute breakthrough goal against Uruguay in the second round. The lone decider in the quarter finals against the Republic of Ireland: a 17th minute goal which sent Italy into the semi-final lead against Argentina.

But when it came to the penalty shootout against Maradona's team, Vicini didn't think Schillaci was fit enough to take a kick. That is now history.

He had to wait for the match against England to establish his place in the record books as the Cup's highest scorer.

But for Toto that was not enough. If I could have swapped all my goals for a World Cup winner's medal, I would gladly have done so.

But even dreams die. ●

1990

YEAR END

SPECIAL

WAQAR YOUNUS

Greased Lightning

BY PRADEEP PAUL

IT was almost preordained that Waqar Younus would play for Pakistan. Born in a small town in the Punjab, he spent most of his childhood in Sharjah, UAE. Then, having picked up the rudiments of fast bowling in the scorching desert heat, he returned to Pakistan with his family. One day, not by chance, but destiny, King Khan happened to watch him. On television. And with the impulsive impunity that is so prevalent in Pakistan's cricket, the Khan



insisted that Younus be drafted into the national side.

He's automatic!

In an era of pace bowlers who like to dig the seam in, Waqar Younus is a misfit. His is the mystique of swing. Of blinding pace in the air. Of mesmerising deviation in its flight path. Little

wonder then that over half his victims have their woodwork dismantled or are trapped leg before. In fact, such is the effectiveness of his swing that Younus has never bothered to stock his armoury with a bouncer. The few occasions that he does dig it in short ends in

discomfiture for him. Like when he bounced one at Carlisle Best recently. Best ducked and let his displeasure be known in no uncertain terms. Younus retorted with typical fast bowler's aggro.

Watch out for your teeth. Walked back to the top of his run up and bounced again. Only to be hooked for six!

He's electromatic!

For someone being touted as the fastest bowler in cricket today, it is rather ironical that Younus doesn't always open the bowling for Pakistan. His skipper Imran says, 'It's much tougher to bowl with the new ball. It swings all over the place and Waqar, who moves the ball in the air to compensate for the lack of assistance from the pitches in Pakistan and Sharjah, will have a tough time keeping it within the stumps. Not that this chap needs the new ball to wreak his damage. The slightly scuffed ball was weapon enough for Younus to impress the Englishmen with 57 wickets from his first season with Surrey. And 45 was his tally from six Tests against the Kiwis and the West Indians. So much so that Kiwi skipper Martin

Crowe— weaned on hours of nets against the greatest wicket taker of them all, Richard

Hadlee— pronounced him as 'the best that I have faced. Ever.'

He's hydromatic!

But perhaps the greatest accolade this

Imran protégé— Imranbhai guides my every move, he says unabashedly— has received came from the West Indian skipper Desmond Haynes. When Younus' match haul of nine wickets was the Pakistani defence against the West Indian accusation of the Karachi pitch being too slow and low for proper Test cricket. Haynes said, 'He's so quick through the air, he doesn't need the pitch'— and then went on to further praise him by saying,

'Michael Holding might have been quicker through the air but not many more that I've faced. That from a man who has grown up facing the quickest, most hostile bowlers in the world.'

He's greased lightning! ●



IN a house at 31 Beck Bagan, Calcutta lives a boy who's becoming a man. A player who's becoming a champion. Leander Paes may be singing in the shower but, boy, is his drawing room a mess! Rackets lie sprawled and silent (they speak a tough language when he plays), a tracksuit top drapes a chair's shoulders giving it an elegant look, kit bags huddle in a corner, on one unobtrusive table stand two polished, glinting trophies. It is Saturday, December 10 and the 17-year-old 'Calcutta Kid' has just returned from Digboi, Assam wearing with comfort and assurance the tag of national champion. And what a year it has been.

And what a year it might never have been! Twelve months ago, almost to the date, he sat disconsolate, high up in the South Club stands, watching his peers contest the 1989 National Championships. Days earlier, while registering his first major senior win over Enrico Piperno at the East India Championships he tore a stomach muscle, badly enough to forfeit the Nationals.

1990 loomed. Ominous? Not for Paes.

Four weeks later, he was eating and spitting out seeds enroute to the Australian Open Junior final, two months later he entertained a national audience with his Davis Cup debut, six months later he was junior world No. 1 having taken the Wimbledon junior championships in his athletic stride.

This guy's a walking dynamo, fellas. He talks sweet, Plays tough. His smile of baby-faced iridescence causes feminine flutters, his switchblade volleys deflate a rival's machismo. Like, I mean, he's radically good.

Everyone's playing sport. They flatter, they impress, they astonish, they confound. Paes wins, he performs. That's the bottom line. No, there is a further

one beneath. Getting better all the time. Davis Cup captain Naresh Kumar says, "In twelve months he's made a very great improvement. In fact he's better known than he was at Wimbledon. He developed more consistency and if he gets even more consistent he could be a helluva player."

Okay, so what. There are 17-year-olds worldwide, as lean, as mean. As skilled with a tennis racket. What makes Paes different?

ATTITUDE

At the Taj Hotel, same day, later the masseur is unkinking his body. "What", I ask "was the best moment of your year?"

He thinks

"You know I want to be 100%, I want to give it 100%. Not 99.99%. I have to be perfect in everything - my volleys, my serve, my mental toughness, everything. That is, the best that I can be. Because I don't want to look back one day and think I never gave it everything. That if I had only stretched 5 minutes more or practised 20 minutes more. Like, one day in Madras, prior to my European trip, I had had a hard day, practised a lot, worked out a lot. Normally I would go home, eat dinner, practise a few moves with the racket in front of the mirror and sleep. That day the current went off. I had my dinner and it was so easy for me to jump to bed. But I lit a candle, put it on a table in front of the mirror and practiced my moves. That was the best day of the year, because it made me feel strong. strong about working hard."

And this is it.

So forget about 10-hour practises. Technical coaches. Fluid intake. Diet. Exemplary athleticism. Speed. Returns. Serve. Stretching. Muscle. Forehands.

That, is the mark of a champion.



1990
YEAR END
SPECIAL

LEANDER PAES

The Mark Of A Champion

BY ROHIT BRIJNATH

1990

YEAR END

SPECIAL

Till breeze from the Arabian Sea filled the spacious living room. It was a refreshing breeze. As refreshing as the face in front of me. We had seen the face before—concentrated, serious, angry, determined, disappointed, stern and tense. But here it was at home, relaxed, smiling, happy, at peace. Funny, you would think because the Indian cricket selectors had recently decided to banish it into temporary exile. Why then was this face glowing, relieved, excited—like a new born baby sighting his first rattle?

The face is not bitter when it admits to staleness, fall in performance and speaks optimistically about looking forward to the break, blessing in disguise, and my turn to rest.

Another face appears. A simple yet attractive face—that of a woman. No girl for a woman does not possess this particular look of innocence. And I was asking myself, just as you might be asking now, 'What's this woman got to do with all this?' We've heard the one about behind every successful man. But here was a young and successful man who was accused, among other things, of wearing his heart on his sleeve. Yet the smiles on the two faces that day in February seemed to be saying that this was the beginning of something different. And indeed it was. Ravi Shastri awoke to 1990 like a man out of a nightmare. When Raj Singh and his gang left him out of the New Zealand tour, the all-rounder's performance and popularity lay deep in the depths of the seas which the Indian team



RAVI SHASTRI

Talking About A Revolution

BY ANDY O'BRIEN

crossed on their way Down Under

And yet today the face of Ravi Shastri is no longer associated with non performance arrogance, *h u h u* and playboy

Like equality fraternity and liberty were for the French over two hundred years ago test marriage and opening the innings have been the cornerstones of the eleven month revolution in Ravi Shastri's life And career

The break during the New Zealand tour gave him the time and opportunity to get his motivation and hunger back to demanding levels Marriage gave him a change of attitude mental security and maturity Opening the innings gave his stagnating career the fresh breeze that the sea breeze provides his apartment on Worli Sea Face Bombay

And all this no one realises better than Shastri himself

The break When I came back to the game I found the motivation again and I found that I was much hungrier

Marriage Maybe the angry young blood has disappeared now that I have got a lady in my life She probably mellowed me down a bit

Opening the innings Yes it was a decision to save my career

Shastri is not willing to commit when asked to place the three in order of importance But his friend philosopher guide and mentor Sunil Gavaskar gives his own version of the

transformation of Ravi Shastri Looking towards Shastri's wife he says in typical Gavaskar fashion and humour Ritu you've worked wonders Just look at Ravi he only straight drives now The days of leg glances are over

While that Gavaskar stroke might sul over many a bowler's head there is no doubt that 1990 saw the new Ravi Shastri A man more at ease with himself his game his life and those around him

And God what a twist of fate it is writing about him as one of the successes of the year Why were this our 1989 year end special issue his name would have appeared two pages later than it has now ●

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unreleased songs

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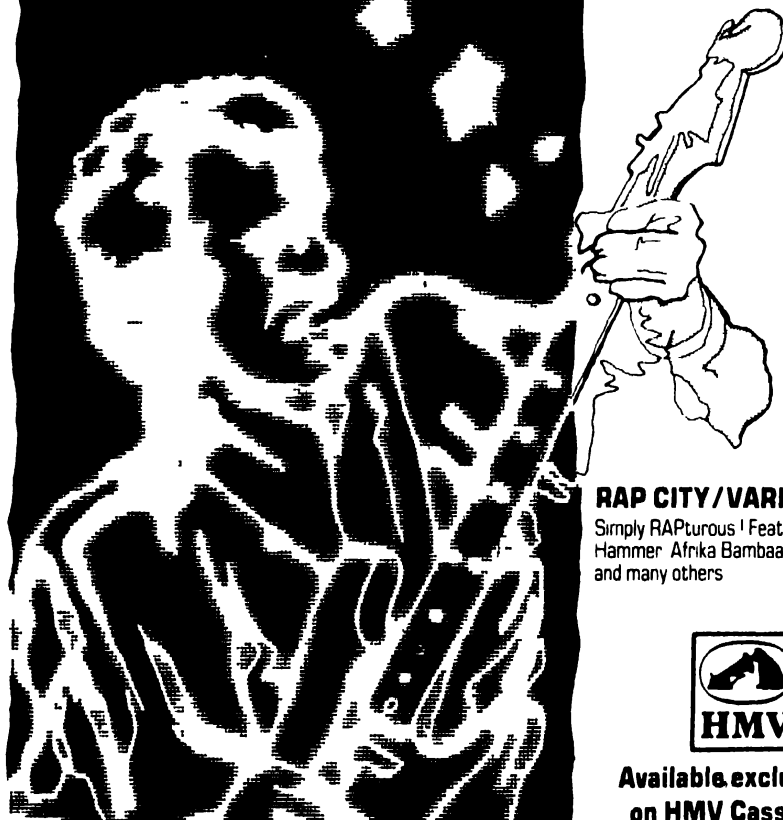
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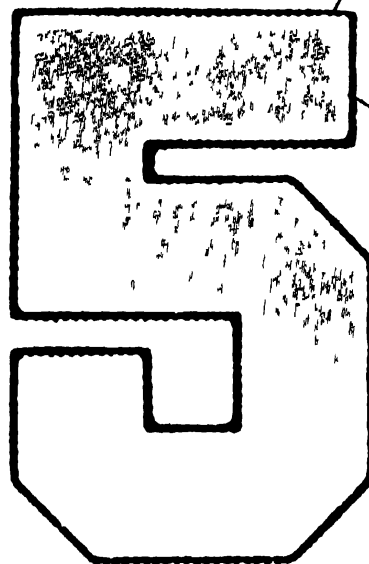


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1990
YEAR END
SPECIAL



WHO FAILED

How, you may ask, is world No. 1 Steffi Graf a failure? Or for that matter, World Cup finalist, Diego Maradona? The answer is strangely simple.... expectations. Each of these 5 people, failed to live upto expectations. Whose expectations? Ours. And also theirs, for they had previously set standards which they could not meet.

Graf was the shadow of the player she was in 1988-89; Bishen-Bedi lost credibility and respect in his bumbling attempt to manage Indian cricket; Diego Maradona lay on the edge of ruin as a player; P.T. Usha's career ended in a whimper, much of it her own fault; and Michael Tyson's unstructured lifestyle caught up with him in the form of a knockout defeat.

For some of these 5, the future still holds promise. But for 1990, that promise was unfulfilled.

1990
YEAR END
SPECIAL

STEFFI GRAF

Lady In Distress

BY ROHIT BRIJNATH

TO my mother it would make little sense. Here was a girl, 21 and vivacious. Rich. I mean, RICH. Australian Open winner. Finalist at the French and US Open. Semi-finalist at Wimbledon. World No. 1. The absolute, finite, undisputed definition of a winner.

But—and there's always a 'but', you just wonder when it's coming—the world was perched on her doorstep, asking, "What went *wrong* with you in 1990, Steffi?"

WRONG? My mother says, hey, maybe you guys got it wrong. NOPE, sorry ma, we're right. We're not talking ordinary mortal, common person—we're talking Steffi Graf.

Graf as in 7 out of 8 Grand Slam titles in 1988–89.

Graf as in uncommon courage, unusual athleticism, unique skills.

Graf as in untouchable.

That Graf, is who we're talking about.

So when that Graf wins only one Grand Slam tournament, it's all wrong. When that Graf begins to be consumed by pressure she once thrived on, it's strange. When that Graf turns from confident to resigned, focussed to distracted, blooming to pale, brilliant to flawed, it's almost absurd.

So, there must be reasons. Too many of them: how about severe sinus requiring an operation, her mother's heart trouble, a broken thumb, flu, her father's alleged liaison with a *Playboy* model, gastritis, and becoming a woman.

Not to mention the press, who interrogated her with such malice over Peter Graf's indiscretion, that Steffi grew more fragile and more withdrawn with every tournament.

A fine champion, a private person, was now forced to face a music that disturbs the harmony of life. Disrespect. At November's Virginia Slims Finals she appeared with a gold band round her finger. For many it was merely a girl wearing a ring. For the *Daily Express* it meant a headline that read: I WAS SO UNHAPPY I 'MARRIED' MYSELF! Said a resigned Steffi, "I buy a ring and everybody makes a big deal. I just liked it. That's just an example of how. I mean, what can you do?" It was a plaintive cry that went unheard.

Graf deserves sympathy, true. Unusual stress, no doubt, has been responsible for her dismal year. Yet equally responsible has been her own stagnation as a player, and the sudden maturation of her peers.

In 1988, Graf had a tough serve, great speed, a monster forehand and a tepid backhand. In 1990 the same description still fits. She has not improved. Mary Jo Fernandez, No. 4 on the women's circuit, went one step further and said, "Steffi didn't worry too much about improving her game for the past three years". The world was catching up.

And if she was mentally fragile-like losing the first set tiebreaker in Paris even though



6--1 up-her peers began to probe the limitations in her game. Seles' speed of shot and recovery confused her. Garrison's relentless attack to her backhand was fatal. Sabatini's new net-rushing style broke her rhythm. Graf was in trouble: she was losing.

Worse still, like John McEnroe

Graf had lost that psychological edge: no longer were her opponents unnerved by the prospect of just playing her. And they trumpeted this. When Jennifer Capriati won a set from Graf at an exhibition prior to the US Open, she went on network television and called it a breakthrough. Even Martina

commented, 'The aura isn't there anymore.'

But the words had to come from the champion herself. And when they did, that more than anything else explained her cataclysmic year.

'They are not afraid anymore,' said Steffi.

Is she? ●



DIEGO MARADONA

BY SUPRAKASH GHOSHAL

On The Edge Of Ruin

WHETHER Diego Armando Maradona is the greatest footballer of all time—even greater than Pele—is debatable. But what is beyond all question is that the footballing existence of this diminutive Argentinian has been more theatrical than that of anyone else—in our time, and before.

Diego Maradona is a constant sensation. An electrifying, unignorable, controversial phenomenon that keeps us alive all the time to his presence, to his greatness, his success, his failure, his joy, his anguish, his pain, and, above all, his vulnerability. Almost in the fashion of classical Greek tragedy.

Well, nothing tragic has really happened to his life, yet. But, for all his success, his celebrityhood, Diego Armando Maradona seems to have lived all his life on the edge of ruin. His greatness is that he has survived those crevices with a mastery that bordered on the clairvoyant.

In 1978, the gall that accumulated in him, for being ignored by Cesar Luis Menotti could have permanently disabled his spirits.

In 1982, the red card and the injuries, and of course, the premature persecution seemed destined to stifle his enormous promise in midpassage. And then, after the mellowing of Mexico, 1990 had once again come like a chilling, disquieting omen. Now, laden with the pressures of age—its crippling side-effects—and a declining morale, the era of Diego Maradona came the closest to its end.

And the awareness of that inevitable doom, its looming spectre, now typifies the mood of soccer's innumerable fans.

IN Rome, if anyone bore the biggest question mark on himself like one heavy deathly crucifix, it was undoubtedly Maradona. As if he himself was going to determine his survival in soccer's hallowed circle with a finality that not even fate had the power to intervene. And by the time it all ended for Diego Maradona it had all gone wrong and the tears that rolled down his cheeks were shed in memory of the glory that swathed him once and was now missing.

This was one man who could do anything just at will. He could shoot, dribble, pass, head and tackle. He was murderously quick; he was brave, strong, imaginative and astonishingly sure of his abilities.

He was two-footed, good in the air, and read the game superbly. And when he swept forward with the ball at his feet, you got the impression that it would take an anti-tank gun to stop him. Diego Maradona obviously did not ever set out to make anyone feel inferior, but that's the effect he normally had on one and all.

And then there was his enormous zest for football. His adventurism. His courage. The most perfect lethal combination of which brought him and his side so many incredible wins.

But by 1990, on soccer's most spectacular stage, it all suddenly sounded so nostalgic. All that Diego Maradona had been before, and he was now no longer.

Now he seemed so pathetically out of his depth. Except for those



sporadic bursts of excellence, which again underscored his past glory, there was an almost inexplicable confusion about his game that was distressing.

So the pundits tried to analyse the unbelievable phenomenon that was now unfolding before their eyes. Bobby Charlton said, "Maradona was not fully fit. He had lost too much weight, ironically, in his over-enthusiasm to get fit."

And as if that was not tragic enough Bobby Robson opined, "This man was paying the price for his own sin. In his over-enthusiasm to domineer over

others, to prove himself as soccer's supreme god, he had already displayed the extremes of his powers. Now we all know what he can do, how much he can do. So, anyone can formulate his strategy accordingly. And that's it. He's finished."

JUST as his football, Diego Maradona has been equally newsmaking in his utterances and behaviour too. He has shot off his mouth at the slightest provocation, slanderously charging even the game's highest body, FIFA, with corruption; his club Napoli has paid a heavy price,

both in terms of cash and pain, for having him in their ranks.

Diego Maradona has been pardoned all the while, just like genius has often been, as their exploits outweigh their crimes. But now at this hour of his failing powers, declining public faith, maybe Diego Maradona does not afford it anymore. It may not be preposterous to say that the future no longer belongs to Maradona. And that realisation is necessary.

For the end of Diego Maradona should come in a way befitting the lofty images of excellence that he once evoked. ●



P.T. USHA

The Show Is Over

BY SHEVLIN SEBASTIAN

SHE had become defensive in late July at the National Open athletics championships in New Delhi. Ashwini Nachappa had just inflicted a stunning defeat on her in the 200m. She faced television cameras, radio and print journalists, and with no break in her voice, she said "There is nothing to worry about. I am yet to reach my peak. In Beijing, I will show everyone what I am capable of."

But there was a feeling of uncertainty. You could see it at the corner of her mouth, in the way her tongue slid out and wet her lips, in her eyes, in the manner that she stood—slightly stooped forward—a semi-defensive posture. The hands were clasped together, strangely, like a supplicant and it was saddening to see how the virus of doubt had invaded her mind.

Did she sense a decline then? Did she feel that her body could not take it any more? Did she believe that she no longer had the power of old—the surging, pulsing, burning rhythm of the last fifty metres that helped her to sweep past her opponents?

Nobody knew for sure.

In the end, she qualified for Beijing only as a member of the relay team.

But over there, in the Chinese capital, she was far from her best. You could see it clearly in the last hundred metres of the 400m race, where Usha was struggling to get

those famous legs of hers moving, but, somehow, nothing happened. She had to struggle her way to the tape. Coming first was out of the question but she did come second. Age and a physical decline had eroded her speed.

And so, at the end of the Games, P.T. Usha had won another two silver medals in the relays and that was it. But despite this, her countrymen were outraged. What about a gold? they screamed. And perhaps the problem lay with us, in the sense that our expectations of her were unreal. We expected her to go on winning forever. That her rivals were younger, keener, stronger and hungrier seemed irrelevant.

Or maybe the problem lay with her coach, O.M. Nambiar who, in countless interviews, confidently predicted "She is sure to win gold in Beijing. She is in good form."

Or maybe she was running against her will. Again, in Beijing, at a press conference, she exploded "I never really wanted to carry on. After the Asian Track and Field championships last November, I wanted to retire. But the SAI officials wouldn't let me (here she mentioned their names but are officials' names ever important?) and they came to my house in Payoll repeatedly and begged me to continue. They said that the country depended on me. And so, I decided to carry on."

But now let's not carry on and on about how she didn't win gold in Beijing. It's not important now. There is no doubt that she is

India's greatest woman athlete. For years together, she has won gold medals at Asian level meets. Look at these statistics over a ten year international career, she has

RAJESH KUMAR

won 17 gold, ten silver and one bronze. And if you were to add the SAF Games to the list, the tally would rise to 24 gold, 12 silver and 2 bronze. And this is an extraordinary achievement. It was only she and she alone who has brought respectability to the Indian medal tally.

Question What would have been our gold medal tally in the 86 Seoul Asian Games if Usha had not won four golds?

Answer One

Because of her superb performances, she has been India's best sporting Ambassador for years together. In Beijing, she was treated with the deepest respect, a sense of awe bordering on reverence.

Time and time again, as she sat under the red and white Coca-Cola

umbrella in the Asian Games Village, men, women and children came up to her to get an autograph. They would approach, a certain hesitancy in their walk, a marked tension on their face, and proffer an autograph book. Usha would take it, sign it, exchange a few words and they would smile brightly and walk away, elevated by the fact that she was simple, low-key and laid-back.

If you were to say you are from India, as I did on the 2200km train trip from Beijing to Canton, then Chinese travellers, in broken English, asked about Usha. They were curious about her. They asked whether she was married and it took quite a while to explain what an arranged marriage in India is like.



But all this does not mean that Usha is a perfect human being. She has her flaws as Ashwini Nachappa could testify to but, in decency, wouldn't do so publicly. She has played favourites. She has not come out for regular baton practise with the Indian relay team prior to the Games. And if rumour is to be believed, she almost sabotaged the chances of Nachappa and Zenia Ayrton making it to the relay team. She has always been given choice of lane and in coincidence after coincidence, Nachappa was always in the next lane, so that Usha could keep an eye on her.

But no one is perfect and Usha has a better character than most.

Anyway, the focus is on her performance this year and it has not been a memorable one, by her own high standards. It is tragic that she also decided to retire this year and perhaps her eternal regret will be that she left in a blaze of silver, rather than of gold.



1990
YEAR END
SPECIAL

MIKE TYSON

Ready To Rumble

BY PRADEEP PAUL

HE'S big. He's black. And he sure ain't beautiful. 'Iron' Mike Tyson has come a long way since he prowled dark, menacing Brooklyn alleys with the Jolly Stompers. A lonely childhood; a violent adolescence; the heartbreaking loss of mentors Cus D'Amato and Jimmy Jacobs; a messy divorce, money rows with his handlers. He's handled them all. What he couldn't handle, though, was a crushing right from an unfancied James 'Buster' Douglas.

The year began ominously for Tyson. Preparing for his title defence against Douglas, he was felled by his sparring partner Greg Page. Then, in the bout itself, a Douglas uppercut put the lights out. So what if the ref started his count on a grovelling Douglas two seconds late in the eighth round? That Tyson had allowed him the liberty of coming this distance was testimony enough of the champ's fallibility.

So, the man who strutted a, "How dare they challenge me with





their primitive skills" attitude after demolishing a glass-jawed Frank Bruno, now nursed his black eye in humiliating isolation. "I'm not the sort of guy who's going to cry when you take the bottle away," he said after his loss. Then, when further probed, confessed. "This ain't the first time that I lost. Hey, I've lost in life".

But that don't mean Tyson's a quitter. Matter of fact, he hates them. "I don't respect a guy who quits. Once you quit, you'll quit

sap his energy with the bruising pace, both in and out of the ring. As one boxing expert Larry Merchant explained, "It requires such a tremendous amount of energy, physical and emotional, to fight that way that few men can sustain it. Unlike Ali or Holmes, they must put their whole selves into that moment in the ring. Usually they are people who live fast and die young".

Tyson's livin' fast, for sure. But he ain't plannin' on dying young. Although he could do with a little



again," he said, and shifted into overdrive again. Henry Tillman went first round in June. A head butt during some overenthusiastic training in September required 48 stitches above the right eye. And, in early December, Alex Stewart failed to survive the opening round. Tyson was back with a vengeance. His mind was focussed. There was only one direction. Forward. And only one gear. Top.

Yet, it is this very drive that threatens to consume the man. To

privacy while he's around. "Real freedom is having nothing. I was freer when I didn't have a cent," he says and then proffers a brief insight into Tyson the man when he adds, "Do you know what I do sometimes? Put on a ski-mask, dress in old clothes and beg quarters". This, from a man who makes tens of millions every time he steps into the ring.

He's had a bad year. But, for now, Iron Mike—to borrow a phrase from Muhammad Ali—is 'lean, hard and ready to rumble' ●

BISHEN SINGH BEDI

Mr. Self Destruct

BY AVIK LEE

A STOLEN scene from a hindi flick. The villain gasping for breath, blood dripping from gashes on his face, his right arm hanging limp, crawls across the floor to a switch marked self destruct. He struggles to his feet, reaches out for the switch, presses the button and then falls across the table. In a few seconds the whole building blows up. And this is what this piece is about: self destruction.

The BCCI's compliance to the trend set by other cricketing boards had appointed Bishen Singh Bedi as the manager of the Indian cricket team. A modern cricket manager's job is no longer restricted to just making travel plans and booking hotel rooms. Additional responsibilities of team strategy, fitness of each player and a good relationship with the press have made this job a very challenging one.

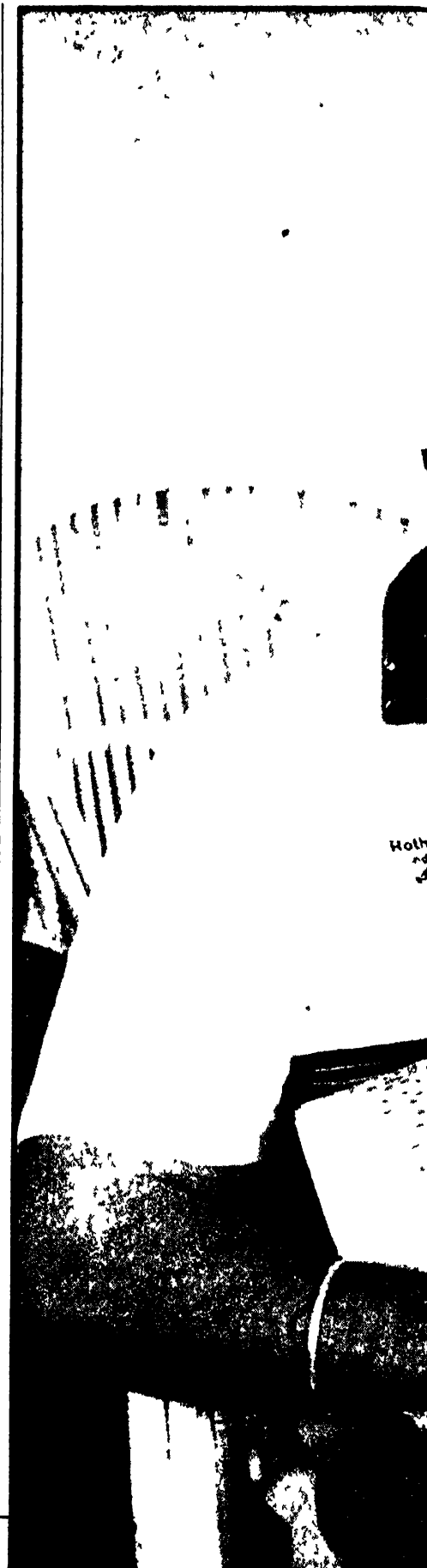
Bedi, who even during his playing days always preferred to walk on the wilder side of the street, seemed to be the perfect choice because he had always said, "Indian cricket lacks direction, discipline and hard work."

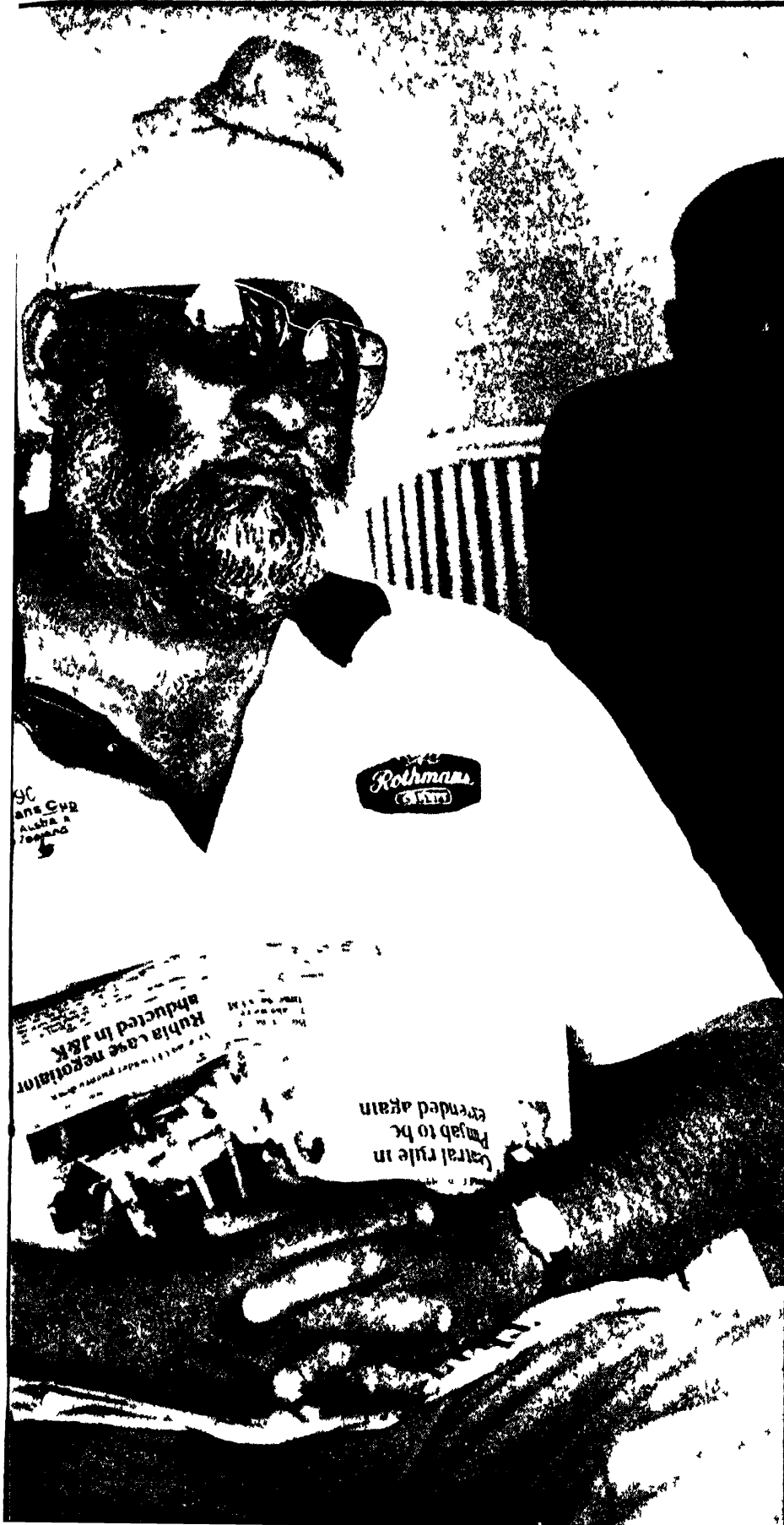
And when the job was finally

given to him he had said: "I'm not going to leave the players alone. I'm not going to leave myself alone. I'm intensely committed." He had added, "I don't want to be overbearing. I know when to draw the line. At the same time I know when to push somebody." Unfortunately, Bishen didn't know much about lines' or drawing'.

When Sunil Gavaskar, ironically, once one of Bedi's close friends, refused his MCC membership, Bedi, having obviously consulted God on the issue, decided to speak for him and everyone else. The final word one could say. In a widely circulated letter, Bedi expressed his shock and disgust, insisting that Sunny boy had insulted the game and let down thousands of Indian residents in the UK. The letter ended in style: "I feel ashamed of those days when I played with Gavaskar." Once again, Bedi had lost the line.

It was also during this tour of England that Bedi washed his hands off Azhar's decision to allow England to bat in the first Test, after India had won the toss. His outrageous public





pronouncement so shocked Intikhab Alam the manager of the Pakistan team that he said 'A manager is there to support his captain. In the dressing room he has every right to make his dissent clear, never publicly. I wouldn't have done a Bedi. That's about the toughest act to follow and Alam knew it.'

Not only were people upset by what Bedi had been saying, the players, who were initially respectful but wary, now, finally realised the man was beyond communication.

Even the Indian captain Azharuddin lost his composure and suggested that the BCCI abolish the post of a cricket manager. According to him, Bedi did not bother to take some of the load off his shoulders, neither did he try and help when his advice was required.

An obvious outcome of such behaviour was that Bedi was sacked. What a downfall for a man who had said 'As far as respect goes, you cannot demand it. You have to earn it.' He had lost the job he coveted most, as well as his self respect.

But did that silence Bedi? Never! He was, after all, a provocator. If his outrageous public pronouncements resulted in shock, his provocations resulted in open dislike. During the Chandigarh Test he lashed out at Ravi Shastri for not bowling. This provocation led to a slanging match at a party that evening.

Unfortunately, Bedi tries to play the part of the other man's conscience. While carrying out this role, what he fails to realise is that he is stepping into the trap he has set for others. And now he is being looked upon as a buffoon, a medium of entertainment at a boring party.

Bishen Singh Bedi's assignment was to build up India's team into a strong outfit for the 90s. Not only has he singularly failed in this task, he has also lost the respect of the establishment and the people who believed in him.

If Bishen Bedi can close the zipper on his mouth, India can use him. Otherwise he can self-destruct in isolation. ●

Sportsworld and



Sportsworld and he (Kapil) began their careers in the same year. We in Sportsworld have tried to play it fair and square which is how Kapil Dev has played his cricket...If Kapil was to retire today his contribution to Indian cricket would be considered as significant as that of Gavaskar. And that should be enough to keep anyone happy, and the country grateful

BY the time you get to read this the Indian government should have decided whether to cancel the Pakistani tour or take a risk and pray that all goes well. The Pakistanis certainly do not want to come, and who can blame them. Even during settled times a Pakistani tour creates its own provocations, and anybody who seriously believes that sporting exchanges help to maintain harmony is only fooling himself, especially when Pakistan is openly and willingly giving "moral and diplomatic" support to Kashmiri separatism.

On the other hand, to cancel the tour would be to acknowledge that the communal situation is getting out of control, throughout a large part of this country.

Of course, if the Pakistan High Commission is prepared to cooperate, a face-saving device for the Indian government as well as the very new President of the BCCI, would be for Mr. Abdul Sattar to advise his government to postpone the tour. And then, perhaps, we could get back to giving due importance to domestic tournaments. These have been neglected by the Press, players, and the public and urgently need care and attention.

The President of the BCCI

who was such a success as the Minister of Railways will find this job somewhat different. As a Minister he could rely on a Board comprising professionals who were mostly interested in getting the job done as efficiently and quickly as feasible.

To become the President, Madhavrao Scindia won a bitterly-fought election by one vote, and guess where that came from? You're right, it was the Railway's vote per kind courtesy George Fernandes who was approached by old friend M.J. Akbar (The other side also used some pretty heavyweight politicians, and now you know why some of us have never been keen to get involved). This victory was hardly appreciated by the losers amongst whom one must include the Hony. Secretary who, I understand, is a skilful operator and will not mind in the least if his President trips at every second step. If the tour does take place and there is an untoward incident, which is quite likely, the early casualties will be secularism (as understood in this country) and Scindia; this will be a pity, for he is genuinely interested in the game, has administrative experience, enjoys a good rapport with the players, and if given the chance may bring a new meaning to the organisation of the game.

Kapil played it fair...



If as seems likely at this moment, Imran Khan and his team will have the tour postponed, Kapil Dev will have to wait a while to achieve greater exclusivity. We have been fortunate to have had four great all-rounders on view at the same time. There never will be unanimity about who was the best, but Kapil Dev will have his share of supporters. Sportsworld and he began their careers in the same year. We in Sportsworld have tried to play it fair and square which is how Kapil Dev has played his cricket. He shares 376 wickets with Botham. This achievement took him 110 Tests and Botham 97. Botham also has about 500 more runs. In the last two Tests Kapil has taken 29 wickets. At this rate he will need another 30 Tests to equal Hadlee's record. This seems a bit of wishful thinking, but in fact if Kapil was to retire today his contribution to Indian cricket would be considered as significant as that of Gavaskar. And that should be enough to keep anyone happy, and the country grateful.

Contamdi

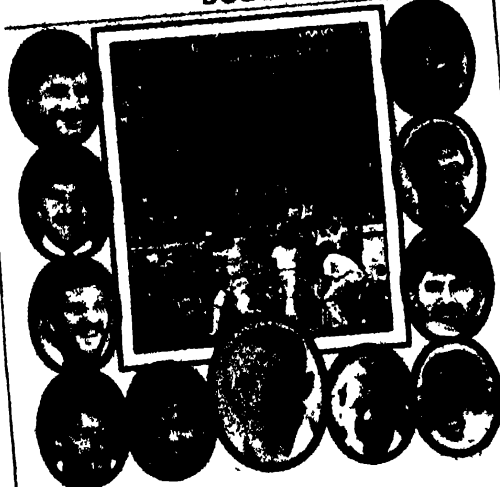
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2. What is common
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Mila Schon?

3. What was the
Telemaster?

4. Which World Cup
footballers were
the trio of death?

5. During the lunch
breaks of the last
India-England series

boys and girls played
a limited version of
instant cricket. What
was it called?

6. Which World Cup
footballer went on
the dole (social
security) after Italia
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7. Who hit the
fastest century of
all time... in just 26
minutes?

8. Who owns a
speedboat called
Fidelity?

9. What record did
Lancashire

establish in one-day cricket in 1990?

10. Which country scored a shock win over a World Cup finalist country in their first-ever European Championship qualifying tie?

11. Why Torquay—and why Torquay—played host to the World Championships of what sport?

12. Four sports—three men and one woman—figure in *Life* magazine's choice of the 100 most influential Americans of this century. Two were Jackie Robinson and Muhammad Ali. Name the other two?

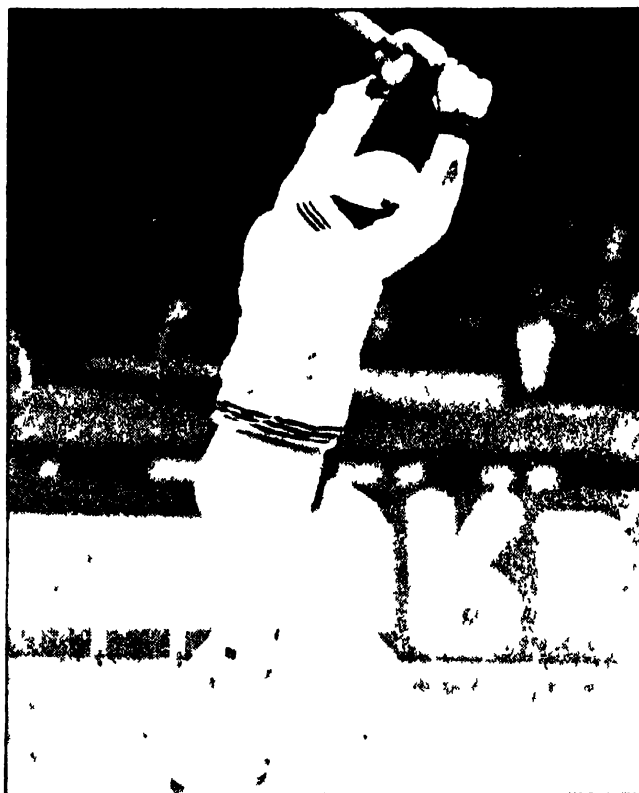
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15. Who were the sponsors of the Rovers Cup?

ANSWERS

- 1) Memphis
- 2) They were the fashion designers whose creations were



16 Shouldering arms and bowled middle stump! Who's the batsman?



17 Recognise the golfer?



18 Cheers to a great 1991. But who am I?

modelled at the opening ceremony of the 1990 World Cup in Milan

- 3) The Trans-Asia aeromodel flight from Amritsar to Dhaka
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5) Kwik cricket

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12) Babe Ruth and Billie Jean King

13) P T Usha

14) Pakistan. They later claimed it was a mistake

15) Lifebuoy

16) Richard Hadlee. This is how the great all-rounder ended his batting career in Tests, bowled DeFreitas for duck

17) Allan Border. Who did you think? Tom Watson?

18) Jakob Hlasek, winner of the Silk Cut Championships, London

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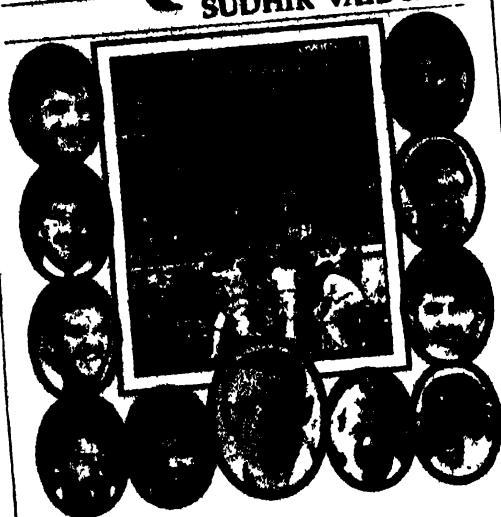
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16) Richard Hadlee. This is how the great all-rounder ended his batting career in Tests, bowled DeFreitas for duck

17) Allan Border. Who did you think? Tom Watson?

18) Jakob Hlasek, winner of the Silk Cut Championships, London

1990
YEAR END
SPECIAL

PEOPLE WE LOVE....



ASHWINI NACHAPPA

PANACHE, style, glitz, glamour, you've come a long way, baby. Just when women athletics was looking bad, every way, she breezed in. Easy smile, sizzling leotards, cool conversationalist and wait, fellas, she could run too. Two wins over Usha and you knew she was smouldering on and off the track.

Poor man's Flo Jo? No way, she's our Ashwini.

MICHAEL CHANG

WHY him, what's he done? Not a Grand Slam win, not a Top 5 ranking. Ah, but the gentle oriental-American helps tennis retain character, in an era where it has almost vanished. He does it in small subtle ways that go unnoticed.

In America this autumn he did not replay, but twice overruled the umpire to give his opponent the point. One was a set point.

As the tennis world split into two distinct circuits—slow courts and fast—Chang embarrassed many of his cowardly baselining colleagues, by not only playing Wimbledon, but quietly insisting that one day he could win it.

In the Davis Cup semi-finals, in front of a wild 15,000 crowd in Vienna, he pulled back from two sets to love down, to beat Horst Skoff in the deciding fifth match.

Courageous. Determined. A gentleman. Michael Chang honours tennis with his presence. Only winning, doesn't count!

THE KABADDI TEAM

DOES anybody know their names? Where they come from? It is a most awful shame that we don't.

The silence that comes with our mediocrity, was finally interrupted by the shuffling of their feet and the chant of their attack—the beautiful sound of



ROGER MILLA

IF there was a man the world would like to have been in 1990, it was Roger Milla. To be 38 years old. A sort of never-was-has-been. Ignored. Yet to score. To score again and

again. And dance a samba at the corner flag. And mock and tease the best the world offered. To have the crowd bellow your name to be un-benched. To have them bellow again when you were un-benched. To give



football, the game, on its greatest stage, a new dimension everytime your feet walked those fields.

Oh, to be Roger Milla in 1990. At least for some men these things do not remain only dreams.



DAVID GOWER

LIKE Michaelangelo's David come to life on a cricket pitch. Of a beauty forever. Curly haired, choir boy face, summer delight. Like the languor that comes with the English sun, he plays. A dreamy inertia, or so it would seem. A West Indian monster rips one at him—David leans back, his bat moving in an arc as smooth as



wine on silk, and the ball is over the boundary ropes. They drop him, warn him, lecture him—change, man. David writes a century of poetry with his bat and they take him to Australia for the Ashes. Change, for what? Was there something wrong with Michaelangelo's David?



DINA RAM

WHEN they spoke of Beijing Asiad medal prospects they talked of Usha, hockey, archery, Bahadur Prasad, kabaddi.

They forgot somebody. A 3000m steeplechaser.

Two weeks later, when they spoke of India's performance at the Asian Games, they spoke of indiscipline, lack of motivation, mediocrity. Again they did not mention the 3000m steeplechase. How could they, Dina Ram was a winner. And a hero.

He asked for spikes to run in, and they gave him ordinary ones, not the specific ones that steeplechasers use. He did not falter.

At the last water jump, he stumbled. The stumble lost him distance and the leader moved away. Like some other Indian runners he could have given up. He did not falter.

He ran his big heart out, lunged at the tape, took the silver medal.

The gold medal was 0.55 seconds away from him. If only he had those spikes. If only India had more heroes like Dina Ram.

India winning. Take your hats off people. It is time to honour Ashan Kumar, Ashok Sindhe, Hardeep Singh, Raja Rantnam, K.K. Godara, Anjar Ali, Om Prakash, Anil Kumar, Randhir Singh, Raju Bhavsar, Tirathraj, B.P. Sirohi and Prasad Rao Ejapureddi Asian Games gold medallists. Champions.

1990**YEAR END
SPECIAL**

..AND PEOPLE WE DON'T

FRANK RIJKAARD

IS the menacing Surinamese the reincarnation of a Calcutta thella-walla? Pity he couldn't match the skill, distance and unerring trajectory of his spitting with his feet. Soccer players kick, push, shove each other, not to mention the odd death-threat. But Rijkaard's exacting salival projectile that hit Germany's Rudi Voeller just over the ear, was 1990's most innovative—and despicable—retaliation. Rudi whined to the referee, Rijkaard was unfazed—he spat again. Bullseye—but what a jerk!



THOIBA SINGH

MIRACLE man. Revealed the Indian Hockey Federation's myopia by claiming India could actually have won the Asian Games. Ah, but only if he was captain. Obviously Thoiba has vast reservoirs of hockey intellect that no-one knows of, but him. Yet he refused a brain scan—in fear that it would reveal nothing, but an exaggerated sense of self-importance

'BUTCH' REYNOLDS

IF sport is dirty, cheats are the main filth, the slime on the bottom of the pool. Because they deceive the world. 'Butch' Reynolds flew like a bird on the run—on wings of courage we thought, as he broke the 400m world record and paraded with patriotic zeal his national flag. But the bird was diseased and he flew on wings of drugs. Dream turned



to nightmare, and no detergent can wash off that brand of 'cheat' he now sleeps with



JOHN McENROE

BALDY, go home or zipper your mouth. See, John it's simple—genius are forgiven their trespasses, so your surly mouth and mouthings were ignored. Now your play sucks, so shut up. One day John-the-family-man promises self control—the next day he gets booted out of the Australian Open. The world continues to look to you—and you continue to disappoint



ZORAM THANGA

CRY-BABY champion. Gives India its only medal, a bronze, at the World Cup boxing but fashions a tantrum so vulgar when his semi-final is stopped, that you wonder what this boy is doing in a man's sport. Losing with grace is the first lesson, winning the second. Thanga obviously skipped a class



MARGARET COURT

FOR a born-again Christian Minister, she showed little charity and much venom, in belittling Martina Navratilova for her sexual preferences, saying she was a poor role model for youngsters. Not only is Martina a greater player than Court, but also a people's champion. And ye Margaret of little faith, and negligible wisdom, first wonder of your own sins. Or to put it simply, shut-up.

Written by Rohit Brijnath



RACHITA PANDA

There's another fast—athletic speed, what else?—girl looming on the Indian athletics circuit. Breaking free of the Usha-Ashwini-Zenia shadow is young Rachita Panda. And she's set to go places. Part of the Beijing squad, she didn't get to show her stuff, thanks mainly to some last-minute mixups by the powers that be, but that's not going to slow her down any. This attractive sprinter from Orissa is firmly slotted into the starting blocks...and there ain't no stopping her.

VINOD KAMBLI

The man who outscored Sachin Tendulkar in their world record partnership of 664 runs. A Michael Jackson freak—he even wears his hair like the musicman. And he wielded his bat with the authority of a conductor as he piled up 350 of those 664 runs. Since then he has not got the exposure his partner got, but consistent scores at the Ranji level ensure that this young man will not be denied long.



RACHITA DAS

FIVE TO



BRIAN LAUDRUP

You didn't see him at Italia'90. But that doesn't mean you won't be seeing this 21-year-old striker of rare skill and vision at all. If sporting backgrounds matter, here's a sure winner. Son of Finn Laurup, footballer of yesteryears. Brother of Michael Laudrup, Denmark's brilliant but erratic star. So does he need a recommendation? No way. His talent suffices. The next episode of the Laudrup dynasty is about to take place. Stay tuned!

COME...

Sport, like everything else in life, needs a regular infusion of fresh blood to stay alive. Meet the five sportspersons we'd like to see more of

1990
YEAR END
SPECIAL

SAURAV GANGULY

Till 1987, Saurav Ganguly was the only candidate from the East Zone to qualify for the MRF bowling camp in Madras. Bowling camp? But he's not a bowler.

Correction. He *was* a bowler. He's now in the news for his batting. The proof is in the string of high scores that he keeps notching up in one game after another. He bats with an easy languid grace as if like a big cat stretching after a meal and plays each stroke as though caressing the ball. We better stop right now cos' we want you to watch him and decide for yourselves.



KHALID SKAH

Talk Skah and images of an exhausted man lying sprawled across Jawaharlal Nehru stadium's red tartan track flash across the mind. That was 1989, and the gutsy runner had just lost a brave battle against Irishman John Doherty at the Permit Meet, New Delhi. But that's not how Khalid Skah likes seeing himself. Like when he led the cream of the world's distance runners-including four-time winner John Ngugi-over hill and dale to win the World Cross Country championships at Aix Les Bains, France, this year. He's not just Said Aouita's teammate anymore!

...FIVE



JAHANGIR KHAN

The 'Khan' has lost his crown. Jahangir Khan's long term prospects in the world of squash are slowly being 'squashed' and the man doing the 'squashing' is Jansher Khan.

The message is clear: It's time for him to 'squash off'. But wait! He's done his bit. He wanted nine British Opens. He's done it. What else? Romancing Nazia Hassan. Not

befitting a pastime. So it's his business that's beckoning and it's called (rather ironically) 'Unsquashable.'



MARTINA NAVRATILOVA

Hey Martina, look up for God's sake! The curtains coming down right over your head. Okay, now look ahead. What do you see?

Hordes of talented young teeny boppers.

Scared?

Well, you shouldn't be. You wanted Wimbledon nine times. You got it. Now gather up your kit, woman, and make like fast for the exit. Maybe you can pick up your rivalry with Chris in the commentary box and leave tennis to the kids.

SUBRATA BHATTACHARYA

The Bengali Hurricane has lost his force. This, however does not hold true in footballing terms. This relic of the Calcutta Maidan had us enthralled both with his skill and temperament. For the officials 'Subrata Bashing' became a pastime. In terms of aggro, he had no equal and many a player from a lowly ranked club—including Mohun Bagan officials—were on the receiving end of his tongue and hands.

For 17 years he entertained us, his stock is now slowly dipping. It's time you called it a day Subroto. Thanks for the show.



TO GO

The spirit is willing. But the flesh is weak. In some cases, it's the other way around! But, c'mon guys, don't you think it's time you moved on?

1990
YEAR END
SPECIAL



IAN BOTHAM

Ian Botham has been doing a lot of walking lately. He walks for almost anything! leukaemia, spastics, for the poor and deprived and what not. Suffering from something? Call, Ian, he'll walk for you. The only place where Ian is not walking into is the English cricket team!

We miss you, Ian. But life is cruel and failure doubly so. If you've no cricket left in you, you can just keep walkin'.

ALAIN PROST

Driver extraordinaire. But suffers from such an incredible Ayrton Senna-complex that he might as well stay off the Formula One circuit.

First it was the McLaren team that treated him second best (he eventually shifted to Ferrari this year). Then it was Senna who was hounding him on the track (Prost says he "doesn't like to race with a man who's not afraid of dying"). And the last straw was this year's Japanese GP. First bend. Prost ahead. Opens the door. Senna dives. Prost shuts it. End of race for both. For once, it's Senna who's legit. And Prost the hazard. Definitely time to switch off, Professor.



Written by Robin Chatterjee

JANUARY/FEBRUARY



Mike Gatting



Muhd. Ali

Muhammad Ali says that games like football, basketball and ice hockey are far more cruel and dangerous than boxing. • Israel Tennis Association protest against India for refusing to issue visas for four Israeli players. • Micheal Lemon's dream of becoming a Test cricketer ends when he succumbs to his injuries after being hit on the chest by a bouncer. • Azharuddin takes over as captain of the Indian team from Srikanth for the tour of New Zealand. • English cricketer David Gower has a narrow escape when his car plunges into Lake St. Moritz in Switzerland. • Maradona fined \$7,700 by the disciplinary committee of the Italian league for saying the World Cup draw was rigged. • Sri Lankan national rifle shooting champion was shot dead by her police officer boyfriend. • \$82 million suit filed by business associates of Bjorn Borg against him for violating the shareholders agreement. • George Foreman defeats Gerry Cooney in the second round and challenges Tyson. • Maradona says that he will make an Italian reporter eat his newspaper for rating Maradona's performance as 3.5 out of 10. • England's rebel team headed by Gatting leaves for South Africa. • Buster Douglas knocks out Mike Tyson in the 10th round at Tokyo. • Nadia Comaneci shocks the world with her announcement, that her fiancée was a Romanian computer engineer and not an American. • Imran Khan auctions off the luxury car he was given for the International Cricketer of the Year 1989-90. The proceeds were used for the cancer hospital Imran is building.

MARCH/APRIL

1990
YEAR END
SPECIAL



Ben Johnson

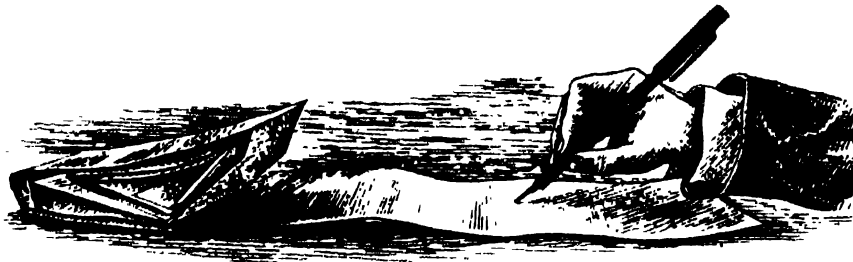


Vijay Amritraj

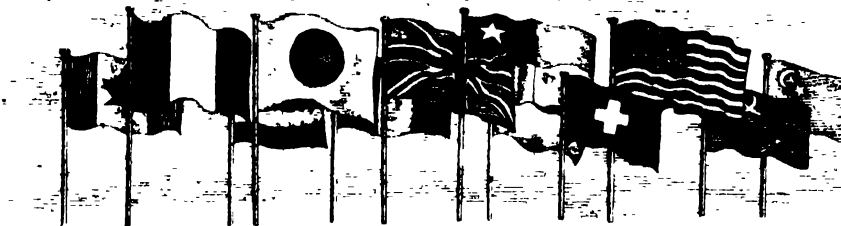


Shiny Wilson

After six years Ivan Lendl, returns to Czechoslovakia to play an exhibition match. • Brazilian soccer club Flamengo threaten to fine Josimar, who played in the '86 World Cup, because he was caught using cocaine during a Rio carnival ball. • Weightlifters, Ricky Chaplin and Gareth Hines (Wales) are banned for life for using banned substances during the Commonwealth Games. • The Indian Government vetoes a BCCI proposal to bring West Indies to India as it was 'not financially viable.' • The Indian Olympic Association decide to bid for the 1998 Asian Games. • Indian badminton player, Rajiv Bagga creates history by becoming the first deaf and dumb player to enter the All England Badminton Championships. • Ben Johnson's Canadian agent sues him for \$4,25,000 for breach of contract. • India's former hockey captain V. Bhaskaran makes his debut in films playing the role of a villain in a Tamil movie. • Shiny Wilson wins the 800m gold medal at the Asian track & field meet, '89. The winner Sun Sumei, from China was disqualified after she tested positive for drugs. • FIFA issues an order banning all pyrotechnic articles (fireworks, smoke bombs and flares) at the World Cup soccer final. • Steffi drops a bombshell by announcing that she was contemplating retirement in a few years. • Argentina are the first team to arrive in Italy for the World Cup. • All India Lawn Tennis Association issue a show cause to Vijay Amritraj for 'lamentable record of mis-demeanour' which included unavailability for the Davis Cup. • Lendl wins libel suit against British newspaper over allegations that he had an affair with Pamela Bordes. • Thijs Libreyto is forced to resign as the coach of Holland following a no-confidence motion against him by the players. • Franz Beckenbauer, manager of the West German World Cup team marries Sybille Weimer.



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MAY/JUNE

1990 YEAR END SPECIAL



John McEnroe



David Gower

Stephen Hendry, 21, of Scotland becomes the youngest player to win the world professional snooker championship. • British government clamp down on soccer violence by enforcing a law that restricts people with soccer-related-violence records to travel abroad for matches involving England/Wales. • Soviet athlete and an Olympic relay gold medallist, Andrei Prokoffieu, commits suicide. He had become an alcoholic and was deserted by his family. • The Pittsburgh Marathon witnessed two mysterious deaths when the runners collapsed on the track. • Bjorn Borg sues a Swedish newspaper for publishing reports that he took drugs. The newspaper quoted his ex-girl friend Jannicks Bjorling who said that Borg used cocaine. • Lendl and wife Samantha become the parents of a baby girl, Marika. • Tyson romances the press before his fight with Henry Tillman. • Australia and Pakistan play two limited over matches in America. • Fu Mingkia, 11, of China, becomes the youngest girl to win an international diving competition. • Leading East German athlete Heike Drechsler says that she had been forbidden by the former communist party to have babies. • Roberto Baggio becomes the most expensive soccer player ever after signing a 3 year contract with Juventus for \$13 million. • A jury appointed by the French sports daily *L'Equipe* votes Borg as the 'Player of the Century'. • Twenty criminals executed by authorities in Beijing to ensure 'the safety of the Asian Games'. • Canadian Track and Field Association decides to reinstate Ben Johnson in September regardless of any pressures they face. • Thousands of Neopolitans threaten to disrupt the World Cup if they are not provided with clean drinking water. • David Gower launches a written attack against English selectors after he was dropped from the English squad against New Zealand. • Cameroon shock the world by defeating Argentina in the opening game of the World Cup. • Argentine soccer player, Jos Sanfilippo, sues Maradona for \$10 million because Maradona called him a 'turncoat'. • McEnroe implores the Wimbledon authorities to put a glass dome over Centre Court, so that, 'conditions remain constant.'

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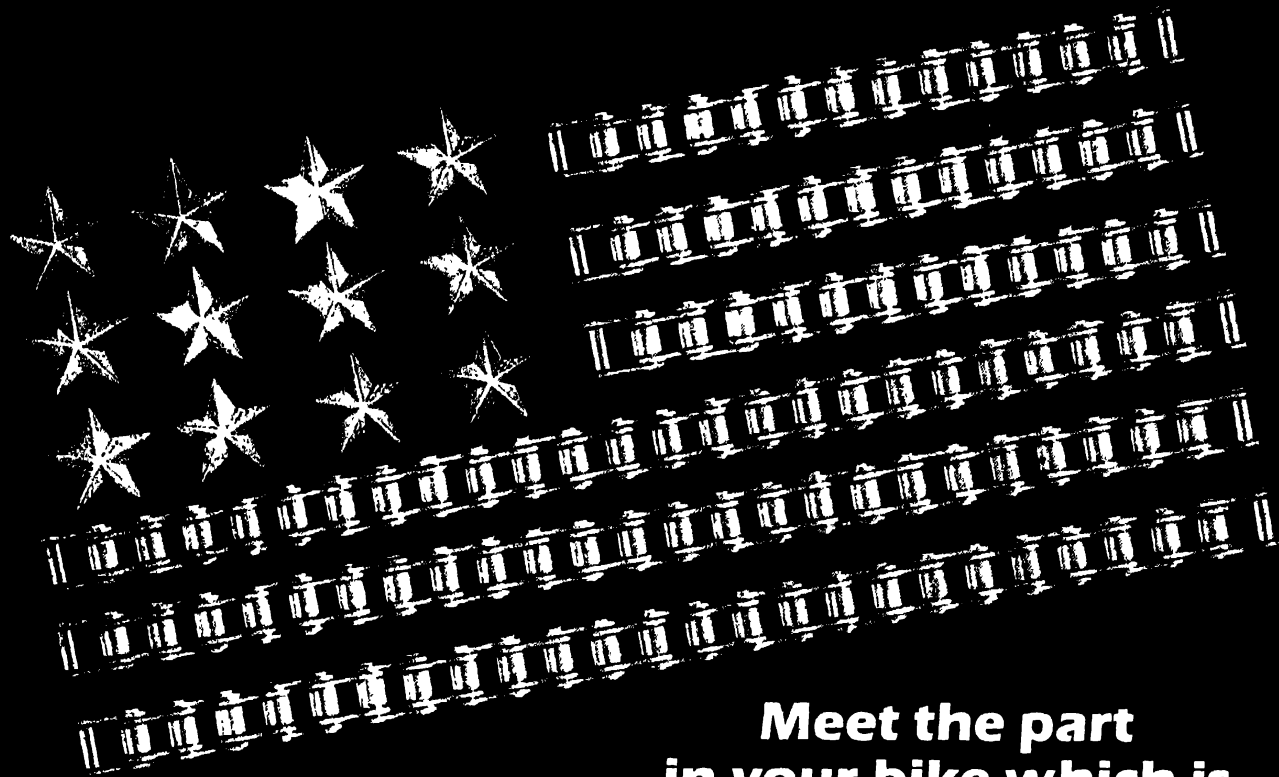
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Chakra B/JPC/H/I

JULY/AUGUST

1990
YEAR END
SPECIAL

Sunil Gavaskar refuses MCC membership. • Kapil Dev becomes the first man to hit four sixes in an over in a Test match (England vs India). • Chess Grandmaster Raymond Keen, is asked by the British police to solve a case, using clues given by a suspect regarding the disappearance of Therese Terry. • English captain Graham Gooch slams 333, the sixth highest score in Test cricket against India in the first Test. • Leander Paes becomes world junior No. 1 after winning junior Wimbledon. • Australian, Tom Moody, hits the fastest century ever in 26 minutes. • Sergei Fyodorov, a member of the Soviet ice hockey team goes missing during the Goodwill Games, surfaces 48 hours later and seeks a 'work permit'. • FIFA president, Havelange says USA will host the 1994 World Cup football. • Pat Cash weds Emily Bendit in Jamaica. The only guests were three friends and the two children he had with Anne-Britt Kristiansen. • Boxer Leon Calvin, son of former heavyweight champion Leon Spinks, shot dead in Illinois. • World Cup soccer star, Gheorghe Hagi marries his childhood sweetheart Elena. • Vijay Amritraj and US president, George Bush meet for discussions on India and tennis. • Indian chess Grandmaster, V. Anand qualifies for the Candidates chess championship. • Steffi Graf faced with severe sinus problems has to undergo an operation. • Maradona faces criminal charges in Italy for fighting with the police who had stopped his younger brother, Lalo, for driving without a licence. • English goalkeeper, Peter Shilton announces his retirement. • Model Nicole Meissner claims that Steffi Graf's father, Peter is the father of her 6-month-old child. • Gabriela Sabatini announces plans to market a perfume under her name in South America. • Pakistan enter a 16 member all-male team for a women's international karate competition in Tokyo. • Ben Johnson says that he doesn't want to race Carl Lewis in 1990. • Kuwaiti president of the Olympic Council of Asia, Sheikh Fadh al-Ahmed al-Sabah dies defending the royal palace against the Iraqi invasion. • Wife of Dutch soccer star Ruud Gullit seeks \$2.5 million in a divorce suit. • Six times world snooker champion Steve Davis marries Judy Grieg, ex-airline stewardess, in London. • Said Aouta, world 1,500 and 5,000 m record holder, is operated on (both calf muscles). • Mike Tyson, former heavyweight champion, is declared the highest paid sportsman with an earning of \$28.6 million. • Imran Khan opts out of the home series against New Zealand. His excuse is that the contest would be a mismatch. • Maradona says that he might be the manager of Argentina for the 1994 World Cup. • Seb Coe marries his fiancée Nicola McIrvine in secret. • Jimmy Connors misses the US Open for the first time in 20 years. • WBC super middleweight champion, Sugar Ray Leonard said he would not defend his title. • Manoj Kothari becomes world amateur billiards champion. • Brazilian striker Romario, who plays for PSV Eindhoven, broke his leg for the second time this year after a hard tackle. • Igor Belanov, the first Soviet footballer to play in West Germany, has to pay a fine of 24,000 Marks for shop lifting. He was caught loading stolen clothing into his car.



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SEPT. / OCT.

1990 YEAR END SPECIAL



PATRIC EAGAR

Graham Gooch

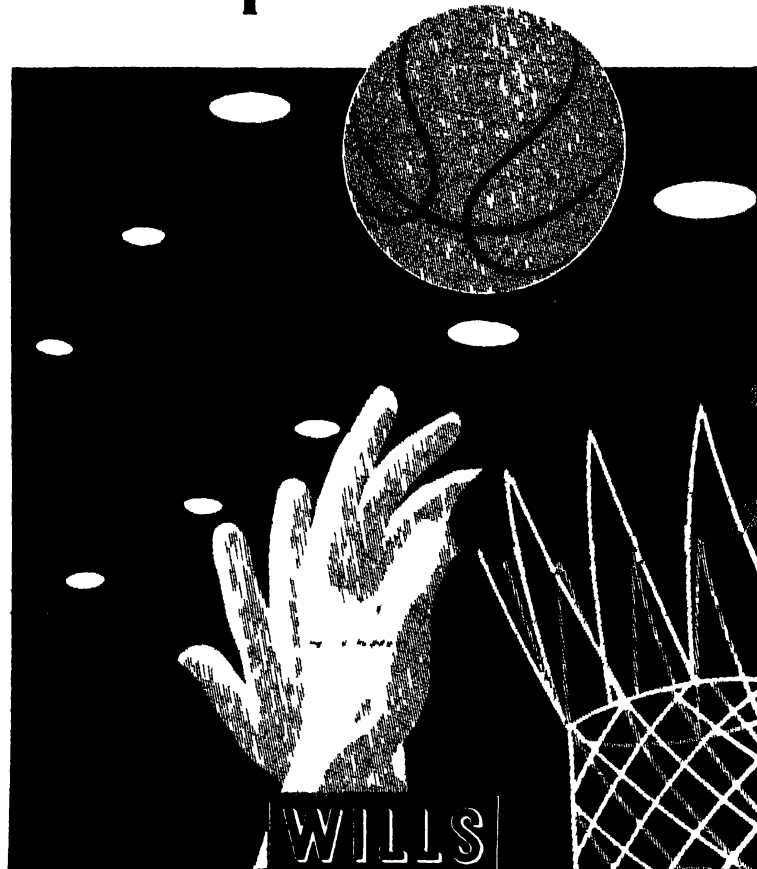


UTPAL SORAKA

Mohinder Amarnath

• Indian badminton international, Sanjay Sharma, suspended by the Badminton Association of India for his hard hitting articles in a south India based sports magazine. • England captain, Graham Gooch breaks his thumb attempting a catch in the slips. • Mohinder Amarnath walks for charity from Lords to Lambeth Palace, London, to raise money for a church fund. • Jordan pulls out of the Beijing Asian Games due to financial crisis • Atlanta, USA, is awarded the 1996 Olympics. • Javed Miandad declines the captaincy of the Pakistan team for the series against New Zealand. • Sir Richard Hadlee flays the Pakistan Board for refusing to appoint neutral umpires for the Pak-NZ series. • Iraq expelled from the Olympic Council of Asia. • Ben Johnson's two-year ban comes to an end • FIFA come out with an interesting concept to end the goal drought in the World Cup. Increase the size of the goal. • The Indian contingent in Beijing protest against the lack of equipment. Some of them couldn't participate in the opening ceremony because they didn't have shoes. • Indian long distance runner Dina Ram claims that he would have won a gold if he had been provided with proper shoes • Leander Paes leaves BAT. • French sprinter Daniel Sangouma loses both the 80 and the 60m race against a horse at the St. Cloud race track in France. • India put in a bid for the 1992 Champions Cup hockey tournament. • Pele says that he will run for the presidency of Brazil in 1994. • Newspaper magnate Ramoji Rao announces his plan to produce a Telegu movie starring Indian athlete Ashwini Nachappa. • Barbara Jacket, head coach of the women's athletics team for the 1992 Olympics, arrested on felony charges for filing false vouchers at Prarie View A&M University. • Vijay Amritraj announces his retirement from tennis and plans to float his own television broadcasting network in California. • Kerry Packer, owner of Channel Nine suffers a massive heart attack while playing polo. • Milkha Singh, 'The Flying Sikh', comes up with a solution for the problems plaguing Indian sport—let the Army handle it. • Sachin Tendulkar is seen at the *mahurat* of *Andaz Apna Apna*, a Hindi movie. • Maradona complains about 'feeling old' on his 30th birthday.

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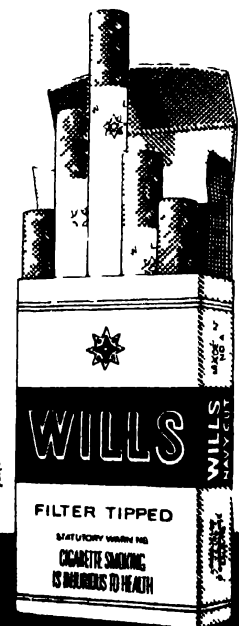


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NOV. / DEC.

1990 YEAR END SPECIAL



Pele



Javed Miandad

Pele, 50, makes an emotional comeback to celebrate his birthday by playing for Brazil against some of the most famous names in soccer. • P K. Banerjee receives an honorary diploma from the International Olympic Committee for 'fair play' • Jockey, Lester Piggot joins the comeback brigade. At 55 and after a 5 year lay off he is still optimistic. IAAF suspend Randy Barnes and Harry 'Butch' Reynolds for testing positive for banned substances • Bjorn Borg announces his comeback to tennis but says that he will stick to his wooden racket. • Javed Miandad, who finally relented and led the Pakistan side against New Zealand, steps down for Imran Khan for the series against West Indies. • Madan Lal announces his retirement from first class cricket. • The bald look is in. Tennis doubles pair Guy Forget and Jakob Hlasek shave their heads in keeping with the latest fashion. And win the World Doubles Championship. • World Boxing Council decide that Evander Holyfield should fight Mike Tyson first before he takes on George Foreman. • Maradona says that he might quit Napoli and go and play in Japan. • Mike Gattling banned for one year for playing in South Africa. • AC Milan defeat Italian league winners Sampdoria 2-0, to win the European Super Cup for the second time. • National Olympic Committee of Germany have called for an urgent international inquiry into reports published in a magazine alleging that East German sportspersons were using performance enhancing drugs which are banned. • Boxer Sugar Ray Leonard confirms that he would be back in February after a 14 month layoff from the circuit. • Venkataraghavan created history when he became the first Indian Test cricketer to take up umpiring. • *World Soccer* magazine votes Lothar Matthaeus as the player of the year. • Aga Khan shuts his 90 horse stable in Britain, claiming inadequate scientific procedures that led to the recent drug related disqualifications of one of his fillies. • Mike Tyson knocks out Alex Stewart. • Paavo Nurmi, winner of 10 Olympic gold medals in the 1920's, was supposed to have used a drug containing male hormones, to boost his performance.

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OBITUARIES

1990
YEAR END
SPECIAL

TED TINLING



THEODORE 'TED' TINLING fashion designer par excellence who revolutionised women's tennis wear and was one of the sports' foremost historians died at the age of 79.

Born in Eastbourne, England on June 23, 1910,

Tinling's involvement with tennis dates back to 1925 when he umpired matches for the legendary French star Suzanne Lenglen on the French Riviera.

Doyen of sports designers, Tinling's most famous creation was undoubtedly 'Gorgeous Gussy Moran's lace panties' which she wore at Wimbledon in 1948. He was always ahead of his time in his creations; unfortunately Gussy Moran's lace panties led to a 20-year-old difference of opinion between Tinling and the All England Club. Tinling's services were thereafter terminated. Lace, though, continued to adorn the panties of many top tennis players until well into the 1980s.

LEV YASHIN



LEV YASHIN one of the most exciting goalkeepers of the 20th century died on March 21, 1990 at the age of 66.

Yashin gave goalkeeping a new dimension with his dynamic and athletic displays. He was also one of the first Soviet sportsmen

who broke all barriers—imposed upon the world and Russia by the 'Iron Curtain'—to become a household name beyond his own country.

Known as the 'Black Panther', the former Moscow Dynamo player was voted European Footballer of the Year in 1963. He was the only goalkeeper to have won the award.

Yashin's success as goalkeeper came initially when he was chosen to play ice hockey with Moscow Dynamo which was known as the club of the KGB. He won his first soccer cap in 1954 and went on to earn 78 more. With him in goal, Dynamo won the Russian league title five times.

A modest man, he wore his fame lightly, living in a simple two-bedroomed flat in Moscow. Till his death, Yashin remained an amateur footballer.

'BOBBY' TALYARKHAN



ARDESHIR FURDOONJI SOHRABJI TALYARKHAN better known as 'AFST' or Bobby' died on July 13 at CCI campus. He was 94.

As far as Indian sports journalism and broadcasting were concerned, he was the 'greatest'.

His contribution unparalleled. Bobby Talyarkhan pioneered the concept of ball-by-ball commentary in cricket and his feats behind the microphone were remarkable. The magical spells which he wove around the audience through his commentaries earned him rare accolades.

AFST enjoyed the monopoly of AIR till the authorities were instigated to ask him for a share in the honours, which he refused and thereafter quit the commentary box on principle.

He later dabbled in journalism after his stint with AIR by writing columns in Blitz and Mid Day. While his prominence in sports journalism is acknowledged, he was also an all-round writer, social commentator and political analyst.

SIR LEN HUTTON



SIR LEN HUTTON who has scored more runs than any other English cricketer in a Test match died at the age of 74.

The former Yorkshire and English batsman's career spanned 22 years during which he recorded 129 first-class centuries.

His innings of 364 against Australia in 1938 at the Oval is the highest Test score by an Englishman.

Sir Len's cricketing career took off to a brilliant start, when in 1949 he completed 3,000 runs in a season for the first time and in June the same year scored a record 1,294 runs in a month. Thereafter, he captained England in 1952, bringing the Ashes back home the following year for the first time in 22 years. Sir Len retired after a distinguished career in 1956.

He later became the second English cricketer after Sir Jack Hobbs to be knighted for his services to cricket, and also a national team selector.

He played 79 times for England, scoring 19 centuries and totalling around 6,971 runs at an average of 56.97.

Golden moments. McDowell moments.



THE PICTURES



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SPECIAL



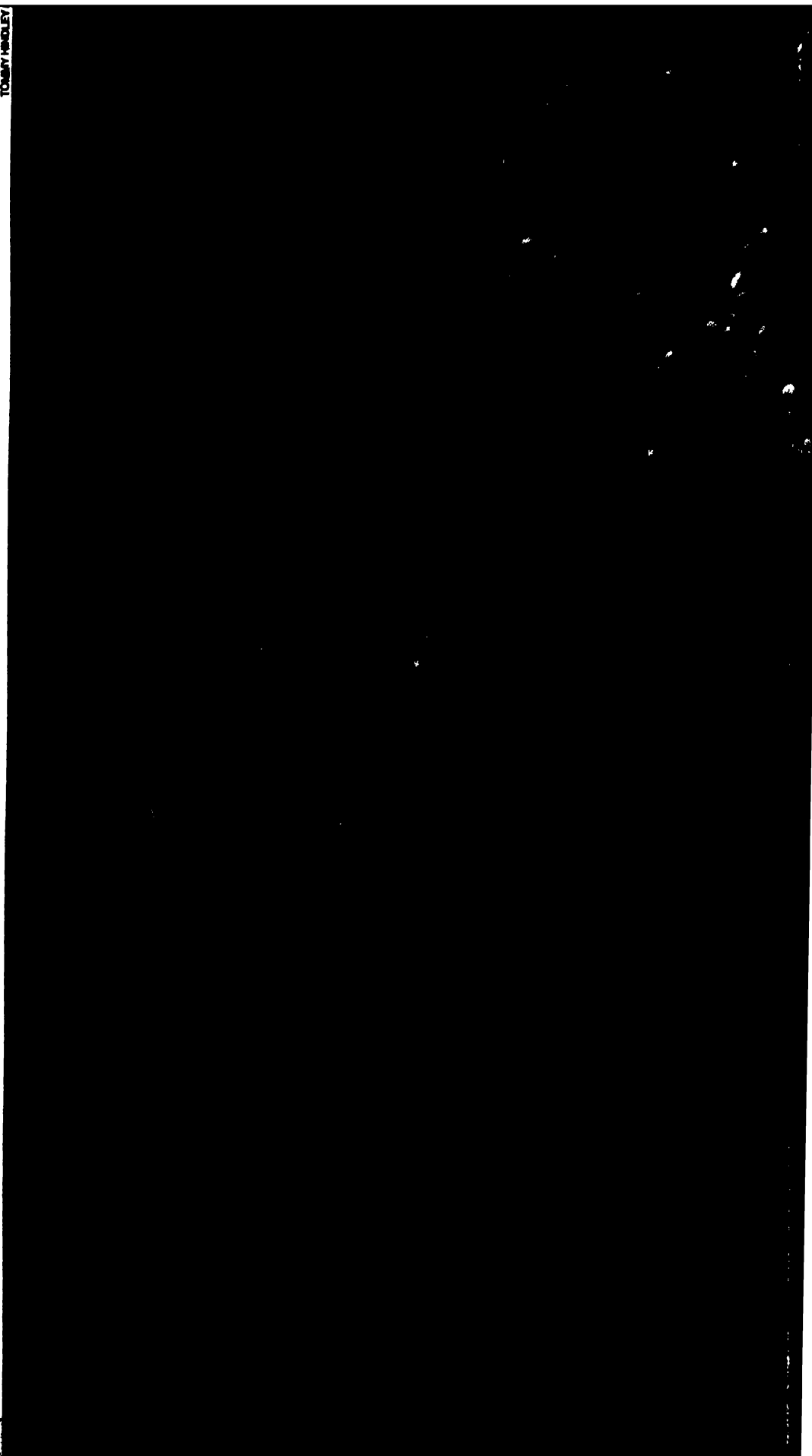
1990

YEAR END
SPECIAL

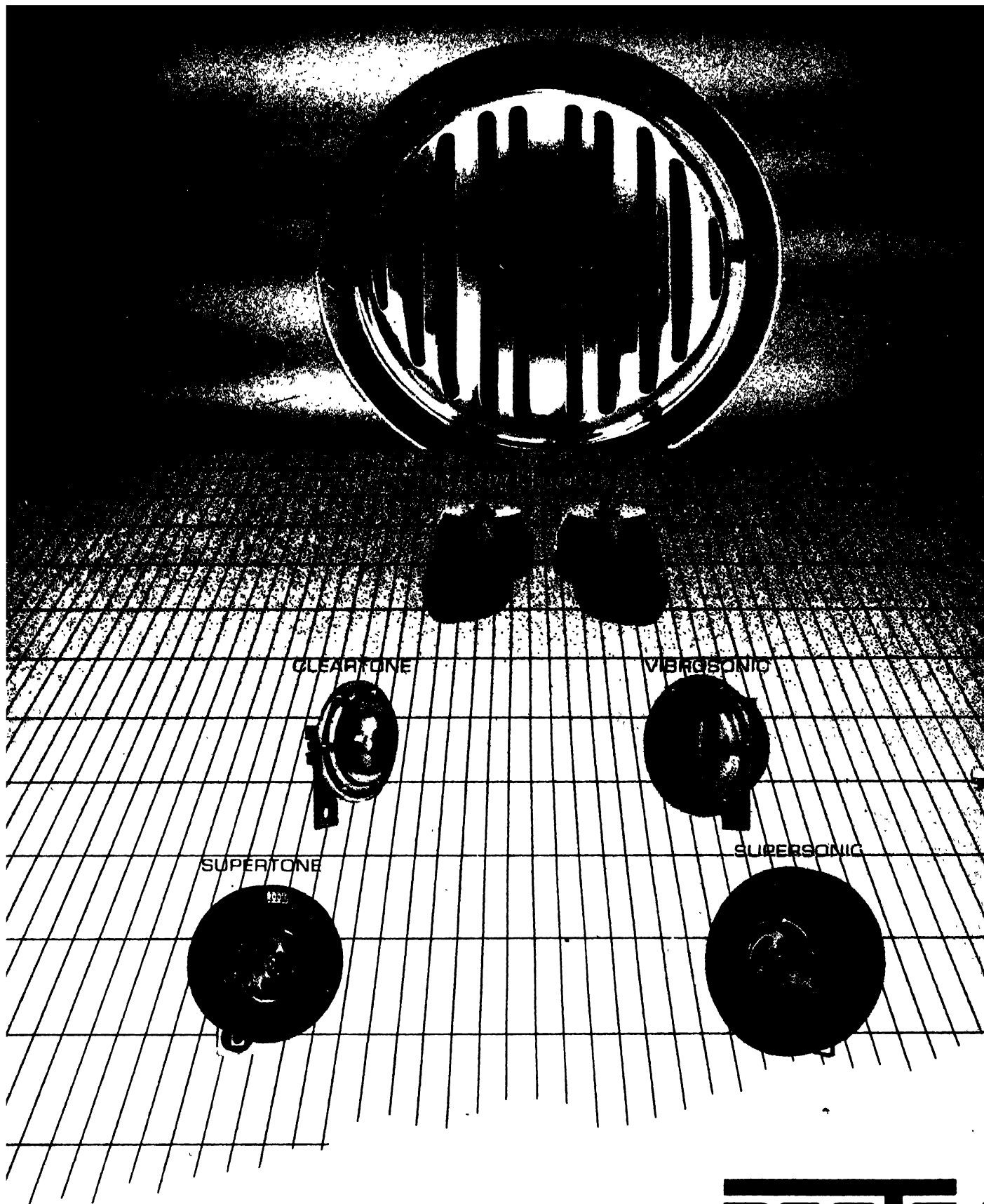
TOURNEY / HIGLEY

"I do the best I can and that is the most you can ask for. I think it's nice to win but if you give it all and you don't win, that's just tough":

Ivan Lendl's consolation to losers







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ROOTS

No.1 IN HORNS

1990

YEAR END SPECIAL

In the midst of all world problems,
sport is nothing if it doesn't help the
spirit to transcend the dull
predictability of our existence



Bestsellers

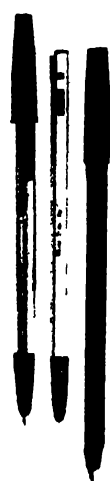
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Pilot Hi Tex point 05 by Luxor

BALL POINT PENS



Plastic barrels.
Left to Right
Ranger, Monami
and Trendy



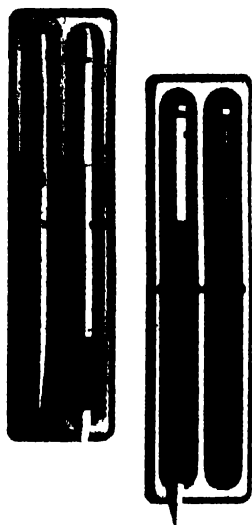
Metal barrels.
Left to Right Jotter, Crola,
Sterling, Chromatic and Goldline

MARKERS



Left to Right Luxor Excel
2 in 1 Marker, Monami
Oil Magk, Twin Dual Marker,
Excel Metal Body Permanent
Marker in fine (bullet)
and broad (chisel) tips

GIFT SETS



Left to Right Sterling and Vintage.
Also available gift set
of Crola

CHILDREN'S RANGE



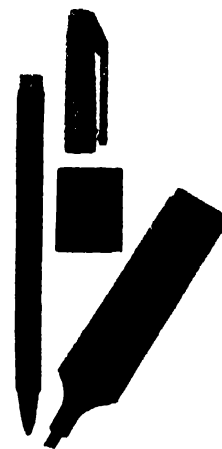
Left to Right
Luxor Disney Funset
Colour Pen
Luxor Bambino Colourset Pen
Disney Innoxcolour Plastic Crayons,
Luxor Donald Duck Magicset Colour Pen
Luxor Sign Pen,
Luxor Mickey Mouse Sketch Pen
and Luxor Colour Pen

MICROTIP/ FINE WRITING PENS



Left to Right Hi Roller
Finewriter
Graphic 05
and Stylo microtip

HILITERS



Left to Right Luxor
Fluorescent
Textliner
and Luxor
Fluorescent Highlighter



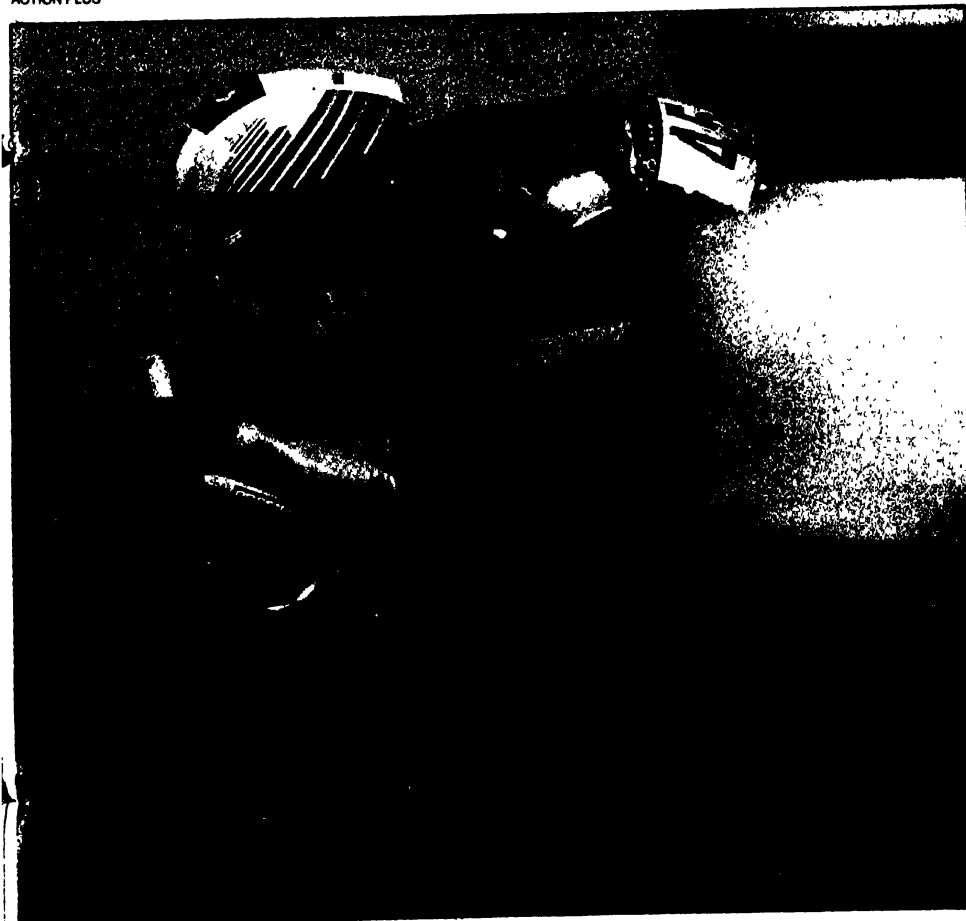
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ACTION PLUS



COLLAPSE

1990

YEAR END

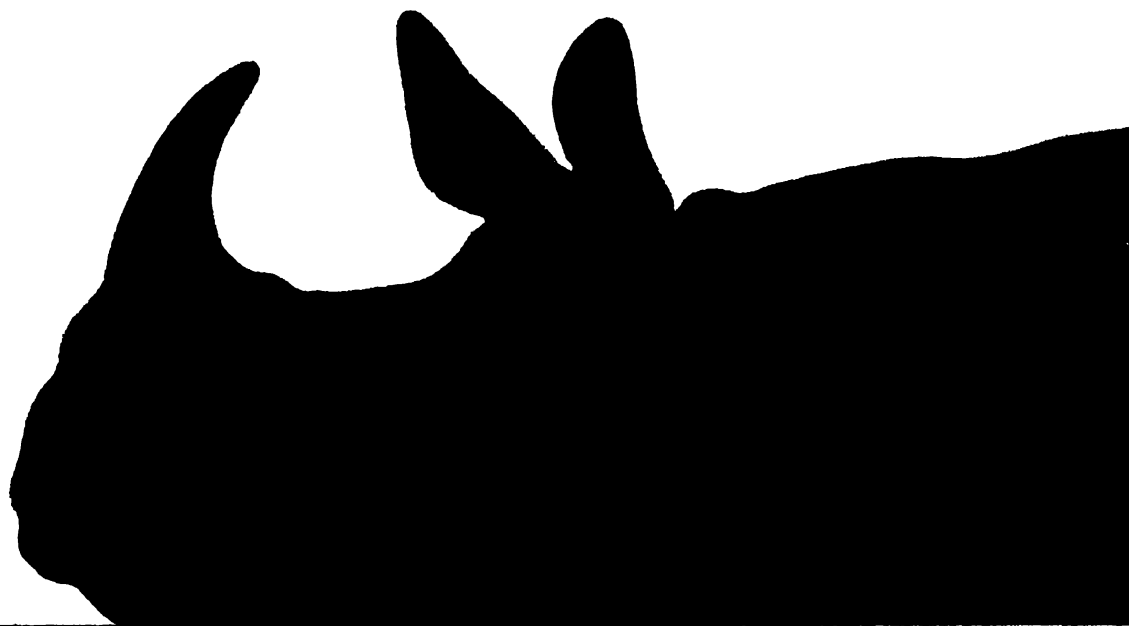
SPECIAL

"Very often I said: I can't go on. The end. Go home. The show is over. I hid behind a hat and sunglasses. I wanted peace and quiet":

The frustrations of Boris Becker



**EVERY CEAT TYRE IS BORN TOUGH.
TO TAME THE WILDEST OF TERRAINS.
AND ENSURE THE SAFETY OF
THOSE WHO RIDE ON IT.**





ULKA-13662

1990

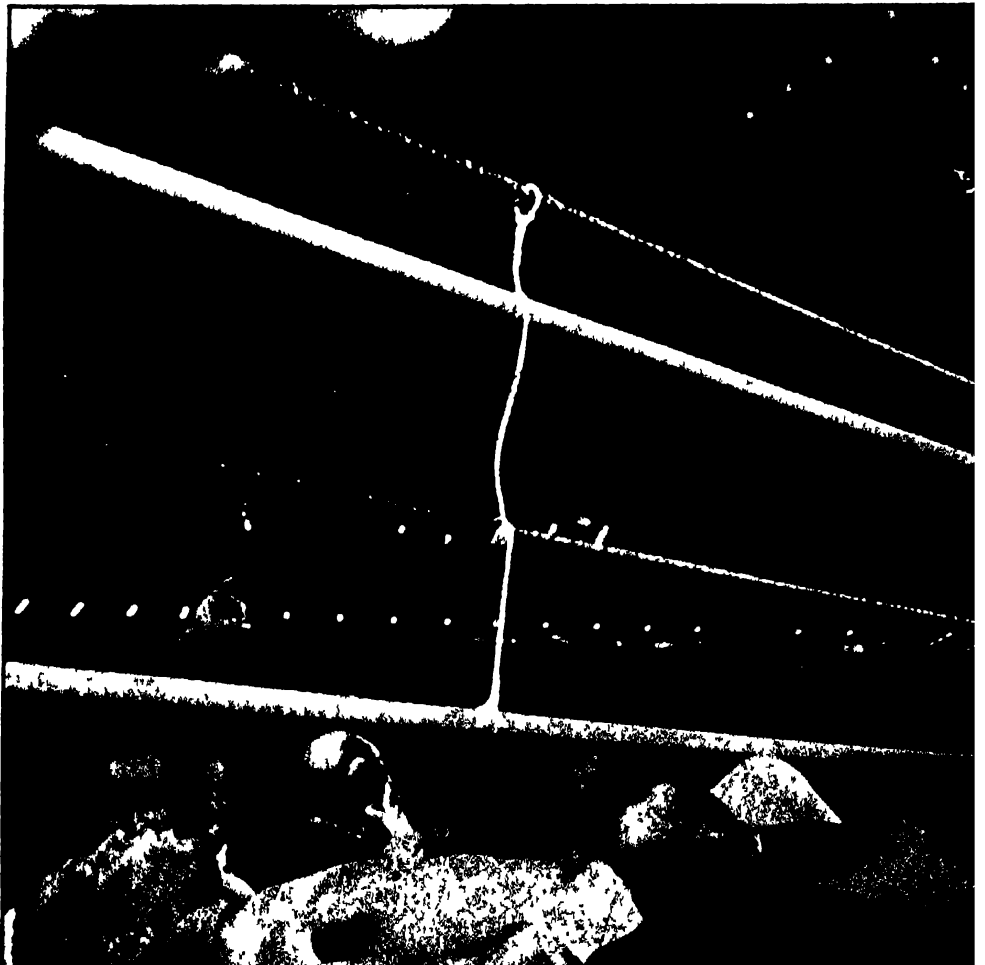
YEAR END

SPECIAL

WINNING...

.....MATTERS,
AND
NOT ANY
OTHER SILLY
VIRTUE

BY ROHIT BRIJNATH



TYSON down. Graf down. Bubka down. Lewis down. Maradona down. Viv down. Usha down. McEnroe down. Ballesteros down. Van Basten down. Jahangir Khan down...

Whose poster can you slap up on your wall, kiddos, there ain't no heroes left? Zilch. Zero.

Or are you thinking Agassi, 'Buster' Douglas, Gascoigne, Barnes?

Agassi wears neon knickers, can't find a razor for all his millions, calls the establishment 'bozos', skips Wimbledon and alienates his peers. Becker reveals, that once on a flight to Japan with Lendl and Edberg, he had a terrible fear the plane would crash. His worries were not linked to his own death, but that Agassi would then be No.1.

'Buster' Douglas shook Tyson and us

with a right-left combination and responded to the responsibility of being World Champion by turning a glutton. He arrives 38 pounds overweight for his first title defence against Evander Holyfield, eats \$100 worth of food in the sauna, and then gets \$24 million for wadling three rounds.

Paul Gascoigne throws a glass of coke at a colleague who talks to the press at the World Cup, is foul in speech and tackles, is called as 'daft as a brush' by his manager, and cries when he is thrown off the field.

Randy Barnes, war dances on breaking the world indoor and outdoor shot-put records, picks up sweet bonuses, is shocked to find his urine contains banned substances, and is contrite by complaining about the money he'll lose because of a ban.

We do not question the talent of these gentlemen; we merely wonder whether we want champions like them? Would you want your son to be an Agassi? Not me, buddy.

Take a wider view of sport though—cockeyed rules, outrageous moneys, a new culture of selfish individualism, image not substance, a benign attitude to dope, the loss of nobility—then perhaps it fits. Sport with no character, deserves such characters. The future looks terrifying.

What happened to sport in 1990?

Prostitution, says Mac the Rebel, specifically, the ITF Grand Slam Cup that offers \$2 million to its champion. If Pete Sampras is assured of \$300,000 after winning the first round there, just \$50,000 less than his US Open purse, then you

Clockwise from bottom: German captain Lothar Matthaeus with the mass of twisted metal that symbolises supremacy in world soccer

Imran Khan calls the shots in Pakistan cricket...and no one objects.



Tyson falls to Buster Douglas. The new champion faced a similar fate a few months later

'It's a year I would like to forget': Steffi Graf was one of the superstars who disappointed in 1990



From left to right:
When the joy of
victory ended,
backbiting became
the favourite past
time of the
Cameroon football
team

Amidst the paucity
of heroes the
eccentric Gazza
and the
couldn't-care-
less Andre Agassi
were two of the
characters of the
year



Clamping down on
indiscipline. The
players at the
World Cup saw red
and yellow more
than any other
colour

know sport is out of sync. "Money whores", snapped McEnroe at nobody in particular, and he was right.

The Olympic movement, the last bastion of idealism, the epitome of purity, was not to go unscathed either. "Coca-Cola won over the Parthenon", cried Greece's cultural minister Melina Mercouri, when Atlanta was awarded the 1996 Olympics instead of Athens. America's deep South, where anything and everything was free for Olympic delegates, raised the delicate issue of whether subtle bribery was being masqueraded as hospitality. Mercouri's insinuation was obvious—even the Olympics could be bought.

Athletes too continued to *sell* their skills under the pretext of being professionals eking out a livelihood. More like amassing a fortune, but rarely has that been argued. Make your money and re-

skill. Yet his now-I'm-retired-and-now-I'm-not act has become boring. His fights in 1988-89-90 against Hagler, Hearns and Duran, farcical. In 1991 he will fight an opponent five years older than his eldest son. Sugar Ray talks titles, but only after he's pocketed the money. Example of how a legend has become a bad joke.

On older issues too, there were new scars—like racism in sport. If 1989 opened fresh debate on South Africa, in 1990, America, the land of human rights suffered. The entire golf community went slack-jawed on discovering that the Shoal City Country Club, site of the PGA Championships, did not admit black members. Sponsors like IBM withdrew, the tournament was in jeopardy, until the Club temporarily defused the situation by inducting an honorary black member. Too late had come the realisation that golf's Grand Slam tournaments were

tire has been the acceptable dictum. Yet retirement is not productive usually, the lure of the dollar irresistible. And so a new equation emerged—make, retire, comeback, make more. In the process, what it does more often than not, is to tarnish an athlete's previously glowing reputation. Take Sugar Ray Leonard. Fight master of the lower weights, a blend of beauty, arrogance, character,



being hosted by Clubs that practised segregation. If it was heartening to see Tom Watson resigning from the Kansas City Country Club because Jews were not welcome, there remained the cold truth of clubs asking to be struck off the tournament list as they would not change their rules. Politics be damned, sport was reflecting even crasser aspects of the real world.

As the harmony of sport went flat, it's very soul ripped away by such occurrences, sport found other ugly trends: selfish individualism, a poor attitude to defeat, the absence of joy in competition.

Cricketers and tennis players became increasingly selective of where and when to play, with no regard for the sport, sportsmanship or spectators.

Imran Khan chose his opposition like a King with his menu, did not find New Zealand a worthwhile investment for his

talents, which makes you wonder whether he enjoys what he does.

Collectively too, as teams, they appalled. New Zealand cricketers left Pakistan with sulks and complaints of bowlers tampering with the seam.

Argentina desecrated the World Cup Final with crude play, and the disputed penalty in the final was a perfect anticlimax to the disappointing month long Cup. Even Cameroon, brought together by huge incentives, deceived us with their passionate play, by publicly belittling each other the moment their Cup had ended.

America put the lid on the year, with a shameless manipulation of the rules at the Davis Cup Finals. Their controversial surface and deliberate late start forced an American commentator to say, "If Dwight Davis were alive he would have vomited on the court".



There were people and occasions which brought a smile, a tear and a wonderment that we believe sport is for, but they were too infrequent. They are no longer the rule but the exception. The more we look back at Baron Coubertin's words of 'It is not the winning but the taking part that counts', the more naive it seems. Sport has transcended all that silly virtue—it is a business. A business of winners. And whether you wear neon knickers, doesn't matter. ●

"IT's a red alert, watch out for fun," read the poster on the door. I took a deep breath. Pushed, opened the door. And gingerly stepped inside. That was six months ago.

I was another of those blokes who had just completed graduation. Now it was all about jobs...career...life! Then I got this break. Sure, I was doubtful, even afraid. Because I was a 'fresher', a 'rookie', in every sense of the word. I did not know what to expect.

I stepped inside and what do I see? The guys are all lounging around, talking about movies, politics, music, everything except sport. The fervour of their discussions was contagious, but how could I give my opinion? Whatever the topic, the depths they plumbed were alarming. I realised that here was a group of intellectuals.

Journalism is considered a strange job and journalists considered even stranger creatures (even I thought so). The first three days I just hung around, getting my bearings and doing precious little. On the

freewheeling

fourth day, Pradeep Paul hands me a telex copy, almost half my height (about 3 feet), and says, 'Reggie, your first job. Sub (journalist's jargon for editing) this and then make the pages.' 'Hey what's happening?' I asked myself. 'This story has been sent by an experienced writer, now in Italy covering the World Cup, and I'm asked to edit that!' Finally I got down to it and a painstaking two-hour slog later, I finally managed.

The copy then went, first to Mudar Patherya and then to Paul himself. There I stood, fists clenched behind my back, biting my lip and feeling like a little schoolboy waiting for that condescending nod from the teacher. Finally it was over. The copy was despatched to the Photo Typesetting department. I had passed. 'Well done' I told myself.

I stuck on assiduously, assimilating as much info and knowledge as I could gather. And somewhere along the way, I fell into a groove. I had found myself a niche in the department.

A department, where all the nine people complement each other. Each one an authority in one discipline or another. Temperaments and views could not be more diverse, yet there's an overwhelming element of camaraderie at work. For, the job is stressful, but everyone does his own bit and then lends a helping hand. Strings do snap at times—told you the pressure was harsh—but then we are also human.

The pressure of meeting deadlines so often, is tough. And handling the pressure takes its toll. People change to adapt, and adapt to change. Writing is an

occupation both agonising and thrilling. Agonising, because we sometimes spend hours thinking for that elusive word or phrase that would lend a sparkle to the copy. Thrilling, because the results are evident. There is, of course, the satisfaction that one gets in seeing his brain-child take shape, put in character and finally see it blossom in print. That is what, I presume, keeps us going.

It would perhaps take pages to explain the emotions, the perseverance and the thoughts that go into making the magazine we come out with every week. As for me, I've learnt that certain things cannot be explained, only experienced. Like the irony in the fact that I was assigned to write the freewheeling for the year-end special. I've only been part of the magazine for the latter half of the year!

Well, folks, that is the charm of journalism. And the mystique of this editorial team.

Maybe the poster on the door should have read 'Welcome to organised chaos'!

K.O. Jacob



WATCH A VOLCANO ERUPT

India January 5th, 8th and 13th A volcano called Super Soccer '91 brings Holland's internationally renowned football team PSV Eindhoven in direct confrontation with India's best

PSV
Eindhoven

**THE EUROHEROES
ARE COMING**

winners of the European Cup in 1988, Dutch Cup Champions 6 times, Dutch League Champions 11 times. Managed by Bobby Robson, renowned trainer coach,

who takes over PSV after a successful World Cup campaign for England Boasting World Cup stars like Romano, Gerets, Chovanec, Popescu, Van Breukelen and Koeman Here to

face India's
power-packed teams

Super Soccer '91 Be there when the volcano erupts In New Delhi Bangalore And Calcutta

DATE	VENUE	TIME
5th Jan '91	JAWAHARLAL NEHRU STADIUM, NEW DELHI	2 15 P M
8th Jan '91	CHINNASWAMY STADIUM BANGALORE	2 15 P M
13th Jan '91	SALT LAKE STADIUM CALCUTTA	2 30 P M



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THE
FIVE
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